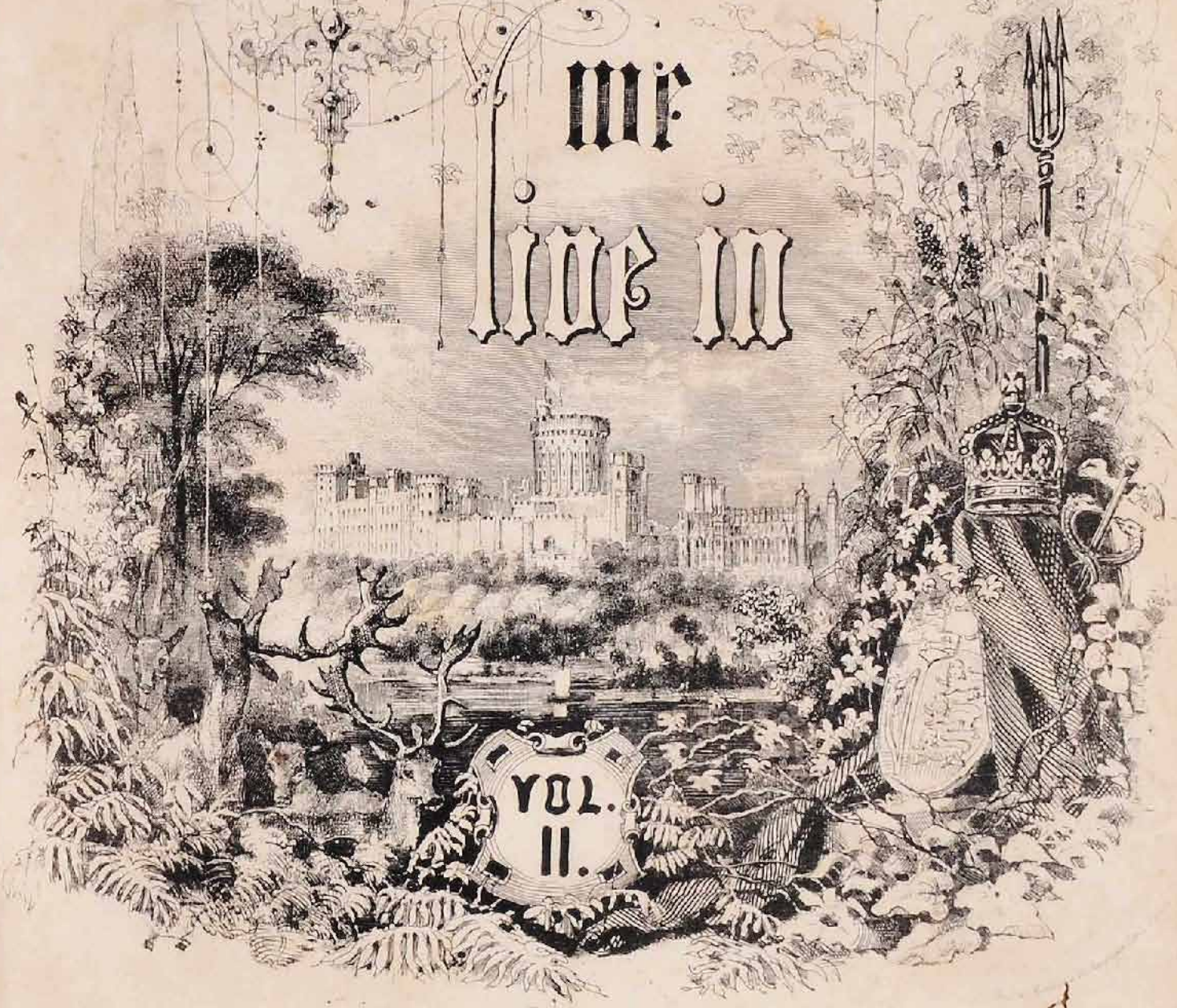
The Land we live in



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THE

LAND WE LIVE IN.

A

PICTORIAL AND LITERARY SKETCH-BOOK

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE.

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EDINBURGH.

—— "Caledonia's Queen is chang'd,
Since, on her dusky summit rang'd,
Within its steepy limits pent
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis, spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone; but not so long
Since, early clos'd, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt, was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now!
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfin'd, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea."

THE Edinburgh — the "Dun-Edin" — the "Auld Reekie," thus apostrophized in the Introduction to *Marmion*—is now within fourteen hours' distance of the Great Metropolis! A revolution has occurred, in time and space, the full consequences of which no one can predict. All those social influences which result from frequent intercourse between town and town, or between state and state—all that follows on interchange of thought and interchange of produce—will be now presented to us more rapidly, by the iron roads of the north, than at any former period.

There have been three great stages in the process which has made Englishmen acquainted with Edinburgh, and with Scotland generally. The *Rebellion* of 1745, *Walter Scott*, and the *Railways*, mark these stages. There are others of minor import; but it is impossible, in this point of view, to lose sight of the peculiar influence of those now mentioned.

That the attempt made by the grandson of James II., commonly known as the Young Pretender, to regain the throne of his forefathers in 1745, was a means, though an unforeseen one, of bringing England and Scotland into closer intimacy than before, is plain from the details given in histories of the period. From the time of the union of the two countries, in 1707, Edinburgh had been almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen: the centre of honour, and power, and patronage, and political influence, was London; and no one seemed, unless from urgent motives, to think of going thence to Edinburgh. But after the chequered fortunes of the war of the Rebellion in 1745-6, the Government found it necessary to be better acquainted with their northern dominions. Roads were cut, settled habits were encouraged, manufactures began to spring up, the Highland clan-system gradually lost some of its force, Scotch cattle-rearers and English cattle-dealers engaged in more frequent transactions along the border counties, and English travellers began more commonly to bend their steps towards the lochs and mountains of the north.

That Sir Walter Scott has opened up—not only to England but to all the world—scenes which were before like a sealed book, can still less be doubted. The vivid description of places, buildings, persons, and events, scattered through his novels and poems, have made a deeper impression on his readers than any sober histories or topographies could have done. Not a year passes without seeing numbers flocking from England and other countries to Scotland, to visit scenes which they would probably never have heard of but for Scott. Who does not know something about Holyrood and the Canongate, the Cowgate, and the Grass-market, and the Tolbooth, at Edinburgh? Who is not familiar with Loch Katrine, and its 'Lady of the Lake;' Loch Lomond, with its 'Rob Roy's Country;' Loch Leven, with the place of poor Queen Mary's incarceration; Fifeshire, with the scenes of the old 'Antiquary' and 'Edie Ochiltree;' the Solway, and its stirring associations with 'Redgauntlet?' If visited, they are examined with eager curiosity; if yet unvisited, they have still a place in the mind: they are bright spots, which we yearn to look upon some day or other. We can no more shake off the belief that the 'Lady' *did* live on Loch Katrine,—that Marmion *did* assemble his adherents on the hills southward of Edinburgh,—that Jeannie Deans *did* meet Geordie Robertson at a spot just by Arthur's Seat;—we can with scarcely more ease shake off this abiding faith, than that Richard fought at Bosworth Field, or that Queen Elizabeth went to Tilbury Fort. It is no guess-work to say that Scott's writings have wrought this feeling beyond the limits of his own country. Soon after the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' a letter, written by Mr. Cadell, contained the following remarks:—"Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree; and, indeed, it continued to do so, regularly, for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for all scenery which he had thus originally created."

That the extension of the railway system is drawing still closer the ties that bind England to Scotland, and the attractions which draw Englishmen towards the north, is so obvious as scarcely to need proof. Until 1847, a notable link was wanting. The Edinburgh

and Glasgow Railway has been opened for some years; there have also been scraps of lines in other quarters—from Glasgow to Greenock, Ayr, and Kilmarnock; from Edinburgh to Dalkeith, Leith, and Musselburgh; from Dundee to Arbroath, and to Forfar. But these were all Scottish: no line of rails crossed the Cheviot Hills, or the debateable 'border-land,' or the Tweed, or the Solway. We have at length, however, on the east coast, the North British Railway, running from Edinburgh to Berwick, there to join, by a bridge, the Northumberland and Yorkshire network of lines; we have, farther west, the gigantic Caledonian Railway, extending from Edinburgh in one direction, from Stirling and Castlecary in another, and from Glasgow, along the rich Clydesdale district, in a third, to a point of junction near the famed 'falls of Clyde,' at Lanark, whence a nearly north and south course of seventy miles brings us to English ground at Carlisle; and lastly, we shall have, when works at present in progress shall have been completed, another line of railway—the Nithsdale—still farther west, which will proceed from Glasgow by way of Kilmarnock, Dumfries, and Annan, to Carlisle. When we consider that the finely-appointed coaches from Glasgow to Carlisle, and from Edinburgh to Newcastle, the beautiful steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow, and the yet larger steamers from London to Edinburgh, have been for many years busily laden, and yet that they took small numbers compared with those who now travel by railway, we may easily conclude how many are the points of contact where English ramblers may meet with scenes famous in Scottish story, and how rapid the assimilation of habits and customs, of wants and wishes, between the two countries. Indeed, this process is advancing almost too rapidly for some lovers of the picturesque; since the distinctive features of many spots are fast melting away into the smooth level of modern civilization.

There is no place in Scotland which has been more influenced by such circumstances than the capital itself—Edinburgh. Edinburgh, before the Rebellion: Edinburgh, after the Rebellion: Edinburgh, as made memorable by Scott: Edinburgh, in our own railroad times—all have their marked features of distinction; and there are many parts of the city whose history is particularly connected with one or other of these eras, to the exclusion of the rest.

But beyond these external circumstances, the past and present features of Edinburgh have been remarkably influenced by the undulating surface of the ground on which it is built. Glasgow, and Liverpool, and Newcastle, and many others of our large towns, have begun their existence on the water-side, and have extended landward, as increased space became necessary—new streets branching out from, or forming continuations of the old ones; but in Edinburgh there are formidable depressions of surface, which rendered necessary a good deal of ingenuity in planning and contriving. The 'Court-end,' the city, the suburbs—all these terms have suffered more change at Edinburgh than in most British towns; and these changes have occurred quite as much from the remarkable character of the site itself, as from a necessity of enlargement to meet the increasing population of the city.

Let us, then, in the first place, take a bird's-eye view of the portion of ground on which Edinburgh is situated, and by which it is surrounded. A clear conception of this matter will much facilitate the comprehension of subsequent details.

The Firth of Forth is a wide estuary, opening into the German Ocean: it is, in fact, an expansion of the mouth of the river Forth, having Fifeshire on the north, and Edinburghshire and one or two other counties on the south. Towards the inner part of this Firth the width contracts very considerably, forming the passage of Queensferry, having the two towns of North and South Queensferry on the north and south shores. Eastward of this there is an undulating coast on the Edinburgh or southern side, studded with various towns, fishing-villages, havens, and piers. First, after passing Dalmeny Park, comes the village of Cramond, at the mouth of the river Cramond, which river is crossed by Cramond Brig or Bridge, rendered famous by an incident in Scottish history; then comes the newly-formed village of Granton, with the fine stone pier, built by the Duke of Buccleuch for the accommodation of steamers; and these are followed by a chain-pier, Newhaven village and pier, and the commercial town of Leith, with its harbour and piers; while, still further east, are the towns or villages of Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and Preston Pans, all near the shore of the Firth and all on a low level. Taking Leith as a centre, we may trace a curved line of hills, comprising Corstorphine, Craiglockhart, Braid, Blackford, and Craigmillar Hills, and the famed Arthur's Seat; and these hills form a kind of cordon round the southern half of Edinburgh; or in other words, we may say that Edinburgh is placed in the midst of a tolerably flattish country, bounded by hills on the east, west, and south, and by Leith and the Firth of Forth on the north.

But, if this were all, Edinburgh would be analogous merely to many other cities. It is itself, however, built upon a series of hills, which, with the three or four intervening valleys, give that remarkable undulating character to which allusion has been before made. These hills we may designate the central, the northern, the southern, and the eastern; or, to come to more familiar appellations, the Castle Hill, the North Town, the South Town, and the Calton Hill. Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, two hills far higher than any of the others, lie beyond the precincts of the town on the east, and can hardly be considered as forming part of the town itself, though they add not a little to the grandeur of the features presented by it.

The central hill, by far the most important one to Edinburgh, has a remarkable shape: it is like a wedge, lying with its sloping side uppermost, having the Castle at its upper or thick end, and Holyrood Palace at its lower or thin end. This simile, however,

is not very exact, unless we imagine the sides of the wedge to be bevelled off, so as to make practicable slopes from the ridge to the hollows on the north and south. The ridge lies very nearly east and west, having the Castle at the west end, and Holyrood at the east. This west end reaches an elevation of nearly 400 feet above the level of the sea, and consists of rude, rough, time-resisting rock. The rock is bare and inaccessible on the west; it has slopes of almost impracticable descent on the north and south; but on the east it communicates with the sloping street—the ridge of the wedge—which descends to Holyrood, upwards of a mile distant, in a straight line.

This wedge-shaped elevation is bounded on the north and south by hollows or valleys, which separate it from other elevated ridges or hills still further to the north and south. These are not hills in the same sense as the Castle or central hill, being much less lofty and prominent; but it will be convenient to adopt the term. The southern hill rises gradually from the south valley, and then spreads away imperceptibly to the level of the surrounding country; the northern hill rises by a slope from the north valley, and then declines again towards the sea at Leith and Granton. Westward of the Castle Hill the ground is pretty level, having less ascent than to the north and south. Eastward of the northern hill lies Calton Hill, separated from it by a valley; while eastward of the southern hill is Salisbury Crag, separated from it by a pleasant, open, green spot. Arthur's Seat is still further east than Salisbury Crag, having an intervening deep valley, called the Hunter's Bog.

We therefore find that there are six elevated spots, to which the designation of 'hills' may, without much impropriety, be given, and four or five valleys, that separate these hills one from another. The buildings of Edinburgh occupy four of these hills and three of these valleys; while the other two hills furnish the most glorious vicinity to a city, in respect to prospect and healthy exercise, that can be imagined. As these valleys or hollows are such as would shame our Holborn-hill or Ludgate-hill, in regard to steepness, the reader may ask whether the streets follow all the windings of hill and valley, and whether horses and vehicles can surmount these difficulties? We shall by-and-by explain in how picturesque a way this matter has been managed, and how the hills are linked together, in spite of the valleys beneath.

It will readily be imagined that these hills and valleys have been brought within the limits of Edin-

2.—THE CASTLE HILL, FROM SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

burgh by degrees. "Rome was not built in a day;" nor was Edinburgh. The Castle Hill, and a portion of the slopes leading thence down to the north and south valleys, formed the city of Edinburgh long before the north and south hills were built upon; the latter were "out in the fields" until a comparatively recent period. Wherever there is a very ancient castle, in or near any of our old towns, we may in most cases safely infer that the castle was the nucleus of the town, and that the town spread out by degrees from the base of the castle. Edinburgh is no exception to this rule. The Old Castle was the centre—the heart, from which all else has sprung. Its arteries have ramified north, south, east, and west; it has seen the picturesque quaintness of the old town, the sober comfort of the south town, the architectural splendour of the north town; and the old black rock yet rears its head as proudly as ever, defying both man and time: the railway whistle is heard round its very base, and the steam of the locomotive condenses on its rugged sides, but the Castle Rock still maintains most of its old features.

The mode in which Edinburgh has spread out from the Castle as a centre, will be best understood by a rapid glance at the social history of the city. This we shall therefore give, before inviting the reader to a topographical ramble through it.

In the seventh century the southern part of Scotland belonged to the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria; and one of the sovereigns of that kingdom, Edwin, built a fort on the site of the present Castle. Thus is said to have originated the appellation Dun Edin, the Celtic name for Edinburgh, meaning the Hill of Edwin; the Anglo-Saxon name was Edwinsburgh, whence the modern designation. It is, however, the opinion of antiquaries who have studied these matters, that a fort or castle existed on this hill before the arrival of the Romans in Britain. A few scattered notices are met with in early annalists and historians, from which we learn that, by about the year 854, a tolerably large village had grown up around the base of the Castle. In 1093, we find the Castle to have been a place of refuge for the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, and to have been besieged by Donald Bane, the brother of Canmore, and the usurper of his throne.

By the reign of David I., in the twelfth century, Edinburgh had become an important Scottish town, and had been erected into a burgh, although it consisted of mean thatched houses. William the Lion frequently resided at the Castle. In 1215 Edinburgh acquired a higher degree of importance, from being made the scene of the first Parliament appointed by Alexander II.; and, twenty years afterwards, it was further made the scene of a provincial synod by the Pope's legate. Alexander III. made the Castle the depository of the regalia and archives. During the fourteenth century, Edinburgh, with its castle and its palace of Holyrood, was involved in the turmoils arising out of the successive attacks of the English Edwards. One incident of those times gives us the intimation that St. Mary's Wynd, still existing as an offshoot from the High-street, was known by its present name so far back as 1336. When Scotland was freed from these hostile excursions Edinburgh became a more important place than at any former period. Robert Bruce bestowed on the burgh the harbour and mills of Leith. Before the end of the same century it was confessedly the chief town in Scotland, though not nominally the capital; parliaments were frequently held there, and a Mint was established for coinage. In 1384, Edinburgh is described by Froissart to have contained about 4,000 houses; but these were of so poor a character that they could not accommodate a company of French knights who about that time visited it. In the next following year the whole town was reduced to ashes by Richard II., except the Castle; so that we may consider this as a point of division between two distinct parts of the town's history. The poor houseless inhabitants were permitted to raise habitations within shelter of the Castle walls.

During the first half of the fifteenth century Edinburgh gradually recovered from the disasters of the fourteenth; and when James I. of Scotland died in 1436, it became in name what it had long been in effect, the capital of the country. Before this time, Perth and Stirling had disputed with it the palm of superiority; but when James I. was murdered, his son James II., then a mere boy, was enthroned in Edinburgh, as possessing the strongest castle, and as being best able to defend him from the ambitious nobles who distracted Scotland at that period. James II., III., and IV., during the latter half of the same century, granted to Edinburgh many privileges, which still more enhanced its importance as the Scottish metropolis. Permission to fortify the town with a wall, and to levy a tax to defray the cost; exemption of burgesses from the payment of any duties, except a petty custom; a grant of all the Vale between Craigend Gate on the east, and the highway leading to Leith on the west; a grant of the 'haven silver' and customs on ships entering the roadstead and harbour of Leith; a charter establishing the sites of its markets—these were some of the favours granted to the royal city.

There seems every reason for believing that Edinburgh, in the middle of the fifteenth century, comprised only the main line of street from the Castle to Holyrood,—the upper surface of the wedge,—and a portion of the north and south slopes, leading down to the adjacent valleys. But about that period the town began to extend its limits. The wall was built in 1450, and included very little more than the present High-street, from the Castle to the Canongate; but by the year 1513 a much larger area was included within the city boundary. The wall, at this latter date, proceeded from the Castle, southward, to near the present site of Heriot's Hospital; then in a crooked line, eastward, to a lane or street called Pleasance; and then northward, by St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd, to the open ground forming the northern valley.

In fact, this extension included the southern valley, known as the Cowgate, and portions of the slopes extending upwards on either side of that valley. It must, therefore, be borne in mind, that the valley on the southern side of the wedge, or central hill, was brought within the verge of the city much earlier than that on the northern side. Poor, and dirty, and wretched as the Cowgate may now seem, it was an important district three centuries ago. It appears that, after the construction of the first wall in 1450, the town extended itself with great rapidity beyond the wall, without any measures being taken for the defence of this new portion; but, after the fatal battle of Flodden the defenceless position of the Cowgate was felt as a matter of uneasiness by its inhabitants; and hence the construction of the second defensive boundary in 1513.

The lower portion of the main artery of street, from west to east, did not at that time belong to Edinburgh Proper. David I. founded the Abbey of Holyrood in the twelfth century, in the low ground lying east of the city. The abbot and monks, in order to connect themselves with Edinburgh, planned a line of street from their Abbey, up the slope of the wedge-shaped hill, till it joined the High-street of Edinburgh in a continuous line: this street received the name of the *Canongate*, and was constituted a burgh distinct from Edinburgh.

For nearly two centuries and a half subsequent to the year 1513 Edinburgh maintained almost precisely the same external limits; but she gained in *height* what she required in surface. Before the boundary of the first wall was passed, the north and south slopes, declining from the central ridge, were crowded with tenements as dense as they could be packed, separated only by closes, wynds, or courts, so narrow that one might wonder how light, and air, and sunshine, could gain access to them; and these houses were raised higher and higher, by the building of additional 'flats' or stories, before the suburbs were built upon. There was a reason for this, which no longer meets the eye. The north and south valleys were morasses or lochs, which required to be drained before houses could be there constructed. The southern morass was drained between the two dates above given. There were formed the streets now known as the Cowgate and the Grass-market, mostly inhabited, at that time, by the wealthier classes. The closes, or wynds, extended down the slope from the High-street to the Cowgate; while at a short distance southward of the latter commenced the ascent of what we have termed the southern hill.

When James V. of Scotland ascended the English throne as James I., it was expected that Edinburgh would lose most of her nobility, who would follow the Court to London. But this occurred only to a limited extent. The Scotch nobles were too poor to shine with advantage at the English Court, and too proud to submit to disadvantageous comparisons: they therefore, for the most part, remained at their houses in the district of the Canongate, except an occasional visit to London. While, therefore, there was nothing, on the one hand, to lead to the extension of Edinburgh as a city, there was, on the other, no cause for the abandonment of the houses already built; so that Edinburgh remained in a stationary condition. The brightest period which it experienced in the seventeenth century, was during the residence there of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and his daughter (afterwards Queen Anne). The Duke was sent to Edinburgh as King's Commissioner in the Scottish Parliament; and, feeling some misgivings as to his chance of succeeding his brother Charles II. on the throne, he endeavoured to gain the good opinion and support of the Scotch, which might be available to him in time of need.

After the departure of the Duke of York from Edinburgh, the city remained in a dull and stagnant position for a long time. Had he stayed there a few years longer, the city might have received some one of those large extensions which have only been adopted in later times. A project was brought forward for extending the royalty, and for building a bridge over the northern valley, in order to connect the central hill with the northern hill. The duke gave all reasonable countenance to these projects, and in all probability they would actually have been carried out; but their patron was removed, and Edinburgh was, for many years afterwards, a neglected city.

The Union, in the early part of the eighteenth century, took away a good many of the nobility from Edinburgh. The Parliament and the Privy Council were both transferred to London: the wealthier inhabitants came to enjoy the sunshine of Court favour in London; and the Canongate, more than any other part of the city, became deserted by those who had formed its main stay and support. Edinburgh then had an extremely dull half century. The English Court treated Scotland with undeserved neglect; and the two revolutions of 1715 and 1745 were almost the only incidents which drew the attention of the English towards Edinburgh. Under these circumstances, any notable extension of the town was out of the question; there was neither spirit, nor wealth, nor population, to induce any large plans of civic improvement. Very few strangers came among them: the townsmen all knew each other, as those of a small country town do at the present day. There were neither political nor commercial events of any importance observable in the city; and the people seem to have acquired a cold, dull, formal, morose demeanour, suitable to the stagnant place in which they lived. In short, this has been designated the *Dark Age* of Edinburgh.

The year 1745 brought about a new order of things. When the pretensions of the house of Stuart were finally set aside by the defeat of the Young Pretender, many circumstances occurred to give new life to Edinburgh. The feudal system of Scotland died out; manufacturing and commercial industry began to develop itself; and the inhabitants seemed to awake out of a lethargy. An old house happened to fall down

in 1751, upon which a general survey of the houses of the city was ordered; and all those which had become dangerously dilapidated (apparently no small number) were pulled down. Immediately after this, in 1752, the Convention of Royal Burghs, the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, and the Lords of Session, agreed upon a plan for the improvement of the city. A pamphlet, drawn up by Sir Gilbert Elliott in support of the plan, gave the following description of Edinburgh in its then state:—"Placed upon the ridge of a hill, it admits of but one good street, running from east to west; and even this is tolerably accessible only from one quarter. The narrow lanes leading to the north and south, by reason of their steepness, narrowness, and dirtiness, can only be considered as so many unavoidable nuisances. . . . . Many families—sometimes no less than ten or a dozen—are obliged to live overhead of each other in the same building; where to all other inconveniences is added that of a common stair, which is no other, in effect, than an *upright street*. It is owing to the same narrowness of situation that the principal street is encumbered with the herb-market, the fruit-market, and several others. No less observable is the great deficiency of public buildings. If the Parliament-house, the churches, and a few hospitals, be excepted, what have we to boast of? There is no Exchange for our merchants; no repository for our public and private records; no place of meeting for our magistrates and town council; none for the convention of our borough, which is entrusted with the inspection of trade. To these and such other reasons it must be imputed that so few people of rank live in this city; that it is rarely visited by strangers; and that so many local prejudices and narrow notions, inconsistent with polished manners and growing wealth, are still so obstinately retained. To such reasons alone it must be imputed that Edinburgh, which ought to have set the example of industry and improvement, is the last of our trading cities that has shaken off the unaccountable supineness which has so long and so fatally depressed the spirit of the nation."

The above is a description which points out forcibly how few objects of beauty or attraction there were in Edinburgh about a century ago. After many considerations and changes of plan, the authorities of the city obtained an Act of Parliament in 1753, regulating the mode in which they might obtain possession of the property necessary for the forthcoming improvements. The first work commenced was an Exchange for the use of the merchants. Next came a project for extending the royalty by building a new town, which should contain houses worthy of the residence of the nobility. Hereupon the burgh of Canongate took the alarm at the prospect of a rival to itself, and succeeded in shelving the question for the time. In 1763 the Lord Provost Drummond, an enlightened and liberal man, resolved that no more time should be wasted; but that the bridge, which was to connect the central hill with the northern hill, should be commenced, without waiting for any Act of Parliament. He did not wish to raise unnecessary opposition; he therefore made no mention of an extended royalty, but merely designated the bridge as an improved medium of communication between Edinburgh and Leith. The north valley (or North Loch, as it was then called,) was drained; the foundations were laid; and the bridge was, in the course of a few years, completed. The remarkable position of this bridge will be described in a future page.

In 1767 the Town Council obtained an Act of Parliament for the formation of a new town on the north hill, beyond the North Loch. Mr. James Craig, a Scottish architect, laid out a plan for a town so far exceeding anything known up to that time in Scotland, that he received vast encomiums on all sides for it. But while these matters were in progress, a new town had been silently springing up on the southern hill, south of the Cowgate. An enterprising builder, named Brown, bought a large plot of land for a small sum of money, and immediately began to build two squares and a few adjoining streets. The place being at the outskirts of the town, bordering on green fields, and the houses being of a modern and convenient kind, it soon became a favourite *locale* with the wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh. George-square, where Sir Walter Scott was born, and Brown-square, thus became the centre of fashion: indeed, the encomiums lavished on those squares by contemporary writers would no little astonish any one who might now visit them for the first time, especially after seeing the superb buildings of the new or north town. St. John's-street, branching out from the Canongate to the south, and New-street, branching out on the north, were also new lines of houses, better than those higher up the hill, and calculated for a somewhat superior class of inhabitants. Argyle-square and Adam's-square were two other spots selected for good houses in the southern new town.

These operations on the southern side of the old or central town greatly retarded those on the northern side. The wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh found houses suited for their purposes somewhat southward of the Cowgate; and it thence became a doubtful point, whether a splendid new north town might not be a ruinous speculation. There arose also a disagreement between the Town Council and the lessees of the North Loch or Valley; for that loch had originally been intended to be laid out as a sort of ornamental canal, with gardens and public walks along the banks. The east and west avenue, corresponding with the present Princes-street, was then a narrow road, called the Lang Dykes; and beyond it, where the splendid streets, squares, and crescents of the New Town appear, was a very large farm, the luxuriant fields of which spread out before the view of the inmates of the old, elevated town. It has been before mentioned that the Duke of York, in the latter half of the preceding century, sanctioned the project of a new town on this spot; but it was not until 1766 that

a commencement was fairly made. The progress of the new south town rather discouraged speculators in the north; and builders did not purchase feus with the avidity which the magistrates wished and hoped. A bribe was therefore offered of a premium of £20 to the person who should build the first house in the extended royalty, or new north town. A beginning having thus been made, the town gradually grew up; St. Andrew's-square, nearly in a line with the North Bridge, being the nucleus of the building operations.

The reader will therefore find his comprehension of the topography of Edinburgh assisted by bearing in mind the following points:—That the town was situated wholly on the central hill until the fifteenth century; that the first wall, built in 1450, enclosed very little more than the present High-street, and the wynds branching out from it on the north and south; that the town next extended over the southern valley or hollow, identical with the present Cowgate and Grass-market; that the second wall of the city, built in 1513, included a considerable area of ground southward of this valley; that a period of two centuries and a half elapsed, during which scarcely any extensions of the town were made; that about the close of George the Second's reign a bridge was built over the northern valley, preparatory to an extension of the town to the fields then lying between Edinburgh and Leith; that shortly afterwards a new town of (relatively) good houses began to spring up considerably southward of the Cowgate valley; that about the year 1770 the new north town, to which the bridge over the northern valley gave access, was fairly commenced; and that ever since that period the town and its suburbs have spread out extensively in every direction.

Let us now ramble through the various quarters of this remarkable city, noticing, as we proceed, the most prominent features, especially those which connect past times with the present. Where the pen is weak, the pencil is often strong: the sketches of our colleague, Mr. Harvey Orrin Smith, will present many of the scenes at once and forcibly to the eye. And first for the *Castle*, the nucleus of the whole.

When we ascend the sloping street that leads westward to the Castle, a shade of disappointment is apt to be felt at its appearance. It is not a good old, weather-beaten, moss-grown, picturesque, novel-reader's castle. The soldiers in their red coats, the shabby-looking barracks which have been built for their accommodation, and the changes made from time to time in the approaches, somewhat disturb one's notions of an ancient castle. But when we have clambered round the curved roads and paths which lead up to the bastions and ramparts, we cannot but remember of how many a busy scene it has been the theatre. It was the fortified castle-rock of the Ottadini, before the Roman invasion; it was the *Castrum Puellarum* of the Pictish kings; it afforded a refuge to the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century; it was the residence of William the Lion in the next following century, and of many other monarchs in succeeding centuries; it was bandied about from one possessor to another during the stormy period of the Edwards and the Bruces; it was alternately in the hands of kings and of nobles during the reigns of the Jameses; it took a part in all the busy events of Scottish history during the next three or four centuries; it welcomed George the Fourth in 1822, and Victoria in 1842.

By the articles of the Union between England and Scotland, four Scottish fortresses are to be kept up in an efficient state: Edinburgh is one of these; the other three being Stirling, Dumbarton, and Blackness. We therefore expect to see the usual concomitants of military defences at the Castle. The Castle altogether occupies about six acres of ground. The rock on which it stands is, as has already been stated, very precipitous on the north, south, and west; its highest point is about 300 feet above the valley below, or nearly 400 above the level of the sea. On its eastern side it throws off a glacis or esplanade, communicating with the High-street, and affording a parade-ground and promenade. From this parade we advance westward to a barrier of palisades; then a dry ditch and a drawbridge, flanked by low batteries; then a guard-house; then a strong archway, passing under a building used as a state prison; then a battery, an arsenal, and barracks. A second strong gateway gives entrance to the inner or higher fort, which contains the oldest portion of the Castle. There is a large pile of building, containing what were once the state apartments of Queen Mary; and the Crown-room, in which are lodged the regalia of Scotland.

Two of the batteries of the Castle, the half-moon and the bomb-batteries, command a glorious view over the city and its environs. Eastward, past the lofty buildings of the Castle, may be seen the ancient part of the city, backed by Arthur's Seat; towards the north-east the eye glances over the gardens and railway of the North Valley to the Calton Hill and the superb buildings near it; northward lies the new town of stone houses, "stretching its white arms to the sea," and beyond it the Firth of Forth and the Fifeshire hills; while westward are the Corstorphine hills, backed by a dim outline of mountains far in the west. Captain Basil Hall, though no great admirer of the New Town, speaks with rapture, in his amusing collection of odds and ends called 'Patchwork,' of "the happy elegance of outline of the Old Town; the boldness of the Castle, which overlooks both towns; the matchless beauty, occasional grandeur, and pleasing variety of the adjacent scenery—which includes very respectable mountains, richly-cultivated plains, wooded valleys, and, above all, one of the finest specimens of estuary scenery which is to be found in the wide world. The only match that I know of for the glorious Firth of Forth, viewed from the Castle of Edinburgh, is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, seen from the ramparts of Quebec. In both cases the extent of water is great enough to show that it is the ocean we are looking at; and yet the width is not so vast as entirely to remove the idea

of a river; at the same time that the high grounds which form their banks would be in character with streams of such gigantic dimensions, supposing those arms of the sea to be rivers." A portion of this varied view is given in Cut, No. 3.

When Queen Victoria visited Edinburgh in 1842, she sat down on the parapet of the Castle to enjoy this splendid panorama: the people, assembled by thousands in Princes-street, two or three hundred feet below, espied her, and greeted her with stentorian lungs; while the handkerchief which she waved in recognition of them was distinctly seen below; nay, it is even said that the captain of the *Pique* frigate, lying out in the Firth of Forth, espied her with his telescope, and immediately fired a royal salute.

The buildings of the Castle may be passed over with slight mention. The barracks, presenting their broad front towards the south-west, on the highest part of the Castle rock, form a most provokingly ugly mass. No cotton-mill could exhibit a more bare series of plain, flat, dismal, modern windows; and ingenuity could hardly have contrived a structure less in harmony with the scenes that surround it. As seen from the valley beneath, it is beyond measure tame and spiritless.

The glittering treasures which form the *Regalia* were hidden from the light of day for nearly a century. When the Union took place between the two countries the Scottish crown-jewels were lodged in a room in the Castle, in 1707; but they seem afterwards to have passed almost out of mind, for no one knew what had become of them. At length, in 1818, the Prince Regent deputed some commissioners to search for them; and they were found carefully secured in a large oaken chest. They are now placed in a small room, lighted by lamps, and strongly secured by iron railings; and the corporate officers have power to grant tickets of admission to see them. The regalia consist of the Scottish crown; the sceptre; the sword of state; the Lord Treasurer's rod of office; a ruby ring, once belonging to Charles I.; a golden collar of the order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; and the badge of the order of the Thistle, bequeathed by Cardinal York to George IV.

One of the objects to be seen at the Castle is the ponderous gun, designated 'Mons Meg,' placed on the bomb-battery, and pointing its mouth very harmlessly (for it is never now fired) over a portion of the New or North Town. 'Mons Meg' is a curiosity for which the "gude folk" of Edinburgh have a great affection. It is supposed that this monster cannon was fabricated in the time of James IV.; but how it obtained its familiar name does not seem to be known. There is a curious entry in the accounts of the High Treasurer, during that reign, relative to 'Mons Meg' having been transported on some occasion of national festivity from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood; there was a payment of 10*s.* to the pioneers for aiding to remove the cannon; 14*s.* to the minstrels who played before it during the removal; 9*s.* 4*d.* for eight ells of cloth, "to be Mons' claith to cover her;" payments for the iron and for men's labour in making a cradle for 'Meg' during her removal; and many other items. The great gun appears to have been fired off occasionally at holiday times; but at length, in 1754, it was removed from Edinburgh Castle to London, where it remained in the Tower during three-quarters of a century, much against the inclination of the Scots. It is said that when George IV. was standing on the ramparts of the Castle, during his visit in 1822, Sir Walter Scott, who was by his side, brought 'Mons Meg' to the recollection of the king; and that, consequent on this circumstance, the cannon was restored to its ancient site in 1829. 'Mons Meg' is about 13 feet long, 2 feet 3 inches diameter at the mouth, and having a bore of 20 inches. It is formed of a number of iron bars welded together, and bound by strong hoops.

Leaving the Castle, we commence the descent of that remarkable line of street which extends thence to Holyrood, almost in a direct line from west to east. It consists of four distinct portions—Castle-hill, Lawnmarket, High-street, and Canongate—all names well known in the past history of Edinburgh. Every year witnesses some change in the appearance of this venerable avenue—some alteration, to make way for modern improvements; and it is, perhaps, scarcely improbable that persons now alive may see the whole line converted into smart shops and modern-fronted houses. One could almost feel regret at such a change. There is such a unique picturesqueness about the oldest portions of this line of street, that we can hardly afford to part with it, even for the increased comforts of modern erections. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of Queen Victoria's 'Royal Progress' in Scotland, justly remarks, "There are thousands of streets in the civilized world to which the High-street of Edinburgh can bear no comparison, either as to elegance of architecture or magnificence of design; but the antiquated, unpretending, and smoke-discoloured fronts of its houses, of some ten stories, occasionally topped by curious gables and huge square chimneys, so high in the heavens that, notwithstanding its great breadth from side to side, it is painful to look directly up to them from below, give to it a peculiar species of venerable grandeur which is to be found nowhere else."

We may walk from end to end, from west to east, without meeting two contiguous houses similar to each other. Here we have a house both broad and high, speckled over with a vast number of windows; next may come a house equally lofty, but narrower; then another, in which gables and odd nooks and corners diversify the front; at one point is a stair (the Scotch do not use the plural word, *stairs*, in the same sense as the English: the whole ascent, reaching from the bottom of the house to the top, is simply a *stair*,) passing upwards from a doorless entrance between two houses; and at another a stair reaching outside the house from the pavement up to the story or *flat* over the shop; some of the houses have inscriptions on

them, serving as the mottoes of the pious occupants two or three centuries ago; while others have been partially modernized to suit the altered taste of the times; in some, the upper windows are decked with boards indicating the occupation of those who dwell within; while other of the upper windows, at such a height that one begins to wonder whether the Scotch ever feel wearied with climbing such interminable flights of stairs, have clothes hung out on poles to dry. Here and there we see a piece of looking-glass jutting out from the side of a window, in such a position as to reflect the images of the passers-by: a fancy which is exhibited in many of the towns of Holland and Germany. Sometimes the upper flats, or stories, project beyond the level of the lower, as in old-fashioned English houses; but, for the most part a pretty general level is maintained in this respect. Many and many a 'spirit-cellar' is to be seen under houses, the upper flats of which are occupied in other ways; but the number of these is probably much less now than in former times. A good idea of the shop-cellars in the High-street, as they existed in the time to which the novel refers, is given in the 'Antiquary.'

The first portion of this long line of street commencing from the Castle, we have said is designated Castle Hill. Just at this spot is a series of flights of steps, leading down from the level of the Parade to the valley of the Cowgate (or rather, the Grass-market,) beneath, on the south; and a pretty considerable descent it is. Down we go, counting the steps by dozens or scores, and meeting on the way with the new road, scooped out of the southern brow of the Castle Hill; then descending again to a lower and lower depth till we fairly reach the valley. This is the most western descent from the central ridge to the southern valley: the others, as will be presently described, are formed by very steep narrow wynds, or closes.

One of the first buildings met with on Castle Hill, after passing a few old houses on the south side of the street, is Victoria Hall, the new place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Assembly had before only an inconvenient place of meeting; but this new structure has been so planned as to serve the purpose of a meeting hall and of a church for one of the Edinburgh parishes. This Victoria Hall was made the scene of holiday ceremonial, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Edinburgh in 1842. The royal procession advanced up the main artery of street, from Holyrood to the Castle; and when it arrived opposite this spot, the Queen's attention was attracted to a gallery, where stood the Grand Master Mason of Scotland, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and a glittering array of the Masonic fraternity. After the bowings, the shoutings, the wavings of handkerchiefs, customary at such a scene, the Masons laid the foundation-stone of the building in great form. It is a very beautiful Gothic structure, having a range of five windows on each side, separated by buttresses crowned with pinnacles; while at the eastern end is a tower of great richness, which rises to a height of 240 feet, and is a most prominent object from almost every part of Edinburgh.

Very few of the old houses of Castle Hill are now left; they have been destroyed, to make way for various improvements. In former times, in a little block of buildings bounded on one side by Blyth's Close, and on another by Tod's Close, was a private oratory of the queen of James V., afterwards Regent of Scotland: it was a most curious relic of past times, but was, in later days, parted off into a number of 'flats,' or dwellings, for a poor class of inhabitants. There was also, on the south side of the street, the house of the Earl of Dumfries, the access to which was by a stair entering from an alley at the side: it was inhabited by one of the earls of Dumfries about a century ago, then by Lord Rockville, and lastly, like almost all the houses of the nobility in Edinburgh, it was divided into distinct flats, and let off to poor people. At the corner of Blair's Close, also in Castle Hill, was the residence of the Duke of Gordon,—another of those Edinburgh mansions, tall, wide, substantial, and closely pent up on either side. On the opposite side of the street, declining a little way down the northern slope of the Castle Hill, Allan Ramsay built a house for himself, whither he retired about ninety years ago. It is reported that he was very fond of his new house, and was on one occasion showing all its beauties and (probably) eccentricities to Lord Elibank, to whom he remarked, that the wags about the town likened it to a goose-pie. "Indeed," said his lordship, "when I see you in it, Allan, I think they are not far wrong."

We next come to the Lawn-market, a place which, as its name imports, was once occupied as a market for cloth and other materials. Between it and the Castle Hill stood, until about five-and-twenty years ago, one of the most picturesque streets in Edinburgh, called the West Bow, leading down, in a crooked and very steep line, to the Grass-market in the southern valley. This West Bow will occupy a little of our attention in a future page.

Going eastward from the Lawn-market, we come at once into the High-street—the scene of so many stirring events in Scottish history and story. It is a pretty long street, extending to the boundary of the Canongate. As seen at the present day, it presents, on the north side, first a short street, called Bank-street, leading down to the Bank of Scotland, which overhangs the northern slope of the hill. This is a large, handsome, and rather costly structure. The Institution itself, which had the merit of establishing the distinctive principles of the Scottish banking system, was founded as long ago as 1695; but the present building is comparatively modern. Farther down, on the same side of the High-street, is the Royal Exchange, the building which has been before alluded to as opening a new era for Edinburgh. It is something more than an Exchange, being appropriated partly to the Council-chamber for the meetings of the magistracy, and various other offices and apartments

for the transaction of municipal business. Before the construction of the North and South Bridges, the whole northern range of the High-street, from the point now under notice down to the Netherbow which separated it from the Canongate, was occupied by lofty houses, separated by those wretched narrow wynds, which, as having been once the residence of the high-born and noble, we can view only with astonishment.

Nearly opposite to the spot now occupied by the Royal Exchange is a piece of radiated pavement, in the High-street. This marks the spot where the celebrated *Cross* of Edinburgh stood, before it was destroyed in the middle of the last century. We can well imagine such a man as Scott lamenting the destruction of any old picturesque, time-worn memorials of past ages, even though the spirit of street-improvement be the idol to which the sacrifice is made:

> "Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
> Rose on a turret octagon;
> (But now is razed that monument
> Whence royal edict rang,
> And voice of Scotland's law was sent
> In glorious trumpet-clang.
> O! be his tomb as lead to lead
> Upon its dull destroyer's head!)"

This Cross, against the destroyers of which the minstrel thus hurls his anathema, was an octagonal tower, about sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between the pillars were arches: above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, ornamented with rude but curious medallions: above this again rose the proper cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high. The magistrates of Edinburgh, apparently forgetful that the unsightly Tolbooth was a far greater obstruction, came to a conclusion, in 1756, that this ancient cross was a nuisance and encumbrance on the king's highway; and they obtained the sanction of the Lords of Session for its removal. The Cross is said to be still preserved, on the estate of Drum near Edinburgh. A fountain which had belonged to the Cross came into the hands of Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Terry the actor, written in 1817, Scott states that he had obtained possession of this fountain, and had conveyed it to Abbotsford.

The southern side of High-street, as at present existing, exhibits, at the junction of this street with the Lawn-market, a wide opening to George the Fourth Bridge, a busy new thoroughfare, carried on lofty arches over the Southern Valley, or Cowgate. There then comes upon the sight a wide spot of ground, occupied by so many different buildings that we hardly know by what name to designate it. Fronting the High-street is the venerable High Church of Edinburgh, St. Giles's; at the western corner of the square is the County Court; at the eastern corner, the Police-office; and behind this, the almost interminable maze of buildings known as the Parliament House, with other new buildings attached to it. One general name for the irregular open spot of ground surrounded by these several buildings, is Parliament-square.

Now, in order to unravel the arrangement of this maze of buildings, we must bear in mind that Parliament-square was once the churchyard of the High Church of St. Giles. This church stood, as it now stands, on the south side of High-street, and the churchyard extended from thence nearly to the Cowgate. The Tolbooth—the strange, clumsy, odd-looking building, of which we shall have presently to speak—was built, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, as a Parliament-house and a Court of Justice; but as it was in many respects inefficient for such a purpose, it was, in 1640, converted into a prison, and a new Parliament-house was constructed on a part of the ground before occupied by St. Giles's churchyard. From time to time, as occasion offered, new buildings were erected, abutting on the old, until at length a mass of rooms and offices was obtained, almost as labyrinthine as the Parliamentary and Judicial buildings at Westminster, with their interminable corridors and passages.

In the centre of the Parliament-square, having the church on the north side, is an equestrian statue of Charles II. It was erected in 1685; it is formed of lead coated with bronze, and is regarded as one of the best pieces of sculpture in Edinburgh. The building at the north-east corner of the square is a police-office, presenting no peculiar features to call for notice. This is separated by an opening from the much larger building known as the Parliament House. In modern times a Grecian front has been put to this building, somewhat out of character with the original; but this is not the only example in Edinburgh where a desire has been manifested to give a classical exterior to a structure, without reference to its internal style.

One of the first rooms entered is the noble *Hall* of the old Parliament House, designated, at the present day, the *Outer House*. This is one of the finest halls in Scotland. It was the hall in which the Scottish Parliament sat for about seventy years, until the union with England. The hall is 122 feet long, by 49 broad. It has a finely-carved oak roof, with pendant gilt knobs. Here the nobles, prelates, and commons met in Parliament assembled. At the present day, this great hall, in the busy law season, is one of the most bustling and striking places in Edinburgh: it is a sort of Westminster Hall. Around it are the various Scottish courts of law, at which are employed the advocates and writers to the Signet (nearly equivalent to English barristers and solicitors); and these agents of the law make use of the Great Hall, or 'Outer House,' as a general place of rendezvous. Here are the wigs and gowns in plenty. Lawyers and clients are busily conferring together, and popping in and out of the various courts; some are parading up and down the room, discussing some knotty point of the law (for Scottish law is apparently not less full of knotty points than that

of other countries), or assembled in groups. A crier at one end of the Court bawls out the name of any person who may be wanted, as is the custom at the London Stock Exchange and Hall of Commerce: a constant hum fills the whole area. But when the law sittings are terminated — here is a change! Judges and advocates, writers and clients — all stay away. The statues of Lord Melville and Lord President Blair have it, then, all to themselves.

Connected by various entries and passages with this fine old hall are the Courts of Law, which are very numerous. There are four small chambers, or courts, in which the Lords Ordinary sit. There are two larger courts, in which the First and Second Division of the Court, as they are termed, hold their sittings. In another Court-room is held the sittings of the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland. All these various Courts of Law form collectively the Scottish Court of Session, which is separated into two chambers or divisions, of which the first is presided over by the Lord President, and the second by the Lord Justice Clerk. The Lords Ordinary are subordinate to these higher functionaries, and generally attend to the initiatory steps of law proceedings. All the varied powers which in England would be exercised by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty, Ecclesiastical Courts, and Criminal Courts, are within the scope of the Court of Session, and constitute it a powerful and important body.

The *Advocates' Library* adjoins, and has a communication with the Parliament House. This is a very valuable establishment. It is one of those privileged libraries, which are empowered to demand a copy of every printed work published in Great Britain or Ireland. By this means a fine library, amounting to upwards of 150,000 volumes, has been accumulated. There are also among the MSS. many valuable works on the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. This library belongs wholly to the Faculty of Advocates, and its current expenses are defrayed by small fees from the advocates; but nothing can exceed the liberality with which it is managed. Inhabitants of the city, who are in any way known as trustworthy, may have books home for perusal at pleasure; while strangers have no difficulty whatever in obtaining access to its treasures. The catalogues, instead of being arranged in one alphabetical series of authors' names, (as in the ill-digested system at the British Museum Library,) are first grouped into a few large divisions, according to the subjects, and then treated alphabetically under those divisions. A MS. Bible of the eleventh century; a copy of Faust and Guttemberg's first printed Bible; the original solemn League and Covenant, signed in 1580; and a number of other literary treasures, are among the contents of the library. All these books and MSS. have been deposited in galleries and rooms prepared from time to time for their reception, as occasion required; but they are worthy of a finer and more complete building, which they may, perhaps, one day obtain. Ruddiman, Hume, and Adam Ferguson, were at different times principal librarians of this fine collection; the office is at present filled by Dr. Irving, author of the 'Lives of the Scottish Poets,' eminently to the satisfaction of those who are most interested in the efficient performance of the duties of the office.

The *Signet Library* is another establishment included within the same large mass of buildings. Though not so extensive as the Advocates', it is said to contain 50,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in works relating to British and Irish history. One of its rooms is a very noble one, far excelling any belonging to the Advocates' Library; indeed, it is one of the finest rooms in Edinburgh. This library is solely supported by the contributions of the Writers to the Signet; but the same spirit of liberality marks its mode of management as in the case of its larger neighbour.

Passing round to the north-west angle of Parliament-square, we come to the last building of this remarkable group—the County Hall. This, it is true, is quite detached from the Parliament House and its contiguous buildings; but it forms one of the Parliament-square series. The County Hall is copied from the Temple of Erectheus, at Athens, while the principal entrance is modelled from the choragic monument of Thrasyllus. This practice of taking some notable Greek structure as a model for modern edifices has been much followed at Edinburgh.

We now come back again into the High-street, where the venerable old Church of St. Giles forms the northern boundary of the Parliament-square, having an opening between it and the Police-office on the one side, and another between it and the County Hall on the other. The church is thus isolated. It is one of the most ancient buildings in Edinburgh, though its exterior has been frequently renovated. At what period the actual foundation was made seems to be unknown; but the church is mentioned in the year 1359, in a charter of David II. About a century afterwards, it was made a collegiate church, and as many as forty altars were supported within its walls. As the Scotch have, within the last three centuries, shown but little liking for episcopal and cathedral establishments, this old church has suffered some curious mutations in respect to the arrangement of its interior. After the Reformation, many of the sacred vessels and relics were removed, and the building itself was partitioned off into four places of worship. In 1603 James the Sixth took a farewell of his subjects in this church, before proceeding to take possession of the throne of England. In 1643 the solemn League and Covenant was sworn to within its walls, by the various parties to that agreement. At the present time the old Cathedral is divided into three distinct churches—the High Church, the West Church, and the Tolbooth Church. If we imagine the nave, the choir, and the south transept of a cathedral to form three churches, and the north transept to serve as a common entrance to all of

them, we may form a tolerably correct idea of this family of churches. Our illustration (Cut, No. 4,) shows the western end of the Church, with part of the High-street, and of Parliament-square. The most noticeable feature about the building is the central tower: the top of it is crowned with open carved stone-work, with arches springing from the four corners, and meeting together in the centre, so as to form a sort of crown. In this respect it somewhat resembles the old church tower of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As the tower is 160 feet in height, the elegant carved work which thus forms its summit presents a beautiful object as seen from other parts of the city.

Let us stand in the High-street, opposite the old Church, and look around us. We are in the midst of a tolerably wide and long thoroughfare, but we have only to go back one generation to the period when the old *Tolbooth* obstructed the street, standing out as an isolated block of buildings, like our odious "Middle-row, Holborn." We have before us a Map of Edinburgh, published about a century ago, in which the Luckenbooths is represented as a long narrow pile of buildings, having the Tolbooth at its western end, and a small avenue between them: a little to the east of this is the Cross, and still further east the Town Guard-house—all situated in the High-street, and all isolated from other buildings. The Parliament Close is represented as having the Parliament House at the south-west corner, but there are apparently no other official buildings at that spot. The wynds and closes, as represented branching out of this street, in all their full number antecedent to various pullings-down and improvements, cannot fail to strike any one who looks at this old map.

The cumbrous mass of buildings here alluded to as having formed the Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, was destroyed in 1817, very soon after Sir Walter Scott wrote his 'Heart of Midlothian;' and we may therefore refer to him as the most graphic of eye-witnesses respecting it, in recent times:—"The Tolbooth rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High-street, forming, as it were, the termination of a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town; leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding between the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side and the buttresses and projections of the old cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the 'Krames,') a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments; so that it seems as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger . . . . But in the times we write of, the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in the narrow alley."

Who can forget the events of which Scott makes the Tolbooth the scene? The skill with which this vivid writer works up the true story of Captain Porteous with the fiction of Effie Deans and her worthless lover, makes it difficult for a reader to separate the one from the other. Porteous was Captain of the Edinburgh City Guard, and one of his duties was to preserve the peace of the city during the execution of criminals. On one occasion two culprits, Wilson and Robertson (the 'Geordie Robertson' of Scott's novel) were proceeding to the "condemned sermon" just before their approaching execution, when Wilson, by a most daring act of courage, furnished an opportunity for Robertson to escape. Wilson was hanged, but cut down by the excited mob, whereupon Porteous shot him dead with a musket, and afterwards caused his guard to fire upon the enraged people, by which many lives were lost. For his reckless conduct in this affair, Porteous was tried, found guilty of murder, and ordered for execution. The 8th September, 1736, was to be the day of execution; but on that day a reprieve was received from the crown. This so exasperated the people, who had conceived the most intense hatred against Porteous, that they took the law into their own hands. At night a drum was heard beating to arms. The populace assembled, took possession of the city gates, cut off all communication between the Guard House and the Castle, and invested the Tolbooth, where Porteous was drinking with some boon companions, rejoicing over his recent escape. The mob endeavoured to batter down the door of the old prison; but this being too strong for them, they fairly set it on fire, made a breach, entered the prison, and dragged out Porteous. The Madge Wildfire, who aided in firing the Tolbooth, and the Effie Deans, who was found imprisoned within it, we may leave to Scott's imagination; but the seizure of Porteous himself was a real and a tragical incident, and so were the marching with him down the West Bow to the Grass-market, and the subsequent execution.

Sir Walter Scott could not fail to feel an interest in the old building which had furnished him with such stirring materials for one of his stories. Accordingly, when the Tolbooth was pulled down in 1817, he obtained possession of the gate, which he forthwith transferred to Abbotsford, where it still remains as an entrance to the kitchen court.

The Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, the sides of the Cathedral, and the Parliament Close, were in the last century, the places of business of most of the booksellers and goldsmiths of Edinburgh. It appears to have been in the early part of the preceding century that the Old Kirk was first degraded by having shops or stalls stuck up between its buttresses on the

north side. These were not actually removed till 1817. "Long before their destruction," says Mr. Chambers, "the booksellers at least had found the 'cabined space' of six or seven feet too small for the accommodation of their fast-increasing wares, and removed to larger spots in the stupendous tenements of the square. . . . One of the largest of these booths, adjacent to the north side of the New or High Street, and having a second story, was occupied, during a great part of the last century, by Messrs. Kerr and Dempster, goldsmiths. The first of these gentlemen had been member of Parliament for the city, and was the last citizen who ever held that office. Such was the humility of people's wishes in those days respecting their houses, that this respectable person actually lived, and had a great many children, in the small space of the flat over the shop, and the cellar under it, which was lighted by a grating in the pavement of the square. The subterraneous part of his house was chiefly devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and proved so insalubrious in this capacity, that all his children died successively at a particular age, with the exception of his son Robert, who, being born much more weakly than the rest, had the good luck to be sent to the country to be nursed, and afterwards grew up to be the well-known author of the 'Life of Robert Bruce,' and other works." (*Traditions of Edinburgh.*)

Before the destruction of some old houses, where part of the Advocates' Library now stands, the shop of old George Heriot the goldsmith once stood—the wealthy old man, who built the Hospital named after him, and who plays so prominent a part in Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel.' It was only seven feet square!

From the above sketch the reader will easily see that there is no part of Edinburgh more likely to be rich in indications of the past and the present, than this central portion of the High Street and its adjacent openings. But we must pass on, and pursue our ramble eastward towards Holyrood.

As at present existing, the portion of the High-street from the High Church to the Canongate is broken by the two wide and beautiful openings of the North Bridge and the South Bridge, extending respectively over the two valleys lying on either side of the central ridge. But in older times there were no such wide openings. Nothing occurred but narrow wynds and closes. There were upwards of sixty of these closes in the small distance here indicated: rather more numerous on the northern than on the southern side of the way. The greater part of these, indeed, still remain, but marvellously changed in respect to their inhabitants. Mean and dirty as they now appear, these are the closes which actually lodged the gentry of Edinburgh in past times; while the High Street itself was also occupied by the better classes. In fact, there was hardly any saying where the line was drawn between the rich and the poor; for a man of birth and family would often occupy the upper flats of a house, the lower part of which was in very humble hands. At the corner of Strichen's Close, next adjoining to Blackfriars Wynd, was a house which, just before the Reformation, was occupied by the Abbot of Melrose; the garden behind it reached down to the Cowgate. The house was afterwards occupied by Sir George Mackenzie in the time of Charles II., and in the eighteenth century by Lord Strichen. Blackfriars Wynd was a very centre of genteel houses two or three centuries ago. At the junction of it with the High Street stood the house of Lord President Fentonbarns.

There is a little knot of narrow wynds, near the east end of the south side of High Street, whose history would be well worth examining, if we could know all the changes which have been there witnessed. These include Tweeddale's Close, Foulis Close, and Hyndford's Close. All of them, narrow and insignificant as they now seem, once contained houses for the great and high-born: nay, some of those houses still remain, though much lowered in the rank of their occupants. If we enter Hyndford's Close, a *cul-de-sac*, we there see a house that has something about it which speaks of aristocratic families in by-gone times: in this house once lived the Earl of Hyndford; then the Earl of Selkirk; and afterwards Dr. Rutherford—who was Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and uncle to Sir Walter Scott. Tweeddale Close, now Tweeddale Court, contains the mansion once occupied by the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose garden extended thence down to the Cowgate. How changed since!—The British Linen Company's Bank afterwards occupied the mansion; and the extensive publishing firm of Oliver and Boyd now occupies both mansion and gardens: the printing-press gives life to a spot where courtly usages were once prevalent. In Foulis Close is a house, once occupied by Lord Foulis; there is also an old weather-beaten kind of paper-warehouse, where the Waverley Novels were first printed: the window of a room lies invitingly for inspection, where Sir Walter is said to have revised the proof-sheets of his earlier novels, at a time when profound secresy was observed as to the name of the author.

We might linger among these old closes and wynds for days (though the present inhabitants might wonder what on earth we could be about), and still find something new, or rather something *old*, to say about them. To proceed, however. We find, nearly opposite the closes last described, a jutting bulk of houses which narrow the street considerably. This narrowed portion, extending from the High Street to the junction with the Canongate at Leith Wynd, forms the *Netherbow*, where was formerly the Netherbow Port, a city gate separating Edinburgh proper from the burgh of Canongate. At the west end of this Netherbow is 'John Knox's Corner,' where the stern old Reformer is said to have held forth to the people. Let those who wish to obtain a last glimpse of John Knox's house, speed thither forthwith. Its days are numbered. A 'free kirk' is about to be built on the spot; and Knox's house, with some others adjoining it, are to be levelled with the dust!

A word or two concerning these 'Free Churches.' The religious ferment which has agitated Scotland for the last five or six years, and which is so little understood in England, is covering the land with new places of worship. When several hundred ministers of the Scotch Church retired from their churches, their manses, and their stipends, a few years ago, on account of religious scruples concerning lay patronage, their congregations, or such of them as sympathized in opinions with the outgoing ministers, subscribed to build them new churches and provide them with new stipends. With such earnestness has this work been carried on within the last few years, that new churches are springing up in every quarter. A feeling of pride, or perhaps of affection towards the minister, has in most cases led to a wish that the new church should be as near as practicable to the old one from which the minister seceded. The process has gone far towards doubling the number of churches in Edinburgh: and not only churches, but all the other buildings pertaining to a particular denomination of Christians. There are already, or are to be, a Hall of Assembly, a College, and a Normal School, belonging to the Free Church in Edinburgh, all similar in their general character to the analogous institutions belonging to the old or established Scotch Church, but kept wholly in the hands of the new or Free Church. The religious or moral effects of this last among the many secessions from the Church of Scotland, we have nought here to do with: the architectural effects have been to add considerably to the public buildings of Edinburgh; the specimens being in some cases very pretty.

John Knox's house, then, is about to come down. A strange old building it is. There are nooks and corners in the front, salient and re-entering angles, gables sticking out in all directions, windows large and small, which seem to have no sort of order in their arrangement. There is a flight of stone steps leading up *outside* to what an Englishman would call the first-floor; there is a sort of shop by the side of these steps, and a shop-cellar under the steps. Over the principal entrance is an inscription, which it is now no easy matter to read, running thus:—"LUFE . GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND . YOUR . NICHBOUR . AS . YOUR . SELF." The house is said to have been inhabited by the Abbot of Dunfermline before the Reformation; but when Knox became preacher at the High Church, he came hither to reside. At the extreme corner of the house is stuck up a very rudely-executed effigy of the great Reformer, as if holding forth to the people in the street. About thirty years ago the person who then rented the house, and who carried on the profession of a barber, bedizened up this figure to a degree of smartness quite unparalleled. A red nose, black eyes, white Geneva bands for a cravat, a black gown, a beautifully fringed canopy over his head, bright sunny rays, dark green clouds—all were painted with a very Chinese degree of minuteness. It is said that Knox used to preach to the people from a window near this effigy; but the stern old man would have been rather shocked if he could have known what a figure of fun would have been made of him three centuries afterwards on the walls of his own house. Whether this painting and brightening have been often repeated, we do not know; but the effigy, the window, the inscription, the steps, the house itself—all look ruinous enough now; and very soon they will all be numbered among things of the past.

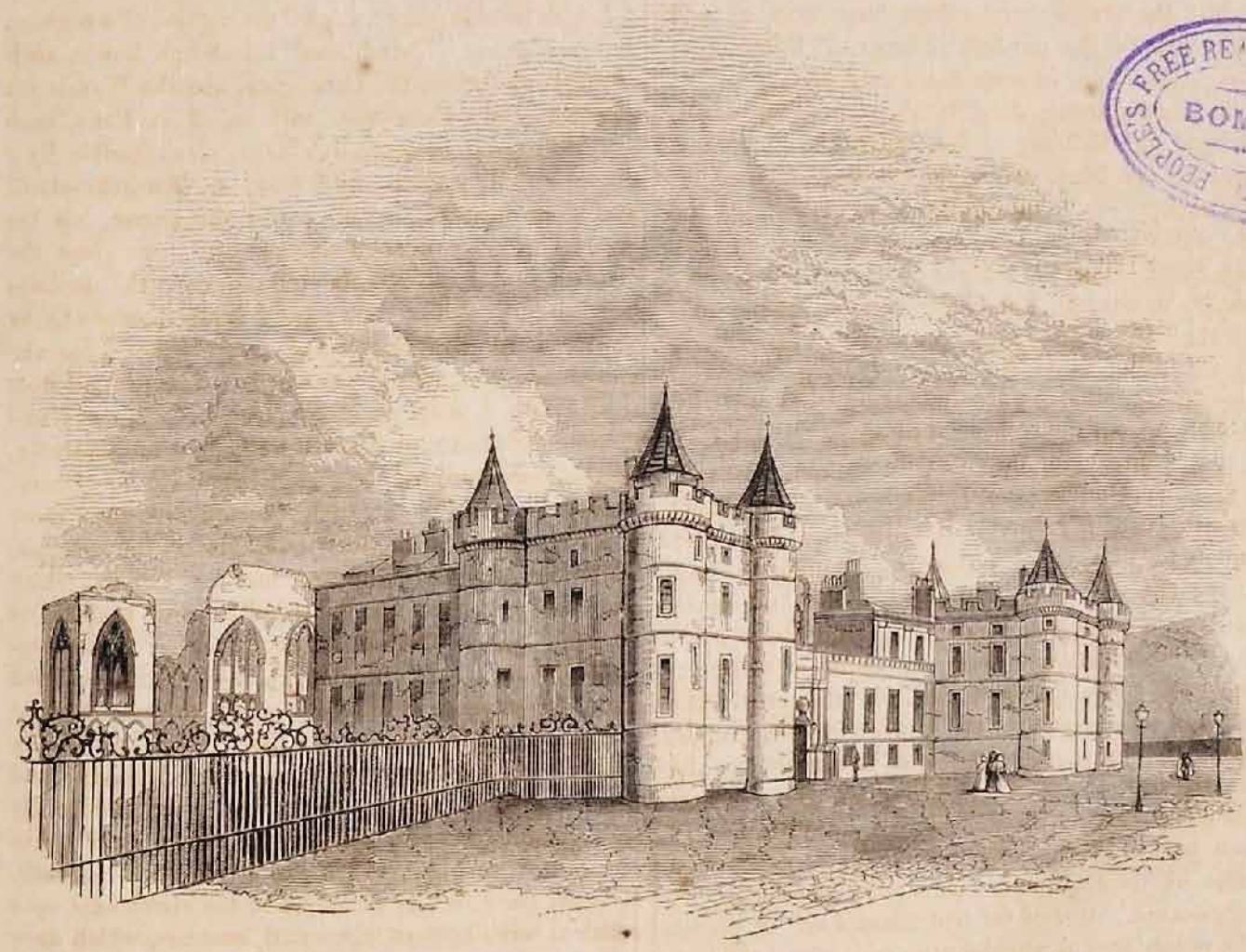
At a few yards eastward of Knox's house is the north and south avenue, formed by Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd, the former extending to the north valley, and the latter to the south. These marked the eastern limit of the old royalty of Edinburgh; beyond them eastward commenced the Canongate. This Canongate is not so interesting at the present day as the High-street it has suffered a greater depth of fall from the days of its prosperity. The poor houses are many, and the poor people are many. It has not so much bustle as the High Street, and what it has is formed mostly by a working population. Yet is it a place not to be passed over without notice. Altered as its houses now are in appearance, many of them are really the old houses inhabited once by the nobility and clergy of Edinburgh. Here was a house once belonging to Lord Balmerino; there was the Mint of Scotland, afterwards occupied as a residence by the Duchess of Gordon; at one spot stood the house of Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough; and at another that of the Duke of Queensberry.

Leitch Ritchie gives a capital description of a regular, thorough-going, old-fashioned Edinburgh house, such as the High Street, the Canongate, and the Wynds yet exhibit:—"In these vast edifices, as in Paris, each story forms one or more dwellings, all accessible by a single spiral staircase—*Scoticè*, a 'turnpike-stair.' The floor nearest heaven, called the garret, has the greatest number of subdivisions; and here roost the families of the poor. As we descend, the inmates increase in wealth or rank; each family possessing an 'outer door,' answering to the street-door of those who grovel on the surface of the earth. The ground-floor is generally a shop or other place of business; and the underground floor is also devoted, not unfrequently, to the same purpose, but in a lower sphere of commerce. . . . . The Scottish 'turnpikes,' like those of Paris, were, and frequently are, dirty in the extreme. The water was carried up on men's shoulders, which may partly account for its scarcity; and besides, as the stair belonged to no one in particular, it was neglected by all; while its convenient obscurity rendered any sins against cleanliness likely to pass without discovery. The various families, thus continually thrown into contact by the necessity of passing and repassing each other's territories, were necessarily well acquainted. To inhabit the same 'land' gave one a sort of right to be known to his neighbour. Besides, the difficulty of access to the street kept up a constant series of borrowings and lendings, which drew still closer the bond of intimacy. Moreover, if you fancy a bevy of from half-a-dozen to a dozen serving lasses

meeting constantly on a common staircase, you may imagine that no great mystery could be long preserved, as regarded the affairs of the different families."—(*Scott and Scotland.*)

Holyrood House now stands before us, nearly fronting the eastern extremity of the Canongate. The central ridge, the north valley, and the south valley, all converge nearly to a point at Holyrood, and all come at that point to the same level. Our view (Cut, No. 5,) is taken from a spot which commands also a corner glimpse of the Chapel.

Holyrood has been mixed up with many a busy scene in Scottish history. An Abbey was built here by David I., in 1128; and it became so wealthy before the end of the same century, that the abbot was entitled to hold his court; and accordingly held regular courts of regality like other barons. It is supposed that the first royal palace on the spot, distinct from the abbatial buildings, was a small hunting-seat, built by James V. in 1528, near the south-west corner of the Abbey Church; the fields near Arthur's Seat being then a capital hunting-ground. It is evident, however, that the apartments of the Abbey must have been before this of a palatial character; for many of the Scottish kings are known to have resided there on great occasions. During the minority of Queen Mary, Henry VIII., frustrated in his plan of marrying the young queen to his son, afterwards Edward VI., determined to resent the affront in a way worthy of his brutal mind. He sent troops to Scotland, expressly to burn Holyrood, and even Edinburgh itself; and so completely, we are told by local chroniclers, were his orders effected, that "within vii myles every waye of Edenborrough, they lefte neyther pyle (castle), village, nor house, standynge unbrente, nor stakes of corne, besydes great nombres of cattayles which they brought dayly into the armey." The Abbey of Holyrood, with the spire and cross of its church, were among the objects destroyed leaving only the body of the church standing. To what degree the mansion or palace was destroyed is uncertain, but Holyrood was very speedily brought again into habitable shape. A considerable part of the palace having been destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1650, the present edifice was built from the designs of Sir William Bruce. From the time of the union of the two kingdoms, Holyrood Palace has remained in the hands of an hereditary keeper, the Duke of Hamilton. Here lodged the Young Pretender, during his short sojourn in Edinburgh; and after him came his conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland. Charles the Tenth of France resided here during the revolutionary troubles, and again found a refuge



5.—HOLYROOD HOUSE.

in the same spot more than thirty years afterwards, when driven from his throne. George IV. visited Holyrood in 1822, and Queen Victoria in 1842.

Such are a few of the regal events which mark this celebrated spot. As at present existing, Holyrood House forms a quadrangular building, with an open court in the centre. There is a quaintness in its exterior which connects it with the semi-classical semi-picturesque structures of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its front is flanked with double castellated towers. The north-west corner is the oldest portion, for here are the veritable apartments occupied by the unfortunate Mary of Scotland. The other apartments are of varied architectural character, and of different ages. Upon entering within the quadrangle, the visitor soon finds that the art of establishing fees is as well known in Scotland as elsewhere. There is one good lady to show the remains of the beautiful chapel; another to show Queen Mary's apartments; and another to show the modern state-apartments, as they are called. The magistrates of Edinburgh have endeavoured to make some arrangement with the Duke of Hamilton to limit this system of fee-exaction; but the result, as yet, does not seem to be very favourable; for the three sets of locks and keys, and the three expectant guides, are obvious enough.

A feeling of gloom comes over one on visiting poor Queen Mary's apartments. The embroidered bed, the chairs, the little basket, the tapestry, the pictures, the various trinkets, deposited in the two or three rooms exhibited to visitors, all have a dusky half-decayed appearance. The colours are fading fast; and although care is taken to preserve the furniture from actual decay, the finger of Time seems to mock at the fringed and embroidered finery of the rooms. The little apartment where David Rizzio was murdered once formed part of Queen Mary's apartment; but after that dreadful event she had it separated and walled in. On the floor of this small room is a large discoloured spot, which every visitor for generations past has been told is the stain from the real blood of David Rizzio; and if you venture any doubt on the matter, the good lady who is its guardian protectress, becomes naturally shocked at your scepticism. In the introductory chapter to the second series of 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' Scott, in the person of Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, gives a ludicrous story, which bears the impress of having been founded on truth:—A cockney Londoner, agent for a house that dealt in a multiplicity of articles, including a superior patent kind of 'Scouring Drops' among the number, while rambling through these rooms was told the usual tale about the indelible stains on the floor from Rizzio's blood; whereupon he suddenly conceived the idea of trying the virtue of his scouring-drops on the darkened floor. Imagine the horror of the housekeeper! The practical man of business plumped down on his knees, and began to apply the elixir with a corner of his handkerchief; the good lady screamed for assistance; and Mr. Croftangry, who was in the neighbouring picture-gallery, pondering in his mind why the kings of Scotland, who hung around him, "should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door," came to the rescue, and had some difficulty in convincing the Londoner "that there are such things in the world as stains which *ought* to remain indelible, on account of the associations with which they are connected." Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is rather indignant at any incredulity in this matter. In his 'Account of the Queen's Visit to Scotland, in 1842,' he says: "Those who childishly doubt that the dark stains in the floor are the blood of the poor Italian, only show their ignorance of the fact, that whether blood be that of a murdered man or a slaughtered animal, it becomes quite impossible to eradicate its stain from a deal board if it has once been allowed to sink into it."

The kings of Scotland with noses like knockers, alluded to by Chrystal Croftangry, consist of one hundred and six portraits of Scottish kings, hung on the walls of a picture-gallery 150 feet in length. They are worthless, both as works of art and as historical memorials: no one seems to know when they were painted, or by whom, or how long they have occupied their present position. The Young Pretender gave his grand balls in this gallery in 1745. In the present day it is used for the election of the representative peers of Scotland, and for the levees of the Lord High Commissioner sent by the Sovereign to the General Assembly. In other parts of the palace are apartments of a more modern date, inhabited by noblemen and families who have received permission to reside within the palace, as at Hampton Court. A few groups of family pictures, and state-beds, and reception-rooms, and so forth, are exhibited.

The ruins of Holyrood Chapel lie behind the palace, and form a prominent object as seen from Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crag. After dilapidations of various kinds, the roof sank in 1768, and the whole has since been an utter ruin. Yet it is pleasant to be able to meet with such a remnant of antiquity in the immediate vicinity of a large city: it connects the twelfth century with the nineteenth, and reminds us how busily the interval has been filled up.

The reader has now accompanied us through the great main artery of the Old Town, from the Castle in the west to Holyrood in the east. We will next take a ramble along the valley which bounds this central ridge on the south, and then glance at the South Town generally.

On entering this valley from Holyrood, the street is first called 'South Back of Canongate.' It is a poor sort of street, bounded on the south by tolerably open ground, and having on the north a few wynds and closes leading up to the Canongate. But when we advance farther west, and enter the Cowgate, the characteristics of Old Edinburgh show themselves more distinctly. St. Mary's Wynd joins the High Street and the Canongate at one end, and the Cowgate and the South Back of Canongate at the other: along it was built the boundary wall of

the city in 1513. Here we come to lofty houses, once 'genteel,' but now occupied by poor families; while the wynds and closes become very numerous. There is an odd feature in the physiology of the Cowgate, the Canongate, St. Mary's Wynd, and Leith Wynd, for which we have met with no theory,—Irishmen perform the functions of Jews. The old clothes-dealers congregate in this spot; and most of them are Irishmen, as the names and the features sufficiently indicate. When we have come sufficiently westward in the Cowgate to reach Freemasons'-hall and Niddry-street, we see before us the lofty arches of the South Bridge, (which bridge connects the central ridge with the south ridge); and on passing under this bridge, and walking still farther west, we come to a second elevation,—King George the Fourth Bridge,—built in a similar way and for a similar purpose. Passing under this again, we arrive at an irregular spot, where Cowgate, West Bow, Candlemaker Row, and Grassmarket, all meet. In the Horse Wynd, turning out of Cowgate, resided at one time the Earl of Galloway; and, in another house, Lord Kennet. Lord Brougham's father lived in a house in the Cowgate, just opposite Candlemaker Row; it was at that time a boarding-house, at which he first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, and the mother of the great orator and statesman. Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's-square, to which our rambles will conduct us by-and-by. Such are the great names connected with that 'Cowgate' which is now a poor and dirty street!—and it is connected with other great names in a way strange to modern taste. It was a custom in the last century for ladies of rank and station to join gentlemen in racketty tavern amusements in Edinburgh. There were in the Cowgate and in the High Street certain *Oyster-cellars*, to which the titled and the wealthy went in their carriages, by appointment. They feasted on oysters and beer, in a 'laigh-shop,' or underground cellar, lighted only by tallow candles; and the zest of the thing consisted not only in a feast so conducted, but in unrestrained sallies of wit and conversation, such as would not have been sanctioned in the houses of the very same parties, or indeed anywhere else but in these cellars. It was a sort of pre-arranged abandonment of decorum for certain evenings; but it evidently brought no disrepute with it. Towards the close of the century, the Duchess of Gordon and Lord Melville, happening to meet at Edinburgh, after an absence from it of many years, made up an oyster-cellar party by way of a frolic; and devoted one winter evening to an entertainment which had by that time become obsolete. The convivialities of Edinburgh in the last century, as set forth by Robert Chambers in his 'Traditions,' are in some respects startling, and such as run sadly counter to the common English notion about sober Scotchmen.

When we arrive at the West Bow, at the western extremity of the Cowgate, there are before us many indications of recent change. About twenty years ago a very large sum of money was expended in modernising this district. A street and bridge were thrown across and over the Cowgate, from the Lawnmarket on the north to Bristow Street on the south, and named after the monarch who had recently visited Edinburgh. A new street, called Victoria Street, has been opened from the western side of George the Fourth Bridge, and carried in a curved line to the southern part of what used to constitute the West Bow; while the West Bow itself has been almost wholly pulled down. A new road, nearly in continuation of this Victoria Street, has been cut in the southern flank of the Castle Rock, to give an improved outlet to the west end of the town. Whether the usefulness of the change has been adequate to the expense, we cannot say; but the old picturesque scenes have suffered sadly. The West Bow was one of the most curious streets in Edinburgh: it commenced at the western end of the Lawnmarket, where it was called Bow Head, and extended, by a very steep and crooked course, down to the eastern end of the Grassmarket, where it was called Bow Foot. The houses were lofty, shaped in the most fantastical form, and some of them much ornamented in the front. Much of the ground near here at one time belonged to the Knights Templars; and the houses built on that ground were distinguished by small crosses planted on their fronts and gables. Many persons of note once lived in this West Bow; and as it formed the chief entry for wheel-carriages to the "High Town" before the building of the various bridges, its inhabitants witnessed many a splendid procession, and many an exciting scene. In later times it became almost exclusively inhabited by whitesmiths, coppersmiths, and pewterers, whose incessant 'tinkling' made it one of the noisiest parts of the town. But Knights Templars, residents of gentle blood, tinkers, crosses, processions, —all have left the spot: very few indeed of the old houses are now left.

One of the spectacles of Edinburgh used to be the melancholy procession of culprits descending the West Bow from the Tolbooth, for execution in the Grassmarket. It partook of some of the features of the bygone cavalcades from Newgate to Tyburn. It wound down the narrow and crooked West Bow, where every window presented its group of eager spectators. When standing in the midst of the Grassmarket, we can hardly fail to think of the stirring 'Porteous' scenes. This area (an oblong square rather than a mere street) was for many years, or perhaps ages, a place of execution. "It was not ill-chosen for such a scene," says Scott, "being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion; so that those likely to be offended or overdeeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions, were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description: yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the

southern side of the huge Rock on which the Castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress."

The Grassmarket is scarcely changed at all since Scott wrote his description of the execution of Porteous. The houses are mostly old, and present the same unequal, disarranged, medley-like appearance which marks most rows of old houses in Edinburgh. A curious illustration of its relative position with respect to the houses in the Old Town, is afforded by a story told of Sir David Baird, the distinguished General in our Indian armies:—A house used to stand on the Castle Hill, behind the north side of the Grassmarket, and inhabited by the Duke of Gordon. After changing hands several times, the house came into the possession of the Baird family, and Sir David was born within its walls. When the old General returned from the wars, in his later years, he asked permission to look over the house, which was then in other hands. On going into the garden, he found some frolicsome boys engaged in the very same sport which he had himself indulged in when a boy,—viz. throwing stones down the chimneys of the houses in the Grassmarket, which lay far beneath!

The Grassmarket may be considered as pretty nearly the western extremity of the valley which separates the Old Town from the South Town; which South Town occupies a wide area of ground, exhibiting many interesting combinations of the old and time-honoured with the new. South-westward of the Castle Hill, in the low ground beneath, is an area which is not yet fully laid out, but which will form a respectable district, bounded on the west by the Lothian Road. Beyond this Lothian Road is another district of a somewhat similar character, containing a sprinkling of fair-looking squares, crescents, and streets; and also containing the terminal stations of the Caledonian Railway and the Union Canal. But as nothing particular calls for our attention here, we will trace our steps eastward through the South Town towards Arthur's Seat.

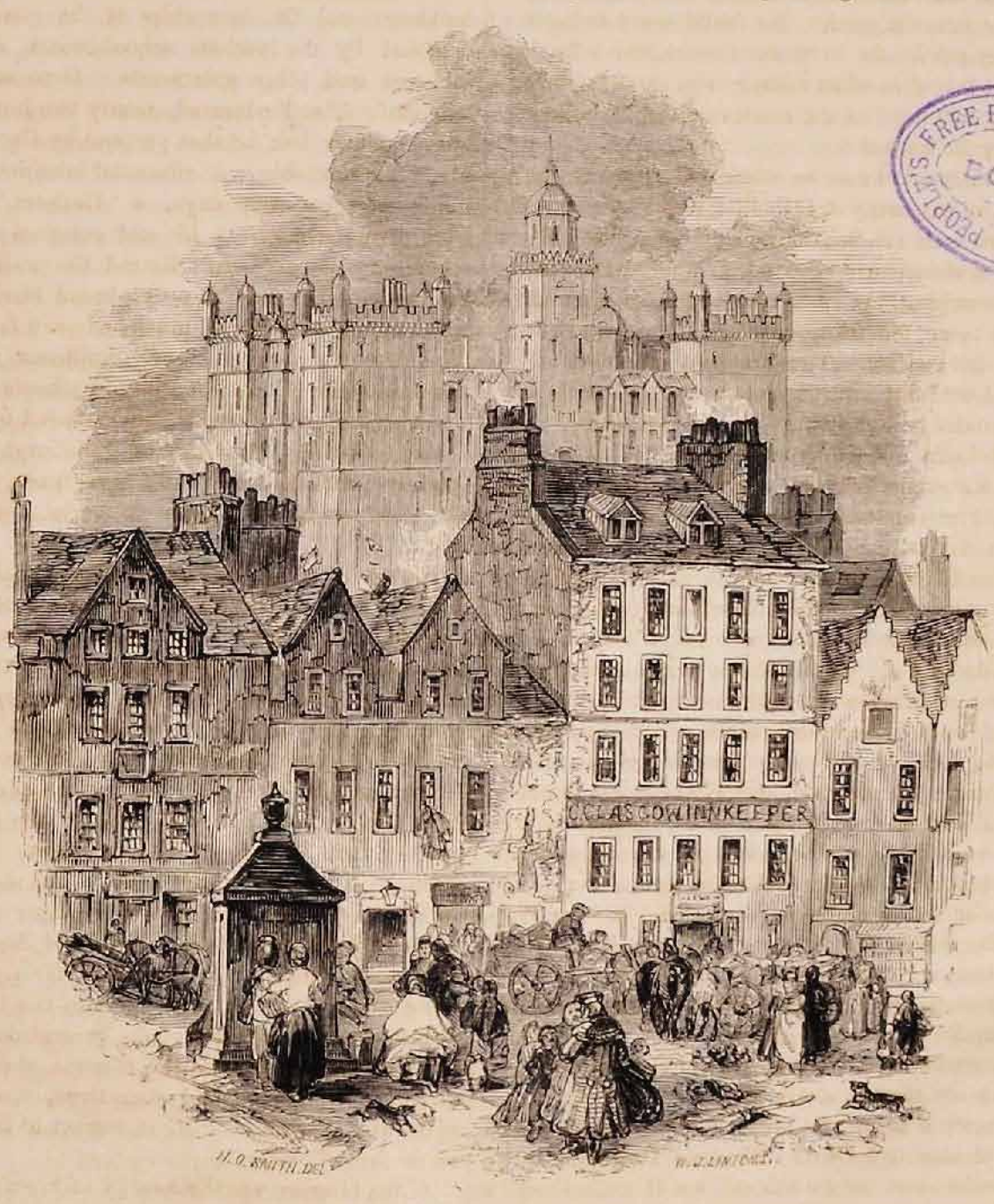
Considerably southward of the Grassmarket stands the Merchant Maiden Hospital; near this is Watson's Hospital; and farther north is the celebrated Heriot's Hospital. All of these are benevolent educational institutions. Merchant Maiden Hospital was founded, in 1695, for the maintenance and education of the daughters of merchant burgesses of Edinburgh: one hundred girls are kept here till the age of seventeen, and receive rather a superior education. George Watson's Hospital is for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed Edinburgh merchants: it accommodates about eighty boys. Heriot's Hospital was founded by the rich old Goldsmith, for the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, or boys whose parents are in indigent circumstances,—"freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh." Merchant Maiden and George Watson's Hospitals are of no especial mark as buildings; but Heriot's Hospital is a fine structure. It is situated on one of the highest parts of the Southern Town, and is a conspicuous and lofty object as seen from the southern brow of the Castle Hill. Even as seen from the Grassmarket, in the South Valley (Cut, No. 6), it presents a noble and towering elevation. It was planned by Inigo Jones, and is regarded as the finest Elizabethan structure by him. It is a quadrangular building, measuring 162 feet each way, and having an open court in the centre. Round the north and east sides of this court are covered arcades or ambulatories. On the second story of the north side is an effigy of Heriot, placed in a niche. The gateway is in the north front; and over it is a small projecting tower, with a dome, lantern, and clock. The four corners of the building are occupied by projecting towers or turrets. The general elevation of the building is three stories in height; but in some parts it is four. There are two hundred windows, all of which are said, in accordance with a whim of Heriot's, to be decorated differently. An elegantly-fitted Chapel projects from the southern part of the building; and the four sides of the quadrangle are occupied by the various school-rooms, dormitories, kitchens, and other apartments. Here are boarded, fed, clothed, and educated, nearly two hundred boys, out of estates left for that purpose by George Heriot. Many a respectable and influential inhabitant of Edinburgh was, in early days, a 'Herioter,' and looks back with affection to his old companions and his school-boy associations. Round the wall of one of the school-rooms may be seen a broad black board, on which is chalked lines of music, adapted for the learning of singing in classes,—a significant indication of the prevalence of musical study in schools in our day. The hospital and its funds are managed by the Town Council and city Ministers of Edinburgh, who have recently established, out of the same funds, free-schools for children of both sexes in various parts of the city.

Nearly adjoining Heriot's Hospital, on the east side, is the Greyfriars' Church. A monastery of Greyfriars, used formerly to be situated in the Grassmarket; and this church and its surrounding churchyard stand on the site of the garden of that monastery. In this churchyard lie the remains of many Scottish worthies, including George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Dr. Black, Dr. Blair, and Colin Maclaurin. Near this are the Charity Workhouse, the Bedlam, and one or two other public buildings. Northward stretches the fine broad street of handsome shops, known as George the Fourth Bridge; immediately east of which are Brown Square and Argyle Square, and at some distance to the south, George Square,—those famous centres of fashion in the last century. It is somewhat difficult, at the present day, to realize the idea that these were the squares, the building of which, by their splendid attractions, discomfited the plans of the Town Council in respect to the formation of the New Town.

George Square was the locality of Scott's early days. In Hamilton's Entry—a small close turning out of Bristow Street, near the square—he went to school;

and in his Memoirs are many reminiscences of this vicinity. The following incident is given in the Introduction to his collected works:—"The author's father residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in a weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Cross Causeway, Bristow-Street, the Potter Row,—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious." A celebrated hero of these miniature civil wars was one 'Green-breeks,' a daring young urchin, of whom Scott gives a capital sketch.

Resuming our eastward course, we next come to that fine long North and South avenue, formed by North Bridge, South Bridge, and Nicholson Street, containing some of the best shops in Edinburgh. Leaving the North Bridge for notice further on; we find on or near the west side of this line of street, the College or University, Nicholson Square, and a number of churches and chapels; while on the eastern side lie the Infirmary, the Surgeon's Hall, the Blind School, and a number of other buildings. The College is a very large and comprehensive building: it is what the Scotch term 'self-contained,' that is, isolated from all other buildings: it forms a parallelogram, 356 feet long by 225 broad, having an open court in the centre. There may be considered to be eight fronts to the building; for the four which look upon the surrounding streets, and the four which bound the central court, are all regular architectural compositions. The quadrangle is entered by a lofty



6.—HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE GRASS-MARKET.

portico on the east side, and the doors to the several corridors lie around the quadrangle. There is a covered gallery or ambulatory round part of the court. Within the building the apartments are very numerous. One is a library, nearly 200 feet in length, and contains about 100,000 volumes; it was intended originally "for the use of the citizens," but it has now become exclusively a College Library. The Museum, occupying several galleries and apartments, comprises a collection of stuffed animals, birds, insects, shells, minerals, and other objects: it is at present undergoing repairs and improvements which will make it a valuable depository of natural objects. The various class-rooms, council-rooms, private apartments, &c., call for no note. The funds for constructing this vast and important building were collected in a curious way. King James VI. granted a charter for a University, in 1582; and by subsequent grants and benefactions this University became large and celebrated throughout Europe. The buildings forming it were added from time to time, as occasion offered, until at last they formed an incongruous and unsightly mass. In 1789 the Town Council resolved to build a new one; and to show their respect for learning, they undertook to defray the expense out of the town funds. But they utterly overrated their means: the town revenues and local subscriptions combined could only finish part of the front in twenty years. The Government then stepped in; and by the expenditure of £10,000 a year for many years, the present fine building was finished. Two thousand students are generally located here during the terms, and it need hardly be said how brilliant has been the list of eminent men who owed their education to this institution. At the commencement of the present century it contained within its academic walls, at one time, Robertson, Playfair, Black, Cullen, Robison, Blair, Dugald Stuart, Gregory, and Monro: a constellation of 'lights' not readily equalled elsewhere.

Nearly opposite the College is Surgeon's Hall,—a much smaller but still beautiful building, having a Grecian front of much elegance and simplicity. The chief feature of this institution is a Museum of anatomical and surgical preparations, of considerable extent. This Museum, as indeed most of the public buildings and institutions of Edinburgh, is conducted in a liberal spirit with regard to affording access to the townsmen and visitors. Near the Hall is one of those benevolent and interesting charities—a Blind School. The baskets, and rugs, and mats, and similar objects, made by the boys; the tippets, and gloves, and other articles of needlework made by the girls; the school-room, with its globes, maps, and books, all having raised characters which may be traced by the fingers of the poor sightless students—these cannot be seen without exciting warm admiration of a system which has done so much good with such slender means.

Eastward of the main north and south avenue, of which Nicholson Street forms a part, is another, much narrower and much more poverty-stricken, formed by St. Mary's Wynd, and a long crooked street called Pleasance. This was evidently at one time a place of no small importance; for the old maps of Edinburgh represent it as forming a main artery into Edinburgh from the south. Eastward of this Pleasance, the strip of inhabited district is very narrow before we come to the roads and paths that lie at the western foot of Salisbury Crag; and the streets, the houses and the inhabitants are mostly of a humble character. Southward of the whole of this South Town of Edinburgh is a pleasant open country, occupied by meadows and Bruntsfield Links or Playgrounds, backed by Braid Hill further south.

As our perambulations have, for a second time, brought us to the vicinity of Arthur's Seat, we may fittingly here describe the noble hills which bound Edinburgh on the east.

While walking along the back of Canongate, or the Pleasance, or St. Leonard's Street, we see Salisbury Crag shooting up like a wall to the east and south-east of us. It is a kind of triangular rock, extending south-west to a sharp point, and then branching off south-east. The highest summit is near this sharp western point, from whence it declines in altitude towards the south-east and the north-east. The rock presents a steep sloping grassy ascent to a certain height, above which is a perpendicular crag of bare rock, forming an object whose outline is remarkably distinct and well defined as seen from a distance. A pathway runs along the whole extent, at the top of the slope, and just beneath the perpendicular crag. Eastward of this crag is a gentle slope leading down to a valley called the Hunter's Bog, on the opposite side of which is Arthur's Seat. The whole of this crag—the summit, the high path, the lower path nearer to St. Leonard's—was a favourite resort of Scott's. In his notes to the tale which has made this almost classic ground, he says:—"If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon, now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of those enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime—is lighted up by the tints of

morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes; the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort when engaged with a favourite author or new subject of study." It is from this elevated spot that our view (Cut, No. 1,) is taken.

Lofty as these crags are, they yield the superiority to Arthur's Seat, which lies behind them on the east. Sometimes this name is given to the highest summit alone, while at other times it is applied to the whole hilly group, with the hollows beneath them. Extending over a space about a mile in length by three-quarters of a mile in width, are many of these alternations of hill and dale, to which are given the names of Arthur's Seat, Whiny Hill, Crow Hill, Hawk Hill, Nether Hill, Sampson's Ribs, Echoing Rock, Salisbury Crag, and Hunter's Bog. The whole series is now encircled by a splendid carriage-drive, called Victoria Road; than which, perhaps, there is nothing finer of the kind in the kingdom. Commencing beneath the westerly point of Salisbury Crag, it proceeds around the entire hilly group in an irregular oval course, nearly three miles and a half in extent. At every step a changing view meets the eye. It is everywhere higher than the surrounding country, so that a complete panorama is ready for him who will make the circuit. Much of the road was formed by blasting the solid rock; and at the south-eastern part of the course this blasting has taken place at a considerable elevation. Duddingston Loch and Dunsapie Loch lie spread out beneath us, and the whole country for miles presents a rich and fertile view to the sight. This Victoria Road has been mostly constructed since the Queen's visit in 1842, and, we believe, at the royal expense.

Arthur's Seat itself, the summit which gives name to the whole group, lies toward the southern part of the encircling road. Who Arthur was, where he lived, and how he came to occupy this 'Seat,' are mysteries beyond the power of the nineteenth century to solve. England, Wales, and Scotland have all been busy in finding out occupations and favourite localities for this renowned hero. There is Arthur's Fountain in Clydesdale; Dumbarton Castle is supposed to have been Arthur's Castle in early times; there was also Arthur's Palace near Penryn—Ryoneth in Wales; Stirling Castle was supposed, in the middle ages, to have been the festive scene of Arthur's Round Table; Arthur's Oven is on the Carron; in Cupar Angus is a stone called Arthur's Stone; while there are no less than three Arthur's Seats—one near Loch Long, one in Forfarshire, and the more celebrated one which now engages our notice. This summit is 822 feet above the level of the sea. It is so steep that there are only two paths by which it can be readily ascended. At the top is a black mass of basaltic rock, found to be magnetic; and on this is fixed the Signal-staff used by the Ordnance-officers in conducting the trigonometrical survey of Scotland. It is the highest spot within a distance of many miles, and from it may be obtained a view of great magnificence. Beneath is the Old Town of Edinburgh, crowned in the back-ground by the Castle; on the left of this is the South Town, with Heriot's Hospital shooting up in the distance; on the right is the splendid New Town, with its squares and streets of white stone buildings:

> "Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
> Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick Law;
> And broad beneath them roll'd
> The gallant Firth, the eye might note,
> Whose islands in its bosom float
> Like emeralds chased in gold."

Looking towards the east, the eye glances over a wide expanse of the flat lands of Haddingtonshire. To the south-east are Dalkeith Palace, Melville Castle, and many fine residences, embosomed in green fields and luxurious woods. Southward, we look towards Braid Hill and Blackford Hill; and westward towards Corstorphine Hill.

The vicinity of the lofty hill is speckled over with many interesting spots. The Hunter's Bog is a deep grass-grown valley intervening between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. When the Young Pretender, as Charles Stuart is frequently called, entered Edinburgh in 1745, he left the bulk of his troops in Hunter's Bog, while he and a chosen few proceeded to Holyrood to reconnoitre the state of affairs. Immediately at the foot of Salisbury Crag is the suburb of St. Leonard's, and a pathway called Dumbiedykes—two names that will not soon be forgotten by the readers of the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Then, by the side of the small road leading from St. Leonard's to Duddingston, is a small old house, said to have been the one which Scott had in his mind as a residence for David Deans, the father of Jeannie and Effie: at all events, such is now the tradition; and in some modern maps it receives, without any circumlocution, the designation of 'David Dean's House.' Passing round to the north of Arthur's Seat, we find St. Anthony's Well and Chapel. (Cuts, Nos. 7 and 8.) The crumbling ruins of the latter stand out prominently on a craggy rock, at a considerable height from the valley below, in a most picturesque situation. The building was once a hermitage or chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremite. The water of the well had certain mystic virtues ascribed to it in past times; and even at present, the visitor is invited to drink some of it from tin cups proffered to him by the juveniles who hope to make a profit of old St. Anthony. Near this chapel is the place pointed out as the site on which once stood Mushet's Cairn. Nicol Mushet, or Muschat, murdered his wife on this spot under circumstances of great barbarity some generations ago; and the travellers who passed by, to mark their execration of the deed, each threw a stone or two on the spot, by which a heap or *cairn* of stones was collected. Scott makes this Cairn a meeting-place between Jeannie Deans and Robertson on the dreadful night before Effie's trial; and if the tourist at the

present day is of easy faith, the self-appointed 'guides' to the lions of Arthur's Seat will point out to him a heap of stones as the veritable Cairn itself, although the aforesaid heap is marvellously near to an open and frequented road.

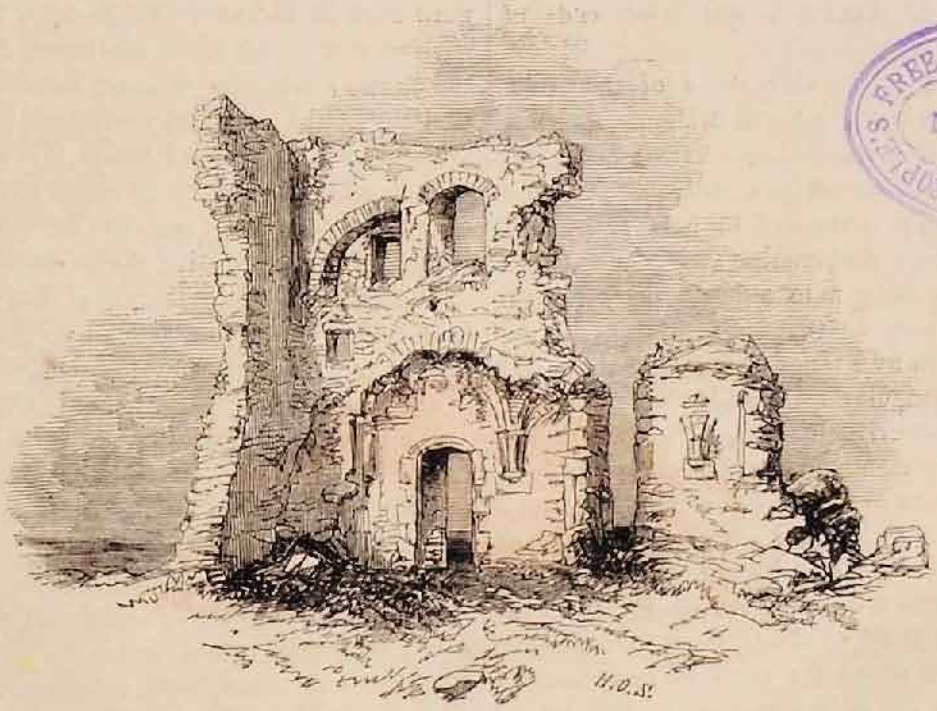
Exactly north-westward of Arthur's Seat stands another of the many hills which render Edinburgh such a remarkable city, viz. the *Calton Hill*. This is a rounded eminence, forming the eastern extreme of the New Town, and rising to a height of 345 feet above the level of the sea. It is more steep in its elevation towards Edinburgh than towards any other side, and from its summit one of the most beautiful views of the city can be obtained. Burford, the unequalled painter of panoramas, is said to have first conceived the idea of such paintings while viewing the scene from Calton Hill. (The same point of view has been chosen for the steel engraving placed at the head of this article.) Towards the east, north-east, and south-east, the hill descends gently to the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of its eastern slope is laid out in gardens; and around these gardens, having a look-out towards the higher part of the hill, are some fine terraces and rows of houses, partaking of the palatial character which so distinguishes New Edinburgh. The summit or rounded height of the hill is diversely occupied. It forms a sort of honorary cemetery. One of the objects is a monument to Dugald Stuart, modelled after the choragic monument of Lysicrates in Greece; another is a monument to Professor Playfair; another is the Astronomical Observatory. The loftiest object is the Nelson Column: this consists of a shaft springing from an octagonal base; it has a sort of refreshment-room at the bottom, and a look-out gallery at the top. As a work of art it is not worthy of mention, but its elevated position gives it a very commanding view, not only over the surrounding country, but across the Firth of Forth to Fifeshire. A project has been recently started for making it serviceable to ships out at sea, by the adoption of a 'time-ball,' similar to that used at Greenwich Observatory; such a ball—say four or five feet in diameter—if let drop at a given instant of time, determined by astronomical observations, serves as a guide to captains of ships in adjusting their chronometers before departing on a voyage: the Greenwich time-ball can be seen from the Thames, and the Calton Hill time-ball would be visible from the Firth of Forth. But the most notable structure on this elevated hill is one which might have been honourable to Scotland, if some prudence had marked its plan and conduct: as it is, it is a laughing-stock. We allude to the National Monument. At the conclusion of the last war a project was started for erecting a monument to the memory of the Scottish heroes who fell at Waterloo. It was to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens; but so wofully did the constructors miscalculate their means, that they expended all the subscribed funds in building twelve columns, which now stand isolated, resting on a stylobate beneath, and supporting a portion of entablature above; it consists simply of the pillars at one end of the temple: the rest is—nowhere!

A deep valley separates the Calton Hill from the New or North Town, and as this valley is connected with the north valley between the New and the Old Towns, we may continue our ramble by threading our way along these two valleys, from east to west: this will prepare us for an after examination of the splendours of the New Town.

7.—ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

In the old Map of Edinburgh, before alluded to, we find this low ground thus appropriated:—North of Holyrood is a point of junction where three roads meet; one, called Abbey Hill, goes eastward towards Portobello and Musselburgh; another winds round the eastern margin of the Calton Hill, forming the eastern road to Leith; and the third extends south-westward towards the town. This latter, at a place called the Water Gate, divides into two: one branch ascending the old hill and forming the Canongate, the other keeping to the low ground on the north and forming the 'North Back of Canongate;'—this latter road has for the most part gardens on its left or south side; while the north side is occupied by the lower portion of the ascent of Calton Hill, very sparingly dotted with buildings. At a point where the College Church then stood, the western road to Leith branches out to the north, round the western side of Calton Hill; while on the left commenced Leith Wynd, which ascended thence up the slope to the Nether Bow of the Old Town. Westward of these cross roads is a 'Physick Garden,' and a considerable amount of open space. Beyond the site of the present North Bridge comes the North Loch, an irregularly-shaped marshy spot, which extended thence throughout the remainder of the valley. With the exception of the markets, nearly all the ground on both sides of this Loch are occupied by gardens and fields.

Such was the northern valley a century ago; but such it is no longer. The whole region, except some portions near Leith Wynd, has been metamorphosed. The east or 'Easter' road to Leith is still maintained; but instead of there being only one road from thence along the southern side of Calton Hill, there are two, a splendid new road having been cut half-way up the slope of the hill itself. This is called Regent-Road: on the north of it are rows of fine houses, called Regent Terrace and Carlton Place. South of the most elevated portion of the hill is a group of modern buildings, all very near each other; comprising the High School, the Jail, the Debtor's Jail, the Bridewell, the Governor's House, David Hume's Monument, and Robert Burns' Monument: all these being on a lower level than the Calton Hill, but on a higher than the North Back of Canongate, and having some architectural pretensions, impart rather a fine appearance to the locality. The High School is a very noble structure. As long ago as 1519 there was a High Grammar School belonging to the town; in 1578 a new school was constructed, and in 1777 a third; all of these were in the Old Town; but the growing requirements of the place led, in 1825, to the planning of a new and larger edifice on the southern slope of the Calton Hill; the expense, partly defrayed by subscription, has amounted to about £30,000; and the present edifice is certainly a great ornament to the town. It is built of fine white stone. It consists of a central part and two wings, extending to a length of 270 feet. The central portion of the front is a pediment advanced upon a range of Doric columns; but the end buildings are nearly flat-roofed. A spacious flight of steps leads up to the building from the enclosing wall in front. The front is rendered more striking by two temple-like lodges, which occupy the extreme ends, considerably in advance of the main portion of the building itself. The interior is fitted up with the hall, class-rooms, masters'-rooms, library, &c. It is essentially a classical school; but the range of study is made to embrace many branches of modern education.



8.—ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

The fine road in which these buildings are situated opens into Waterloo Place, the superb eastern entrance into the New Town; but as we are at present engaged with the humbler locality of the North Valley, we postpone for a while our gossip about the New Town.

The North Back of Canongate now consists mostly of poor dwellings, between and among which run up some of the narrow wynds that communicate with the Canongate. A workhouse, a gas-factory, and a few other large buildings, stand southward. This street ends at Low Calton, a street running nearly north and south, connecting Leith Walk on the north (winding round the western base of Calton Hill) with Leith Wynd in the south. Very soon after this we arrive at the North Bridge, stretching high over our heads from the Old to the New Town. Looking downwards from the parapets of this bridge, we see the busy hum of a series of markets below, and the still more stirring operations of three separate railway stations, all of which congregate in one spot. Looking upwards from the piers of the bridge, we see houses rising to an astonishing height on all sides. On the south they appear to be literally piled one on another, so steep is the ascent from the low ground to the High-street; while on the north, verging on the New Town, there are houses which present five or six flats or stories, communicating with a street-door on a lower level; and other houses of five or six stories built upon these, having an entrance on the level of the North Bridge. We may more correctly, perhaps, represent it thus: that near the ends of the bridge are houses of vast height; of which the ground story or flat is in the valley below, the fifth or sixth story is on a level with the bridge, and the tenth or twelfth story is—up in the clouds. Certainly we may range London from end to end, and find nothing to correspond with this. The nearest approach to similarity, perhaps, is afforded by the houses near the north and south ends of Waterloo-bridge.

The markets—a remarkable series of them—lie immediately westward of the North Bridge. You see, on the lowest level, a vegetable-market; you mount a flight of steps, and come to a flesh-market; you mount another, going southward in both cases, and you meet with another flesh-market; twenty or thirty stone steps more bring you to a fourth market: and so you go on, climbing up the southern slope of the Old or Central Town by a series of flights of steps, and meeting with quadrangular market-places on the way, until at length you arrive by a narrow wynd in the High Street. How many scores of these steps there may be we have not had patience to reckon; but they serve remarkably well to illustrate the difference of level in the ground on which Edinburgh is built. Odd little nooks and corners meet the eye all around these markets. Houses stand on almost impossible places: their parlours are above the roofs of neighbouring houses, while they are in like manner overtopped by other houses only a few yards southward of them. As to whether the fronts of these houses are north, south, east, or west, it is in some cases difficult enough to guess; the builders seem to have poked them in at random, and to have left the inhabitants to exercise their ingenuity in obtaining access to them. In one of the wynds at this spot, called Fleshmarket Close, almost every house is a sort of tavern, as different as possible from the smart public-houses of London; these dark and oddly-shaped abodes seem to form the 'chop-houses' of Edinburgh,—of which, by the way, there are but very few in the better streets and neighbourhoods. A Londoner, passing through the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, can hardly fail to remark the extreme paucity of butchers' shops in those cities. The occupation of a 'flesher,' as a butcher is there called, is almost exclusively confined to the markets; and, moreover, it must be admitted that the Scotch, man for man, do not eat so much meat as the English; and this is a second reason why a flesher's shop seldom meets the eye in the public streets.

The railways join precisely at the spot to which the lowest of the markets brings us. Never, surely, was there so admirable a spot for a railway-station in the very heart of a city! It would seem as if Nature and society had both agreed on this matter: Nature made a deep hollow, running between two elevations; and society has left that hollow almost unoccupied, until the railroad times in which we live. The Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway had, a few years ago, a terminus at St. Leonard's, near Salisbury Crag; the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway had its terminus at the western extremity of the town; and the Edinburgh and Granton Railway terminated in Scotland-street, at the northern extremity of the town: but now all have joined. The North British line, into which the Dalkeith has become absorbed, enters Edinburgh by a tunnel under Calton Hill, and ends in the valley near the North Bridge; the Glasgow line is extended eastward from its former terminus, by a tunnel under the western part of the town, and meets the North British, end to end; while the Granton line (which also accommodates Leith) is carried southward by a tunnel under a long line of street, and meets the other two nearly at right angles. All the principal hotels, and the great centres of commercial activity, are very near this spot. If the hissing locomotive should at times disturb one's thoughts, and break the romance that hovers round the Castle Hill and Arthur's Seat, we must endeavour to find in the reality a compensation for this romance—or still better, we will combine the two.

Westward of the railway-station is a sort of earthen road, called Waverley Bridge, elevated somewhat above the level of the valley, and forming a line of communication between the Old and New Towns. But still further westward is a much more anomalous sort of bridge,—one that the Edinburgh folks would gladly see superseded by a good bridge were it practicable. This is the 'Mound,' which forms a high level road from the Old to the New Towns. If we go back to the early history of this mound, we find the following, written by Maitland, in 1773 ('History of Edinburgh'):—

"There has of late been much talk about erecting a Bridge across the North Loch, for a communication with the country on the northern side; which, or something better, may easily be accomplished at little expense, by obliging all builders and others to shoot their rubbish made at the building or repairing of houses into a part of the said Loch, as shall be agreed upon; whereby, in a few years, a ridge or earthen bank might be raised to the required height, which would answer other good ends besides that of a bridge." In other words, make a dust-heap, and then use the surface of it as a road. This has literally been accomplished. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Provincial Antiquities,' spoke of the "huge deformity which now extends its lumpish length between Bank Street and Hanover Street, the most hopeless and irremediable error which has been committed in the course of the improvements of Edinburgh, and which, when the view that it has interrupted is contrasted with that which it presents, is, and must be, a subject of constant regret and provocation." At the time when Scott wrote, the rubbish of the Mound was in a most unsightly disarranged state; but it must in justice be stated, that, since then the east and west slopes have been trimmed and planted, and a splendid structure (the Royal Institution) erected on the northern end of the Mound; still it has a straggling unfinished appearance to the eye of one walking over it, and is a clumsy and inelegant obstruction to the view eastward or westward along the valley. The North Bridge puts it to shame in every particular. That it is 'no trifle,' may be seen from its dimensions: it is 800 feet long, about 300 wide, and, at the south end, nearly 100 feet high; and it is estimated to contain two million cart-loads of earth! The engineer of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway has had much difficulty to work a tunnel underneath this mound, on account of the looseness and heterogeneous nature of the materials which form it. Westward of the Mound is a garden (somewhat like the enclosed plantation of our London squares), to which the inhabitants of Princes Street have access; and this garden occupies the rest of the valley, bounded on the south by the Castle Hill.

Such, then, is the Northern Valley,—the formidable obstacle which had to be bridged over in the last century, before any attempt could be prudently made to lay out and build the New Town. We may now glance at the features which this new town presents; and as the eastern half of it was the place first built, we will commence our rambles thence:—

When George IV., riding through Princes Street, looked through Waterloo Place towards Calton Hill, he exclaimed, "How superb!" And well might he say so, for the effect is really striking. Waterloo Place is composed of sumptuous stone buildings, of which one is the Post Office, one the Stamp Office, and others hotels and fine shops. At one part we find an open balustrade on both sides of the street; and, on looking through this, we are suddenly met by a glimpse of a busy world below, far less aristocratic than the world above. The truth is, that this Waterloo Place is carried, by very lofty arches, over the old street called Low Calton: it is, in fact, a bridge connecting the New Town with the Calton Hill, over the intervening hollow. How to manage to carry habitable streets from the high ground to the low ground, has puzzled the road-makers not a little. There is a knot of streets, following almost every imaginable direction, and called Leith Street, Leith Terrace, Low Calton, and High Calton, in which this kind of adjustment has been brought about in a very curious way.

Running westward from Waterloo Place is one of the finest terraces, perhaps, in the kingdom—Princes Street. It is a terrace in so far that there are scarcely any houses on the southern side; a railing alone intervenes between this and the valley. The north side of the street is occupied by houses, all built of white stone, and comprising among them some of the finest shops in Edinburgh. From the windows of the numerous hotels in this street the northern brow of the Old Town is seen to great advantage; the houses rising one above another, and, in the evening, flickering with countless lights: the Castle Hill is seen towering above, and the railway station is far beneath; for you need not see this station at all, unless you look designedly for it; it is by no means obtrusive.

The chief public buildings in Princes Street are the Register Office, the Theatre Royal, the Scott Monument, and the Royal Institution. The Register Office is a very labyrinth of passages and rooms. It was planned by Robert Adams in 1774, for the reception of the multifarious registers and records bearing upon Scottish legal matters; but it was not completed until 1822. The structure comprises a square, measuring about two hundred feet on each side, with a small quadrangular court in the centre, which is surmounted or covered in by an elegant dome, fifty feet in diameter. The outer fronts of the building are of the Corinthian order. Each corner is surmounted by a cupola-topped turret. The central saloon is occupied as a library, and the rest of the building is parted off into a large number of apartments, mostly of small size; the greater part of them arranged for the reception of registers, of which the number is immense.

Of the Theatre Royal the less we say the better: it is, externally, one of the ugliest of theatres, and is a blot to the street in which it is built. The Scott Monument, on the same side of the way, but further westward (Cut, No. 9), is one of the best honorary structures of which Edinburgh can boast. Unlike the 'National Monument' on Calton Hill, the projectors have not attempted too much, and what they have done has been done well. This monument was designed by Mr. Kemp, who died before the work was completed. It was commenced in 1840, and finished in 1846, at an expense of about £16,000. It consists of a sort of Gothic tower or steeple, reaching to the great elevation of two hundred feet. This tower is divided into stages, one above another, to all of which access can be obtained by a stair within. Every stage

exhibits several niches for the reception of statues, amounting to nearly sixty altogether. The full scope of the design is to occupy all these niches with sculptured figures of the most notable characters introduced by Scott in his novels and poems,—a very felicitous idea, because it can be wrought out a little at a time, if funds should permit, while the monument itself is a sufficiently finished object, even in its present state. Underneath the centre of the tower is a marble statue of Sir Walter, by Mr. John Steel. The decorations of the monument generally, all in carved stone, are most elaborate. Some architectural critics, who are great sticklers for precedents in such matters, find fault with certain parts of the design; but it is, as a whole, unquestionably a great ornament to the city. Would that our 'Wellington Statues' and 'Nelson Columns' exhibited as good a result for the money expended on them!

The Royal Institution, situated at the northern extremity of the earthen mound, is a fine building in the Greek style. So rotten and loose is the material of the mound, that nearly £2,000 had to be spent in preparing a foundation for this structure by piling—one of the benefits of the earthen blunder! The Royal Institution exhibits columnar fronts on every side. The northern front has an octastyle portico, three columns in depth, of the Doric order, surmounted by a pediment, behind which is a sculptured figure, on a sort of Attic story. The sides also exhibit ranges of columns, the uniformity of which is broken by projecting wings at the angles. The building was erected for the accommodation of several societies connected with the arts and sciences; such as the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Institution of Fine Arts, and the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures. In the spring of each year some of the rooms are appropriated to an exhibition of pictures. This building, the Castle, and the tunnel under the mound, are well seen from behind the Scott Monument (Cut, No. 9).

Princes Street may be regarded as a standard from whence the other streets of the New Town spring, for most of them either lie parallel to it on the north, or branch out from it at right angles; and a fine array they make. Behind Princes Street is George Street; behind this Queen Street; and behind this again Heriot's Row. These are crossed by seven wide streets at right angles,—St. Andrew, St. David, Hanover, Frederick, Castle, Charlotte, and Hope Streets. All these are as straight as a line, and of noble width; they form a parallelogram, about three-quarters of a mile in length. One of the series—George Street—is no less than 115 feet in width; and what with its length, width, and fine stone buildings on both sides, has few parallels among our cities and towns. There are monuments and public buildings in great number, which add to the noble appearance of this district. At the crossing of George and Hanover Streets is a statue of George IV. by Chantrey; at the crossing of George and Frederick Streets is another, of William Pitt, by the same sculptor; on the east side of St. Andrew Street is a statue of the Earl of Hopetoun; and in the middle of St. Andrew Square, lying between St. Andrew and St. David Streets, is a monument to Lord Melville. This last-mentioned monument is in the form of a column, 136 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the Earl, 14 feet high. St. Andrew Square was one of the earliest-built portions of the New Town. It was finished about seventy years ago, and was, in its day, the most aristocratic *locale* in Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers gives a list of notable personages who lived in the square in its palmy days: it includes the names of Major-General Leslie, Earl of Leven, Lord Ankerville, Lord Gordon, Lord Dreghorn, Sir James Stirling, Sir John Whiteford, Earl of Buchan, Duchess of Gordon, Countess of Dalhousie, and Earl of Haddington. David Hume lived at the house in the south-west corner; and Lord Brougham was born in the house at the north-west corner. How shorn of its bright beams now! The Most Nobles and the Right Honourables have vacated St. Andrew Square, and left its houses to be occupied as banks, hotels, warehouses, &c. The tide of Fashion set in west and north-west from this square; and it was in those directions that the New Town mostly developed itself.

Among the buildings comprised within the parallelogram of streets above described, one of the most splendid is the Commercial Bank, situated in George Street. Edinburgh and Glasgow are distinguished for the sumptuous character of the buildings occupied by the various Joint-Stock Banking Companies. As a class, they certainly excel the banks of London. It is said that many of them have been built out of unclaimed deposits; but, be this as it may, they are highly ornamental to the two cities. The Royal Bank, the British Linen Company's Bank, the National Bank, the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank, and one or two others, all lie very near each other; but the last-named quite eclipses all the others. It cost upwards of £60,000; and its vestibule and principal room are truly magnificent. The Assembly Room and Music Hall form a fine large building, of which the chief front is in George Street. It has a tetrastyle Doric portico; but the sides and back are rather plain. The interior arrangements are fitted for the requirements of assemblies and concerts, for which it was built. The Music Room is nearly a hundred feet long, and not much less in width; the principal Ball-room, also, is nearly a hundred feet in length. The New Club (on the model of our Pall-Mall Clubs), the Veterinary College, the College of Physicians, the Synod House, and several churches, are other public buildings comprised within this parallelogram of new streets. In a district of brick houses, many of these buildings, being built of stone, would stand out as distinctive features; but in a region of stone houses they only form parts of a splendid whole.

Queen Street may be regarded as the northernmost of those which occupy the actual high ground of the New Town, or the northern ridge, as we have termed it.

Beyond this, the ground slopes gradually downwards towards the sea. There is a fine long range of ground laid out in gardens and plantations, having Queen Street on the south, and Heriot Row and Abercrombie Place on the north: these three are all terraces, having houses on one side of the way, and they have a fine frontage towards Queen Street Gardens, as the plantation is called. Northward of these gardens several other streets and squares of new houses are met with, declining gradually towards the Water of Leith—a little river, which may be considered to bound Edinburgh on the north. Eastward of all this district again, lying on both sides of Leith Walk, the high road from Edinburgh to Leith, are many streets and crescents of new houses, moderate in their pretensions, but still stone-built, and studded with churches and chapels.

But the *magnum opus*, the acme of Edinburgh street-building, lies north-westward of the parallelogram lately described. As Brown Square eclipsed the Canongate; as George Square eclipsed Brown Square; as this, in turn, gave way to St. Andrew Square; as the parallelogram of streets eclipsed St. Andrew Square; so does now the immediate neighbourhood of Moray Place assume the superiority over all, in respect to the architectural character of the houses. This is a comparatively new portion of the town; and as the ground begins to slope very rapidly on the northern side of this spot, much skill has been shown in adapting the shape of the streets to the locality. One feature in the arrangement is particularly striking. The ground descends so rapidly to the Water of Leith, that the Dean Bridge, a fine structure in the immediate vicinity, and on the same level as these new streets, is no less than 106 feet above the level of the river which it crosses. The backs of the houses in Randolph Cliff, Randolph Crescent, Great Stuart Street, Ainslie Place, and Moray Place, all look out upon the banks of the river, and have a steep descent of garden-ground down to near the river's brink; so that the houses themselves have an unusually bold and imposing appearance, as viewed from the opposite or north-western side of the river.

By little and little Edinburgh is creeping onwards towards the west, extending its limits out into what were open fields a few years ago. Beyond Charlotte Square, which bounds the parallelogram of streets at its western end, a new neighbourhood is springing up on either side of the road to Glasgow. Rutland Square, Coates and Athol Crescents, and several other ranges of stone-built buildings, contain the private residences of many of the Edinburgh men of business. It is here as in Glasgow and Liverpool: the better sort of houses in the centre of the town become gradually absorbed into the vortex of commerce, and the suburbs thus naturally become extended by the erection of private residences.

The reader has now accompanied us through the length and breadth of this fine old city. We have glanced along the three parallel hills, or elevated plateaus, and the two valleys which separate them, the hills which bound them on the east, and the remaining valley of Low Calton. It is true that we have not seen everything of interest; and it is equally true that we might ramble over the town for weeks, and still find some odd little nooks and corners which had before escaped notice, but which are well worthy of a visit. Edinburgh has been the centre of so many political and social events, it has been the scene of so many novels, and poems, and songs; its "old town" still contains so many curious and venerable buildings, that there is no lack of material for almost any amount of gossip concerning it. Mr. Robert Chambers has filled a goodly volume with delightful chat about its old houses, old streets, old people, old customs—old everything.

Large as the subject is, however, we spare a little space to glance hastily around at the environs of Edinburgh, to see what sort of open country or what pleasant spots are available to the citizens; in short, what are the Hampsteads, and Richmonds, and Gravesends of the northern metropolis. We will make a circular ramble, beginning westward of the good town.

Near the water of Leith, and entirely westward of the town, in the midst of green fields and pleasant country roads, are three structures, which form a most remarkable group: benevolent in their object, and striking in their architecture, they form a worthy western outpost to the city. These are John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, and Donaldson's Hospital. George Watson's Hospital, before described as lying near Heriot's, is an establishment for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed merchants of the city of Edinburgh; John Watson's is for the maintenance and education of 120 destitute children. The Orphan Hospital, which formerly occupied a building in the centre of the town, now occupies a new structure at this spot: it maintains and educates about a hundred orphan Scottish children, of both sexes. Both of these buildings, especially the Orphan's, are handsome structures; but they are quite eclipsed by the third—Donaldson's Hospital. This, when finished, will be, perhaps, the most magnificent modern building in Scotland. It is situated on rising ground, and can be viewed uninterruptedly on every side for a considerable distance. It is in the Elizabethan style, and presents four complete fronts, with a profusion of towers and turrets at the various angles. The founder was an Edinburgh printer, who died in 1830, and left a fortune of more than £200,000 for the building and endowment of this hospital. When finished it will maintain and educate about three hundred poor boys and girls. It can hardly fail to strike an attentive observer, how richly Edinburgh is supplied with educational institutions such as the above. Although called 'hospitals,' they are (like Christ's Hospital in London) schools: the English appellation of hospital to a place for the cure of diseases is not much used in Scotland. These free schools, added to

the parish schools connected with the Presbyteries, give to the humble classes an extent of education far exceeding that afforded in England, taken *pro ratâ*. The result may be seen in many ways. If a wayfarer on the Scottish roads asks his route to a particular spot, he not only obtains precise information, but he is very likely reminded by his informant of the vicinage of some locality made memorable by Scott, or by Burns, or by Queen Mary, or by the hostile clans, or by the border chieftains. Cross the Cheviots, and ask the same kind of questions of an English countryman; how rarely such can tell you anything of English history or English poets!

At a short distance westward of the three hospitals described in the last paragraph, there is an intersection of the Granton branch with the main line of the Caledonian Railway; and behind this rise the Corstorphine Hills, which form a splendid background to the picture. Were we to continue along the road which bounds these hills on the north, and then bounds Dalmeny Park on the south, we should arrive at Queen's Ferry, a small town situated at the narrowest part of the Firth of Forth, and forming (at least before the introduction of steam navigation) the principal spot for crossing the Firth to Fifeshire and Perth; but the erection of Granton Pier, much nearer to Edinburgh, the establishment of powerful steamers thence across the broad arm of the sea to Burntisland, and the formation of railways from Edinburgh to Granton and from Burntisland towards Perth and Dundee, have considerably modified the course which the northern traffic takes.

The Granton Branch of the Caledonian will pass close to Craig Leith Quarry,—a spot to which Edinburgh owes no small debt, since the stone for her New Town has been obtained from thence. It lies about a couple of miles west from Edinburgh. Captain Basil Hall, in the Miscellany before quoted, says, "Of the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I am not sure that there is any one better worthy of a stranger's examination than the quarry of Craig Leith, out of which the aforesaid formal New Town has been built. It is not so extensive as those of Rome and Syracuse; but the excavations, instead of straggling along for several miles, having been confined to one spot, form an enormous amphitheatre, 250 feet in depth, and of proportionate width, all hollowed out of the living rock! In this area, with very little additional carving, a million of people might easily be accommodated with seats; and I never looked at this stupendous indenture in the earth's surface, without thinking of the noblest of amphitheatrical buildings ever erected above its level—I mean the Coliseum at Rome." The Captain's "million of people" may perhaps be doubted; but the excavation is most unquestionably a remarkable one. The new town of Edinburgh may be said to have been lifted out of this cavity, and placed in its present position.

Bending round towards the east, in the district between Edinburgh and the water-side, we find a number of little pleasant villages and country spots, which are gradually assuming the character of suburbs of Edinburgh. First, leaving the regular streets of the New Town, we find the admirable Deaf and Dumb Institution and the Edinburgh Academy, the latter being a sort of subsidiary high-school. Then, further in the suburbs, we encounter the Zoological Gardens, the Botanic Gardens, the Experimental or Horticultural Gardens, and the Edinburgh Cemetery. These are similar in their character to the analogous gardens elsewhere. The Zoological Gardens, in the road to Newhaven, is rather scantily supplied with 'wild beasts;' but in other respects it is a pleasantly laid-out spot. The Botanic and Experimental Gardens are, however, highly valuable, and are stored with rare plants, systematically arranged.

Warriston and Bennington now bring us to the vicinity of the Firth, where the piers of Granton, Newhaven, and Leith, meet the view. Granton is a newly-born place—an infant that may have a busy middle age by-and-by, when the various railway projects are completed. But Newhaven and Leith are old stagers; they had arrived at maritime importance centuries ago. Through various municipal arrangements, in which Edinburgh has had part, Newhaven has not maintained that social rank to which her geographical position entitles her. It has a stone-pier and a chain-pier, for the accommodation of steamers; but its real curiosities are its *fish-wives*—those unmistakeable matrons, who may be seen about the Edinburgh streets or in the market-places in the forenoon. Nearly all the Newhaven men are weather-beaten and athletic fishermen, accustomed to encounter all the vicissitudes and storms of the Firth; and nearly all their 'better halves' are Amazons, employed to sell the fish which has been caught. Their hardy features, their jerkins of coarse blue cloth, their yellow petticoats, their blue stockings, their head and neck handkerchiefs,—all give to these women a distinctive mark. They carry their fish in creels, or large wooden baskets, borne on their back; and as these creels are heavy, and have to be held by the muscular power of the head and neck, the women wear no head-dress but a handkerchief; they attach to the creel a broad belt, which they rest across the forehead when moving, and let slip over the head when about to exhibit the fish for sale. Thus equipped, the fish-wives sally forth from Newhaven in the morning, traverse the streets and markets of Edinburgh, and return home when their merchandise is sold. Abundant are the odd stories told of these—mermaids. If common report be truthful, we learn that they are, with their husbands and families, an exclusive race, rarely intermarrying but among themselves—that when the men are detained from sea by tempestuous weather, the women coolly assign them domestic duties to perform, while they themselves go out in search of employment—that when provoked they exhibit a vigour and unscrupulousness of tongue hardly to be matched, even at Billingsgate—that they are rather extortionate in their mode of transacting

business with their customers—but that they form a peaceable and sober community among themselves.

Leith, a little way eastward of Newhaven, is not the most picturesque of sea-port towns. Its sandy shore presents at low-water a very dreary dead level, and the streets for the most part are narrow and dirty. There are, however, a few good streets and buildings, and when we get to the southern outlet of the town, the fine road to Edinburgh, called Leith Walk, and the open spot called Leith Links, impart a more cheerful aspect. There are 'links' on the south side of Edinburgh called Bruntsfield Links; and there are others in other parts of Scotland. It may not be superfluous, therefore, to state that this name is given to an open down or field, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring district carry on various sorts of open-air sports. Leith Links, for instance, is used as the playground of a company of golfers, and as the bleaching ground and public promenade of the inhabitants of the town. The game of golf, here alluded to, is played with a club and a ball. The club is a flexible and finely-tapered piece of ash, from three to four feet long, having a head faced with horn and loaded with lead. The ball is made of feathers covered with leather, and is about as large as a tennis ball. The game consists in striking the ball into a number of small holes successively, the holes being about a quarter of a mile apart: the player who does this in the smallest number of blows wins the match. Each player is accompanied by an assistant, who carries a number of clubs of different lengths and degrees of elasticity, any one of which is used according to the force with which the ball is required to be struck, which force of course varies according to the distance of the ball from the hole. We southrons have no idea of the ardour with which the Scotch engage at this ball-play. If we refer to Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack (a book containing a dense mass of information concerning Scotland, which it would be difficult to get access to elsewhere), we find a list of the members of the 'Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society,' instituted in 1735; the 'Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers,' whose institution is lost in antiquity, but whose regular series of minutes go back to 1744; and the 'Bruntsfield Links Golf Club,' instituted in 1761. All these have their captain, treasurer, secretary, chaplain, council, medal-holder, ball-maker, and club-maker. It is recorded, as instances of the skill acquired by practice in this game, that one player, standing within Parliament-square, in Edinburgh, struck a ball completely over the top of St. Giles's steeple; and that another struck a ball over Melville's Monument, in St. Andrew's-Square, which rises 150 feet from the ground.

Leith was once fortified; but if the braggadocia of Captain Colepepper, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' had any historic warranty, the fortifications must have been of a humble class: "You speak of the siege of Leith; and I have seen the place. A pretty kind of a hamlet it is, with a plain wall or rampart, and a pigeon-house or two of a tower at every angle. Daggers and scabbards! if a leaguer of our days had been twenty-four hours, not to say months, before it, without carrying the place and all its cock-lofts one after another by pure storm, they have would deserved no better grace than the provost-marshal gives when his noose is rieved."

Approaching now further to the east, we find Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and a number of small hamlets and villages. In 1762, there was one house, and one only, on the spot where Portobello now stands: it was built by an old sailor, who had taken a part in the capture of Portobello in America, and he named his house from that town. Circumstances afterwards led to the selection of this neighbourhood as a site for private dwellings for the Edinburgh folk, and a very pretty sea-side town has hence arisen. The Portobello sands furnish a fine spot for sea-bathing, and the town is full of the usual kind of holiday visiters during the bathing season. But it never has been, and probably never will be, a port: the coast offering none of the necessary facilities. The next town in the coast is Fisherrow, at the western side of the mouth of the Esk. It has been well said, that this town "presents the beau-ideal of whatever is at once hardy, weather-beaten, and contemptuous of civilized refinements in a sea-faring and fish-catching life." It is, like Newhaven, a fishing town, and derives all its subsistence from the sale of fish at Edinburgh. The women do not yield to those of Newhaven in masculine character; they used, some years ago, to play at golf on holidays, and on Shrove Tuesday there is said to have been a regular systematic match at foot-ball, between the married and the unmarried women, of whom the former were generally the victors. The powers of endurance shown by these 'gentle' creatures are almost incredible. It is stated in Fullarton's 'Gazetteer:'—"When the boats arrive late in the forenoon at the harbour, so as to leave them (the fish-wives) no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, the fish-wives have sometimes performed their journey of five miles by relays, shifting their burdens from one to another every hundred yards; and in this way they have been known to convey their goods to the fish-market, from Fisherrow, in less than three-quarters of an hour. It is even a well-attested fact, that three of their class went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in five hours, each carrying a load of two hundred pounds of herrings."

The river Esk divides Fisherrow from Musselburgh. The latter, though its name has a "fishy odour," is not a fishing-town. It is an old-fashioned place, that has a few antiquities to mark its connection with old times, and a few manufactures to connect it with the present. Its tolbooth was built in 1590, of materials derived from the chapel of Loretto, which had existed there from an unknown period, and which had been a shrine of peculiar sanctity in the eyes of all who sought the aid of our Lady of Loretto in their distresses. Musselburgh has always been on the great high-road from Berwick to Edinburgh, and has witnessed many

a royal 'progress,' and many an army, in times when railways had not, as at present, placed it at the end of a branch, as if lying out of the world. Until about forty years ago, there still stood at Musselburgh the house which had been inhabited by Randolph, Earl of Moray, the second in command under Robert Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburn, five centuries ago. The manse of Inveresk, the south-west part of the town, shone with the talents of Robertson, Home, Campbell, Logan, Mackenzie, Smollett, Hume, and Beattie, while in the occupation of Dr. Carlyle, in the last century; and at a later period, Scott and Monk Lewis are said to have enlivened the town with their presence. With regard to industrial pursuits, the Musselburghers have had many battles to fight. At one time they manufactured coarse woollen checks, which found a large sale in America; but these were driven out of the market by showy cottons. They then established a cotton manufactory; but the Firth has been no match for the Clyde in this matter. A china manufactory was established; but the wares were too costly for the purchasers, and the enterprise died a natural death. Dye-works and starch-works once existed; but they are gone. Nevertheless, the Musselburghers have not been dispirited: beaten in some department, they have taken up others. Tanning and leather-dressing are carried on to a considerable extent; a salt-work exists in the immediate neighbourhood; sail-cloth is largely manufactured; a peculiar manufacture of horse-hair cloth occupies a good many hands, who made the horse-hair floor-covering introduced by Dr. Reid into the House of Commons; and there are two or three manufactories of fishing-nets, in which the meshes and knots are formed by highly ingenious machinery. The Musselburgh market-gardens, too, supply a good deal of vegetables for Edinburgh consumption.

Were we to follow the route eastward of Musselburgh, we should meet with many pleasant spots connected with by-gone stories and events, or possessing a living interest on other accounts. For instance, there is Preston Pans, on the coast of the Forth, where the Young Pretender gained a victory over the royal troops in 1745. There is the parish of Tranent, with its villages of Tranent, Portseaton, Cockenzie, Seaton, and Meadow Mill. There is North Berwick, situated on the sea-coast, and near that most remarkable mountain, North Berwick Law, which rises in a conical shape to a height of nearly a thousand feet, and forms a most conspicuous landmark from the surrounding plain, and from the sea. There is the far-famed Bass Rock, the insulated rock shooting up to a height of 420 feet above the level of the sea, at a short distance from the coast, a little eastward of North Berwick; where St. Baldrid is said to have chosen his residence in the seventh century; where the Covenanters were confined during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and where myriads of sea-fowl and solan geese congregate. There is Tantallon Castle, standing on a lofty precipitous rock, actually overhanging the sea, and marking the scene of many a baronial strife when it was in the hands of the Douglases, from three to five centuries ago. Since its dismantlement, in the early part of the last century, it has formed a noble yet desolate ruin; but Scott, in 'Marmion,' gives a fine description of its former condition:—

——————— "Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse;
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wild and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which in the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular;
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gath'ring ocean storm."

Leaving the coast, and bending round towards the south of Edinburgh, we encounter the Lammermuir Hills, forming the northern boundary of the valley of the Tweed, and rendered memorable by the associations connecting it with one of Scott's stories. Then comes that beautiful valley, formed by the Esk river in the north, and the Gala Water in the south. At and near the spot where the last-named river joins the Tweed, there is a circle of country which forms the very home of romance and poetry. Stationing ourselves at Selkirk—itself a pleasant old Scottish town—we have, a little to the south-west, the mouth of the Ettrick Water, which has flowed through Ettrickdale, the home of the Scotch poet, James Hogg, whose familiar appellation of the 'Ettrick Shepherd' is derived thence. Separated by a low range of hills from this, is another valley, that through which the lovely Yarrow flows — the Yarrow celebrated in the Scottish lays—"Willie's drown'd in Yarrow;" "Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow's stream;" "The Braes of Yarrow;" and the "Rose of Yarrow;"—the Yarrow which was "Unvisited," "Visited," and "Re-visited," —in Wordsworth's three poems. The next valley, northward of this, is the one through which the upper waters of the Tweed flow, and which contains Ashiesteel, Inverleithen, Peebles, Neidpath Castle, and other names which will give rise to pleasant remembrances to those familiar with Scottish literature. Very near the spot where the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Gala Water join, are Abbotsford, Melrose, and Galashiels. Glancing round a little to the north and east of Selkirk, we come to the little Allan Water, the town of Lauder in Lauderdale, Dryburgh Abbey in Tweeddale, and Jedburgh Abbey on the Jed Water. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find another spot in

Scotland where so many "homes and haunts" of poesy are grouped within so small a space.

This district, however, is at a considerable distance from Edinburgh; and we should not have mentioned it in connexion with the environs of that city, were it not that railways will very shortly bring it within easy holiday distance. The Hawick Branch of the North British Railway will pass through the centre of the district close to Melrose, and at a moderate distance from all the places we have named. This same railway is so managed, that either its main line or its numerous branches will shortly give easy access to almost every part of south-east Scotland.

But, without going so far from Edinburgh, we find that the Hawick line of railway will set us down in another pleasant spot. Suppose we alight at the Dalkeith station; we have, at the east of us, the magnificent palace and park of Dalkeith, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. The river Esk runs through the middle of the park, and two smaller rivers bound the park on the east and west—the three joining each other before they leave the park. The palace contains a goodly collection of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace near Lanark. A quiet sort of country place is this Dalkeith: rather dull when no notable personages are visiting at the palace, and when it is not market-day in the town; yet on the Thursday in each week is held a market, which is said to be the most extensive ready-money corn-market in Scotland; and on another day is a market for meal and flour, also extensive: so that, what with these markets, the collieries in the vicinity, and the ducal palace, the town of Dalkeith bids fair to have a prosperous future in store for it. A little to the west of Dalkeith is Melville Castle and grounds, the property of Viscount Melville. Southward of Dalkeith is Newbattle Abbey, a residence of the Marquis of Lothian, and built upon the site of the Abbey of Newbattle, founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks. South-westward of Newbattle are Dalhousie Castle and Cockpen. The former of these is a modernised building in the castellated form, belonging to the present Governor-General of India, the Earl of Dalhousie. Of Cockpen there seems little to say, but that it is the place whose 'Laird' has furnished the theme for a Scottish song. Rather farther away from Dalkeith, a little to the east of Leith, lie two castles which have had much celebrity in their day —Borthwick and Crichton. Borthwick Castle was built in 1430, and still remains a fine old habitable mansion, belonging to one of the Borthwick family. It is in the form of a double tower, reaching to a great height, and visible for many miles on every side. Crichton Castle, instead of being a uniform structure like its neighbour, was built at various periods: it forms a large quadrangular mass, now in ruins, enclosing a central court. Scott has given a fine description of it in 'Marmion.'

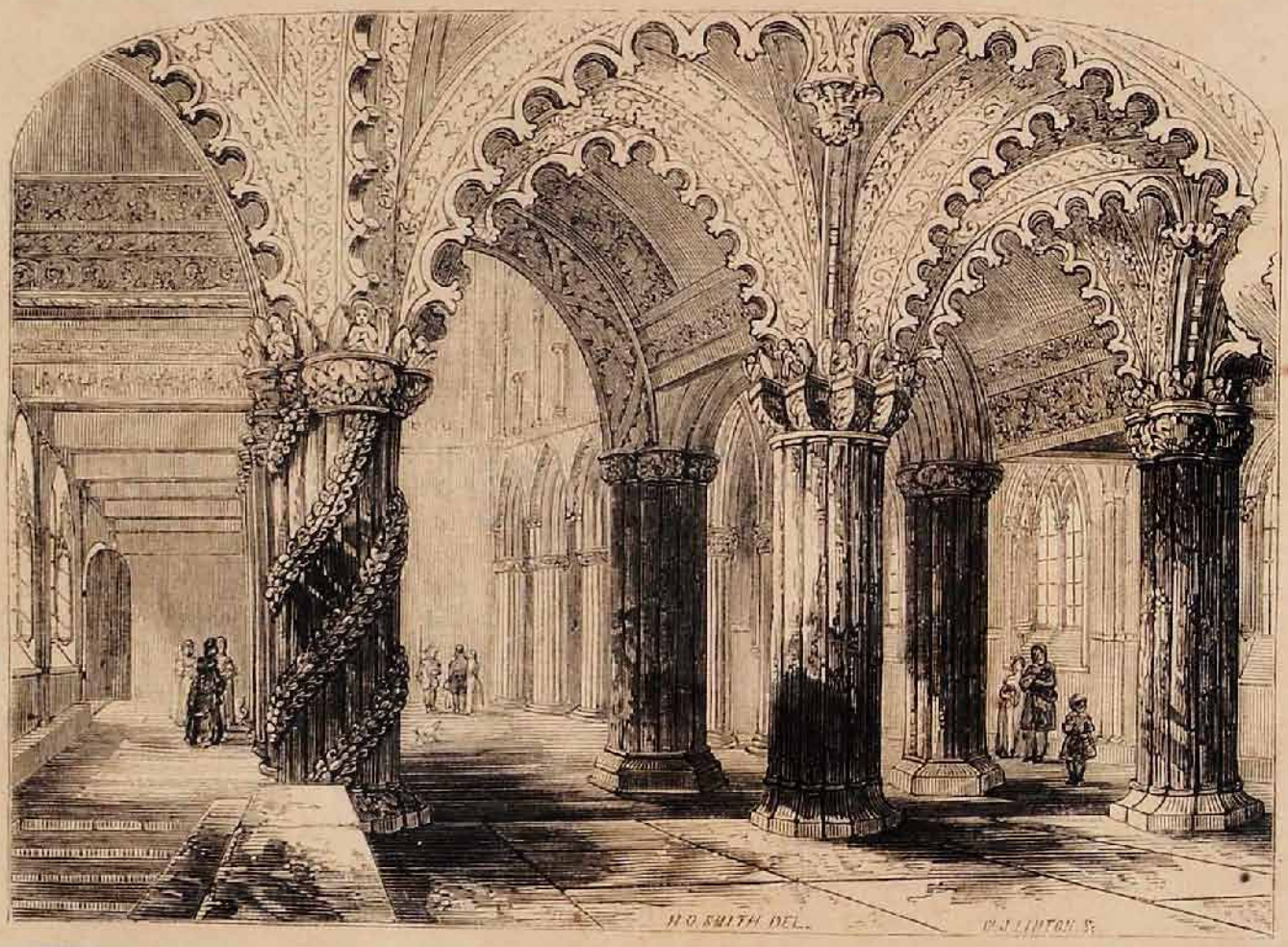
A road from Dalkeith, towards the south-west, passes through Lasswade and Loanhead to the beautiful neighbourhood of Roslin. The North Esk is the river which gives a charm to this district: it is one of the most irregular and frolicsome of little rivers; now rushing over a ledge of rock,—now winding round the base of a hill,—now hiding itself behind rocks and woods. Hawthornden stands on its southern bank: it was inhabited by the poet Drummond, a contemporary of Shakspere and Ben Jonson. Jonson is even said to have walked from London to Hawthornden to see his friend Drummond. Queen Victoria paid a visit to the spot in 1842,—as much, we may presume, for its poetic associations as for its natural beauty: the house is most magnificently situated on a lofty cliff overhanging the river. Under the mansion are some very extensive caves, which are supposed to have served as hiding-places in times of persecution.

Roslin Chapel, the gem of the neighbourhood, and one of the prettiest gems in Scotland, is about seven or eight miles southward of Edinburgh. The town, the chapel, and the castle, are all at distinct spots, but very near each other. The chapel was built in 1446, by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. After remaining perfect for nearly two centuries and a half, it was much injured towards the close of the seventeenth century; but the successive Earls of Roslin have prevented so beautiful a structure from going quite to decay. It has been remarked that this chapel combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decorations of the Perpendicular styles: it does not belong to any one style, but partakes of many. The pillars and arches of the nave are most elaborate, as may be seen from our view (Cut, No. 10); one of them in particular, which is designated the 'Prentice's Pillar.' The story told concerning it is as follows:—"The master-builder of the Chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome, that he might see a column of a similar description in that city. During his absence, his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and upon the master's return he found this beautiful column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet, and killed him on the spot." A sad story this for so beautiful a work; but, whether true or not, it will cling to the pillar as long as the pillar clings to its place. On the architrave over this pillar is a Latin inscription from the Book of Esdras. Beneath the Chapel lie the bones of the Barons and Earls of Roslin, many of whom were buried in complete armour,—a circumstance which Scott has made the burden of his ballad of *Rosabelle*. The Castle of Roslin is a mouldering ruin, almost inaccessible from the surrounding ground, except by a small bridge over a deep valley. It is very ancient; but nothing is known of its foundation, except that it probably belonged to the same powerful barons who owned the Chapel. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it met with the

pass Penicuik House, the residence of Sir George Clerk; thence we come among the Pentland Hills, destructive usage which has brought it to its present skeleton state.

Bending round again to the west of Edinburgh, we lying south-west of the city, and shortly after this the Caledonian and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railways remind us that we have completed our hasty circuit. Even yet we have not noticed all the riches—tourist's riches, as we may term them—of the neighbourhood. There is the fine old Craigmillar Castle, standing on an eminence within three miles of Edinburgh, and separated only by a valley from Arthur's Seat. There is Merchiston Castle, a little out of Edinburgh on the south-west, where once lived Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. There is Craigcrook Castle, not far from Craig Leith, inhabited by Lord Jeffrey, the garden of which is supposed to have been the prototype of Scott's 'Tullyveolan.' Farther west there is Hopetoun House, one of the best of the last century mansions.

He must be a hard man to please, and made of rather leaden materials, who could not find wherewithal to give him many a delightful day's ramble in and around EDINBURGH.



10.—ROSLIN CHAPEL.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST.

1.—BRIDGE-GATE, SANDWICH.

2.—FISHER-GATE, SANDWICH.

A ramble round the South-Eastern Coast affords ample matter for observation and inquiry. The scenery is considerably diversified—exhibiting the coast and sea in very various aspects of picturesque and poetic combination. And there is much of historical and other interest in the route. Places will be visited where, in former days, invading armies have often landed, and which are still supposed to be especially vulnerable to hostile attack; places, too, which are connected with deeds of memorable importance; and others, which are regarded with hope or with dread by the mariner; while many a spot will illustrate the continual war that is going on between the land and the ocean, and the encroachments which they are alternately making on each other's domains. Nor will the people be found a barren page to him who can read them aright; or the works of man undeserving of examination and study. Incidentally, we may be able to notice most of these things; but only incidentally and cursorily, as we pass along from place to place, shall we pretend to notice them.

Our sketch of this district may very well commence from the Isle of Thanet, which has been already described in vol. i., p. 146, *et seq.*

Sandwich.

A stranger to the old towns along the south coast will not fail to look about him with some surprise as he paces the streets of Sandwich. You enter it from Thanet by a rude gate-house, to which you pass over a drawbridge, (Cut, No. 1.) There are few symptoms of traffic as you approach the town, but some half-dozen vessels of moderate burden are seen on either side as you cross the bridge, and it is taken for granted that within the town there will be the bustle usual in a seaport. Instead of this, however, there is a lifeless quiet, more marked than in many a country village of the smallest size and most sequestered situation. Unless on a market morning (which occurs once in a fortnight) you may walk from end to end of the long dreary High-street, and scarcely meet an individual—and if you meet one he is sauntering listlessly along, as though there were nothing in the world for him to be doing. We have seen a cart once or twice in the streets, but it was generally empty—the only exception being the country carts that pass through the town. But there is undoubtedly business done in Sandwich, and, we are told, a good deal too; but when, how, where, or of what kind, is more than we can pretend to guess.

Still, Sandwich is hardly a place that a stranger would pass an hour in without wishing to know something more about. The streets are narrow and irregular; the houses generally rude, mean, and low; but then the streets cover a considerable space, the houses many of them are old, and appear to have been of a better grade, and the churches show signs of having belonged to a more important place and a more active population than they now belong to.

Sandwich has a history worth telling in detail: we have neither time nor space for that, even had we inclination, but a sort of outline of it seems needful, in order that we may understand something of the process of decay in these towns:—a nearly similar history belongs to several we shall visit in the present journey. Sandwich, no doubt, came into existence on the decline of Richborough, the Roman Ritupæ; of which an account has been already given (vol. i., p. 149). The name Sandwich, or the Town on the Sands, occurs in early Saxon records. If we turn to the Saxon Chronicle, we shall find frequent mention made of Sandwich. Under 851, is a notice of the first of the many sea-fights that have taken place off here: "King Athelstan and Elchere the Ealdorman, fought on shipboard, and slew a great number of the enemy at Sandwich in Kent, and took nine ships, and put the others to flight." At this time Sandwich was undoubtedly the chief port in this part of the country, and hence it was the frequent object of attack by the Danes. Thus we find it recorded in 1006, that "after Midsummer came the great fleet to Sandwich, and ravaged, burned, and destroyed it." Other descents are mentioned down to 1046, when "Lothen and Irling came with twenty-five ships to Sandwich, and there took unspeakable booty, in men, and in gold, and in silver, so that no man knew how much it all was." It was in Sandwich haven—as the mouth of the Stour from the town to the sea is called—that the royal navy, when one was collected, was wont to assemble. In 1008, we are told that Ethelred "commanded that ships should be speedily built throughout the English nation;" and in the following year that they were got ready: "and there were so many of them as never before, according as books say unto us, had been among the English nation in any king's days. And they were all brought to Sandwich, and there they were to lie, and defend this land against every foreign enemy." Many similar notices of Sandwich occur, but it is needless to quote more. Sandwich appears to have been the port at which Canute embarked and disembarked in his frequent voyages, after his first landing in England. One of his visits here must have had some considerable influence on the town; for, under 1029, it is said, "This year King Canute came home again to England. And so soon as he came to England, he gave to Christ Church, at Canterbury, the haven at Sandwich, and all the dues that arise therefrom on either side of the haven." The archbishop and monks of Canterbury retained the lordship of the port till the reign of Edward III., when they were induced to resign it in exchange for lands granted them elsewhere. In the time of Edward the Confessor there were 307 inhabited houses in Sandwich: at the Domesday Survey there were 383.

The importance of Sandwich before the Conquest is evinced by its being one of the original Cinque Ports incorporated by Edward the Confessor. In our notice of Hastings we gave some account of their origin and nature (vol. i., p. 274); but as all the original Cinque Ports lie within the region we are now to traverse, it will be proper to supply so much information respecting them as may suffice for the reader of the present paper, and may serve as supplementary to that contained in the former.

It has been supposed that the Cinque Ports grew out, or were founded in imitation, of a Roman institution formed for the defence of the South-east Coast; and that the Lord Warden was the successor of the Count of the Saxon Shore. There can be little doubt that it was for defensive purposes that the five ports of Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings were at first united under a distinct and peculiar government.

While there seems no reason to doubt—though it has been doubted—that the Cinque Ports were incorporated by the Confessor, it appears pretty certain that it was William I. who formed them into a compact and powerful union. It was one of his first objects, after landing, to secure uninterrupted communication with the continent, and hence he took care to obtain complete possession of the whole tract included within the boundaries of these ports before he marched to London. And, when he had gained the throne of England, he showed of how much consequence he thought it to have this coast under his direct control, by severing it from the ordinary civil jurisdiction of the counties, and placing it under the governance of an officer appointed immediately by himself, and responsible only to him. The Warden of the Cinque Ports, as this officer was called, had supreme civil and military sway within the limits of the Ports, and was also admiral of the coast. The management of the municipal affairs was entrusted to barons and jurats, answering in a great measure to the aldermen and freemen of the towns that retained their Saxon constitution; but the arrangement altogether was somewhat Norman in its character. To these ports were granted very extensive privileges and immunities, in return for which the service devolved on them of maintaining a fleet of fifty-seven ships for the king's use. Some duties connected with the defence of the coast, and other land service, seem also to have been required; but their nature, owing to the loss of the early charters, is unknown. The Cinque Ports continued to furnish the whole of the shipping required for the use of the state, down to the time of Henry VII., when a permanent navy was first established by the sovereign; but the Cinque Ports continued to aid the service with ships till the reign of Charles II. Of the privileges and immunities of the ports, we, perhaps, spoke at sufficient length in our account of Hastings. Nearly all of them that remained to our day, were swept away by the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Bills.

Sandwich, in the first instance, appears to have furnished five ships, as its proportion of the fifty-seven; in the reign of Edward III. it is said (but perhaps erroneously) to have contributed twenty-two ships; somewhat later, its proportion was ten and three-quarters; in the general charter of Charles II. its contribution is again reduced to five. For some centuries the Cinque Ports navy seems to have commonly

assembled at Sandwich, and we find it mentioned as the usual place where the army embarked for the continent. The visits of royal or eminent persons, on their way to or from the continent, are also of frequent occurrence, and sometimes under unusual circumstances. Thus, on the 20th of March, 1194, Richard I., on his return from imprisonment, landed here, and, in token of gratitude for his deliverance, walked on foot from hence to Canterbury. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince landed in 1359 with his royal captives. It was from Sandwich that Thomas à Becket took boat, on his flight from England in November, 1164; and here he landed on his return, thirteen months afterwards. Nor did the town escape hostile visits. It was burnt in 1217 by Louis, who is said to have landed here with 600 ships. It was also plundered and burnt by the French in the reign of Henry VI., but, if we may believe old Hall, with little outlay of courage on the part of the assailants, and with small gain from their adventure.

But, before this landing, Sandwich had lost much of its former consequence. The old haven in which the British navy was accustomed to ride was gradually filling up by the accumulation of sand, and the channel no longer permitted the ascent of vessels of large size. It continued to silt up at such a rate that, in the reign of Edward VI., the mayor and jurats, in a supplication which they presented to the king, declare that "the haven at this present is utterly lost and destroyed;" and with the haven, of course much of the commerce of the town was lost also. Attempts have at various times been made to improve or restore the haven, but they were unsuccessful; and there is now no hope of its restoration, except by some physical change. Only vessels of small draught can now get up to Sandwich, and the commerce of the place has accommodated itself to the change.

The town of Sandwich has now as little as any town well can have to attract the stranger. There are many streets, but they are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. The houses generally are of the most ordinary description, though, of course, here and there, one of a rather superior kind is met with. About some of the narrow streets are a few old houses with projecting upper stories; but they have been repaired, and altered, and whitewashed, till all that was good-looking or venerable has been removed or hidden. The natives have, indeed, small care about such matters: they regard with utter indifference the destruction or mutilation of their antiquities. The old town was walled, and the entrances into it were by four fortified gate-houses. No very long while back they were all standing,—now, only one of them is left. They were destroyed apparently out of wantonness—for they could not have stood in the way of the traffic. It is probable, however, that they were displeasing to the tasteful eyes of the magnates, which may account also for one being left—it being now in a low quarter, out of sight, from the road having been diverted: it may also be found to yield more, let out as it is as a mean tenement, than could be obtained by the sale of the materials. The churches have been botched and damaged as much as the ingenuity of the inhabitants, or the taste and skill of the churchwardens, would allow. The fine old Norman tower of St. Clement's, for example, has been surmounted with a wooden balustrade. The interior is lumbered up with enormous pews, and plastered over with whitewash and paint; and the old windows have been injured or removed. The other church is in even a worse condition. In short, out of the narrow and crooked streets, and beetling houses, and old churches, and fragments of antiquity, it is not possible to find a spot where you would say, "How antique!" or "How picturesque!" or even "How odd-looking!"—to say nothing of the pleasing or the beautiful.

Yet, unpromising as Sandwich would appear to be, we fancy that, as in many other of our old towns, there yet remain a good many relics that might be discovered on a diligent search. Without any very careful inquiry, we found in a couple of the old houses some signs of its former prosperity. In Fisher-street we saw one, now of very humble external appearance, that had evidently been of a better class. On the ground-floor is a fireplace of good design, with the royal arms and the initials I. R. in bold relief over it. The ceilings, both of the ground-floor and the room above, are of the time of James, and are elaborately ornamented in stucco. The pattern is bold, and handsome; in the course of it a griffin, rampant, is often repeated. Another house (now in the occupation of Mr. Standley) has round the walls of the first-floor a series of paintings representing the procession of Charles II. and his Queen through Sandwich; * and also the sea-fights between the English and Dutch, as well as portraits (of three-quarter size) of Charles and his Queen; the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), who was Warden of the Cinque Ports; and of the Mayor of Sandwich (Thomas Browne), who is distinguished by his badge of office, the black-knotted stick. The pictures are evidently of contemporary execution, and though not exactly to be classed with Vandyke's, are not despicable as specimens of provincial art. If there were a museum or a public building in the town, or even a good inn, we might hope for their preservation; as it is, they will probably be soon destroyed, as the property will shortly be sold.

There are two or three charitable institutions at Sandwich that deserve notice, and will be found worthy a visit. In the town are the hospitals of St. John and of St. Thomas. St. John's had a 'harbinge' for the entertainment of strangers very similar to that which some of our readers may have visited at St. Cross, near Winchester. At St. Thomas's are a few curious remains of the old buildings. But the most interesting is the hospital of St. Bartholomew, a short distance

* The visit of Charles occurred in 1658; on which occasion, as the town records testify, "the mayor presented his Majesty with a glass of sack at the 'Bell Tavern' door, which his Majesty drank on horseback."

south of the town. It is said to have been founded in 1244. It consists of a curious little hamlet, of small houses, each with its garden attached, collected together in the most confused manner imaginable. The houses are occupied by decayed inhabitants of Sandwich, who have each, besides the house, a small annuity. Over every door is painted the name of the occupant, with the addition of the word 'brother' or 'sister,' as the case may be. In the midst of the little hamlet is a small chapel of very pretty design, and very early date—it being of the early English period, with lancet windows. In the chapel are some interesting monuments. Divine service is only performed in it about once a month. The visitor to Sandwich should stroll out as far as St. Bartholomew's, which is really a nice, retired, comfortable-looking little colony.

The Gatehouses, of which we have spoken, and of which we give engravings, require just a word of notice. The Bridge Gate (Cut, No. 1,) is a rude structure, partly wood and partly stone, of comparatively recent construction; but it is a picturesque object as you approach the town, and with the swing-bridge (which is made to open for the passage of vessels) is always noticed and remembered by the visitor. The Fisher Gate, (Cut, No. 2,) or, as it is more commonly called by the natives, Key Gate, from standing at the end of Key Street, is one of the old Gatehouses: it is built of stone, and is a substantial pile. It stands opposite what used to be the ferry, and gives a curious idea of the state of the town when this was one of the principal entrances to it, and the narrow street to which it leads was a main thoroughfare. They must have had carts at Sandwich then, if they used carts, not unlike those strange ones still employed in Yarmouth.

The Downs: Goodwin Sands.

Not even the dulness of Sandwich can equal that of the low tract of land we are to pass over between it and Deal. There are two roads: ours, of course, is that nighest the sea. But the passenger would do well to leave the road, and proceed as quickly as may be to the sea-side. Till we get close to the shore, nothing can surpass the dreariness, especially seaward, where a long range of low, bare sand hillocks rise just high enough to shut out the view of the sea. A dismaller walk, in proportion to its length, a pedestrian would not wish for on a wet day. By way of cheering him, perhaps he may notice a monument, that stands by one of the foot-paths, in the shape of a grave-stone, with an inscription recording the murder of some luckless wight on this spot. But if the sand-hills be passed or ascended, there breaks upon the eye a prospect that cannot fail to stir the heart. Directly before us, and on either hand, stretch the famous Downs, crowded, perhaps, with hundreds of ships of every size and country, riding securely at anchor, or floating along with full-spread sails. Wordsworth, it may be, had these Downs in his memory when he wrote his well-known sonnet; at any rate, the opening lines perfectly describe the prospect:

> "With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh
> Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
> Some lying fast at anchor in the road;
> Some veering up and down, one knew not why."

The Downs are a roadstead, some eight miles long, and five or six broad, lying right in the highway of British commerce. They are formed by the Goodwin Sands, between which and the Kentish coast they lie. The coast serves to shelter them on the west and north-west; while, from north-east to south-east, the Goodwin Sands form a natural breakwater; and thus is formed a tolerably secure haven, and safe anchorage, in all ordinary weathers. Four or five hundred vessels may often be seen riding here. The area of the Downs is about 7,000 acres. The Goodwin Sands are about ten miles long, of very irregular form, and varying considerably in width; in some parts being four miles across, in others, not more than one. Their distance from the shore varies from three to seven miles. There is a tradition that they are the remains of an island, called Lomea, which belonged to Goodwin, Earl of Kent, and was destroyed by the sea in 1097. Scientific writers have generally discredited this tradition, but Mr. Lyell seems disposed to attach some value to it. He says, "That they are a remnant of land, and not 'a mere accumulation of sea-sand,' as Rennell imagined, may be presumed from the fact that, when the erection of a lighthouse on this shoal was in contemplation by the Trinity Board in the year 1817, it was found, by borings, that the bank consisted of fifteen feet of sand, resting on blue clay. An obscure tradition has come down to us, that the estates of Earl Goodwin, the father of Harold, who died in the year 1053, were situated here; and some have conjectured that they were overwhelmed by the flood mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, *sub anno* 1099. The last remains of an island, consisting, like Sheppey, of clay, may perhaps have been carried away about that time." —'Principles of Geology,' 7th ed., p. 300.

While the Goodwin Sands are of such value, as forming the Downs, they are themselves extremely dangerous, "from the great extent of shoal water they present, and from the indraught upon them by currents across them." So dangerous are they, that in a westerly gale, captains are afraid to run to the shelter of the Downs: to use the words of an old seaman, Captain Richardson, who "for thirty-four years had been continually going up and down [the channel]," when examined before the Commissioners on Harbours of Refuge, "nine people out of ten become nervous when they get into that part of the world: they have such a dread of the Goodwin Sands." In former times there was an opinion prevalent that the Sands possessed some strange "ingurgitating" quality, so that a vessel which unfortunately struck upon them must necessarily be lost,—swallowed up, without chance of rescue. It is almost needless to say that the Sands

have no such quality, but are precisely like the sand along the neighbouring shore. As they are partly uncovered every tide, it naturally came to be considered, whether some method could not be devised to render them less dangerous to navigation. Many plans have been suggested; the most ingenious, perhaps, being that of Captain Vetch, who proposed to form, by means he has stated in his memoir on the subject, what he calls "a spinal embankment" of iron along the ridge of the sand, which should serve as "an axis of accumulation," it being constructed so as to receive the sand when thrown up by the action of the sea on either side. The crest of the Sands would thus, he thought, be, in time, raised "above the high-water mark, so as to render them at all times visible, and to stop the indraughts and currents across them." There would be, he thought, the further advantages that "the conversion of the Goodwin Sands into a permanently dry bank, would much improve the shelterage of the Great Downs, at all times of the tide, from north-east to south-east; while, if the Goodwin Sands became an island, it would always present a safe lee-side, where vessels in distress might find a shelter." The advantages are obvious, and the plan appears feasible; but there is no likelihood of its being carried into execution. The probabilities of success are so doubtful, and the difficulties and costliness of the work would be so great, as to overbalance any reasons that may be urged in its favour.

Besides the Goodwin Sands, there is another large sand-bank, which lies between their northern extremity and the shore. This bank, which is called the Brakes, is about five miles in length, with a depth upon it, at low water, of from three to twelve feet. Between this bank and the shore is an anchorage of about 1,000 acres area, called the Small Downs, which is sheltered by the Brake in the same way as the Great Downs are by the Goodwin Sands. The Small Downs "are the general anchorage of the smaller class of merchant vessel having occasion to bring up in the Downs, thus leaving the Great Downs more clear for ships of larger draught of water." (Commissioners' Report.)

It has been recommended to convert these Small Downs into a Harbour of Refuge, and a plan was prepared by Sir John Rennie for doing so, by means of "a solid work along the spine of the Brake, to be brought up two feet above the high-water mark." The cost of this was estimated at above three millions and a quarter. Capt. Vetch also drew up a proposal for effecting a like end at a less cost, by means similar to those he proposed for converting the Goodwin into a dry bank. But in addition to other obvious objections, a careful survey of the Brake has suggested a most extraordinary one, namely, that the Brake — a body of above five miles in length — is itself in motion; that it has, in fact, moved bodily towards the shore, about 600 yards in forty-five years! The announcement of so remarkable a change of position, and one of which there had been no suspicion, naturally excited some scepticism; but the evidence appears too clear to admit of doubt as to its having taken place. The discovery was made by Capt. Bullock in 1840, who surveyed the Brake with such care, as to leave no doubt of the accuracy of his statement. It was thought, however, that there might be some incorrectness in the engraving of the chart of Græme Spence, who made the survey in 1795; Capt. Washington therefore re-examined the Brake, with a view to remove any uncertainty as to its having shifted. In his Report to the Commissioners he says, "For this purpose, I obtained from Capt. Beaufort, hydrographer to the Admiralty, the original drawing of the survey of the Downs by Græme Spence in 1795, and that of Mr. Thomas, R.N., in 1832; and on these original documents, and on their own points, I laid down the angles that we observed in April, 1844, all of which prove, as I had fully anticipated, that Capt. Bullock's recent chart of this sand is perfectly correct as to its position; that the Brake Sand has gradually moved bodily to the westward, the four fathoms edge having, in 1832, moved about 500 yards, and in 1844 as much as 100 yards more, making a total move of 600 yards in the space of fifty years; perhaps, considering its position, one of the most remarkable changes of a body of sand on record." Capt. Washington states, however, that "in spite of these changes, he sees no reason why the Brake should not be fixed by a skilful engineer in its present position; and thus converted from an evil into a benefit." It is worthy of notice that, with all this change of position, the Brake does not appear to have materially altered in shape. The result of its shifting has been to increase the width of the Gull Stream, as the passage between it and the Goodwin Sands is named, by above a third of a mile; and by the increase of width, its safety is, of course, increased also. The Goodwin Sands also appear to have moved, though in a far less degree than the Brake.

Sandown Castle.

We have now to consider another object of inquiry that suggests itself in connection with the south-eastern coast. The question of the defence of this coast is one, as we have seen, that from the earliest time has engaged the attention of the Government of this country. We are now by a fortress erected just three hundred years ago, when circumstances led the monarch to believe that a descent upon the coast was not unlikely to be made. This, therefore, seems a fitting place to glance at a subject that, after the interest it has so recently excited, it is neither desirable nor possible we should pass without notice. Into the disputed points it is not our business to enter. With regard to them we shall content ourselves with remarking that there are two arguments which have been put forward of late with some complacency that are evidently of little value, and that we must be permitted to pass unregarded in any future observations we may make on the subject. The first is, that coast defences are unnecessary, because nations are growing too wise

or are coming to have too clear a conception of their own interests, to render war a probable contingency. But the whole course of history, and the current of events, alike show that it is altogether beyond the power of any government or people, however peacefully inclined, to prevent war. And the declarations that may be made of the peaceful intentions of a nation will only be implicitly relied on by statesmen when nations generally shall have attained a far higher stage of "progress" than has yet been reached by any. Nor does the other argument—that to make defensive preparations in time of peace, is the way to provoke hostilities, or at least to create such mutual distrust and ill-feeling as may eventually lead to them—seem of much more value. It has however the recommendation of novelty: since heretofore men who have been most famous for political wisdom have ever urged, without opposition, that it is in peace a country should strengthen itself against warlike attack: it would almost seem as plausible to argue against the use of bolts and bars, the danger of their provoking to burglary: it does not seem to be the duty or the policy of a government to wait supinely the coming of danger, but to forecast the probability, and provide against it. The provision against a danger when it is close at hand is always made at a disadvantage and at a wasteful expense. That the coast is exposed to greater risk of a sudden descent, since the introduction of steam into the war-service of nations, has, in a great measure, overcome the opposition of winds and tides, there can be little doubt; nor much more, that a hostile power would avail itself of the opportunity it affords, if the chances of success were sufficiently promising. It has been said, and no doubt with entire truth, that Englishmen would rise as with one soul to repel an attempt to subject the country to insult or invasion. But it is not therefore the less certain, that a provident government will see that firmness and sustenance should be given to that spirit by the preparation of the means necessary for its support and success.

As it seems to us, the real questions as regards the coast are—Whether it is of such a character as to afford facilities for the landing of an enemy, or to require defensive works? and if so, whether those at present existing are insufficient, or in an inefficient condition? Of course there then comes the very important financial question—Whether the danger is so great or imminent, as to justify a government in the expenditure of the sum, whatever it may be, necessary for the construction of efficient defences?

This, of course, lies not within our province to discuss. What we have to do appears to be simply, in looking along the south-eastern coast, to show what is the nature of the coast, and to state generally what are the existing defences, and their condition; and perhaps it will then be unnecessary for us to draw any inference. Upon the need for a larger military force, or the formation of a militia, we shall not in any way touch.

Speaking generally, there is a tolerably continuous string of fortresses along that part of the coast we are to pass over, and of these, as we proceed, we shall just so far speak, as, without running into details, may serve to indicate their number and connection. Between Sandwich and Sandown Castle there are two weak-looking brick batteries which were erected at the commencement of the present century. They have been strangely neglected for many years past, and are in a very dilapidated state. They are now, as are most of the batteries along this coast, employed as stations for the coast-guard; but if batteries are needed here, and it was intended that these should be employed if required, it must have been very bad economy to suffer them to fall into their present half-ruinous condition. They are so placed as with the guns of Sandown and Deal Castles entirely to cover the intermediate coast line, and also the Downs. But it became evident, from the experience of the last war, that land batteries alone are of little service for the protection of the merchantmen lying in the Downs, or the bays, from privateers; and there would, no doubt, should another war unfortunately happen, be steamers stationed in the Downs, which would effectually guard vessels there, and, with the batteries and castles, form a sufficient protection against any sudden descent on the coast between Sandwich and Walmer.

Sandown Castle was one of several fortresses erected along the coast about 1539, by Henry VIII., when he believed it to be the intention of "divers great princes and potentates of Christendom to invade the realm of England, and utterly to destroy the whole nation of the same." "Wherefore" says old Hall, "his majesty, in his own person, without any delay, took very laborious and painful journeys towards the sea coasts. Also he sent divers of his nobles and counsellors to view and search all the ports and dangers on the coasts, where any meet or convenient landing-place might be supposed. And in all such doubtful places his highness caused divers and many bulwarks and fortifications to be made . . . . The same time the king caused all the havens to be fortified, and rode to Dover, and caused bulwarks to be made on the sea-coasts, and sent commissions throughout all the realm, to have his people muster: and at the same season, on Easter day, was there three-score unknown ships lying in the Downs; wherefore all Kent arose, and mustered in harness the same day."

The form of the Castle will be understood from the engraving (No. 3). It consists of a large central round tower, and four round bastions with port-holes; and on the sea side it is strengthened with an additional battery. Originally it was surrounded by a moat, but the sea now washes one side of it. The entrance is by a drawbridge. It is a stone building, and the walls are from 11 feet to 20 feet thick. It is a grim-looking pile, and would, no doubt, be still formidable, though of course not a kind of building that military engineers would be likely now to erect. The guns cover a wide range, crossing those of Deal Castle on the one hand, and No. 2 battery on the other. It still mounts some

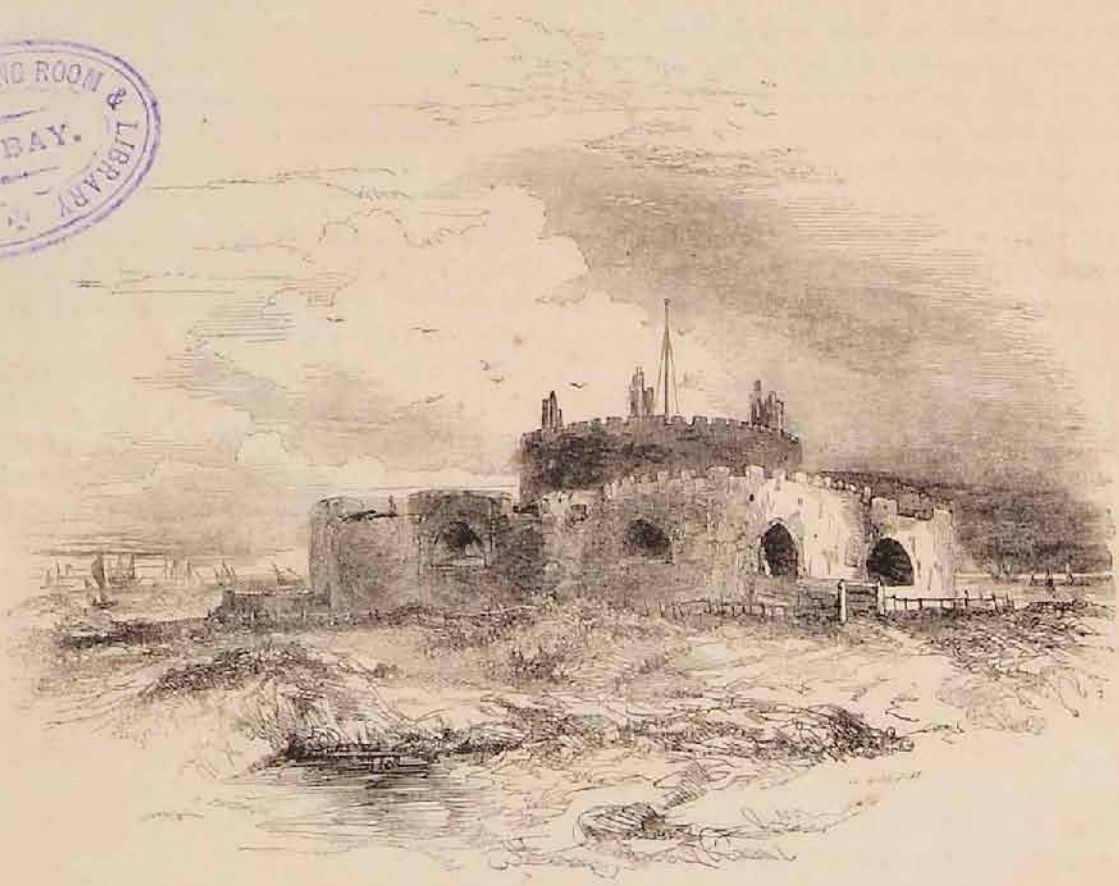
guns, and stores are kept in it: in charge of which and of the Castle there is now a garrison of *three* artillerymen. Like the batteries we have passed, it has been entirely neglected for many years and is in a very bad state of repair. The sea is here gaining on the shore, and, as we mentioned, now washes the walls of the Castle; the moat has only been destroyed within a few years, and there are said to be people yet living in Deal who remember when a good-sized slip of land—"with a hay-stack on it"—stood between the moat and the sea. Probably had a groin or two been carried out a few years back, the Castle would have been safe from the danger which now threatens it.

Sandown Castle has not had to sustain any hostile attacks; and the only scrap of interest in its history is, that it was the place chosen for the prison of the brave Colonel Hutchinson, whose memory has been so charmingly transmitted to posterity by his lion-hearted wife. Mrs. Hutchinson gives a graphic account of the condition of the Castle when he was sent to it—and a sad idea of the hearts of those who persisted, in spite of petition and remonstrance, in keeping such a man in such a place. "When he came to the Castle, he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town [of Deal] the rooms all out of repair, not weather-proof, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came, there was not above half-a-dozen soldiers in it, and a poor lieutenant with his wife and children, and two or three cannoniers, and a few guns almost dismounted, upon rotten carriages; but at the Colonel's coming thither, a company of foot besides were sent from Dover to help to guard the place,—pitiful weak fellows, half-starved and eaten up with vermin, whom the governor of Dover cheated of half their pay, and the other half they spent in drink. These had no beds, but a nasty court of guard, where a sutler lived, within a partition made of boards, with his wife and family; and this was all the accommodation the Colonel had for his victuals, which were bought at a dear rate in the town, and most horribly dressed at the sutler's." His own chamber "was a thoroughfare-room, having five doors in it; one of which opened upon a platform, that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, whilst every tide washed the foot of the Castle walls. This air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp, that even in the summer-time, the Colonel's hat-case and trunks, and everything of leather, would be every day all covered over with mould—wipe them as clean as you could one morning, by the next they would be mouldy again; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through the cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off of them every day, which stood in a perpetual sweat upon them." Yet, that she might share this miserable place with him, this heroic woman "made all the means she could through her friends to procure liberty that she might be in the Castle with him, but that was absolutely denied; whereupon she and her son and daughter went to Deal, and there took lodgings"—from whence they walked over the beach to the Castle and back every day. The close confinement in this wretched place soon destroyed his health; and in five months from his first coming here, he died, "after eleven months harsh and strict imprisonment—without crime or accusation."

Deal.

When Leland wrote his 'Itinerary' in the reign of Henry VIII., Deal was but "a little fisher-village, half a mile from the shore of the sea." Now it is a good-sized town running close along the shore. The Deal of which Leland speaks, however, is what is now called Upper Deal, while the present town has grown into existence since his time. It has arisen in a great measure to supply the wants of the seamen belonging to the ships passing up and down the Channel, or riding in the Downs. And it is in appearance just the place that might be expected from its origin—a rough-looking, irregular, sailor-like place; full of narrow streets, with shops of which those appropriated to that multifarious class of strange articles styled "slops," to marine stores, and to other less mentionable articles which are among the requirements of sailors, form the larger and most noticeable proportion. It is, in short, a sort of Wapping,—though neither so noisy, nor so dirty, nor so unfragrant. Not but what there are streets in Deal which are both dirty enough, and unfragrant enough, to kindle the zeal of the most apathetic of sanitary commissioners; and to put his analytic and descriptive powers to the test in the separation and classification of the rich variety of odours that combine to form the "*parfum de mille-fleurs.*" And sometimes, it must be confessed, there is noise enough also, when Jack and his companions have taken too much grog aboard. But on the whole Deal is, at least in the better parts, a clean, quiet town; and as there is an excellent beach, it is not wonderful that it is a great deal resorted to for sea-bathing—especially as it is in good repute for moderate charges; which is more than could once be affirmed of it, if we may judge from Mrs. Hutchinson's indignant exclamation against "the cut-throat town of Deal."

Deal was annexed to the Cinque Ports, as a member of Sandwich, in the thirteenth century—and, though now a place of much greater importance, still ranks as one of its members. It is a borough, governed by a mayor and corporation, and contains 8,000 inhabitants. The town stretches along a considerable space, and has about the outskirts some good houses: and withal has a pleasant social celebrity. Deal Castle, which stands at the south end of the town, was erected by Henry VIII. at the same time as Sandown Castle, and is of similar construction. It is, however, kept in a far better state of repair; while from the Governor's house,—a rather smart modern pile,—and some other buildings, having been added to it, it has a very different and much more peaceful appearance. Not far from the Castle is the Naval Store-yard. At the Walmer end of the town is a naval and military

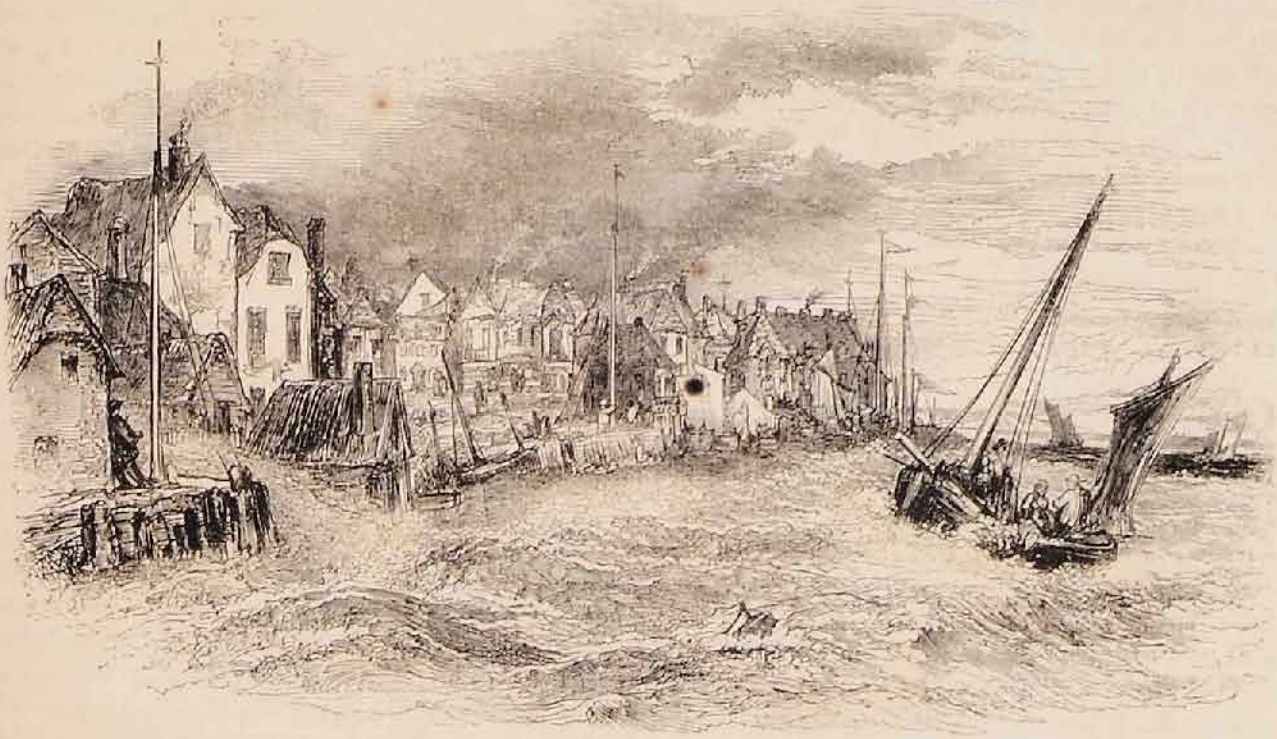


3.—SANDOWN CASTLE.

hospital, and somewhat further, a large barracks. Deal has no harbour, nor is one necessary. There is a good pier—to the head of which the stranger should stroll out if he wishes to enjoy a delicious sea-blow; and a glorious view—the wide ocean alive with numberless sails, in never-ceasing passage up and down the Channel, and varied with hundreds of ships riding at ease in the Downs. The northern end of the town—the quarter especially sacred to boatmen and pilots—wears a very picturesque air from the pier, especially if the visitor be fortunate enough to see it in a good stiff westerly breeze—as one and another of the hardy crews is trying to beat up towards it. (Cut, No. 4.)

Beyond all others, Deal boatmen are famed for skill and daring. In weather that a petrel would shrink from, they will put off without hesitation, if a vessel is thought to be in need of pilotage or assistance. And seldom does it happen that they do not succeed in rendering the help that is needed—if human exertion be available. The boatmen, whether fishermen or pilots, or the sort of race compounded of both, are a fine stalwart, broad-shouldered set; bluff-built, and well weather-beaten; not over-refined in manners, nor choice in language, but with much real good-nature as well as bravery, under the rough coating. The fishermen in their tight craft, make long voyages, in pursuit of their especial calling; but they are not fishermen merely—though now their employments are all kept pretty well to the windward of the law. In former days they were in high fame as smugglers; and they no doubt well deserved their fame—it would not have been easy to find their equals. Their propensity is said to have been, to a great degree, connived at by the authorities, as a sort of acknowledgment of their services to the navy; but that is no longer the case, and smuggling is here, as elsewhere along the coast, nearly put an end to. Of course it is not quite stopped, nor while Deal boatmen remain what they are is it likely to be: but it is now chiefly practised by way of varying a little the even tenor of ordinary life. The Deal boats are all Deal built—for the town is almost as celebrated for its boats as for its men, and boat-building forms a considerable item in its manufacturing industry. They float on a rough sea like a cork, and are worthy of the gallant crews who man them.

Perhaps the Deal pilots should hardly have been placed along with the fishermen; for while they are as brave and as skilful, they are by no means so unrefined. They are a select body, being members of the Fellowship of Pilots, which is regulated by Act of Parliament. By the last Act, the number of 'Branch Pilots,' as they are called, is in these parts limited to fifty-six at Deal, and as many at Dover. They are divided into Upper and Lower-Book classes, and have a Warden at their head, whom they elect from the Upper Book. It is worth while to add that they have a fund, out of which the widows of any of their number receive an annuity of £12 per annum—a very useful provision, for, as will be sup-



4.—DEAL.

posed, a premature death is but too frequently their lot.

The visitor to Deal will perhaps remember that it was the birth-place of Elizabeth Carter—the most learned of the blues of the last century, and no way inferior to the most learned of the present. Mrs. Carter was mistress of ten languages, skilled in philosophy, and knowing in history; but not all her languages, or even her translation of Epictetus, would probably have preserved her memory, had it not been embalmed in the Life of Johnson. Her name is still remembered in Deal, where an oak planted by her is said to be carefully cherished. Her father, Dr. Nicholas Carter, was curate of Deal Chapel for fifty-six years.

Walmer Castle.

Continuing our ramble, we soon come upon Walmer Castle, another of the fortresses erected by Henry, in 1539. Originally it resembled Sandown, and the other castles built at the same time; but having become the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it has been greatly altered. As will be seen by the engraving, a considerable addition has been made to it, in the shape of a dwelling-house, which, however substantial it may appear, ill accords with the defensive character of the fort. (Cut No. 5.)

The wardenship of the Cinque Ports being an office which is considered to appertain to the premier, during whose ministry it may become vacant, has, of course, been held by some of the most eminent of English statesmen. The Duke of Wellington is the present Warden,—William Pitt was among his predecessors. To the taste of these several occupants the castle owes much of its present appearance, as each in his turn has altered or added to some of its parts. The cheerful look it now has, from the luxuriant screen of trees which surrounds it, is, we believe, owing chiefly to the Duke, who has also had the garden—in which he is said to take a good deal of interest—brought into its present admirable state.

Except while the Duke is resident in it, the interior is permitted to be seen. The general arrangements are similar to those in the other castles, but with the very great difference of every thing having been done to lessen the inconvenience, and increase the comfort. The alterations that have been made during the wardenship of his Grace, have converted a very gloomy awkward abode into a tolerably cheerful and pleasant one. To one who is not used to a military lodging it does not even now seem very splendid. The rooms are mostly small, and of no very symmetrical forms; and they are connected by long, narrow, and circuitous passages. The furniture, too, is singularly plain, and the walls are merely decorated with a very few prints. The whole presents so striking a contrast to other ducal castles which he may have examined, and even to what he has heard, or perhaps seen, of *the* Duke's London house, that the visitor is often as much disap-

pointed as surprised. And yet he looks around him with no ordinary interest, when he recollects that the noblest and loveliest in the land have delighted to congregate here around the Great Captain.

But in this respect it is, of course, 'the Duke's room' that is turned to with the most curiosity. This *sanctum* is a room of but moderate size, without ornament, and very plainly and scantily furnished, but neat, accurate, and orderly in arrangement; altogether bearing very much the appearance of the single room of a military secretary in garrison. On the right is an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, with a single horsehair mattress upon it; and thereon, whatever be the season, without curtains or any paraphernalia about it, the 'Iron Duke' rests when at Walmer. Over the bedstead is a small collection of books, which is seen, on a rapid glance, to have been selected for use: the best English writers of Anne's 'Augustan age,' both in poetry and prose; a few recent histories and biographies; some French memoirs; with military reports, official publications, and parliamentary papers, form the little library. In the centre of the room is a mahogany table, well ink-stained, at which, for two or three hours in the day, the master of the room takes his place and plies his pen. Near it is a more portable one, so contrived as to be used for reading or writing on while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprise the contents of the room, and are sufficiently characteristic of its owner. The window looks out upon the sea, and a door opens upon the ramparts—upon which (until his last illness) the Duke never failed to be every morning by six o'clock, and there, for an hour or more, take his morning walk. The view from the ramparts, by the way, is a most magnificent one; from the position of the castle, the prospect is unbroken, both south and north; while, directly in front it is only bounded by the French coast. The visitor who has thought the Duke's room characteristic, will probably, in passing along the passages, be reminded, by a direction very uncommon in a private residence, of the unmistakeable plainness of style of the Duke's notes:—on every door that does not merely open into a chamber, is a printed direction, in very large letters, "Shut this door;" and he will not be surprised to learn on inquiry that it is put up by the Duke's express orders.

We are not in the habit of jotting down memoranda or recollections of the people whose houses we visit, or administering to idle curiosity about an eminent individual; but as what we have noticed is patent to any one who chooses to visit Walmer Castle, and probably has all appeared in print before, we thought ourselves at liberty to notice the only thing for which any one would care to visit the castle. We cannot be accused of any violation of confidence; and at any rate, what we have noticed is, we hope, harmless.

The village of Walmer is a pleasant one, and an hour or two may be very pleasantly spent in its exploration. The church has some points of architectural interest: about the parish are traces of an encampment that has occupied the attention of antiquaries; and the walks around are agreeable and diversified. There are some good houses in Walmer, and altogether it seems a thriving place.

It is generally said that it was at Deal, or between Deal and Sandwich, where Cæsar landed B.C. 55, and again the following year. On the whole, we are inclined to believe it was rather at Walmer, or between Walmer and Deal. We learn from the 'Gallic War' (iv. 23), that his ships first came to anchor off the British coast, at a place where the sea was so bound in by steep mountains, that a dart might be flung from them upon the shore. All the heights being crowded by armed natives, Cæsar deemed this by no means a suitable place for disembarking; he therefore, after waiting some hours for the remainder of his ships to arrive, weighed anchor, and proceeded about seven miles farther, till he came to an open and level beach, where he stationed his ships, and prepared to land. There seems to be little doubt that the first place Cæsar stayed at, was either Dover or somewhere close by it. It is generally admitted, since Horsley's time, that he then proceeded in a northerly direction. Now in that direction, Walmer is the first place suitable for landing that would present itself to him, and it is unlikely that he would proceed farther than was necessary. For it was the ninth hour (three o'clock) of an autumn afternoon when he weighed anchor, and he had to land a large body of heavily-armed men, who would be compelled to make their way through the waves, encumbered as they were, from the sides of ships, which, as he expressly mentions, were so large that they could not be brought into shallow water; and that, too, on an unknown shore, and in the face of a large hostile army. We may fairly conclude that he would, under such circumstances, disembark as early as possible. Walmer exactly corresponds to Cæsar's description. It has an open level beach, and is *above* seven Roman miles from Dover.

Thus far the coast has been low, the only elevation having been the sand hillocks (*dunes*) that gave its name to Sandown. We now come upon some chalk cliffs, not very lofty at first, but which soon rise to a perpendicular elevation of some hundred feet. Till the little collection of fishermen's huts, called Kingsdown, and the coast-guard station, be passed, the cliffs lie at some short distance from the sea; but then they approach it so as to have intervening, even at low-water, only a narrow shingle beach, and the broken masses of chalk that have fallen from above, and now lie along the foot of the cliffs. The walk along the beach here is rather rough, but very delightful to one who does not mind the roughness. The cliffs tower far up aloft against the blue sky, in every variety of picturesque form, and break, as you advance, into continually changing masses of light and shadow. The sea, rolling in a heavy surge over the steep shingle bank, affords at once delight to the eye and the ear; while sea, and cliffs, and sky, and shingle beach, mingle into pictures of such perfect harmony, or quiet

grandeur, as fill the heart with delight, and leave no room for thoughts of more majestic or more famous scenes. Having once passed Kingsdown, it is too late to think whether the wider view from the top of the cliffs would yield more pleasure. No spot will be found where they could be ascended, till you reach St. Margaret's Bay, where there is a deep dip. This bay is exceedingly picturesque as you come upon it from the north. Its southern boundary is formed by the bold projection called the South Foreland, an unbroken mass of chalk, rising perpendicularly above 300 feet, and against whose base, except at low water, the waves beat violently, and break into vast sheets of foam; while its summit is seen crowned by the lighthouse. At St. Margaret's Bay there is a coast-guard station. Between Walmer and Dover there is no battery along the coast; nor, perhaps, is there any need of one. The only available landing-place is at St. Margaret's Bay; and that is too near Dover to render a hostile landing there at all agreeable. But though there is no fortress along here, there are signal-stations on the summits of the cliffs, so that intelligence of any danger would be speedily communicated.

At St. Margaret's the stranger should mount the hill to the village. St. Margaret-at-Cliff is a rather large scattered village — very pleasant, remarkably healthy, and now a good deal resorted to as a quiet rural watering-place. The church should be examined. Christianity gained its earliest hold in this part of England; and, as might be expected, there are in the different parishes many valuable remains of early ecclesiastical architecture. The Normans, to whom English architecture owes so much, have left many memorials of their genius in this part of Kent. This church is one of those memorials: it has been altered and added to at various periods, but it is yet a fair sample of the Norman style. The massive proportions, and manner of construction, so well adapted to its position, will be sure to be observed. The details, too, should be looked at: the doorways with their carvings, the windows of the chancel and the clerestory, are especially noteworthy; and the interior is equally deserving of careful regard: it was repaired three or four years ago, and is now in good condition.

A mile or so beyond St. Margaret's, near the edge of the cliff, are the South Foreland lighthouses. From them are splendid views, both over the sea, and inland; and Dover has a striking appearance. The views are less extensive, especially inland, from the cliffs; but they are such as may very well content the wayfarer. The French coast is now distinctly visible with the naked eye if the weather be clear; and with a common pocket-telescope the buildings may be readily made out. The walk from the Foreland along the cliffs to Dover is a most pleasant one; while, as you drop down Castle Hill, the view of the town, with part of the castle in the foreground, and the sea filling up the distance, forms a picture, that you accept as a very grateful supplement to the sea-side stroll.

Dover.

To an observant foreigner, who lands here on his first visit to England, Dover must appear an interesting and curious place. Its castle, visible almost from the moment of his quitting the opposite shore, at first towering aloft in the clouds, and then gradually unfolding the strength of its position and the long range of fortifications connected with it; the town, lying so snugly embayed between the lofty hills, and backed by the beautiful verdure of the valley that ascends behind it,—must strike his imagination very forcibly long before he enters the harbour; and the interest with which he is prepared to regard it is not likely to be weakened as he traverses its plain busy streets, and, looking back on the narrow channel that divides it from the land he has just left, he reflects on the amazing difference of habit and character that everything he beholds indicates. But, whether thoughtful or not, Dover must interest any foreigner. Though the very outpost on the high-road to the continent, there is nothing continental in its appearance. Calais, Boulogne, every place on the opposite shore which Englishmen go to in numbers, puts on something of an English dress. But there is no 'reciprocity' here. Though the nighest point to France, it is entirely English. The houses are English, the people are English, the business is done in an English manner, and the amusements—or lack of amusements—are altogether English. Not an idea nor an innovation has been borrowed from 'over the water.' There is not a fountain, or a column, or a statue, or a picture, or a showy piece of architecture, to be seen in the whole town.

Dover is of high antiquity. It is connected with the very earliest authentic mention of our country,—for there can be little doubt that it was the Height of Dover that bristled with the armed multitude whose appearance almost scared the heart of the mighty Cæsar. From their first possession of the land, Dover (Dubræ, Portus Dubris,) was regarded by the Romans as an important station. It yet retains a memorial of their abode here, in the watch-tower, or pharos, that has stood unshaken the storms of sixteen centuries, and may stand as many more. The name of Dover is doubtless derived directly from its Roman title, but there is reason to believe that that was merely the Latin form of its British designation—Dwr, or Dwfyrrha, and that, consequently, it was a British town antecedent to the Roman conquest. Local historians delight to record with exquisite particularity the doings and buildings here of the British kings, who

> "Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
> Till they to peace agreed; and all was pacified."

Especially do they love to tell of

> "The dread of Romans, hight was Arvirage;
> Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius;"

all of whom were eminent benefactors to the good town.

Of the existence of these great kings we confess to not being so well satisfied as the said historians. And as

we do not very well see how, if they never existed, they could have blocked up the haven, or raised walls and fortifications about the town, or even built a church in it—we shall pass all their deeds without further notice. And for a similar cause we shall leave untold how the grandsons of Woden, the mighty Hengist and Horsa, dwelt here; and also how, for a while, the mightier Arthur kept his famous table in the Castle. Indeed, we fancy it will be enough to say of its history previous to the Conquest, that Edward the Confessor marked his sense of its importance by incorporating it as one of his Cinque Ports; and after the Conquest, there is not much to tell of the history of the town apart from that of the castle and harbour, except the passage of royal or eminent persons through it. One or two circumstances may, however, be mentioned.

Dover withstood the Conqueror, and was punished for so doing. But it was seen by him to be too important a stronghold to be suffered to go to decay, and, after he was securely seated on the throne, he did not fail to enlarge and strengthen the castle, and adopt measures for the restoration of the town. From his time it was never neglected by the sovereign, and, indeed, was regarded as 'the key of the kingdom.' The port grew into prosperity, and it gradually came to be the chief way of transit to the continent; and indeed, for awhile, must have been the only way for ordinary passengers. In the reign of Edward III. (1339) it was enacted that, "All merchants, travellers, and pilgrims, should embark at the port of Dover only." In the reign of Richard II., the price of the passage was fixed at sixpence for a man, and one shilling for a horse, during summer; and double that sum in winter.

Dover is associated with one of the most humiliating passages in English history. It was here that the craven-hearted John made, in the midst of a large army, his despicable submission to the pope; and the climax of his abasement—the surrender of his kingdom to the papal nuncio—took place in the church of the Templars. In 1295, a French fleet, which was sent into the narrow seas while the Cinque Ports' Navy was cruising on the Scotch coast, after ravaging Hythe, and some other towns along this coast, "sailed straight into Dover, and the admiral, landing with his people, robbed the town and priory." The townsmen fled into the country, and, having raised the country people, who assembled in great numbers, towards evening returned to the town, and falling upon the Frenchmen, who were busy plundering, slew great numbers of them; the rest, with the admiral, escaped to their ships with such pillage as they could carry off. Those, however, "who had gone abroad into the country to fetch preys, and could not come to their ships in time, were slain," says the old chronicler, "every mother's son." He reckons that, "by one means and another, there was little less than 800 of the Frenchmen slain;" while there were "not many of the men of Dover slain, for they escaped by swift flight at the first entry made by the Frenchmen: but of women and children there died a great number, for the enemies spared none." Dover was again burnt by the French a few years later. The town does not appear to have suffered afterwards from a repetition of such attacks; the castle was often assailed, as we shall presently notice. The receding of the sea sometimes threatened the ruin of both town and harbour; but means were found to avert the anticipated evil. The destruction, too, of the religious houses caused some distress, but that, also, proved but temporary; and, on the whole, the town may be said to have continued to enjoy a course of steady prosperity. Towards the close of the last, and during the present century, it has received a great impetus. When the fashion of resorting annually to the sea-side sprung up, Dover soon came to enjoy a large share of popularity; the attention that was directed to it on the threatened invasion of England, and the consequent erection of it into a principal military post, and the large expenditure that arose from the construction of the extensive fortifications that were deemed necessary; the great increase of traffic arising from the introduction of steam-vessels, and the establishment of Dover as the chief packet-station for the continent; and the opening of a railway communication with the metropolis—all have contributed largely to advance the prosperity of the good town. And the proposed Harbour of Refuge promises, when it is completed, to increase it very much more.

Dover lies at the extremity of a very lovely valley, along which a small stream, the Dour, makes its way. The town extends some way up this valley, and also stretches out on either side, as far round the bay as the cliffs will permit. On both sides the hills rise to a great height—those on the north being crowned by the castle, while on the south is the famous Shakspere Cliff. The town, which contains 18,000 inhabitants, covers a considerable area, of which, however, a good portion is occupied by the harbour. The town itself has no claim whatever to splendour or beauty. There is not a good-looking street in it. They have adapted themselves to the irregularities of the surface, and to the peculiarities of form which the hills and the Pent have forced on them, but without in any case achieving even the picturesque in appearance. There are of course—in such a town there cannot fail to be—some, at least, substantial public offices, and good well-built inns, and handsome shops, but, from not being congregated together, they only produce a scattered fragmentary effect. Along the beach and under the cliffs, northwards, there are crescents, and parades, and terraces, which have houses in the most assuming style of watering-place architecture—but they are strictly in that style; improvements, however, are talked about.

The Castle would make amends for the absence of picturesqueness or interest in the town, were both much more wanting than they are. It is a wild, rambling-looking place, and it needs something of a military eye to see the connection of the parts, and to comprehend it as a whole. It is, indeed, a heterogeneous collection of buildings, belonging to very

various periods, and erected without much contrivance: but they are therefore the more picturesque in appearance, and, as bound together by the military works of recent date, they do form a very compact and serviceable whole. The space enclosed by the castle walls is about thirty-five acres; and within that area are structures, the work of every age almost—from that of the Romans down to the present. In looking at these several parts, the most attractive to the antiquary are, unquestionably, the remains of the tower and the church—the former an undoubted Roman building, the latter as certainly Saxon. So very few vestiges remain in England of the architecture of either of these people, that these have an uncommon value—and, perhaps, the greater from their thus standing in juxtaposition, and allowing of comparison with each other. The tower is about forty feet high; in form it is an octagon, externally, but square in the interior. Opinion is divided as to whether it was erected for a watch-tower or a pharos; but it is very probable that it was intended to serve both purposes. The terrors of the British seas and shores were well known and sufficiently estimated by the Romans, and there can be little doubt that they would provide for the secure entrance of their ships to a port like this. The situation seems admirably adapted for that purpose; and if, as is said, the remains of a building upon the heights on the other side of the haven, which were destroyed at the commencement of the present century, were those of a similar structure, we have an arrangement that would at once indicate the site of the haven in the plainest and most efficient manner. The outward appearance of the building was a good deal changed by its being cased with flint, and otherwise altered in the reign of Henry V.; but part of this casing has peeled off, and the Roman work is plainly visible. It is constructed of tufa and flint, bonded together, at regular intervals, with courses of large flat tiles or bricks—a method of construction peculiar to Roman buildings.

In a few steps we may see the change in the method of building that distinguishes the Saxon artificers. The Roman tower adjoins the western end of a church, evidently of very ancient date, and, like the tower, a ruin. In the last century this was commonly stated to be also of the Roman period; and it was even confidently ascribed to King Lucius. But that was by men who were so imperfectly acquainted with the subject, as to ascribe to the time of King Lucius work of the time of the fifth Henry; and now, probably, only Dover folks fancy this to be of earlier date than the seventh century. But, as we said, works of really Saxon date—for most that are called Saxon in guide-books and histories are Norman—are very rare. These remains consist of a nave, chancel, and transepts, with a tower springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The workmanship of the oldest parts is very rude; the materials are similar to those employed in the tower, and there is an evident, but unskilful attempt to imitate the Roman style of construction. There are a good many Roman tiles about the arches and elsewhere, but they are arranged with little regularity, and appear to have formed part of some building that had either become ruinous, or had been pulled down to make way for the present. Very many parts of the church are of a later date: some are pretty plainly Norman, but the groundwork of the church is undoubtedly Saxon, and probably it is the oldest Christian church we have left in this country.

The Roman fortifications are still easily traceable; they are of comparatively limited extent, being in the largest part about 400 feet by 140 feet. The Saxons are believed to have extended the works and made it a place of great strength. It was not, however, strong enough to hold out long against the Conqueror, who showed his estimation of courage in an enemy by hanging the governor of the castle and his two sons. The Norman appointed his brother, the celebrated Bishop of Bayeux, to be constable of the Castle, who soon drove the men of Kent into rebellion. They attacked the Castle, but were repulsed with great loss. The fortifications were then largely extended, and the whole seems to have been remodelled. Of the buildings of Norman date there are many yet standing, but it is unnecessary to particularize them. They are gate-houses, towers, and a massive keep, the latter being of about the middle of the twelfth century, having been built by Henry II. The keep stands in the centre of the Norman fortifications, and is the principal building in the Castle, and the most noticeable in a distant view of it. The view from the summit is magnificent. In the War of Castles, as the long struggle between Stephen and Matilda has been called, Dover was not particularly distinguished. It was at first held for the Empress, but was taken by the wife of Stephen. The ignoble deeds of John at Dover have been already mentioned. The Castle and its Constable played rather an important part in the occurrences that followed. When the dauphin Louis had been invited to England by the barons, John, with his army, withdrew from Dover, having appointed Hubert de Burgh constable of the Castle. Louis landed at Sandwich, and "being advertised," says Holinshed, "that King John was retired out of Kent, he passed through the county without any encounter, and wan all the castles and holds as he went, but Dover he could not win." He soon, however, returned to it; his father having angrily informed him that till Dover Castle was taken not a foot of land was secure, and sent with the message some besieging instruments of unusual power. For weeks Louis steadily prosecuted the siege without success, when he determined to convert it into a blockade, swearing at the same time that he would starve the place into a surrender, and then hang all he found in it. But De Burgh had imbibed none of his master's craven spirit—and for the remaining three months of that master's life he steadily refused to submit. On the death of John, Louis tried to cajole the garrison by representing that by the death of the king they were absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and ought now to yield obedience to the prince who had been called

by the nation to succeed him. At the same time he promised them the most munificent marks of his favour. De Burgh, however, was not to be so gained; nor did he waver when the prince threatened, if he did not yield, to put his brother, who was a prisoner in France, to death. The course of events in other parts of the country obliged Louis to raise the siege, and De Burgh immediately availed himself of the opportunity to strengthen all those parts of the fortifications that he had found by experience to need strengthening. This he accomplished so thoroughly, that when Louis, a few months later, again returned to the Castle, with reinforcements which he had brought from France, he soon became convinced that the attempt to reduce it was hopeless, and marched on to London. De Burgh, now satisfied of the safety of his fortress, resolved to strike a blow in return. Apprised that a fleet of eighty great ships, and many small ones, was on its way from France, bringing a number of knights and a large body of infantry to the aid of Louis, he hastily summoned the navy of the Cinque Ports, of which he was warden, and having given strict orders that the Castle should not on any account be surrendered—even though it were to save his life, should he be made a prisoner—he boldly put forth to sea. All the ships he could collect in time did not exceed forty, and many of them were of small size; but the mariners of the Cinque Ports were skilful as well as gallant sailors. They soon showed their superiority, by winning the weather-gage of the enemy; when suddenly tacking they bore down upon them. The iron peaks of the English ships were driven so forcibly into the hulls of their opponents as to sink many of them. Those that were entangled in the shock, or could be grappled by hooks, De Burgh caused to be made fast to his own vessels with chains, or to be rendered unmanageable by cutting the rigging. The daringness of the encounter appears to have so terrified the French, that they offered but a feeble resistance. The whole French fleet, with the exception of fifteen vessels, were either taken or destroyed. This victory was fatal to the hopes of Louis, and he speedily agreed to leave the kingdom, and relinquish all his claims. The strange vicissitudes in the subsequent career of De Burgh will recur to the reader; but they belong not to the present record.

We will only mention one other event in the history of the Castle—the gallant surprisal of it in 1642. At the outbreak of hostilities between Charles and the Parliament, the Castle was in the hands of the king. A merchant of the town, named Dawkes, a sturdy parliamentarian, having learnt by some means that a very weak guard was kept on the seaward side, where no attack was anticipated, determined to attempt to effect an entrance by scaling the cliffs. He selected ten of his fellow-townsmen, as skilful climbers, and as resolute in spirit as himself, to accompany him; and he arranged for another party to lie in ambush by the Castle-gate, ready to rush in, if he should be able to open it. At midnight, on the 21st of August, Dawkes and his companions were at the cliff foot, each provided with a rope, a scaling-ladder, and a loaded musket. Silently and unnoticed they made their way from ledge to ledge till they had reached the summit, and only the Castle wall had to be surmounted. This was swiftly done, and the sentinels as swiftly seized. The porter by a threat of instant death, was terrified into the delivery of his keys; and before the garrison was aroused the gates had been opened and the armed band admitted. The alarmed garrison finding the Castle thus in possession of the foe—unaware of their numbers and suspicious of treachery—thought only how to escape; and thus without a blow this important stronghold was lost to the king. Thus runs the story; but it is difficult to believe that it was thus easily accomplished, without concert with some party inside. Be that as it may, it was never recovered by the king. The Kentish royalists collected an army for the purpose, but they were unable to make any impression, and were compelled to a hasty retreat on the approach of a superior army sent by the parliament under the command of Colonel Rich.

This was the last piece of actual warfare that Dover Castle witnessed: and the building appears not to have been taken much account of for a good many years. The threats of a visit from the Pretender led to the extension of its works in 1745, under the advice and direction of the Duke of Cumberland. Several new batteries were erected in the town as well as in the Castle, but they have all been removed since the completion of the more extensive works of which we are now to speak. When Bonaparte assembled his vast army on the French coast, and made such formidable preparations, with the declared purpose of invading England, Pitt, who was then at the head of the Government, ordered a careful survey to be made of the Castle and neighbouring hills; and the entire remodelling of the whole defensive works here, and the construction of an immense series of new fortifications, in accordance with the most improved methods of military engineering, were the consequence of that survey. The works are indeed on a most extensive scale. Batteries of powerful character were placed in every assailable position, and in every position which would defend the town, or annoy a foe. Extensive outworks stretch far beyond the fortress, and are connected with it by well-arranged covered ways. The cliffs are also made to contribute to the means of annoyance as well as of defence; and barracks were hollowed out of the solid rock. The arrangements were so made as that a garrison of between 3,000 and 4,000 men can be easily accommodated, and supplied with ample stores, within the walls of the Castle.

At the same time, the Heights on the other side of the town, which command the Castle, were also fortified. Barracks were built on the hill, above the town, and a passage made to them from it, by a perpendicular shaft, having three distinct sets of stairs within it of 140 steps each. The entrance to this Grand Shaft as it is called, is in Snargate-street, and the visitor would do well to ascend it for the sake of the view of the town

he will obtain from the hill above. The barracks are large and complete. Above them on the right is a good-sized battery, called the Drop Redoubt. This is connected with a much larger one to the westward, called the Grand Redoubt. Both these are surrounded by deep and wide ditches. Some way to the south-west, and on the highest part of the lofty hill, is the chief of these works, the Citadel, a very complete battery, with all the outworks and appliances of the most approved character. All these extensive fortifications are connected with each other by covered ways and regular lines of communication. The entire area inclosed within the lines is arranged so as to contain a numerous army, and though at such a lofty elevation, an ample supply of water is provided by numerous wells and tanks. The batteries are not now mounted with cannon, nor indeed have the works ever been completed, but if completed and mounted, Dover would be the strongest military position in the country.

The views from these Heights are of wondrous extent, and of a very impressive character—hardly the less impressive, as you look from a battery, from the recollection of the service the place you are standing on is intended to be applied to. The fortifications are not open to the general visitor, but he may, of course, stroll as he pleases about the Heights, outside the lines of circumvallation. He will do well, at least, to ascend these heights. Such views are not to be missed on account of the trifling labour necessary to attain them. If he wishes to see something of the nature of a fortification, he can visit the Castle, where under certain regulations the whole of the works may be seen. The views about the Castle are, as we said, both extensive and beautiful. The Castle-hill is 325 feet above the sea, and though the Heights are much loftier, perhaps the views are not much finer. The French coast is often seen with extraordinary distinctness from the Castle.

Of the ecclesiastical edifices that were once numerous in Dover, the relics are few and unimportant. Out of the seven churches that formerly stood in the town, only two are left. St. Mary's, by the market-place, is one of them, and is worth inspecting. The tower, with its rows of blank arcades, is a characteristic though not very handsome specimen of a Norman tower. The body of the church, both externally and internally, had suffered the most egregious alterations, and a few years ago presented a most pitiable spectacle. But it is now restored, and restored in a very satisfactory manner. The other old church stands near the 'Steps' which lead by many a wearying turn to the Castle. It also has some Norman features. There is a third church in Dover, which was erected a few years ago. The churches of Charlton, and Hougham-in-Dover may, from the growing out of the suburbs, be also considered as now belonging to the town. Of the churches that have fallen into desuetude, only a shapeless fragment of one remains; and it is so blocked in by the houses and hovels huddled together by the market-place, that only so much of it as rises above their roofs is visible. The tower of another church remained till 1836.

Of the monasteries and other religious houses, the remains are as few as of the old churches. The most extensive remains are those of the Augustinian Priory of St. Martin. The space inclosed by the priory-wall may be yet easily made out. A farm-house stands amidst the ruins, and the whole estate is now known as the Priory Farm. The refectory of the monks—a goodly hall 100 feet in length, is converted into a barn. A Gatehouse is the only other relic that is at all in a tolerable state of preservation.

Hubert de Burgh, the brave defender of Dover Castle, founded a religious hospital at Dover, which he called the 'Maison Dieu.' He placed it near the entrance of the town, and furnished ample endowment for a certain number of brothers and sisters, whose employment was to consist in the due performance of religious services, and the entertainment of pilgrims and wayfarers, who should claim their hospitality. As was usual with such places, subsequent benefactors added to its revenues. We shall not attempt to trace its history till it was swept away in the general suppression of monasteries; nor the succession of hands into which its lands and buildings subsequently passed. But the fate of its magnificent church, the only part that escaped early destruction, affords too curious an instance of the mutations to which even such buildings are liable, to let us pass the recent changes it has undergone quite unnamed. The opening of the nineteenth century saw this venerable pile in the possession of a branch of the Government. It belonged to the Victualling Department of the Navy. In their hands the church served many ends. Part of it was employed as a brewhouse, part as a bakehouse, part was converted into a store-house. Thirty years later, when biscuits had come to be made by steam, and other changes had taken place, the old church was found to have become too antiquated even for the baker and the brewer; and it was accordingly transferred to the Board of Ordnance. They however found their purchase an unmanageable commodity, and by way of lessening the incumbrance, pulled down the larger half of it. And now the authorities of the town cast their eyes upon it, and longed to call it their own. The Ordnance were but too glad to rid themselves of the burden, and in 1834 the Corporation of Dover became the happy possessors of the 'Maison Dieu.' The reader is delighted to think of corporate piety thus showing its regard for antiquity, and stepping in to rescue the venerable edifice from further degradations. He perhaps recollects what Dover was fourteen years ago, and how often he looked around for the churches wherein its population could find a place. He thinks, of course, that as *half* the old church was left, it would yet make a good-sized modern one, and he doubts not but it was to restore it to its ancient use that the corporation purchased it. Nothing less. The corporation had grown ashamed of the dirty-looking place which had served for their town-hall, and many

other purposes, and thought that, with some reparation, this church would make a very pretty substitute for it, and also serve for a jail and a sessions-house. And this is what they have done. The body of the church is now the town-hall. The vaults below are the prisoners' cells. The tower is made the governor's residence. The lady-chapel serves for a sessions-room.

We have staid longer than we intended at Dover, but we must not leave it without some notice of its Harbour:—and we may avail ourselves of the opportunity, to say a few words on the proposed Harbour of Refuge, and on the subject generally. The original haven is believed to have occupied part of the site of the present town. Gradually the sea appears to have receded till it wholly left the valley. In the reign of Henry VII. the harbour is spoken of as in a very decayed state. That monarch caused measures to be taken for its improvement; and still more vigorous means were adopted by his successor, whose 'mighty pier' was the theme of much contemporary admiration. His measures appear to have led to the formation of the present inner harbour, or 'Pent.' By the time of Elizabeth, however, the harbour had again become in a great measure unserviceable; and she gave to the town considerable temporary privileges, and the power of imposing a toll on vessels using the harbour, in order to furnish money for its restoration. Ultimately, after a severe storm had destroyed the works raised by the townsmen, the matter seems to have been undertaken by the Queen's Council, and the harbour was greatly improved. Holinshed, writing in 1586, breaks into a rather unwonted strain of enthusiasm respecting it, declaring that not to mention such a work in his history would be an absurdity. The works appear to have been successful; and though all the present harbour is of but recent date, the position of it has probably been little changed, except by its enlargement. When the Lord High Admiral examined the harbour in 1581, there were old inhabitants who could remember when the waves beat against the base of the cliffs in Snargate-street.

We shall not follow the changes made in the harbour; it may suffice to state that, from time to time, very large sums of money have been expended in its maintenance and improvement. The most recent alterations and extensions have made it nearly all, probably, that a tidal harbour is capable of being made in a place so exposed as this, and which can only be maintained by a continual struggle with the elements. It is one of the peculiarities of this harbour, that the shingle beach, which is in constant motion, displays a continual tendency to form a barrier at the mouth of the harbour; and this bar sometimes forms with great rapidity during a westerly gale. When the wind blows from the east, no shingle accumulates there, and sometimes an easterly wind drives away any that may have collected. Sometimes the entrance to the harbour used to be blocked up for seven or eight days at a time. About 1837, a plan was brought into operation by which the water that enters the inner pent and new basin at high tide is collected in a large reservoir, and then, at the fall of the tide, is, by means of skilful contrivances, poured forth, in a narrow and rapid current, directly against the bar, through which it seldom fails, in a short time, to force a channel. The improvements in the harbour, which were commenced in 1844, have not only nearly doubled the former quantity of wharfage, and enlarged the accommodations for shipping, and especially for steam-vessels, but have also, by clearing away the mean and dirty houses known as the 'Old Buildings,' and forming a fine esplanade, which now reaches from the Castle Cliffs to the pier-head, done more to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the numerous visitors than almost any other change could have done. The harbour itself, and the pier-head, now afford constantly fresh objects of interest and amusement to the visitor, and are among the most popular of the afternoon lounging-places. With all that Dover now has to show, it probably holds out more inducements to the general visitor than any other watering-place along the whole coast. Excepting quiet or seclusion,—which very few who go to bathing-places wish for,—Dover can offer almost every variety of attraction that can be found in any; while it affords much that none else have.

But we must return to the harbour. Notwithstanding all its improvements, it is still only a tidal harbour; and, when clear of shingle, only for about five hours on the average, is there a depth of ten feet of water at the entrance: consequently it is only to a confined extent that it is available, and for ships of but moderate burden. The number of vessels that enter it is considerable; but very many more would gladly use it, were it possible to do so—especially in foul weather: but, at such a time, the entrance is seldom safe. Often considerable fleets of merchantmen, after passing to the westward, if a westerly wind comes on, (and westerly winds are much the most frequent in the Channel,) have to run back again to take shelter in the open roadstead of the Downs. Of course the whole of these vessels would gladly run into a harbour, if there were one open to them, as they have not only the loss of way to make up again, but also to encounter—it may be in darkness or in haze—all the dangers of the Goodwin Sands. The urgent necessity for a safe harbour, into which vessels of any tonnage navigating the Channel might run, in any weather, and in any state of the tide, has long been recognised and made the subject of many inquiries. These inquiries, however, were partial and unsatisfactory, and led to no other result than a clearer knowledge of the difficulties in the way of any practical measures. But, in 1844, a Government Commission, consisting of naval and military officers and civil engineers,—men of considerable practical and scientific knowledge, as well as professional eminence,—was appointed to consider the subject in all its bearings. The principal objects they were to keep in view are thus stated by themselves: "First, the formation of ports of refuge, for the safety

and convenience of vessels navigating the British Channel. Secondly, that these should be calculated to become, in the event of hostilities, the stations for ships of war. Thirdly, the consideration of expense, as compared with the public advantages likely to result from the construction of such works." Their investigations were conducted with great care and completeness. They carefully inspected the whole south-east coast, and had elaborate surveys made of every bay and harbour that appeared in any way suitable for the purpose in view; they obtained assistance and information from the officers of the Admiralty, of the Trinity, of the Cinque Ports, as well as the Coast Guard, and Customs, and other officials connected with the coast; and they "also had before them every class of persons who were thought capable of affording information—including several eminent engineers; and, in order to guard against the often misleading opinion of residents at the different ports, they examined many others, practically acquainted with the various places, whom they believed to be unbiassed by local partialities."—(*Report*, p. 6.) The opinion of men of competent ability, formed after such "deliberate consideration of the whole circumstances," could not but be listened to with great respect—and we think we may say their Report is considered as authoritative. We think we shall do better to give so much of it as concerns Dover nearly in their own words than attempt a general statement in our own. We beg, too, to state here, that we have derived much assistance, in preparing this paper, from the evidence which accompanies their Report, and which conveys, not only full information on the immediate subject of inquiry, but, incidentally, a great deal that is valuable respecting the coast generally.

In their Report, the Commissioners strongly urge the superior advantages of Dover above every other port, from Portland to Harwich. They say, "As the advanced post of England on the south-east coast, the want of a harbour here of sufficient capacity for the reception of vessels of war, and for the convenience and protection of trade, has attracted the notice of sovereigns and ministers from the earliest times, and has led to a large expenditure of money for the improvement of the present tidal harbour. In considering positions eligible for the construction of breakwaters, it should be borne in mind that an inner harbour is an indispensable requisite; and if there is no natural advantage of that sort in the position selected, there must be the double operation of building an inner, as well as an outer harbour. There are few places that, in this respect, possess greater advantages than Dover: it has a dry dock for repairs, and extensive quays, with storehouses. Besides the outer receiving harbour, there is a basin covering more than six acres (now being enlarged to double that size), and a third, called 'The Pent,' which the late Mr. Rennie, in his Report to Mr. Pitt, in 1802, says, may of itself be made capable of receiving many sloops of war and gun-brigs." And they recommend "that a harbour be constructed in Dover Bay, according to the accompanying plan, with an area of 520 acres, up to low-water mark, or 380 acres without the two-fathom edge; with an entrance 700 feet wide on the south front, and another of 150 feet at the east end. Entertaining the strong opinion we have expressed, of the necessity of providing, without delay, a sheltered anchorage in Dover Bay, we venture to urge upon your Lordships' attention the advantage of immediately beginning the work by carrying out that portion which is to commence at Cheesman's Head. Whatever may be finally decided upon as to the form and extent of the works in Dover Bay, the pier from Cheesman's Head, run out into seven fathoms water, appears to be indispensable as a commencement, and it will afford both facility and shelter to the works to be subsequently carried on for their completion. This will give sheltered access to the present harbour during south-west gales, and protect it from the entrance of shingle from the westward: it will afford time, also, for observation on the movement of the shingle within the bay, and for further inquiry as to the tendency which harbours of large area on this part of the coast may have to silt up." The Commissioners further recommend that other breakwaters, though of less extensive and costly character, should be constructed at Seaford, and at Portland, and that some improvements should be made at Harwich. But they add, "if only one is to be undertaken at a time, we give the preference to Dover; next, to Portland; and, thirdly, Seaford." . . .

"The military members of the Commission are of opinion that there will be no difficulty in providing for the defence of the proposed harbours. . . . At Dover there already exist works of defence capable of being adapted to this object." The expense of the proposed works at Dover is estimated at £2,500,000; and it is added, in conclusion—"The Commission cannot close their Report, without expressing in the strongest terms, their unanimous opinion, and entire conviction, that measures are indispensably necessary to give to the south-eastern frontier of the kingdom means and facilities, which it does not now possess, for powerful naval protection. Without any except tidal harbours along the whole coast between Portsmouth and the Thames, and none accessible to large steamers, there is now, when steam points to such great changes in maritime affairs, an imperative necessity for supplying, by artificial means, the want of harbours throughout the narrow part of the Channel. The distance chart which accompanies the Report, shows the positions where, if our recommendations are carried out, harbours of refuge, or well-protected roadsteads, will afford shelter to our commerce. By these means, and with the advantages of steam by sea, and of railroads and telegraphic communication by land, the naval and military force of the country may be thrown in great strength upon any point of the coast in a few hours. The several recommendations we have thought it our duty to lay before your Lordships must, if adopted, occasion a large outlay of the public money; but when life, property, and

national security, are the interests at stake, we do not believe that pecuniary considerations will be allowed to impede the accomplishment of objects of such vast importance." *

The pier is begun, as suggested, at Cheesman's Head. At present the advance made is nearly imperceptible, and it will of necessity proceed but slowly. The work can only be carried on in tolerably fair weather at any time; while the difficulties will continually increase as it advances into deep water. The outer wall will have to be built in from seven to eight fathoms (or from 40 to 50 feet) of water; and that, too, in an open sea. It has been proposed to build this wall on shore, in iron caissons of 100 feet length each (or of other lengths, according to circumstances), and then to float out these separate portions, and sink them in the positions they are to occupy; a plan, it is thought, which will enable the work to be carried on much more rapidly, and at a far less expense, than by the use of the diving-bell. But the method of executing this part of the work will be eventually determined by the experience gained in constructing the part that is being carried out from the shore. The delays and injuries this part will be subjected to by the south-westerly gales, so prevalent on this coast, can only be understood by those who have had frequent opportunities of witnessing these gales. Of the tremendous force of the heavy seas, an idea may be formed by the statement of the superintendent of the works at Plymouth Breakwater, that, during a storm, stones of ten and even fifteen tons weight, have been forced out of the buttress at from four to eight feet below low-water mark, and carried over the top of the breakwater; a distance, altogether, of from fifty to sixty yards.

It is intended to form the harbour by a breakwater, which shall run out for rather more than a quarter of a mile from Cheesman's Head—a slightly-projecting point of land near the railway-terminus—and enclose the bay to about half a mile beyond the pier, called Smith's Folly. The greatest width of the harbour, from the beach to the western entrance, will be nearly three-quarters of a mile; the length from east to west, will be about a mile and a quarter. It will afford anchorage for above 200 ships.

Folkestone.

The coastway from Dover to Folkestone runs along the summit of a range of lofty chalk cliffs. You take the road past the Artillery Barracks, and speedily mount the Shakspere Cliff, whose form the most entire stranger cannot fail at once to recognize as a familiar object,—so multifarious are the representations of it that have been published in every shape, and drawn in every sketch-book and album. Shakspere's lines, descriptive of the

> "Cliff whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully in the confined deep,"

are also familiar to everybody.

The high and bending head of the cliff no longer looks fearfully into the confined deep; but then we know that from the earliest mention of it down to last winter, its altitude has been constantly diminishing, and the outline has been inclining from the sea, owing to the continual falling of large portions from the brow, while the slope of the hill is inland.

The seven miles along the cliffs between Dover and Folkestone afford a succession of views of exceeding beauty, and many of much grandeur. The sea stretches far away on either side—borrowing from the sky and the air ever new beauty and variety. The French coast lies cloud-like on the horizon before you. The town you have just left is continually assuming a sort of poetic haziness as it shrinks back among the recesses of the enfolding hills, while the castle appears more and more to raise itself aloft. The town you are approaching, on the other hand, as it becomes more and more visible, helps to give a more marked character to the landscape in front, and forms the centre of a score of various landscapes, to which the bay beyond, guarded by the long range of martello towers, affords a picturesque completion. (Cut, No. 6.) As you pass along, the giant works of the South-Eastern Railway — a triumph here of engineering skill — curiously break the uniformity of the cliffs;—now running into the heart of one huge mass, and presently emerging from another—now passing over a viaduct of complex structure, and then along the bottom of a deep cutting. For part of the way there extends a considerable undercliff—like the more celebrated one in the Isle of Wight—which has doubtless been formed by an enormous "slip" from the heights above. On approaching Folkestone the appearance is singularly chaotic, the undercliff mingling with the debris of lime works, of railway cuttings, and of the heavings of the hills themselves in strange confusion. At East Wear Bay, close upon Folkestone, the cliffs decline so as to allow of easy ascent from the beach, and here are placed three martello towers so as to effectually sweep the bay. These are the first of this kind of battery we have met with; but as the remainder of the coast is chiefly defended by them, we shall find plenty of opportunities to notice them more particularly.

Folkestone is an ancient town. It was a Roman station; the Saxons had a monastery and a castle there—in the former of which a real saint, the holy Eanswith, dwelt, and after death worked many miracles. After the Conquest, both castle and priory were rebuilt and enlarged. Like other coast towns, Folkestone suffered from the facilities it afforded for sudden approach and plunder. In its early days it was ravaged by the Danes; in its later by the French. Its strongest enemy, however, was the sea, which is said to have made continual attacks upon it. The original site of Folkestone is believed to be now covered by the waves. The Castle Cliff appears to have been

* This is a long extract; but it explains the general subject so forcibly, that we thought it unadvisable to abridge it, especially as it is from a bulky volume, and one likely to be referred to by few of our readers.

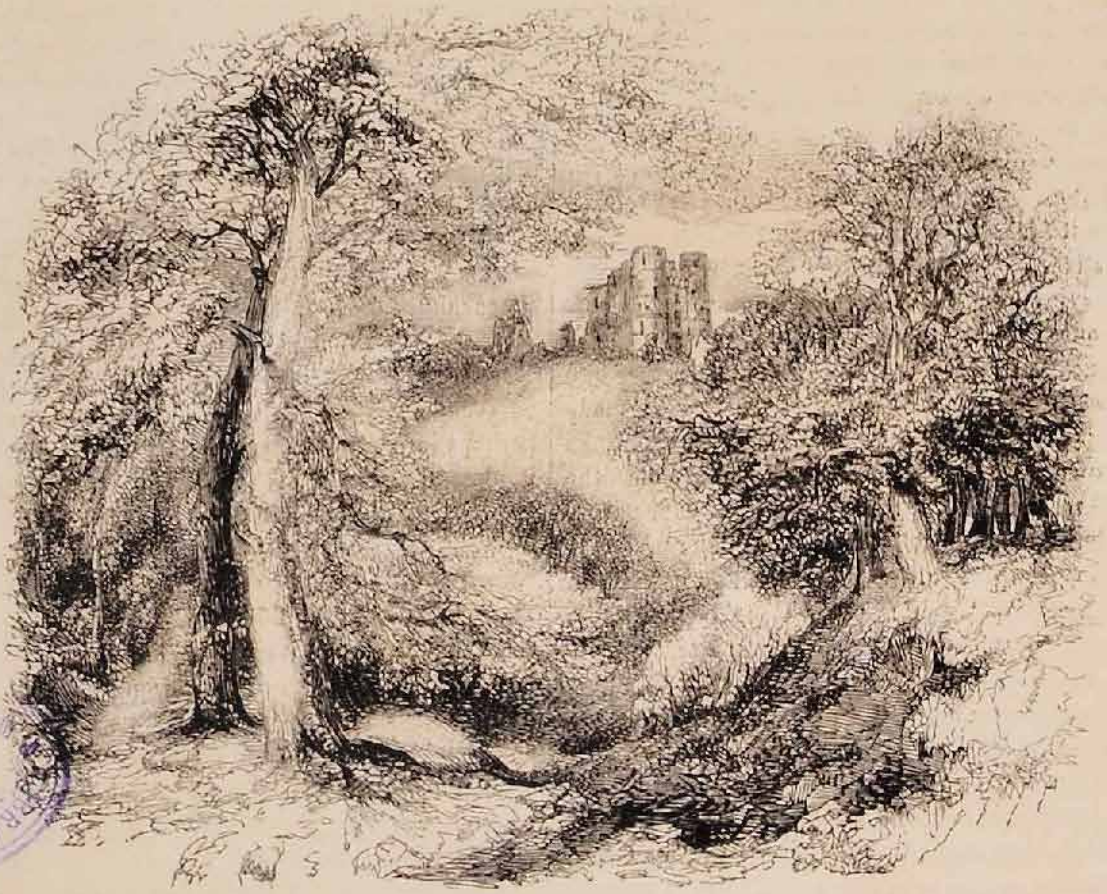
nearly all washed away in the reign of Henry VIII. Leland says, "The Castle yard hath been a place of great burial; insomuch as when the sea hath waren on the bank, bones appear half sticking out." And he informs us that "in the Castle yard, hard upon the shore, be great ruins of a solemn old nunnery." No remains of the Castle, or solemn old nunneries remain now, unless it be a shapeless fragment or two built up in some walls. Of the several churches, which we are told on somewhat apocryphal authority it once possessed, the large but not very handsome one on the top of the hill alone is standing.

It seems to have been the custom when the sea made a sudden onslaught, to beat the town drum and turn out the townsmen to the rescue: for among the corporation records, we find one of a resolution, passed in full assembly, 1635, that every householder who does not at the beating of the drum, or other sufficient notice, repair to the harbour, provided with a shovel or other meet tool for the clearing, scouring, and expulsing of the beach, and then and there bestow his best endeavours for so long a time as the mayor shall deem fitting, shall for each default be fined the sum of six pence.

But the sea was too strong for them, and, 'expulse' the shingle as they might at a general muster, it continued steadily to gain ground, till the harbour eventually became of small service. The only ostensible trade at Folkestone in the last century was that connected with fishing—but it had a large additional traffic, and was really a flourishing place. When smuggling was by various means suppressed, the town at once fell into decay. By the aid of a government grant a new harbour was constructed some thirty years ago, but it was not very successful at first, and it gradually declined. Dirty smuggling old Folkestone seemed quite worn out and fast dropping into a comatose condition, when suddenly its neighbours were startled by seeing it galvanized into liveliness, and put on a youthful jaunty air. The directors of the South-Eastern Railway Company, on account of some disagreement with the commissioners of Dover Harbour, determined to convert Folkestone into a leading station for continental steamers, and render the inodorous old fishing-town a fashionable resort. They set about their task in earnest and were successful—for a time. Folkestone was as yet the southern terminus of the railway. The directors purchased the harbour, and, under the vigorous management of the railway engineers, the useless affair was made very serviceable. Swift steam-packets were soon in daily passage to and from Boulogne; and Folkestone thronged every day with well-dressed crowds. The railway authorities have done all they could to maintain the sudden activity. A complete custom-house establishment has been provided; warehouses have been erected; and now the railway is carried right across the harbour to its seaward side. Moreover, the company built an hotel on a scale that was intended to cast into the shade every other along this part of the coast. If all has not quite "realized our most sanguine anticipations,"—as railway-kings are wont to say—yet the success has been very great. As far as the town itself is concerned, however, there are symptoms which seem to indicate that *its* efforts were spasmodic. New streets are seen that don't seem likely to grow into old ones. Large new 'hotels,' whose doors have ceased to open to 'families,' or '*étrangeres*.' New shops with shutters fast closed, or that dismallest of phthisical signs, a few cakes and apples spread out behind wide glass panes set in a smart mahogany frame-work. And whether a serviceable harbour can be maintained here remains to be seen. It is a tidal harbour of 14 acres area, and perhaps is sufficiently under engineering control; but it already shows something like a determination to silt up. Then the continual tendency of the shingle to form a bar at the mouth of the harbour has to be overcome; and, to do so even temporarily, it has been found necessary to employ 200 men at a time. A groin has been run out from the westward for the purpose of arresting the progress of the shingle, but it is not likely to do so for many years. Still, as the difficulties are so well known, it is probable that sufficient means may be found of providing against them; and we hope modern science will be found more efficient than the old corporation muster.

Like Dover, old Folkestone seems to owe its form to the pressure of circumstances. Dover looks as though it had been built in the valley around its haven, and then, as the water kept receding, to have steadily followed it; still continuing to encompass with a reproachful sort of tenderness, the harbour that was shrinking from its embraces. Folkestone, on the other hand, originally settled quietly by the shore, looks as though it had scrambled away from its advancing foe, up the side of the steep hill, to take refuge under the shadow of the church on its summit. At any rate the old town is an odd, sideling, indescribable sort of a place. The rough rugged streets run crookedly up a sharp hill, dirty, narrow, and awkward; while, on either side of them, you see ever and anon a steep and lofty flight of steps, running up or down into another street or passage. The names of the streets too, show, on the part of the sponsors, a singularly curious unconsciousness of the meaning of words. There is a High-street, for example, pushed quite out of the way: and a Broad-street, whose narrowness is literally oppressive. Johnson recommended Boswell to 'explore Wapping:' we can safely recommend the visitor to explore Folkestone. The *voyageur* who only goes through a corner of it as he passes from the station to the pier, is able to form no notion of its real character; it must be explored,—fish-quarter and all.

We have said little of the history of the town, and are not going to say more; but it would be unfair not to notice a little bit of rhyme which good queen Bess graciously improvisatised at Folkestone (at least, if the local historians may be trusted): we do not vouch for the authenticity of the lines. It is certain, however, that the queen was here in 1573; and it is related that



7.—SALTWOOD CASTLE.

she was received by the mayor in state. His worship being, according to ancient custom, seated upon a three-legged stool, addressed her Majesty in form following, videlicet:

"Most gracious queen,
Welcome to Folkesteen."

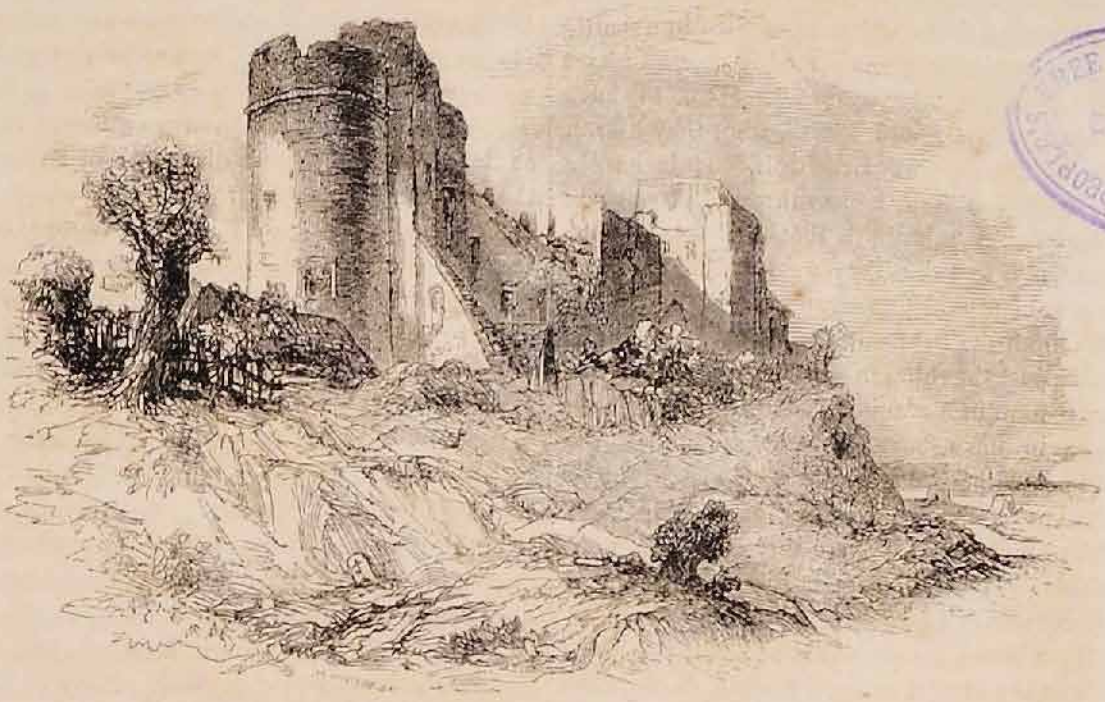
Whereunto her Majesty was pleased incontinently to reply:

"Most gracious fool,
Get off that stool."

We will only add, that Folkestone was the birth-place of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Among the new things that have sprung up in Folkestone within the last two or three years, has been a literary institution, to which the name of 'The Harveian Institution' has been given; and within the last month or two, there has been a proposal started by some of the inhabitants to erect a statue here in memory of their great townsman; but the deed is not to be wholly Folkestonian, for we see by the county newspapers, that all Kent is asked to contribute.

Sandgate: Hythe.

Passing through the churchyard, we come upon a footpath that runs along the very edge of the cliff, all the way to Sandgate, and affords a pleasant breezy walk, with a broad, open sea prospect. The coach-road lies at the foot of the cliff. A stranger will hardly be tempted to linger at Sandgate, by the clean, quiet, rather prim look of its one street; but visitors who resort to it in the bathing season find it a healthy little watering-place; and there are some very agreeable walks in its vicinity. Some of the houses about the hills have very extensive views. There is at Sandgate one of the castles, which were built in 1539 for the defence of this coast. When the coast was again fortified, in 1804, and following years, the castle at Sandgate was repaired and converted into a circular redoubt, with a large martello tower, mounting three guns, in the centre. In all, it was mounted with thirteen 24-pounders. Sandgate was at the same time made one of the military centres for the coast defences. A large encampment was formed on the heights, where, afterwards, extensive barracks were erected for artillery and infantry. Six martello towers were also built along the ridge of the cliffs; and the military canal was formed from Sandgate to Appledore. This canal commences by the road just outside Sandgate, and is carried in traverses (or in a zig-zag manner) along the edge of Romney Marsh, a distance of thirty miles, till it unites with the Rother, a few miles above Rye. The canal is from 60 to 70 feet wide, and about 9 feet deep. It is protected at the head by a battery; at each of the angles, which are about one-third of a mile apart, the embankment is pierced for heavy cannon, and station-houses for artillerymen were erected at certain intervals. The guns, however, were never mounted; nor was the canal ever completed as a military work: it has for some years been used for the conveyance of goods, but the traffic on it is inconsiderable.



8.—LYMPNE CASTLE.

Hythe, three miles beyond Sandgate, was once a seaport town, though now above half a mile distant from the sea. It was then a far more extensive place than it now is, having, according to Leland, "contained a fair abbey, and four parish churches that be now destroyed." It is by some said to have extended as far as West Hythe, which is now above two miles to the westward; but the more probable opinion is, that East Hythe, as it used to be called by way of distinction, grew up as West Hythe decayed, owing to the recession of the sea; in the same manner as West Hythe is believed to have arisen from the loss of the haven of Lympne, some miles further inland. Hythe was at an early date a place of importance, as is shown by its having been one of the original Cinque Ports. Its history is like that of other towns we have visited, and have yet to visit, along this coast, one of plunder by foes, and of change and decay from alterations in the land and ocean. The most remarkable circumstance is the contemplated abandonment of it, in the reign of Henry IV., owing to a combination of misfortunes—the loss of five ships and a hundred men at sea; the destruction of two hundred houses by fire; the death of a large proportion of its inhabitants by pestilence; and the decay of its haven. The king, however, relieved them from their liabilities, as one of the Ports, and granted to them several favours, in order to induce them to remain. The measures taken at this time for the restoration of the town appear to have been successful.

The present town, which consists of one principal street and some smaller ones diverging from it, lies at the base of a steep hill, on the summit of which the church is seated. But it is supposed that formerly a good part of the town stood on the hill, where considerable traces of streets are easily discernible. Hythe has the appearance of a quiet and not unprosperous country town, of rather moderate size. It has accommodated itself to the changes that have occurred, and has so gradually contracted its dimensions, as to display no very evident signs of decay. It has the usual official buildings of a corporate town, and it has also a few old houses; but the only building of any general interest is the church, and that should be seen. Externally it is a massive, irregular pile; its heavy form rendered heavier by the huge buttresses with which it is strengthened. It has been built at several different periods: parts of it are Norman, while the chancel is early English; and some additions have been made at much later times. The chancel is by far the most interesting part of the building; indeed, it is, both inside and out, of very unusual beauty. Externally, the end of it, with the five graceful lancet windows, is especially worthy of notice; and not less the pleasing play of light and shadow, and of line, that is produced by the bold form of the buttresses as seen in connection with the entire gable. The interior is very striking: the lofty clusters of slender Sussex marble pillars which support the roof, and the handsome window, have a very fine effect. Other parts also deserve notice; but we must not run into details. Under the chancel is a remarkably fine groined crypt, admirably designed, and well finished. For its own sake it ought to be seen, as such crypts are far from common; but it is usually visited

for a very different reason. It contains an enormous quantity of human bones, piled up with great regularity, and preserved with much care. They were, it is said, collected from the sea-shore, and are by some thought to be the remains of Britons and Saxons slain in a battle fought on the beach, in the time of Vortimer, about the year 546; while others suppose them to have belonged to the Saxons and Danes, who, they affirm, fought there in the days of Ethelwolf. It is hardly worth while disputing about two or three hundred years in such a matter: enough for us that they are above a thousand years old, and that they were of warlike race. The skulls are in capital preservation, and as white as though fresh from the hands of the curator of Guy's. They would be just the thing to win the heart and stimulate the imagination of a craniologist. Here are skulls thick enough to have borne, one would think, the hammer of Thor without damage; there are others that might have been brained by a fan. Some of them are large enough to lead one to believe there were giants in the land in those days, while some might have belonged to a dancing-master. There seems to be no reason to doubt that these bones are very ancient; and the holes and fractures in the skulls, evidently made during life, —in many instances by a sharp-pointed instrument, like a pick,—prove plainly enough that they belonged to those who came to a violent death.

Saltwood Castle, Lympne, etc.

Before renewing our journey along the coast, we must stroll a little way inland. It is but a short way that we propose to go, but it is seldom that so much of general interest can be met with in the like distance. Ascending the hill by Hythe church, a walk of about a mile northward brings us to the ruins of Saltwood Castle; but it will be best not to go the most direct road to them. The castle stands on the brow of a hill that overlooks a narrow valley, along which a little brook runs down into Hythe. The path which leads up this valley, though somewhat the farthest, is much the better way; but you need not pursue it all the way from Hythe. You can easily drop into it at almost any point from the hill. The valley itself is very beautiful; noble trees afford a pleasant shade, and make, with the peeps of distance, and patches of blue sky which are seen between them, many a charming picture. But, just at a turn of this valley, you get a view of the castle, set in a frame of richest foliage, so glorious, that the memory will not willingly let it pass away. (Cut, No. 7.) Saltwood Castle belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury till the reign of Henry VIII., when Cranmer surrendered it to the king, or exchanged it for other lands. The outer walls enclosed an area of about three acres. Part of the walls are standing, as are also fragments of towers which defended them, but these are in a very ruinous condition. Within the walls are some remains of a hall, a chapel, and other apartments. But the most perfect relic is the Gate House, which was erected by Archbishop Courtney, in 1381. It is very lofty, with round towers at the angles, and has battlements and machicolations. The arms of the archbishop are sculptured over the doorway. The Castle is placed on very elevated ground, and the view from the top of the Gate House reaches inland over a wide extent of splendid scenery, and over the sea, as far as the French coast. The Gate House is as handsome a pile close at hand as it appeared to be at a distance: of its time and style there are not many finer left. It is now occupied as a farmhouse. The grey massive fragments of towers and walls, with the ivy that climbs so luxuriantly over them, are also very picturesque when regarded as near objects.

From Saltwood Castle you may pass (after a glance at the church and village) by a succession of right pleasant field paths, to Lympne, where are some more architectural relics to examine, and some more noble prospects to be gazed over. But these prospects have something more than their mere beauty to render them interesting. This little gathering of houses along the hill top derives its name of Lympne, or Lymne, from its marking the site of the Roman Lemanæ, and the green meadow below is their Portus Lemanianus. Wonderful have been the changes here since Roman ships came to anchor under the cliffs on which we are standing. Now, at the nearest point the sea is more than two miles distant; but, on casting the eye around, it is soon seen that the change had commenced long before the Romans knew this spot. The hills that from Hythe have boldly swept away from the sea, we perceive, preserve all along a cliff-like steepness on the seaward side; and they continue their cliff-like character till they bear round again, some miles to the westward of us, so as to form a noble inland bay. And this, doubtless, it has been. Against these hills the waves once beat, and the low level tract that now stretches between them and the sea was covered by the waters. Now this tract—the well-known Romney Marsh—reaches in unbroken flatness a length of some fifteen miles, and a width of seven at the centre of the bay. Not within the compass of English history has this tract been much other than it now is; many an old town and village is scattered along it, and testifies to its having been firm land these 800 or 900 years; but we have ample evidence that during that time the sea has receded here, and we have evidence also that it continues to recede.

The building on the edge of this hill, popularly called Lympne Castle, is a castellated mansion of the fifteenth century. Though not a castle, it is strong enough to be one. Its massive form is very striking as a whole, and it has many good architectural features. The porch entrance on the northern side may be pointed out as one. It was originally a residence of the archdeacons of Canterbury: it is now a farm-house. Closely connected with the archdeacon's house is Lympne Church, a huge, heavy structure; very plain, but impressive, on account of its massiveness. It appears to have been constructed with the resolution

that it should defy all storms. It was once much larger than it now is. Lympne Church and Castle, as seen together on the brow of the steep hill, have a very grand appearance. (Cut, No. 8.)

These buildings, as will be seen, have no connection with the ancient Lemanæ; though, from the former size of the church, we may infer that, in the Norman era, the place retained some of its ancient consequence. But there are relics that testify palpably to the abode here of that people who seem to have stamped almost indelibly their impress upon every spot they sojourned on. The Roman road that connected this place with Canterbury is to be easily traced, and in parts remains in something like a sound state: it is yet called Stone-street. Of the various articles that are generally known as 'Roman remains,' many specimens are still found, as we shall presently show they used to be found three centuries ago. But the chief memorial is a Roman building of large size, that stands in a meadow at the base, and partly on the slope of the hill, which has Lympne Church and Castle on its summit. This time-honoured pile, which is known as Studfall Castle, is now terribly dilapidated. When Leland examined it about 1540, it was in a much more complete state; we therefore shall quote the careful old antiquary's account of it: it will be seen that he mistakes it for a British edifice, but that is of little consequence; we need hardly say that the Britons were not adepts enough in architecture to raise such a building, and we have already pointed out that the large bricks he mentions are Roman. He says: "There remaineth at this day the ruins of a strong fortress of the Britons, hanging on the hill, and coming down to the very foot. The compass of the fortress seemeth to be a ten acres, and belike it had some wall beside that stretched up to the very top of the hill, where now is the parish church, and the archdeacon's house of Canterbury. The old walls of Britons' bricks, very large, and great flint set together almost indissolubly, with mortar made of small pebble. The walls be very thick, and in the west end of the Castle appeareth the base of an old tower. About this Castle, in time out of mind, were found antiquities of many of the Romans."

Close by, on the northern bank of the Military Canal, is another historical ruin, almost as mere a fragment as that we have just been looking at, but of a very different kind. This is Court-à-street Chapel, famous as the place wherein Elizabeth Barton, 'the Holy Maid of Kent,' affirmed that she held intercourse with spiritual beings. The strange extent to which the delusion spread, and the many eminent persons who became involved in the terrible consequences attendant upon its being converted into a political measure, as well as the miserable fate of the unfortunate woman, are known to every one who has looked ever so carelessly into English history.

There are still other architectural remains within a short distance, but we will not seek after them. From Court-à-street Chapel we may return alongside the canal to Hythe, which is only about four miles distant. After proceeding for a mile, the ruined gable of another house of prayer will be seen in an out-of-the-way spot on one side of a narrow, rude lane, on the left hand of the canal. This is part of West Hythe Chapel, and is the only vestige left of Old Hythe, for not a house remains even to mark its site, unless it be the wretched hovel a little way from the chapel. The ruin is a mere fragment, yet it retains marks of ancient work. Its masonry shows it to have been of late Norman date; and probably it was erected just as the old town was sinking into a village. It is now in a shocking state of dirty desecration.

Romney Marsh: Romney.

On leaving Hythe we enter upon a bleak and dreary region:—flat, sandy, and, as Johnson said of some such a place, "naked of all vegetable decoration." Till we reach the Dymchurch Wall—which, however, is not above four miles off—the view, even of the sea, is shut out by the bank, and the eye can only rest upon the barrenness around, or note the painful efforts of a few stunted trees to draw a starveling existence from the sand and shingle.

When looking from the ridge of Lympne Hill, we were able to see where had been a magnificent bay within a geologically recent, though uncertain, period. Here we may readily make out the bounds of a small bay or haven that has existed within the reach of history. It has the general crescent-like form of a shallow bay; the extreme points being Shorn Cliff, between Sandgate and Hythe, and the spot where the Romney road first touches Dymchurch Wall; and it extends back to the hill. The chord of this crescent is rather under four miles. The whole space included between these points is sand and shingle beach, just such as would be produced by the silting-up of a harbour. Close under the hills alone, where it was first left by the receding sea, has any useful vegetation secured a hold; while southward of the Military Canal, only the hard dry grasses, and a few patches of furze, have here and there won a place as precursors of future fertility. This tract points out distinctly enough the site and the form of the Portus Lemanianus, though very likely its area was much more limited than the outline we have indicated.

At the extremity of this barren region we come upon a tract as low and flat, and, doubtless, once as barren, but now no less remarkably fertile. Let us mount Dymchurch Wall and look over this district. Very strange to one accustomed to the undulations of a hilly country is the appearance of Romney Marsh. Far away as the eye can reach, nearly, is a uniform level surface, of the richest verdure. No hedges break its continuity, and only about a scattered homestead, or where a few roofs and a church-tower point out a little village, are any trees seen. Neither waving corn-fields nor dusky fallows anywhere vary the prospect. The whole extent is laid down as pasture-ground; broad trenches serve at once to drain and to

divide it; and the sheep and cattle that are grazing upon it are the only objects that relieve the attention. Yet, for a while at least, its novelty renders it rather pleasing. Drayton, in the 18th song of the 'Polyolbion,' shows us how it appeared to a poetic eye some two centuries ago. The description is a fanciful one, but deserves quotation on other accounts than its poetic merit. As is his manner, he has personified the Marsh, which he represents as a lady anxious, by a display of her wealth, to beguile 'Rother' from the fair one to whom he has attached himself. He introduces her,

"Appearing to the flood most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot in gaudy summer's green.
Her mantle richly wrought with sundry flowers and weeds;
Her moistful temples bound with wreaths of quivering reeds. . . .
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling pleat,
Embossed with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the grass, there lie awhile to batten;
Some sent away to kill, some thither brought to fatten,
With villages amongst, oft powther'd here and there," &c.

This may be taken as the fairer view of the dame; but we have another representation. For 'Oxney,' fearing lest the rich garments of her rival might allure her lover, takes upon her to inform him, that, though very fair to the eye, she is not so good as she ought to be, and insinuates that she encourages the rather too frequent visits of the wanton sea-gods; and concludes by a hint, that her naughty ways may be guessed at by her breath, which is none of the sweetest, declaring that,

"Though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
Yet from her there proceeds unwholesome putrid air."

The state of the Marsh in Drayton's day is evident from this passage. It is much improved now. The sea-gods no longer there "lie wallowing every day." Wherever there is the smallest danger from inundation, strong sea-walls have been erected, and there is not a tidal stream in the whole Marsh. The embankment and drainage of the Marsh are under the management of a commission, which imposes a tax upon all holders of Marsh-land for the maintenance of the works. Agues, and other diseases incident to marshes, were formerly very prevalent; but though they, to a certain extent, prevail still, it is in a milder form. The whole surface, as we have observed, is drained by broad trenches, or dykes, (*dicks* they are called by the Marsh-men,) which communicate with the sea, at certain points, by sluices cut through the embankments, and are therefore under perfect control. As the water is wanted for the cattle, it is necessary for their sake, as well as for the health of the inhabitants, that they should be frequently cleansed; and the whole being under the superintendance of officers appointed for the purpose, the work is well done. Romney Marsh (including, under that name, Guildford Level, which is a part of it, though bearing a different title,) contains an area of about 44,000 acres. The grass is rich, and abundant hay-crops are yearly stored. But the great wealth of the land consists in its fitness for the rapid fattening of sheep. Cattle and horses, which appear to have been a principal object of care when Drayton wrote, are now of but minor consequence. The sheep are still large, but they are a greatly improved breed, and very profitable. Vast numbers of them are kept on the Marsh.

Of the embankments constructed along the Marsh, the most remarkable is this Dymchurch Wall, about which we have been lingering so long. It is a huge embankment of earth, with a facing of loose stones on the seaward side. It is above three miles in length; the perpendicular height above the marshes is from fifteen to twenty feet; its width on the top varies from fifteen to thirty feet, while, at the base, its thickness is very much increased, the slope being considerable, especially on the seaward side. Groins are carried out in places to protect it, and, as we mentioned, sluices are cut through it for the passage of the Marsh water.

The little village of Dymchurch is a straggling collection of houses—two or three of good size and well-built, but most small and mean; with a heavy-looking church—like so many others along this coast—of Normandate. The shore from Hythe to Dymchurch, a distance of about six miles, is strongly fortified; there being a line of fifteen martello towers and four redoubts. Beyond Dymchurch, the batteries are much wider apart. The pedestrian, while he keeps along the top of the wall, will not complain of the monotony of the Marsh, since he has the ever-varying sea on his other hand, to which he can at any time turn, and repel any approach of weariness. But when he descends to the road, at the termination of the wall, he will have no such resource; for a series of sand hillocks commence there, and continue between him and the sea as far as the mouth of the deserted Romney haven. He will hasten, if he be a stranger here, towards the town, whose lofty church-tower has for some time been a landmark to him, in the full anticipation that there, at least, he shall find something to repay his attention.

He will be disappointed, however. New Romney has nothing in it but the church to repay the attention of any one. It belongs to the dullest class of dull country towns. The long street has a market-house, and one or two corporation buildings; but they are of little mark, and the houses are generally smooth-fronted, red-brick ones, of the plainest kind; and, though it contains a 'commercial inn,' it has a most uncommercial appearance. The street is empty of people and empty of carts. It has not even the ancient sign of urban prosperity: "old men and old women" are not "in the streets of it;" nor is it "full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."

Yet it was a busy town once—for though its name be *New* Romney, it is some eight hundred years old. Then it was one of the five chief ports on the south-east coast. It owes its name of New Romney to its having succeeded to an older Romney, some distance inland, which had been deserted by the sea. New Romney appears to have been one of the original

Cinque Ports. At the Conquest it was a very prosperous place. In its time of highest glory it is said to have been divided into twelve wards; and to have contained five parish churches, a priory, and some other religious establishments. Its haven was formed by the estuary of the Rother, but in the reign of Edward I. it became stopped up, and the river forsook its ancient bed, and carved out for itself another channel to the sea. The harbour filled with beach, and the town went rapidly to decay. Yet the memory, at least, of ancient consequence remained to our own day. Not only had it mayor, and barons, and jurats, with all their attendant insignia and paraphernalia, but it also sent two representatives to the Imperial Parliament. But, alas! Parliamentary Reform Bills swept away both its members, and by Municipal Reform it was shorn of the better part of its corporate splendour; and now it lies low in the dust, with only the recollection of its ancient wealth and beauty to comfort it.

Romney Church is a very handsome pile. It was probably erected towards the end of the twelfth century, when the town was in its most flourishing condition, and it must, in its perfect state, have been a very splendid and costly structure. The tower is one of the very finest and richest examples, in these parts, of the later Norman architecture. The interior is also very admirable, though it has suffered more than the tower from the rough hand of Time. It has been recently repaired, and partly restored. It must not, from what we have said, be supposed, that Romney has only one street:—that we spoke of is the principal street, but there are several minor ones, which have a few old houses about them. But we have staid long enough at New Romney.

Old Romney lies nearly two miles to the westward of its descendant. It is now a collection of about half-a-dozen straggling houses, sheltered by trees—and having an old church in the midst of them, with a yew-tree of patriarchal age and size close by it:—a cheerful, pleasant-looking spot lying where it does in the wide flat marsh. About a mile-and-a-half south-east of Old Romney, and about midway between it and Lydd, you see the gable of Mydley Chapel, a mere bare wall, but the more desolate in appearance from standing there on the bare marsh, without a house or a tree within three-quarters of a mile of it.

Lydd.

Why Lydd was placed where we find it, seems, at first sight, rather difficult to guess. It lies in a broad open plain, far out of the way of any line of road; some three or four miles from the sea; and just on the margin of a strange wild tract of bare shingle. Exactly what the place was intended for is another problem, which requires some consideration before attempting its solution. Its appearance is that of a number of streets and odd houses, flung down at random among green fields. There is a principal street, that runs in a not very devious line from one broad common to another broad common; there are others, that run hither and thither, no one can tell where or wherefore. The houses, especially the older ones, are such as a man above Tom Thumb's stature must stoop to enter, though—except a few of the tarry-at-home women, who seem to have adapted their growth to the height of their doorways—the people are a stalwart race.

This appears to be a part of the coast from which the sea has receded most rapidly, and Lydd was no doubt once within a not inconvenient distance from the shore. It was early made a corporate member of the Cinque Port of Romney, and was governed by mayor, and jurats, and barons. Within any moderate period it does not appear to have had any legitimate trade, except that of fishing. Yet, until lately, it has been a populous place, and there used to be no complaint of its poverty. Though in so entirely sequestered a situation, it still has a larger population than Romney; but now, little can be said of its affluence. The truth is, Lydd was a nest of smugglers. The coast was a most convenient one for landing goods, and the Marsh, especially towards Rye, afforded, to those acquainted with it, the greatest facilities for carrying off the lading. The traffic was constant, and conducted in the most systematic and business-like manner. All here were in some way concerned in the trade, not to speak of those who had a share in the venture. When a boat was expected, half the able men in the place would turn out. An old hand at it—one, whose house on the Marsh was for half a century a place of rendezvous, but who has mended his ways, though he sometimes looks back after the brandy-tubs of 'Bullen,' and is ready to murmur,—assures us that he had frequently two hundred or more out at a time 'arter tubs.' The temptation to turn out was considerable; for, besides the excitement of the thing, the payment to each man was seven shillings if they 'worked a boat,' *i. e.*, succeeded in getting the cargo ashore; and three shillings and sixpence if they did not: and they were often able to land two boat-loads in a night. While this was the rate of payment, there would be little difficulty in finding willing hands. But, when the government adopted more vigorous measures for the suppression of smuggling, a great change came over the system. The agents had to run greater risks, and adopt bolder measures. The men employed of a night were obliged to be provided with heavy clubs (or 'bats,' whence they were called 'batsmen,') and sometimes a gang of batsmen were hired, to guard those who landed and carried the cargo. Desperate fights often occurred with the 'Blockade;' and at length, fire-arms came to be commonly carried, and were sometimes used. The smugglers became a more reckless and brutalized race. Their skill and boldness degenerated into ferocity and cunning; and they no longer maintained the old feeling of honour and honesty among themselves. The owners of the goods often got cheated, and often informed against; and at length, all who had capital to lose became convinced that, with the greatly increased watchfulness and consequent risk on the one hand,

and the absence of trustworthiness on the other—as well as the increased charge and diminished profits—the trade was no longer a safe or a profitable one. The men of Lydd, meanwhile, who, whether as dealers, or helpers, or mere participants in the general prosperity, looked to smuggling for their subsistence, had fallen into expensive and irregular habits, and few having been careful of their gains, they became for the greater part reduced to comparative indigence. The old smugglers have, ere this, mostly died off, but some are lingering on through an old age of hopeless poverty; while, it is to be feared, an ill legacy remains to their successors. Smuggling is not wholly suppressed here,—but only to a slight extent and on a small scale is it carried on; but the town is ruined.

Yet now, in its decayed state, out of the world as it were, this old town has some attractions for those who like to tread sometimes a little aside from the high road of life. To the diligent observer, old habits would unfold themselves, quaint characters might be found, queer old stories might be picked up, and some novel ways of life might perhaps be witnessed. The houses and cottages about the skirts of the town have a crazy picturesqueness, that sometimes relishes of those in old Dutch or Flemish etchings. There is plenteous *materiel* for the essay writer.

The Church, we need hardly say, will be examined by the visitor. Any one who has been on Romney Marsh will have noticed the tall tower of Lydd Church, with the pinnacles at its angles. It is a landmark for miles, in every direction. You may see it even, from the streets of Rye. This church belonged to the Monks of Tintern Abbey, on the Wye, till the suppression of monasteries. It is of what is called the perpendicular style. The tower is the handsomest part. Quite recently, the interior of the tower has had the whitewash and plaster scrubbed off it, and now shows something of its original character. A high-groined roof is supported by very tall and slender pillars, of the dark Sussex marble, and, as the design is a very good one, the effect of the black pillars is excellent. Much must not be said for the body of the church, but it is very large, and has a good deal that will be found interesting to one who has time to examine it in detail. It has been strangely disfigured by pewings, and patchings, and plasterings. There are some brasses and monuments worth noticing. One of the latter is of a cross-legged knight, in chain armour. This statue, like most of these statues, has had its nose knocked off, and been otherwise damaged; and, by way of making it look decent, it has been—not whitewashed — but — blackleaded! We say it has been, for it is just possible that the good clerk, who seemed to be rather dismayed at our irreverent laughter at the blackening of this knight of the rueful countenance, may have taken the matter to heart, and tried how whitening it would look.

This clerk, by the way, will show the church, and we are glad to recommend him to the visitor. He is a lively, obliging sort of a person, well informed as to the history and contents of the church, and will be found deserving of the stranger's shilling (or half-crown, if he prefers it). But if you want to secure his services, you must call upon him at the right time; for, like his betters, —— —— is a bit of a pluralist, and, unlike some of them, does duty in many places. Not only does he assist at naming, and wiving, and burying his neighbours,—intone the responses, and add a strong tenor to the psalmody, but he is also postmaster and postman of the good town and corporation; moreover, he carries the letter-bags, (and parcels too, when he can find any to carry,) twice a-day to Romney and back on foot;—and finally, fills up his spare hours by making or mending the "coriaceous integuments" of his fellow-citizens; by all which means, with the help of good management and a cheerful temper, he is able to fledge a well-filled quiver, and support a blind brother. This poor boy lost his sight during a long sickness, which also enfeebled him too much for labour; and, by way of ameliorating his condition, his friends procured for him some musical instruments. These he has taught himself to play a few tunes upon; and now, daily, does he take his place at the door of the little shop that is dignified as the Post-Office, somewhile before the postmaster is wont to depart on his afternoon journey. Three or four tunes on the cornet give notice to the town that the post-hour has arrived; and just as the church bell tells six, her Majesty's representative sallies forth in state, with his bags across his shoulder, and wends his way to the loyal and inspiriting melody of 'God save the Queen!'

Dungeness.

Lydd is an out-of-the-world place, but we are now to visit a far wilder spot—Dungeness (or as it used to be written, though not pronounced, Dengeness), a cape, or headland, of some six square miles, entirely covered with shingle. The only buildings on it are the lighthouse at its extremity, and the batteries, which are now occupied by the coast-guard. Very singular is the appearance of the land on passing from Lydd: flat dreary fields for the first two miles, when you come upon a couple of farm-houses, that seem placed where they stand in order to mark the confines of vegetation. No sooner have you passed through the gate, than you enter upon the loose shingle. Just here is a stagnant piece of boggy water, which the natives call 'The Colicker'—a name of pleasant sound and suggestion. Onwards all is a dry sterile waste of loose pebbles, ranged in wave-like furrows. When you reach the lighthouse, the wide bay on either side, and the unbounded ocean in front, with the many vessels of all sizes sprinkled over the whole space, produce a most powerful impression. It would amply repay the toil you have undergone, were there not also the gratification that arises from examining the very remarkable spot you are upon.

Dungeness is perhaps the most remarkable place of its kind that is known. It is a broad shingle waste,

extending over an area of above 4,000 acres, and stretching out to a point four miles into the sea. It has been formed, within a comparatively recent period, by the continual deposition of pebbles, and is still extending. Mr. Lyell, ('Prin. of Geol.' p. 302,) in noticing the great increase of land opposite Romney and Lydd, thus accounts for the increase:—"These additions of land are exactly opposite that part of the English Channel where the conflicting tide-waves from the north and south meet; for, as that from the north is the most powerful, they do not neutralize each other's force till they arrive at this distance from Dover. Here, therefore, some portions of the materials drifted from west to east along the shores of Sussex and Kent, find at length a resting-place." This may, to a great extent, account for the subsidence of silt along the edge of the marsh, but hardly explains the growth of this great bank of shingle. All observation along this coast tends to prove that the tide has no appreciable influence on shingle. Here, as elsewhere, the shingle advances with a permanent motion in a particular direction; but the motion is plainly caused by the action of the waves. The great movements of the shingle occur during gales, and the motion is in an easterly or westerly direction, according to the direction of the wind; but as westerly gales are by far the most frequent and the most violent in the Channel, the motion of the beach is permanently towards the east, along the whole of this coast. The quantity of shingle that is thrown up during a storm is almost incredible. Capt. Peat, R.N., the inspecting commander of the coast-guard on this station, informed the Harbour Commissioners that he had known 500 tons accumulate at the mouth of a harbour in one gale; and we are informed by officers stationed at this Ness, that forty or fifty yards have been thrown up here during a storm, and almost all scattered in a squall from the opposite point. But there is a remarkable permanent extension here. The old lighthouse stood in the centre of the Grand Redoubt, and when, owing to the extension of the point, the present lighthouse was built, it was (as an inscription inside it records) placed at a distance of exactly 100 yards from low-water mark. This was in 1792: in 1844, when a survey was made for the Harbour Commission, it was found to be 190 yards from low water; consequently, it had grown out ninety yards in fifty-two years. The Harbour Commissioners recommended that the ground should be measured periodically, and a register of the changes kept. This is now being done, and in time may throw some valuable light on the movement of shingle beaches. Since 1844, there have been a great many westerly gales, and the point has made an unusual advance. The permanent distance from the lighthouse to low-water mark now appears to be 230 yards. The growth of the point is eastward as well as outward; and when the present lighthouse shall have become useless or dangerous, as at no very distant period it must, it will be necessary to place the new one a good deal east of the present.

From this point stretching so far into the sea, and the shape of the coast on each side, Dungeness forms two noble bays; and as the anchorage is good, and there is shelter except from southerly winds, it is a much-frequented roadstead. As many as 300 sail have been counted riding in the East bay at one time. During the war it was chosen as the station for the fast cruisers that were on the watch for the privateers that were so troublesome in the Channel. Its convenient position for vessels navigating the Channel, its size, and the excellent holding-ground, led many of the most experienced mariners and pilots to urge the importance of converting it into a harbour of refuge; but the Commissioners, in their Report, observe—"Where nature presents so much accommodation and shelter, it will always be a matter for serious consideration whether it may not be well to be satisfied with what is already so good, and to give to other places of acknowledged importance in point of position, the artificial assistance they need, in order to render them available as places of secure anchorage." One of the Commissioners, however, Sir W. Symonds, dissented from the rest, and recommended Dungeness in preference to Dover, which he thought would be liable to silt up. The rise of tide, we may mention in passing, is higher at Dungeness than at any other place on the coast, "being twenty-one feet on springs, and fourteen feet on neaps."

The lighthouse is 110 feet high, and so substantial a structure that scarcely the slightest tremor is noticed by the keepers, even in the fiercest storm. The view from the top of it—whether we turn towards the vast stretch of sea, or inland, and look down upon the furrowed waste we have been examining, and the wide marsh beyond—is an extraordinary one. The lighthouse is illuminated by about twenty lamps, each placed in the centre of a powerful reflector, which diffuse a most brilliant, steady light. The whole interior of the building is in perfect order, and beautifully clean. The lighting apparatus is as bright and as perfect as though of but yesterday's erection. There are two keepers who sit up alternately half the night to watch the lights, and who are employed almost half the day in cleaning and trimming them. The seclusion in which these men and their families live is hardly conceivable. They seldom go across the shingle to Lydd, and they have little intercourse with the coast-guard—the only other dwellers on the Ness. Though within sight of the French coast, they did not hear of the late French revolution till nearly three weeks after it had happened!

Rye.

The walk through the Marsh from Lydd to Rye is of unalloyed dismalness. The path is tortuous, the country flat, the air redolent of ague. Yet it is endured by the natives, who live to be old upon it. We ventured to inquire of one, an old man of eighty, and who had lived here all his life, whether there was not a good deal of ague about this part of the Marsh?

"Why yes," he replied, "there be a terrible many down wi't just now." "Is it as bad as it used to be forty or fifty years ago?" "Bless your heart! people didn't have any trouble about ague then—that was my darter you seed just now; poor soul! she has it terrible bad—surely: now I never had any ague when I was her age." "And what made the difference, do you think?" "What made the difference? Why, I'd a drop o' brandy to go to when I felt it a comin' on!"

There is literally nothing to see between Lydd and Rye, and nothing along the coast to notice; the stranger, therefore, had better take any conveyance he can procure (if he can procure any) and get to the latter town with as little delay as possible. Rye would be a noticeable place wherever it might be, but standing where it does, just at the termination of the long flat marsh, it finds many a one who sees it ready to unite with the townsmen in styling it 'romantic.' Once it must have been eminently so. "The spot on which the town of Rye stands was originally an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides, and at all times, by the waters of the ocean, and unapproachable except by the aid of ships or boats." (Holloway, 'Hist. of Rye.') Its position now is very different. The rock, of course, still stands where it did, though somewhat diminished in size, and the town is yet on its summit and along its slopes—but the sea is two miles distant from it, and ships of small size can alone approach it, and only by means of a singularly tortuous and inconvenient channel. Yet even for this channel the town is indebted to a river which, during the first centuries of Rye's existence, flowed to the sea by a course that left Rye far away to the southward. The Rother, which now flows at the base of the hill on which Rye is built, and by its estuary forms the haven, till the reign of Edward I. entered the sea at Romney and formed Romney Harbour. We have mentioned this before when at Romney, but really, in looking round this coast, the changes that have occurred appear so strange, that it is only by dwelling a little on them in detail—though at the risk of repetition—that we come to understand them.

Rye was in existence at the time of Edward the Confessor, for he gave it and Winchelsea to the monks of Fécamp in Normandy, to whom it belonged till it was redeemed by Henry III., in 1246. It appears to have been added to the Cinque Ports, under the title of an 'Ancient Town,' as early as the reign of Henry II. Like the other towns along the coast it suffered heavily from its proximity to the shores of France. A petition addressed to Richard II., in 1378, entreats his majesty "to have consideration of the poor town of Rye, inasmuch as it has been several times taken" by the foe; and in consequence "is unable further to repair the walls, wherefore the town is, on the sea-side, open to enemies." And they remind the king of the double peril to which they are liable—for "at the last taking of the town, when the enemy had returned to France," the authorities of Rye were hanged and quartered for not having made a better defence! Wherefore, the present authorities, not exactly relishing the prospect before them, "pray your Most High Lordship for God's sake and as an act of charity," to grant them power to levy and apply certain fines for the purpose of building up the said ruinous walls. As we do not hear of any more mayors or barons suffering suspension, we may hope that they not only repaired their walls, but made a better defence behind them; for certainly the town was taken and plundered two or three times afterwards. But all these, and the ravages of pestilence, from which it also several times suffered, we pass over.

From the 13th to the 15th centuries its prosperity fluctuated considerably; in the 16th it began to show symptoms of declension from the loss of its harbour. "It is very difficult," Mr. Holloway observes, "not to say impossible, to point to the precise period when the sea first began to retire from the parts adjacent to the town of Rye." We need not follow the stages of its decay. So late as "the reign of Charles, a sixty-four-gun ship could ride in safety in the harbour, while now it will admit no vessel of more than 200 tons burden." In 1750, a shingle bar having formed at the mouth of the harbour, and nearly blocked it up, an attempt was made to cut a new channel to the sea. The work was continued till 1778, when, the authorities becoming convinced that it was a failure, it was abandoned and the old harbour again reverted to, and made navigable at high water. Very recently considerable alterations have been made in it: an embankment has been formed where the water used to spread out, and the channel has been made considerably narrower. We do not know whether it has answered the intention of the contrivers, but one of the consequences of thus confining the current has been, that just where the backwater meets the tide stream at the point above the coast-guard ship, a sand-bar is forming very rapidly; and, unless some measures be taken to remove it, will soon seriously impede the already troublesome navigation. At low water the harbour is nearly dry.

The appearance of the town from the ship at the mouth of the harbour, is shown in the engraving. (Cut, No. 9.) The shape of the hill rather detracts from its picturesqueness, but it is still a very picturesque town. It has a good deal of trade yet, and, as the railway is to be extended to it, the inhabitants hope there will soon be more. Ship-building is carried on to some extent in it, and the building places (they cannot be called shipyards) present a very busy aspect. But the chief trade arises from its being the place for the export of the agricultural produce of this part of Kent and Sussex (near the junction of which counties it stands) and for the import of coal and Dutch goods.

Internally, Rye has a good deal the look of an old town. But, while retaining something of antiquity in its appearance, it has not failed to put on also something of a modern air, and the mixture renders it pleasing and cheerful. The principal streets are clean and well-paved, and the shops are well-stocked, and have a much more business-like character than in any place we have seen since Folkestone. The streets and

passages that run down the steep side of the hill towards the harbour are, some of them, as inodorous as they are inconvenient. At the end of the High-street there is a broad piece of pavement, fenced in with an iron railing, that forms a sort of parade on the brow of the hill, and surprises the stranger who strolls up the street by suddenly opening to him a wide and pleasant prospect: Lydd steeple is plainly visible. There are some old architectural remains about Rye. Of the civil architecture, Ypres' Tower, built in the reign of Stephen, by William Ypres, Earl of Kent, is the most ancient. It was originally intended for the defence of the town, at the south-east angle of which it is placed: it is now used as a jail. Of the three gates which served as the entrances to the town, only one—the Land-gate, which leads to the London road—remains. It is large and picturesque. The gateway stands between two round towers, forty-seven feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. When perfect, it had all the usual defensive appliances, and must have been a strong as well as formidable-looking structure. It is now in a rather bad state. There are several old houses about the town, but it must suffice to merely mention them. The church is ancient and very large, by far the largest in these parts—and, also, in about the worst condition. It has undergone almost every variety of defacement that churchwardens' taste and churchwardens' economy could inflict upon it—and the townsmen wonder that strangers do not admire it. But there is a grand eastern window, and there are some other windows and parts, which will be discovered by those who care for such things, that have escaped without material injury. Of the buildings belonging to the religious establishments that once existed in Rye, but few remains are left. The principal relic is the Chapel of the Friars Eremites of St. Augustin, situated on Conduit-hill. There are some points of interest about it, but it is too much blocked in to be fairly seen, and, if it could be seen, it is too much altered to be worth looking at. It is now a cheesemonger's warehouse. There is a rather curious fragment by the churchyard, which Mr. Holloway thinks he has ascertained to be a house belonging to the Carmelite Friars.

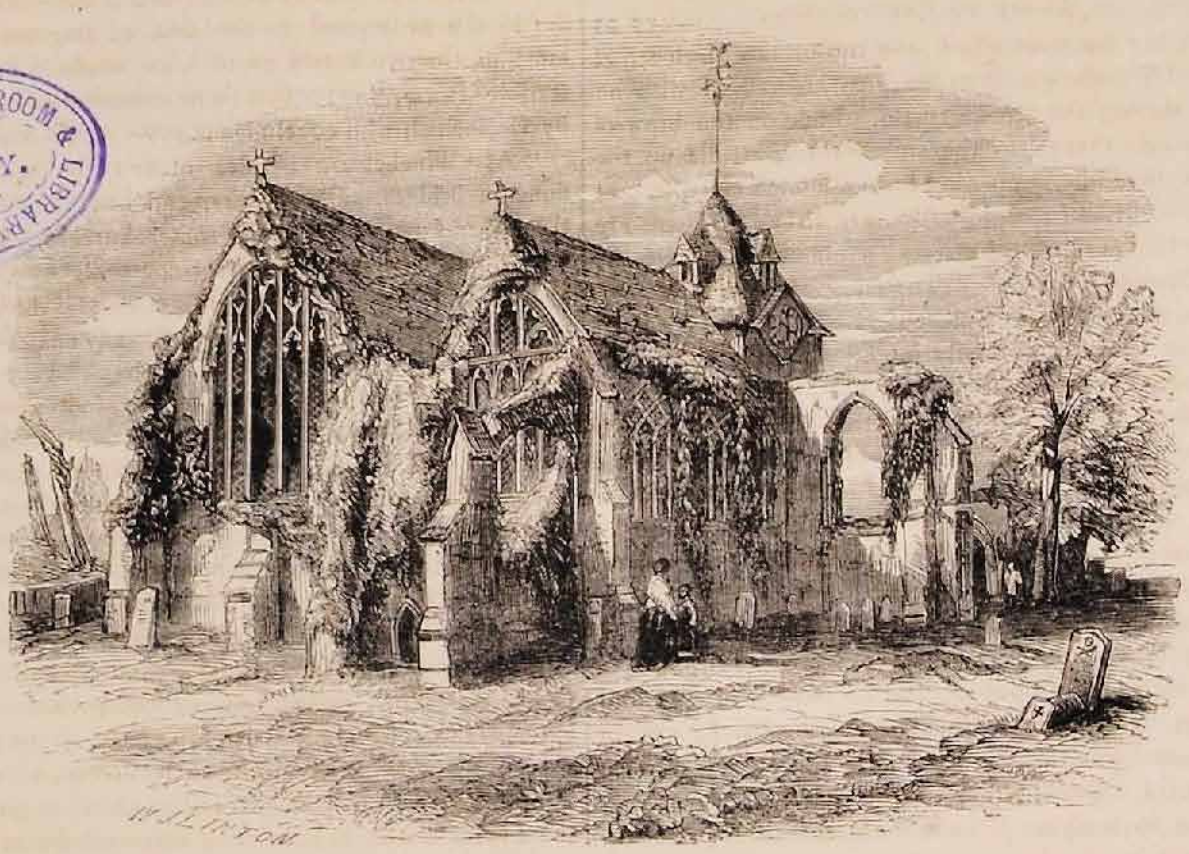
Winchelsea.

On leaving Rye you see another town, seated on a hill about two miles from Rye: this is Winchelsea; but the present is not the site it always occupied. Originally, Winchelsea stood about two miles east of the present town, on a spot now covered by the sea. In its early history, Winchelsea seems to have been united with Rye. It was given along with it to the monks of Fécamp, and redeemed from them at the same time. They were united to the Cinque Ports together, and were both incorporated by the title of 'Ancient Towns.' Old Winchelsea must have been a flourishing place; for in 1229, some fifty years before the rise of the new town, it was required to furnish ten ships out of the fifty-seven provided by the Cinque Ports. The old town began to suffer from the assaults of the sea in the early part of the thirteenth century. The most destructive influx of the sea occurred during a terrible storm, in 1250. It is graphically described by Holinshed, who concludes thus:—

"At Winchelsea, besides other hurt that was done in bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were three hundred houses, and some churches, drowned with the high rising of the water-course."

But the town had now, also, to encounter the enmity of the monarch. The Cinque Ports' navy had espoused the cause of the barons, and Winchelsea had especially distinguished itself by its zeal for Montfort. Historians, also, lay to its charge an equal addiction to piracy, for which the unsettled times gave too much license. Be that as it may, on the death of Montfort Prince Edward turned his attention to the coast, and, as we are told, "punishing divers of the inhabitants within the Cinque Ports, and putting them in fear, received divers of them to the king his father's peace. The inhabitants of Winchelsea, only, made countenance to resist him, but Prince Edward with valiant assaults entered the town, in which entry much guilty blood was spilt; but yet the multitude, by commandment of Prince Edward, was spared. And thus having won the town, he commanded that, from henceforth, they should abstain from piracies, which they had beforetime greatly used." This happened in 1266. Six years later, a royal grant was issued, authorising the purchase of a piece of rising ground, against whose southern base the sea beat, for the purpose of building a new town, which should possess all the privileges of the old. The king built walls around it, and houses were "metely builded;" but the inhabitants lingered about their old home till 1287, when it was wholly submerged.

The new town was laid out on a regular plan. It occupied a wide area, and the houses were not crowded together. The streets were wide, and at right angles to each other. The entrances to the town were by four embattled gate-houses; a magnificent church was placed in the centre of a large square; provision was made for an extended commerce. The new town soon grew to be a flourishing one, and became, in a little time, one of the principal ports for embarkation to the continent. It was taken by the French, and also by the Spaniards, but the mischief they caused was transient. When Elizabeth passed through the town, in 1573, she was so delighted with its active prosperity as to style it 'Little London'—a title every inhabitant likes to repeat to the present day. But its prosperity was already undermined. A sand-bank had been steadily forming to the westward of it, and the sea was now beginning gradually to retire. We need not follow its history further. It is now a village, with seven hundred inhabitants, and separated from the sea by nearly two miles of sandy flat. The lines of its streets may be traced along the green fields. Three of the gates are yet standing, but only one of them adjoins the town. Another is a shapeless ruin, down to which



10.—WINCHELSEA CHURCH.

a few houses straggle; while the third is a mile distant from any houses!

But, of all the decayed old towns we have seen along the coast, Winchelsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of the ruins, and put on an appearance of smartness. The wide space which the town originally covered helps now not a little to increase the reverend air it carries as a ruin. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant bye-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel, or an old house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached on, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge of the size of the town. The church is partly ruinous; only the chancel, which is used as the present parish church, remaining entire. But a considerable portion of the walls are standing, clad in a venerable mantle of ivy. Originally, the church must have been very large, and extremely handsome. In its semi-ruinous state it is a noble fragment—more impressive, perhaps, than when perfect; and as a ruin, one of the most magnificent we know of in any of these southern counties. (Cut, No. 10.) The interior shows many signs of former grandeur. There are several fine monuments,—three are of Knights Templars, one of them, which is within the modern vestry, being in an unusually perfect condition. There is also a monument of an abbess, that deserves notice. It is said that, beneath the wide-spreading ash tree which stands against the west side of the churchyard wall, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. Another very beautiful ruin is that of the Chapel of the Virgin, which formerly belonged to a monastery of Grey Friars. It now stands outside the town, within what is called the Friary Park—and can only be seen on Mondays. It is exquisite of its kind, and should be seen, if possible. Of the three gates which remain, the most perfect is the Land-gate, through which you pass on your way from Rye. It is a picturesque old pile, having a wide gateway, between massive round towers. Looking through it from the inside, the town of Rye is seen seated on its hill, as though a picture, set in a heavy antique frame. The effect is very curious. Strand-gate, which is, as we said, a mere shapeless mass of stone, does not appear to have ever been of much consequence; but New-gate, about a mile along the Icklesham road, has been much finer. It is now quite ruinous, but it stands in a lovely spot, half buried among trees, and leading into a lane, the high banks of which are, in the spring, literally covered with primroses. There are many other old buildings, or vestiges of old buildings, to be seen, but we cannot speak of them now. Few of our readers, perhaps none, will follow us through our whole route; but we counsel any who may be lovers of antiquity, or of picturesque beauty, if they be any way near Winchelsea, to visit it, if possible. No one should be at Hastings without visiting it.

Coast to Eastbourne.

The low flat tract which now intervenes between the sea and Winchelsea, is called Pett Level. It was fortified during the war by eight martello towers. The lonely ruin that is seen towards Rye, is Camber Castle, one of the buildings erected by Henry VIII., for the defence of the coast. It was dismantled and suffered to go to decay on the decline of Winchelsea, for the protection of which it had been built. Leaving this Level, we may mount the hill, and, leaving the village of Pett on the right, proceed towards Fairlight. As the coast from Fairlight to Bexhill has been already described (vol. i., p. 274, *et seq.*), we shall content ourselves with referring our readers to that description, and hasten on our way, without staying to look at, much less to participate in the jauntings, and bathings, and other delectations of Hastings, and its dainty daughter St. Leonard. We need only insert a remark in passing along, with reference to the coast defences, which, as we have noticed them hitherto, we may as well continue to notice to the termination of our journey. From Pett, then, where the Fairlight cliffs commence, there are no more fortresses till beyond St. Leonard's. The shelving shore, with the steep sand cliffs at its margin, perhaps, were thought to render it an unlikely place for a hostile landing; but there are signal-houses, with two or three guns on the top of the cliffs, by means of which intelligence of hostile descent would be speedily conveyed.

Just beyond St. Leonard's, at the sandy hollow called Bo-peep, and not far from the railway station, the martello towers again recommence, and continue all the way along the bay to Beachy Head. We may mount the eminence on which Bexhill stands, and admire the pleasant prospect around, and then drop down again upon the coast, at the point where our sketch was made. (Cut, No. 11.)

The scene here is a striking one. Eastbourne Bay extends before you in a beautiful curve. Its farther side is formed and bounded by the majestic promontory of Beachy Head, under whose shadow a hazy smoke indicates the site of a village or two. The shore that lies between you and the headland is low, but a little inland it swells into gentle undulations, on the summit of one of which you discern, though indistinctly, the ruins of Pevensey Castle. Along the margin of the sea is a series of circular towers, giving a marked character to the landscape; while one of them close at hand imparts firmness to the foreground, and throws the whole into pleasing perspective. Add to this the living ocean, which fills the bosom of the bay, and a few golden clouds glowing in the radiance of the sinking sun, which is at the same time imbuing the entire earth, and sky, and sea, with its splendour, and you have a picture that, however feeble it may appear when described in words, could hardly fail to draw expressions of admiration from any one who beholds it; and is a thing of joy to him who loves the grandeur or the beauty of nature.

But it was not merely to view this scene—lovely as it has always seemed to us—that we lingered here. We said that we should spend a few words in describing the kind of battery that is so characteristic of this coast, and this seems a fitting place to do so. Our sketch of this spot has brought a martello tower prominently before us; while, along the line of coast we are looking upon, more of them are brought together, and in more striking connection than any where else. Between this spot and Beachy Head, a distance of about seven miles, there are no less than twenty-four of them.

Let us look a little more closely at this one. It was, as has been noticed, about 1804 that Pitt formed the design of putting the entire coast into a condition to repel invasion, which then began to appear imminent. The nature of the coast, and the circumstance that a long line of it was to be fortified, seemed to require an arrangement different from that ordinarily adopted in fortifying a country. The chief object proposed was, to prevent or obstruct the landing of troops at any particular point. The forts not being liable to be attacked by infantry on the land side, it was only necessary to provide the most efficient means of sweeping the coast. The name as well as the form given to these forts is said to have been suggested by one of a somewhat similar kind which stood in Mortella Bay, Corsica, and which was taken by the British troops with great trouble and loss. The martello towers are all pretty much alike. They are circular, generally about forty feet in diameter at the base, and the walls batten, or incline inwards, to a diameter of about thirty feet at the top. Their height is about thirty feet. They are two stories high; the lower story being divided into chambers for stores, the upper into apartments for an officer, and privates. A strong central pillar supports a bomb-proof roof. The summit was mounted with a long twenty-four pounder, fixed so as to point in every direction; and the larger class was also mounted with a five-inch howitzer for throwing shells; a high parapet screens the artillerymen. They are built of brick, the thickness of the walls varying from five to twelve feet, according to circumstances. The walls on the seaward side are always much thicker than towards the land. To support such an immense mass of brickwork the foundations had to be laid deep and wide, and they were so contrived as to include a reservoir for water. Generally, these towers are close by the shore; but in some situations they are placed on a hill, or point of land. In such positions they are surrounded by a deep moat faced with brick, and are entered by a swivel bridge. The doorway is always five or six feet from the ground, and, where there is not a moat, the entrance is by a ladder, that could be drawn up inside. Each of the towers mounted one large swivel, and contained an officer and from twenty to thirty men. But, wherever there is an exposed spot, they were so placed as to cross each other's fire, and compose a complete chain of forts. Their ordinary distance apart is somewhat above a quarter of a mile. When

several of them are collected together there are generally some forts or redoubts placed among them at intervals, the larger of them mounting ten or twelve twenty-four pounders, and capable of containing a regiment of infantry, with all military appliances. But these forts were very few of them ever mounted, and some never finished. Being of the ordinary construction, it is unnecessary to say a word about their appearance; but, the martello towers being such observable features of this coast, and not generally understood, we thought a brief description of them would not be out of place.

The martello towers reach from East-wear Bay east of Folkestone, to Seaford, on the west of Beachy Head. They are numbered in succession. No. 1 stands on Copt Point, at the former place; that at Seaford is numbered 74. The one of which we have given an engraving (No. 51), it will be observed, rests towards the sea on a sloping wall of masonry. It was not originally constructed so. When first built, and long after, there was a road between it and the sea; but the sea is continually making encroachments upon the land here. It is only by the building of this wall, and the running out of groins, that the tower has been saved. All the towers are now dismantled, and are used as stations for the coast-guard.

A good deal of doubt has been expressed as to their efficiency; and it is said that their worth, even though efficient, is quite inadequate to their cost. Of these matters we undertake not to decide. Their efficiency happily never was tested, and we trust never may be; but there is a tradition that they were regarded with vehement dislike by the officers of the Grand Army. We understand that the Board of Ordnance have in view some alterations, which are believed to be likely to render the towers more serviceable in the altered state of warfare, such as mounting guns of a larger calibre, and setting them higher, so as to extend the range. As to the cost of these towers, we have little to say, but—there they are; and is it worth while to let them go to ruin, or to pull them down because they were costly? All military men, as well as their Great Captain, join in the opinion expressed by the Commissioners, which we have already quoted, as to the present insecure state of this coast; and the government and the nation have to consider whether it be not a wise economy, at least, to place existing, though dismantled defences, in such a state, that they may be readily made available, should the need for them ever occur.

A Commission appointed in 1840 to examine this coast, with a view to the construction of Harbours of Refuge, recommended the east side of Eastbourne Bay as an advisable site for one. The Commission of 1844, in consequence, caused a very careful survey to be made of the Bay, but the result was unfavourable. The situation was declared to be in many respects a good one; but so many patches of shoal—no less than twenty-one detached shoals of less than five fathom water—were discovered, and the Report of Capt. Washington, the able surveying-officer, so clearly pointed out its hazardous nature, that the Commissioners at once decided against it, and in favour of the bay on the western side of Beachy Head. Else the bay would have been an admirable one in a gale; for the bold promontory of Beachy Head so effectually shelters it on the west, while a bank that lies immediately under the Head, tends "so materially to prevent the weight of the sea setting home into the bay," that there is comparatively smooth water, and Capt. Washington was "assured by the officer of the coast-guard, and by several fishermen residing here, that no instance is known of their being unable to beach their boats in Eastbourne Bay in a south-west gale." In some parts of this Eastbourne Bay the shingle is accumulating along the shore, but elsewhere the sea is gaining on the land. During the last winter the parade constructed at the little watering-place adjacent to Eastbourne, was entirely shattered, and some of the smart houses, built close by the shore for summer visitors, were sadly damaged.

Eastbourne Bay witnessed a strange sight in 1690: a battle between the combined navy of England and Holland, and a French fleet—and the defeat of the English. But English arms have not won much honour, here. In 1706 two English men-of-war were taken, and a third was only saved from a like fate by running ashore in this bay. This is the Portus Anderida of the Romans. Many Roman remains, some of considerable value, have been discovered in the neighbourhood. Eastbourne consists of three villages. First, a little outlying collection of lodging-houses, inns, a bathing-house, and the other usual buildings that go to the formation of a watering-place on a small scale, that has grown up within a few years, by the sea-side: it is known as the Sea Houses. Next, somewhat inland, occurs a straggling hamlet, with some larger shops, more inns, good-sized villas, a new church, and even a theatre—but withal, wearing a rather lugubrious aspect. Then, still farther, a mile and a half from the sea, is the old town (if it can be called a town), having some old-fashioned houses, an old weatherbeaten church, and some good old trees.

BIRMINGHAM.

A Bird's-Eye View.

There is a castle-keep, not far from the centre of the kingdom, from whence can be obtained one of the most remarkable views anywhere presented to the artist or the tourist. It is not a view of hill and dale, of mountain and water-fall, of craggy rock and dizzy precipice; it is not a sweep of country, spotted over with the ruins of cathedrals, abbeys, castles, baronial mansions, and other erections that tell of past days; it is not a commingling of lake scenery with land scenery, nor any of those picturesque groupings which distinguish a sea-coast.

Dudley Castle is the point of sight here selected; and the landscape viewed from it is the coal and iron district of South Staffordshire. On whichever side the view is taken, but especially towards the north and the east, the evidences of mining industry are truly remarkable. The grass of the fields shows no disinclination to grow, nor are there wanting many pleasant undulations of country; but the crust of the earth has been pierced in a hundred places; and wherever these perforations have occurred, there do we see red buildings and black smoke. These buildings and this smoke increase year after year—age after age; and if purchasers for the mining produce become as numerous as the sellers could wish, the buildings and the smoke will still further increase, and the green fields will be still further encroached upon.

Although the name of South Staffordshire is here mentioned, a visitor to the district must be prepared to find himself repeatedly in the wrong as to the county in which he happens to be located at a particular moment. Geology has very little to do with counties. Geology makes the district what it is: counties are man's divisions. Taking Dudley Castle as a centre, we have to the north of us Tipton, Gornal, Sedgley, Bilston, Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and Wednesfield—all in Staffordshire, all within a distance of eight or nine miles, and all marked by the perforations into the "world underground," the red brick houses, and the black smoke. Taking next a more eastern direction, we find Great Bridge, Toll End, Darlaston, Wednesbury, Christchurch, West Bromwich, and Swan Village, all coming under the same description as the former group. But when the view bends round farther to the south, we find that the iron towns (for so they may well be termed) are fewer, and wider apart, and that they lie in four counties which are very much entangled together. For instance, Birmingham—the giant of the district—is in Warwickshire; Smethwick, Rowley Regis, Brierley Hill, Wordesley, and Kingswinford, are in Staffordshire; Oldbury and Halesowen are in Shropshire; while Dudley, Dudley Port, and Stourbridge, are in Worcestershire. So numerous are the outlying fragments of counties in this neighbourhood, that in going from Birmingham to Dudley Castle by way of Oldbury, a distance by coach-road of about eight miles, we pass out of Warwickshire into Staffordshire, thence into Shropshire, thence again into Staffordshire, thence into Worcestershire, and a third time into Staffordshire; for although Dudley Town is in Worcestershire, Dudley Castle and grounds are in Staffordshire.

All the above towns, then, belong to the mining and manufacturing district, known by the general name of South Staffordshire. We shall have a little to say about most of them in a future page; but it will be well to take up the proposition just expressed, that "Geology makes the district what it is," and to show what is the nature of the mineral wealth that lies beneath the surface.

The district forms what is called by geologists a *coal-field*: it has layers of coal running, so far as is known, beneath the whole surface. This coal-field forms an irregular oblong, extending nearly from Rugeley in the north, to Halesowen in the south: but the northern half of this district is much less rich in coal and iron than the southern; insomuch that we may take Wednesfield and Halesowen as the north and south limits of the effective coal-field. The western limit approaches to Wolverhampton, and the eastern nearly to Birmingham. Taking the extreme limit up to Rugeley, the district measures about twenty miles long by six or seven broad. This coal-field is encircled on all sides by the new red sandstone formation. The transition from one to the other of these geological formations is very distinct, not only in the appearance of the surface, but in the existing state of vegetation, the extinct species of fossil animals and vegetables, the industrial employments, and even the moral and physical characteristics of the people. *Within* the district, almost every one is employed in raising coal, in raising iron ore, or in bringing that ore into the forms of smelted and manufactured iron; *beyond* the district the surface is wholly agricultural, and marked by the same natural and industrial features as agricultural regions generally; but at the *margin* of the district, where the change occurs, the soil is of a mixed character; and the population, lower in moral character than either of the others, are mostly employed in nail-making.

Wolverhampton is at the extreme north-west extremity of this coal-field, while Birmingham is at the extreme south-east: indeed the latter is, in strictness, wholly beyond the limits of the mining district, for there are no mines or collieries under Birmingham. How, then, it may be asked, has it arisen, that Birmingham, exterior to the coal and iron district, is a more important manufacturing town than any within the district? The following has been suggested as a mode of explaining this point. The *iron* of the district has been longer known and wrought than the *coal*; and, indeed, if this had not been the case, still it was formerly the practice to smelt all iron with wood-charcoal, rather than with coal: hence all iron-works used to be situated near

forests, in order that a supply of fuel might be obtained. Now it is known, from Domesday-book and other authorities, that the southern part of Staffordshire and the northern part of Warwickshire were in former days covered with forests. Scarcely a vestige of such forests now remain; and it is inferred that much of the timber has been used for charcoal for iron-smelting. The part of Warwickshire now under notice was formerly called *Arden*, from a British or Celtic word, implying woodland: there are still towns in it called Hampden-in-Arden, and Henley-in-Arden. It is supposed that, when the wood of Staffordshire had been largely consumed for smelting Staffordshire iron, the forests of Warwickshire were appealed to; and that Birmingham, being situated on the confines of the two counties, became a nucleus of manufacture and trade. It is always difficult to trace exactly the circumstances which led to the establishment of a particular manufacture in a particular town; but they are generally to be sought for in some natural features of the district.

Whether or not Birmingham owed its growth and importance to the vicinage of Staffordshire iron and Warwickshire wood, it is certain that the prosperity of South Staffordshire hinged upon the discovery of a mode of smelting iron by means of coal. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the legislature gave many indications of alarm at the prospective destruction of timber, by lessening or prohibiting the use of charcoal fuel at iron-works; but as no other mode of smelting was then known, the existence of the iron-manufacture itself became much perilled. During the reigns of James I. and Charles I., many persons attempted to smelt iron by the aid of pit-coal, but without success. In the reign of Charles II., however, Dud Dudley, of Dudley Castle, after infinite trouble, difficulty, and expense, succeeded in showing that iron might be smelted by pit-coal; and from that period we may date the commencement of the present state of things in South Staffordshire, seeing that the operations for coal and for iron have ever since gone on *pari passu*.

The object of this paper will be best attained by postponing a rapid sketch of these mining towns, until we have made acquaintance with Birmingham and its singulrly remarkable development of industry.

Birmingham in Past Days.

William Hutton runs a tilt against the old chroniclers, because they do not mention Birmingham (or *Bermyngeham, Burmyngham, Bermyngham, Byrmyngham, Bromicham, Bromwycham, Brumwycheham*—for it has been spelled in all these different ways, and possibly many more). "It is matter of surprise," he says, "that none of those religious drones, the monks, who lived in the priory for fifteen or twenty generations, ever thought of indulging posterity with a history of Birmingham. They could not want opportunity, for they lived a life of indolence; nor materials, for they were nearer the infancy of time, and were possessed of historical facts now totally lost."—"None of the histories which I have seen," he says in another paragraph, "bestow upon it more than a few lines, in which we are sure to be treated with the noise of hammers and anvils; as if the historian thought us a race of dealers in thunder, lightning, and wind; or infernals, puffing in blast and smoke."

Hutton supposes that two vestiges of Birmingham's infant state still survive, in Aston Forge and Wednesbury Old Field, which show indications of iron-works having been there in the time of the Romans, or perhaps of the Britons. Birmingham is now known as the seat of manufacture in various metals; but from its earliest state till the time of Charles II., its manufactures were almost exclusively in iron. Instruments of husbandry, tools for carpenters and other artificers, kitchen furniture — these were the main articles of produce; and until the middle of the last century, the forges at which these articles were made occupied the shops fronting the street: the old street called Digbeth had a dozen such forge-shops in front of the street in Hutton's time. Hutton describes the roads which led out of Birmingham, in the olden times, as having been sunk far beneath the surface of the adjoining country. Holloway Head, Dale End, Summer Hill, a road from Gosta Green to Aston Brook, Coleshill Street, and a road between Deritend and Camp Hill—all well-known localities in Birmingham—were formerly sunk below the level of the surrounding country to a depth varying from six to fifty feet; so that "the traveller of old, who came to purchase the produce of Birmingham, or to sell his own, seemed to approach her by sap." The old topographer views these hollow ways as indications of the antiquity and commercial influence of Birmingham. He says that they coincided with hilly parts of the town; that some of them, no doubt, were formed by the spade, to soften the fatigue of climbing the hill; that most of them, however, were owing to the effects of time, rain, and horse-traffic; and that, as rain must have been the most effective of these three agents, the formation of such deep gullies must have proved the great antiquity of Birmingham. This theory is ingenious, but not wholly satisfactory.

Leland, in the time of Henry VIII., gave the following picture of Birmingham, as it appeared to him on a hasty visit, in the early part of the sixteenth century: "I came through a pretty street as ever I entered, into Birmingham town: this street, as I remember, is called 'Dirtey' (Deritend). In it dwell smiths and cutlers; and there is a brook that divides this street from Birmingham, an hamlet or member, belonging to the parish therebye. There is at the end of Dirtey a proper chappel, and mansion-house of tymber (the Moat), hard on the ripe (bank), as the brook runneth down; and as I went through the ford, by the bridge, the water came down on the right hand, and a few miles below goeth into Tame. This brook, above Dirtey, breaketh in two arms, that a little beneath the bridge close again. This brook riseth, as some say, four or five miles above Birmingham, towards Black-hills. The beauty of Birmingham, a good market-town in the extreme parts of

Warwickshire, is one street going up along, almost from the left ripe of the brook, up a mean hill, by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths in the town that use to make knives and all manner of cutting tools; and many lorimers that make bitts, and a great many nailors; so that a great part of the town is maintained by smithes, who have their iron and sea-coal out of Staffordshire." Hutton dismisses this description, by saying, "Here we find some intelligence, and more mistake." The great family which formerly gave the tone to Birmingham, and received a title from it, were the Lords de Birmingham, of whom frequent mention was made in the times of the Edwards and Henrys.

Hutton draws a picture—in part probably an imaginary one, of Birmingham in the twelfth century. The houses, he says, were of timber, mean and low, and lining both sides of dirty and narrow streets; her public buildings consisted of but one—the Church of St. Martin in the Bull Ring. Two centuries later, the town exhibited a greater number but scarcely a better kind of houses; her narrow streets had become narrower by encroachments from either side; her public buildings had been increased by three additional structures; viz., a Priory, a Guildhall, and a Chapel at Deritend. The description by Leland, so far as it gives intelligible or trustworthy details, may serve to represent Birmingham in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the seventeenth century, the Birmingham men took part with the Parliamentarians against Charles I.

It was about the reign of Charles II. that the modern era of Birmingham may be said to have commenced. We have mentioned the introduction of smelting iron with coal, as having placed South Staffordshire in an improved position. Birmingham shared in that improvement; and about the same time building-leases became prevalent; and many new branches of ornamental manufacture began to spring up. Hutton, who delighted to put his description into quaint language, thus speaks of the change in Birmingham at the period now under notice:—"Though we have attended her through so immense a space, we have only seen her in infancy. Comparatively small in her size, homely in her person, and coarse in her dress. Her ornaments wholly of iron, from her own forge. But now her growth will be amazing, her expansion rapid, perhaps not to be paralleled in history. We shall see her rise in all the beauty of youth, of grace, of elegance, and attract the notice of the commercial world. She will also add to her iron ornaments the lustre of every metal that the whole earth can produce, with all their illustrious race of compounds heightened by fancy and garnished with jewels. She will draw from the fossil and the vegetable kingdoms; press the ocean for shell, skin, and coral. She will also tax the animal for horn, bone, and ivory, and she will decorate the whole with the touches of her pencil."

The old bibliopole was right. Birmingham has done all that he predicted. It is rather over a century ago that that singular writer first set foot in Birmingham; and ever since that period a steady process of advancement has been going on. New branches of manufacture have sprung up year after year; and the consumption of raw materials has become immense.

Birmingham in the Present Day.

Birmingham, we have before stated, lies in Warwickshire. It is very near the north-western extremity of that county. On approaching it from any side, the traveller should hesitate to pass judgment on it till he has taken the state of the weather into consideration. If it be fine, he may enter Birmingham in cheerfulness in spite of its smoke; if it be wet or foggy, he must buckle up his courage and draw upon his philosophy, or he will very likely think Birmingham a dismal place. It is rather unlucky, for a tourist who may be sensitive in these matters, that the railway stations are in such a poor-looking locality. The Grand Junction, the London and Birmingham, and Birmingham and Derby Companies, all fixed upon one district at the eastern margin of the town for their stations; and to get from thence to the busy heart of the place, we must traverse several queer and unattractive streets. When the present stupendous works are completed, (of which more anon,) this disadvantage will be obviated; but at present the entrance to Birmingham from the railways is anything but a pictorial one.

Perhaps the best mode of entering Birmingham, to see what it has been in past times, is by the London Road, through Bordesley and Digbeth, toward the Bull Ring and High Street. Here we come to the centre of old Birmingham. Here we see how prone our ancestors were to form streets, in every imaginable direction, in perfect contempt of all Euclid's propositions about right angles. Take the line from Bordesley to High Street: as tortuous a serpentine as we should wish to meet with. Turn up Moor Street, or Dale-End, or Bull Street, or New Street, or Edgbaston Street, or Worcester Street, or Spiceal Street—nothing is at right angles or parallel with anything else: each street pursues its own way, and a very crooked way it often is. Yet it is pleasant to see this odd-shaped spot; for it was the nucleus of all that Birmingham has since become. The approach from the east is not favourable; there is a long range of poor, dull, uninteresting streets to traverse before reaching the heart of the town. The northern inlets are better. Whether we come along Lichfield Road, through Aston, or along the Wolverhampton Road, the approaches are more frequently speckled over with villas and neat residences. But the approaches from Halesowen and Harbourne, on the west, are the best of all; for they form, in fact, the "west end," in more senses than one. As seen from the open fields southward of the town, Birmingham presents a very busy aspect. (See Plate.)

From whichever way entered, Birmingham presents rather a flat appearance. It has no hilly spot; its spires are not conspicuous for loftiness; its only visible

giants are its chimneys. Yet is Birmingham anything but a dead-level town. Fortunately for its inhabitants, the town is built on a succession of elevations and depressions. The elevations are not high enough to deserve the name of hills, yet sufficiently so to give a capital drainage to the streets; whereby Birmingham occupies a place, in 'Health of Towns' reports, not quite so dismal as most other manufacturing towns. A Londoner is, however, very likely to pray for the abolition of pebbles, and to vote for flag pavements. Many of the second-rate streets of Birmingham have not yet advanced to the honours of smooth foot-pavements: they have the little round thickly-set pebbles which are so often seen in country towns, but which have so nearly disappeared from the metropolis.

If it were any use to regret such matters, we would regret that Birmingham has no river. The River Rea, which crosses the London Road at Digbeth, and traverses an extreme nook of the town, scarcely deserves the name of a river; it is a mere rivulet, dribbling down its small supply to the Tame. All the life, and bustle, and breeze, and heathful cheerfulness which accompany a good-sized river are here wanting. All the bathing and the boating; all the steam-boat excursions—are things to be talked about, not met with. There are probably many persons in Birmingham who have never yet seen a steam-boat. There is also another want which occurs to the mind of those who have seen Birkenhead, Manchester, or Derby—there are no public parks, walks, greens, or open spots for exercise: there are very few of those 'squares' which serve as breathing spots in London. The consequence is, that the whole town is one mass of brick and mortar; and the inhabitants have to go far and wide before they can meet with a bit of green fields; and even then it is a sort of trespass to go into them, for they belong to private individuals and not to the town as a whole. Could not Birmingham club its resources together, and make a park for the people? It would be worth the cost. The people would be all the better citizens for it.

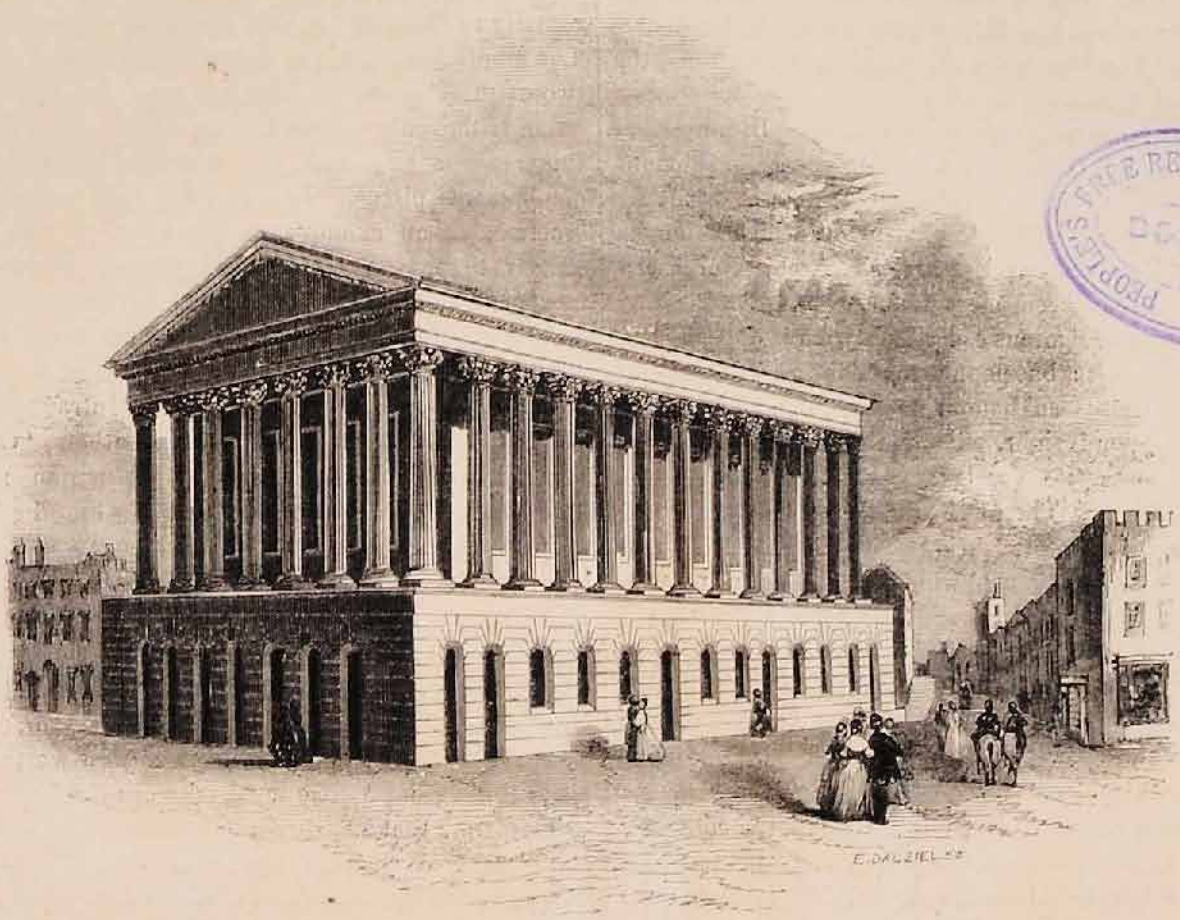
As a consequence of the irregularity lately alluded to, the streets of Birmingham do not traverse the town in a direct manner. In some respects, however, this irregularity is advantageous, for it gives nooks and corners which, well managed, form excellent sites for public buildings. The angular approach to the Town Hall up New Street, is an example of this kind. The site of Christ Church, near the Town Hall, is so fine, that it were to be wished the building itself was better. St. Martin's Church, in the Bull Ring, has a similarly fine site. The corner of Dale-End and Bull Street, and the corner of High Street and New Street, are in like manner salient angles, which would afford scope for fine buildings. As for the streets themselves, the better among them are lively and bustling, full of good shops, and crowded with people. New Street is the best—it is the Bond Street of Birmingham: what with its glittering array of shops, its inns, its fine Elizabethan School, its School of Arts, its Theatre, its Post-office, it gives the *ton* to that part of the town. High Street and Bull Street are localities of good shops, and apparently good trade. North-west of these is a large region of semi-private streets, having very few shops in them, but almost entirely occupied by warehouses and workshops of the numerous varieties of Birmingham manufacturers. Broad Street and Islington, at the western extremity of the town, are among the widest and best-built of the streets.

The Public Buildings.

The public buildings of Birmingham are scarcely so numerous as we should expect to meet with in a town of 200,000 inhabitants; and only few of them are striking as works of art.

Of the churches, the venerable St. Martin's must take the lead. Hutton gives such a high antiquity to this church, that we can scarcely venture to follow him. But there is sufficient evidence that a church at this spot must have been one of the earliest erections in the town. The present structure is supposed to have been built in the early part of the thirteenth century. There is a triangular space of ground, in the centre of what we have called old Birmingham, designated the Bull Ring, (Cut, No. 1;) and at the southern side of this Bull Ring is the church. Many are the alterations which it must have undergone since its erection; for its general appearance is not so old as the date above assigned. It consists of a nave and clerestory, a chancel, a south aisle with a vestry attached, and a north aisle, at the west end of which stands the tower, surmounted by a spire. The early decorated style of architecture has been met with in several parts of the church, belonging to the period of the thirteenth century; but almost all of these have been obliterated. The church and tower were cased with brick, about a century and a half ago; and the spire has been several times altered and partially rebuilt. The exterior has suffered so many changes that it reveals less of former times than the interior. In 1846 the restoration of the monuments of the Lords of Birmingham, the most curious relics in the church, took place.

There is no other church in Birmingham which attracts notice by its association with the times of the Edwards and the Henrys. St. Philip's (Cut, No. 2) is admirably placed in the midst of an open space in the middle of the town, bounded by Colmore Row and Temple Row. The greater part of this space is occupied as a churchyard; but as this churchyard is railed off into compartments, and is intersected by well-paved avenues crossing in various directions, it forms the largest and most pleasant open space in Birmingham. The church itself is of the time of Queen Anne, and is a kind of miniature St. Paul's—not very pure, perhaps, in its architecture, but a handsome and good-looking structure. Its nearest neighbour, Christchurch, near the Town Hall, is far inferior to it: it is a century younger than St. Philip's, but is a bald and tame production. St. Bartholomew's, near the railway-station,



3.—THE TOWN HALL.

is a brick building, about a century old. St. Peter's, in Dale-End, was built by the New Churches' Commissioners, about twenty years ago: it has a tetrastyle Doric portico in front, and an octagonal turret over the roof. St. Mary's stands in a tolerably large open space, in the midst of a poor neighbourhood: it is an octagonal brick structure, and was built about seventy or eighty years ago. St. George's, near the road to Wolverhampton, is one of Rickman's careful imitations of the pointed style, and is an attractive building. St. Paul's, a little way south-west of St. George's, is chiefly note-worthy for its spire. St. Thomas's, near the western end of the town, has an Ionic hexastyle west front. There are several other churches within the limits of the town; and in nearly all cases the land on which the churches were built was presented by inhabitants of Birmingham.

The chapels belonging to the various Christian denominations are numerous, but for the most part plain and simple. The new Catholic cathedral, built within the last few years, at the junction of Bath Street with Shadwell Street, near the northern part of the town, is a more ambitious structure. It is one of Pugin's mediæval creations; and with some points of beauty about it, is on the whole a heavy and tasteless work. It is built mostly of the same red brick which is visible in all the houses of Birmingham. From the confined situation in which it is placed, the length is small compared with the width. The nave is separated, by six pillars on each side, from the aisles; and from these pillars spring arches which reach up to the roof without the intervention either of triforium or clerestory. This arrangement gives to the nave-arches an unusual elevation. A rich screen separates the choir from the nave, and another screen separates the Lady Chapel from the north aisle. There is a good deal of stained glass in the cathedral; and also some elaborate carvings belonging to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Bishop's Palace, near the cathedral, is, like it, a red brick structure, and as unlike anything modern as could possibly be: it is a purposed reproduction of all the ancient features of catholic times; and contains a cloister, almonry, library, chapel, and refectory, in addition to suites of private apartments. There is a nunnery, or convent, of the Sisters of Mercy, at Birmingham. It is situated at a considerable distance from the cathedral and Bishop's Palace, but is like them in general architectural character. It contains, besides the living-rooms, a chapel, cloisters, oratory, cemetery, refectory, and cells. The inmates of this building, whether we join them in religious belief or not, must command respect for the deeds of goodness and kindness which it is the business of their lives to perform. There is a separate building attached to their convent, called the House of Mercy, which is said to have been built at the expense of the sisterhood themselves. In this house, poor destitute young women are boarded, clothed, and provided with work, until situations can be provided for them as domestic servants: they are taught all sorts of industrial duties likely to

be useful to them in after life; and they help to support themselves by their talents while in the house. The Sisters of Mercy are the teachers, the matrons, the friends of these poor females.

Of the remaining public buildings in Birmingham, the Town Hall (Cut, No. 3,) is the most conspicuous and attractive. It is a remarkable attempt to apply to modern purposes a style of structure which belonged essentially to the Greek temples. Architectural criticism on it has been most minute and diverse; and the sticklers for rigorous 'classicality' have not failed to find defects in it: but popular opinion has decided that the Town Hall is an honour to Birmingham, and this popular opinion is right. The Hall is a peristylar composition: that is, it presents ranges of columns along the sides and fronts. There is in the first place a rusticated basement, rising to the height of about 20 feet, and pierced with doorways and windows for the accommodation of the interior. Upon and above this basement the body of the building is placed; in front of which, on three sides and the structure, are placed ranges of noble Corinthian columns, supporting entablatures above. There are thirteen of these columns along each side, and eight in the principal front. A lofty pediment surmounts the columns of the chief front. Behind the columns, in the body of the building, are ranges of windows, one to each intercolumniation. The columns are about 40 feet high; and being elevated to so great a height above the ground, they form a very noble and majestic object, as seen from various parts of Birmingham. As the building was constructed for the holding of large meetings and assemblies, there is one large hall, which occupies the main part of the interior area. This hall is 145 feet long, 65 wide, and 65 high: it is somewhat smaller than Exeter Hall, but is unquestionably a noble room. At one end is a fine organ, which was constructed at a cost of £3,000 or £4,000: it is one of Hill's best productions. The outer case is 40 feet wide, 45 feet high, and 17 feet deep; there are 78 drawstops, four sets of keys, and above 4,000 pipes; the largest wooden pipe has an interior capacity of 224 cubic feet.

This capacious hall is a most useful adjunct to the other buildings of Birmingham. Before its erection there was no fitting structure for the holding of large meetings; but the hall is now the place of assembly for politicians, for musical folks, and for all who wish to meet in large numbers. The admirable 'Musical Festivals' are closely associated with the history of this building. Before the erection of this Town Hall, in 1834, triennial musical festivals were held in St. Philip's Church, for the benefit of the General Hospital of the town; but the larger and more appropriate Hall is now applied to that purpose. Concerts of a less ambitious character are often held there; and the most interesting, perhaps, of these, is a kind of humble man's concert, held every Monday evening. The hall belongs to the corporation; the organ belongs to the General Hospital; and both parties lend their aid towards the establishment of a regular weekly concert, at such terms as shall induce the working classes to indulge occasionally in this very rational and acceptable amusement. The admission charge is as low as *threepence*, for which two or three hours of excellent music is given. The organ is the only musical instrument: there are a few singers engaged; and the selection always includes many sacred pieces. Let us take one evening's programme, as an example of the kind of musical fare offered to the visitors: The organist displayed the powers of the noble organ in the performance of one of Wesley's Organ Fugues; the andante from Haydn's 'Third Symphony;' Handel's 'Dead March in Saul;' Haydn's 'Heavens are Telling;' an 'Introduction and Fugue,' by Hesse; Mendelssohn's anthem, 'Oh, rest in the Lord;' and Haydn's fine Austrian national hymn, 'God preserve the Emperor;' while the harmonized vocal pieces were, Callcott's glee, 'Are the white hours for ever fled?' Knyvett's quartette, 'Beyond yon hills, where Lugar flows;' Spofforth's glee, 'Hail! smiling Morn;' Horsley's trio, 'When shall we three meet again;' and Ford's madrigal, 'Since first I saw.' Now, if the reader has any 'music in his soul,' he will at once agree that such a concert is well worth threepence; if he has *not*, he must take our word for it. It is impossible that such weekly meetings can be without good effect in a large and busy town: a purifying influence, though silent and almost imperceptible, must and does accompany them. The owners of the hall and of the organ are thankworthy for what they have done and are doing.

The only building in Birmingham which can vie with the Town Hall in architectural importance is the Grammar School, in New Street (Cut, No. 4.) While Messrs. Hansom and Welch took a Greek temple as the model for the one, Mr. Barry went to our own Elizabethan times for authorities for the other. This foundation is one of the many which date their commencement in the reign of Edward VI. The original building was replaced by a second, in 1707; and this becoming dilapidated a few years ago, the governors resolved to employ Mr. Barry to construct the present edifice. The choice was a felicitous one; for the structure is a worthy ornament to the town. It belongs to the same general style which Mr. Barry has since employed in the new palace of the legislature; and the elaborate carvings in Derbyshire stone impart to it a very enriched appearance. It presents a frontage of about 174 feet; its depth is 127 feet, and height 60 feet. There are seven ranges of flattish windows in front, with the accompanying buttresses, pinnacles, crowns, crosses, &c.; while there are bolder bay-windows at each extremity. The interior is fitted up commodiously for the requirements of a large school. The entire building is said to have cost no less than £40,000.

There has recently been erected a Corn Exchange, in a part of the town singularly destitute of attractive buildings. It is an oblong structure, with entrances at both ends, and counters and desks arranged on either side for the accommodation of the dealers. The best feature in the building is the roof, which is wagon-

vaulted, and remarkably light and elegant in its appearance. Another market-house—*the* market of Birmingham in respect to size and importance — is a large building lying on the western side of the Bull Ring, near St. Martin's church. It is, like the new markets of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Newcastle, a quadrangular covered area, divided into avenues, and lighted by skylights or lanterns in an iron-framed roof over head. The market has a sort of Doric front, and on either side is a range of twenty-five windows; it is 360 feet long, 108 wide, and 60 high, and contains accommodation for 600 stalls. Immediately in front of this market-hall is Westmacott's statue of Nelson, which was put up about forty years ago: being placed in the open spot called the Bull Ring, its position is advantageous. A lover of the fine arts, or even a simple admirer of public decorations to a town, cannot fail to remark how little of *sculpture* is presented by Birmingham. When are its marble and bronze monuments to arrive? Are not the Watts, the Boultons, the Murdochs, the Baskervilles, worthy of some such note? and if not, are there no other public men whose statues we should like to gaze upon? Mr. Kohl, in his 'England,' gives Birmingham a little castigation in relation to this matter.

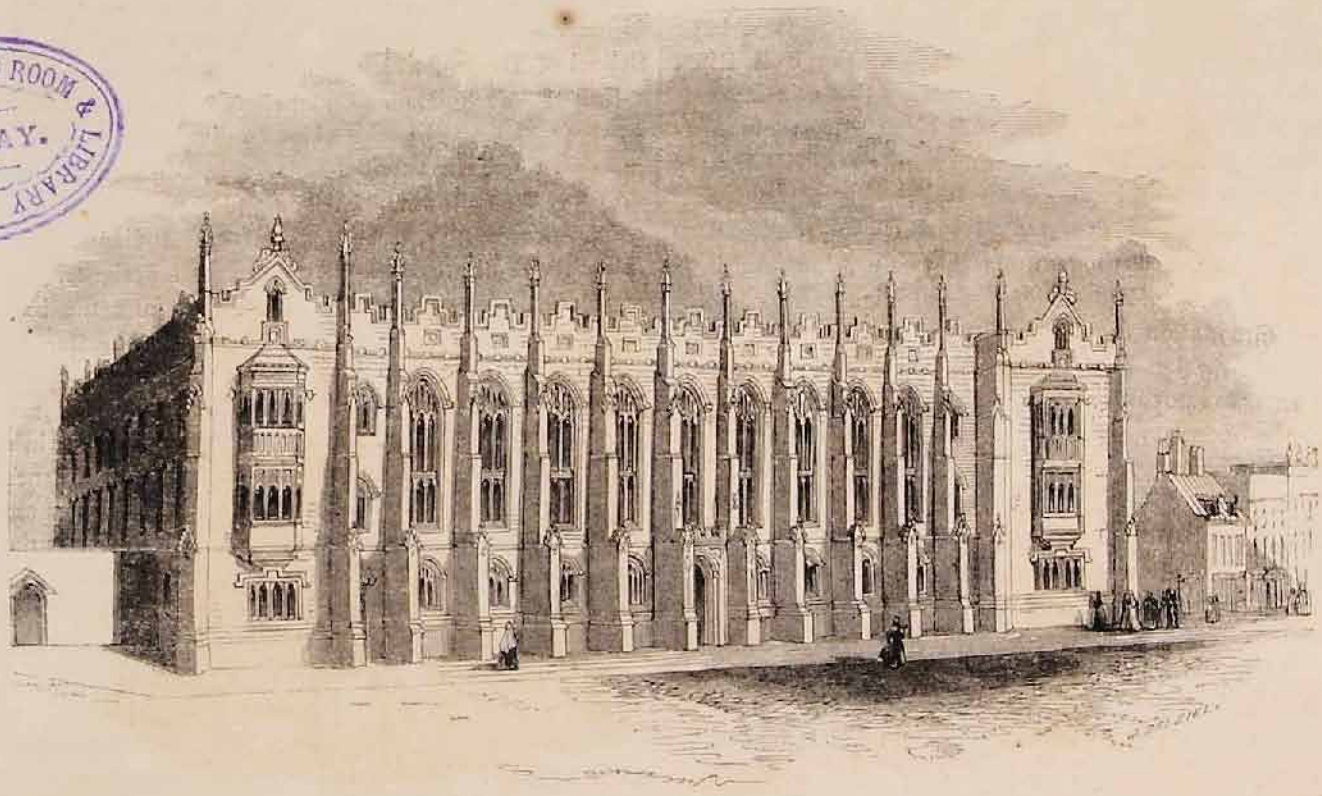
The School of Arts, in New Street, is an important establishment for Birmingham, in so far as it fosters a taste for the arts of design, which are so important to her. Considered simply as a building, it consists mainly of a circular exhibition-room, about fifty feet in diameter, with a number of smaller rooms; while the exterior presents a tetrastyle Corinthian portico, comparatively narrow in width. It was established in 1821, mainly through the exertions of Sir Robert Lawley, as a School of Arts or Society of Artists, and was supplied with a collection of casts and other works of art; but when the Government established a School of Design in London, and it was thought proper to give Birmingham the advantage of a similar school, the building now under notice was found to be a fitting locality for it, and the necessary arrangements were made. A grant of money, casts, and furniture, was made by the Government in 1843; and so well has the management been conducted, that the Birmingham School of Design is now, we believe, regarded as the largest in the kingdom. So much do the reputation and the prosperity of Birmingham depend on the taste displayed in her manufactures, that the leading men of the town have abundant reason for fostering this taste among the designers and workmen. Ten or twelve years ago, when a Parliamentary Committee collected evidence relating to the application of the fine arts to manufactures, many witnesses from Birmingham stated how anxiously that town would welcome any more systematic mode of instructing designers in matters of taste and elegance. Since then an immense advance has been made. The manufactures in gold, silver, brass, bronze, steel, papier maché, and japan, now exhibit great beauty of design. The expositions of manufactures within the last few years, at Westminster Hall and at the Society of Arts, show that Birmingham is very little, if at all, behind France in elegance of design. Much of this advancement is doubtless due to the School of Design, which has for five years been educating the designers and modellers in those inventive powers which shall enable them to give grace and symmetry to manufactured goods. The human figure, drapery, fruit, flowers, foliage, landscape, architecture, geometrical curves, ornament—all are studied in this school, and all are available to the future designer.

The banking-houses, the hotels and inns, the barracks, the hospitals, the school-houses, the theatre, the post-office, the subscription libraries, the news-rooms, the public offices, are for the most part such as do not make much pretension to architectural beauty; while the interior arrangements are in the usual accordance with the purposes to which the respective buildings are appropriated. The General Hospital, situated near the northern extremity of the town, is a large brick building, erected about seventy years ago. It contains a couple of portraits by Reynolds and Phillips; but it is more generally known from the triennial musical festivals, alluded to in a preceding paragraph. These festivals were established as a means of contributing to the funds of the hospital; the whole profits accruing from them, amounting on an average to £4,000 or £5,000 from each festival, being handed over to the treasurer of the hospital. The festivals have taken place regularly, ever since 1778—first, in St. Philip's Church, then in the Town Hall; they have always occupied a very high position in the musical circles; and it is certainly a felicitous mode of providing a helping fund for the sick and wounded. The Queen's College, (Cut, No. 5,) situated near the Town Hall, was established in 1843. It is, externally, an imitation, on a humble scale, of the Grammar School; but is far inferior to it. The institution is for giving a course of medical and surgical education; and the lectures qualify for examination for the diplomas of the University of London, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries.

The Railways.

If railways and railway-stations are public buildings, then will Birmingham ere long possess some of the most astonishing public buildings in England. The works at present in progress, relating to these matters, are perfectly astounding. One would think that all the Birmingham men are perpetually travelling about, and could never rest for an hour in their own town, if we judge from the accommodation for locomotion afforded to them. Whole streets are being pulled down; viaducts are being carried aloft over head; tunnels are burrowing beneath the feet; and two Companies seem to be trying which can expend the most money.

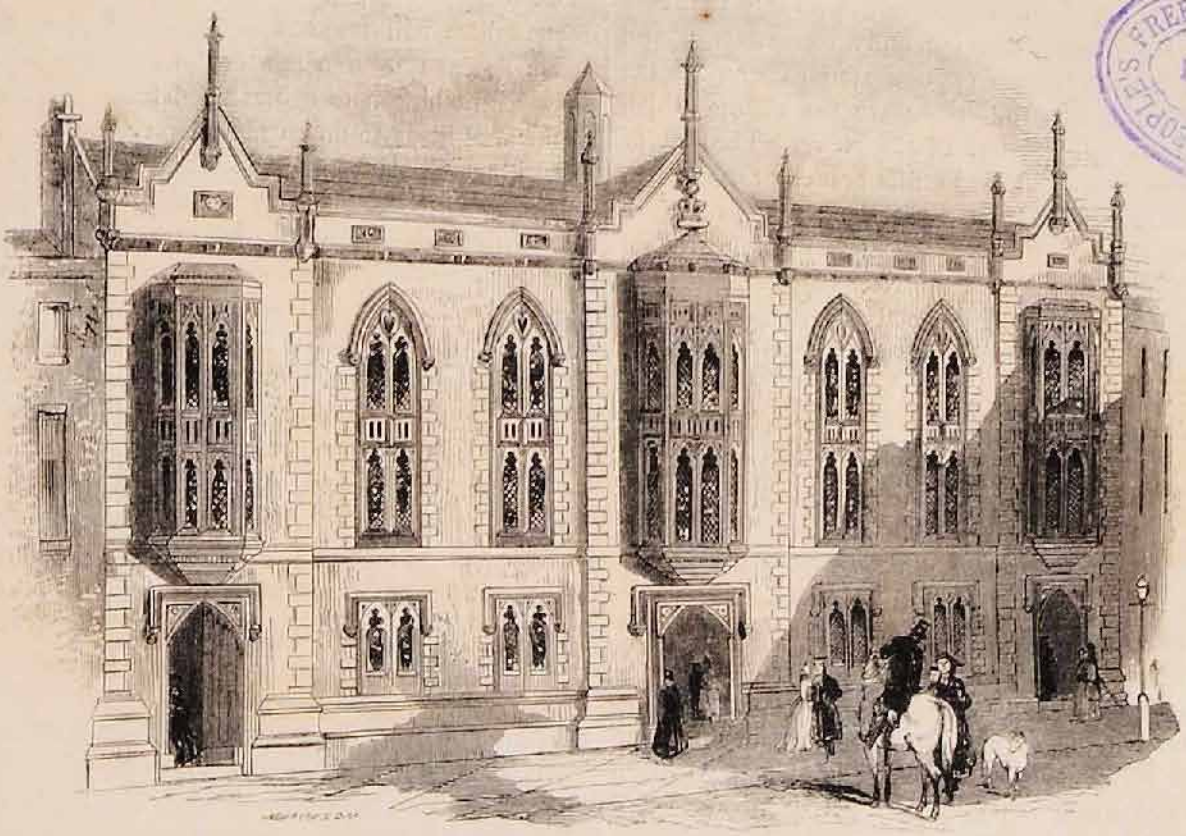
Let us see how these mighty works have grown up. Two of the earliest and most important railways were the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction, both meeting at the eastern side of Birmingham,



4.—KING EDWARD'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

Before these were planned, the service of the roads was centred in some of those fine, dashing, well-appointed stage-coaches, such as our own country alone can present. Nearly a dozen excellent turnpike-roads radiate from Birmingham, placing that town in connection with all the great towns of the kingdom. In addition to the turnpike-roads, Birmingham is intersected with numerous canals, which have for many years formed media of conveyance to and from the manufacturing towns. But we live in such 'go-a-head' days, that both coaches and canals are well nigh held in contempt. Nothing will now suffice but the puffing, dashing, fly-away locomotive, which is accused of intolerable slowness if it does not master thirty or forty miles an hour. When the two railway Companies before-mentioned arranged to join their lines at Birmingham, they thought they were doing brave things to afford such handsome stations at the eastern margin of the town. And so indeed they were: the works were large, comprehensive, and commodious (Cut No. 6); although the competition of more recent years bids fair to render them nearly useless. That which is now the Queen's Hotel was once the offices of the Company; but offices of a much larger character became speedily required. The booking-offices and passenger-sheds, at the rear or east of the hotel, cover an immense area. So long as the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction Companies remained separate, each one required a large station, both for passengers and goods, at Birmingham; but when the two 'amalgamated' (how little do railway companies seem to remember that an *amalgam* is in reality a union of quicksilver with some other metal!) both stations were thrown into one. The Birmingham and Gloucester, and the Birmingham and Derby lines also brought their termini pretty nearly to the same spot.

Why then should there be any vast additional railway works in the heart of Birmingham? Let the 'Battle of the Gauges' answer this question: a battle which, though not bloody, has cost the commercial world millions of good money, much of which will never bring an adequate return. In 1845, the broad gauge was first permitted to trace its giant steps towards the north. The Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, and the Oxford and Rugby Railways received Parliamentary sanction in that year. Thus was the narrow gauge of Birmingham threatened both in the east and the west: the army of General Stephenson was attacked on both flanks by that of General Brunel. In the next following year the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Company obtained increased powers to render the accommodation of their district more efficient; while another Company obtained Legislative sanction for the Oxford and Birmingham Line—all these lines being closely associated with the Great Western Company. Here was a bold step. The invading army actually entered Birmingham; nay, more, an additional sum of nearly half a million sterling was sanctioned for carrying the broad gauge right through the town itself. Even this was not all; for a new Company, under the name of the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Dudley Railway Company, were



5.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

empowered to spend nearly a million sterling in making about fifteen miles of broad gauge between those three towns.

Was the narrow gauge to beat a retreat, or surrender at discretion, at such a time? Was General Stephenson to be vanquished in this way? The ulterior measures will show. The narrow gauge party obtained an Act by which they were authorized to spend more than one-third of a million sterling in carrying their old line into the heart of Birmingham; while they supported the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Stour Valley Company in obtaining an Act for a narrow gauge line from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, with a power of raising about a million and a half sterling. In 1847, further Acts were obtained by both the rival parties, to make additional bits of lines to complete their respective systems. Every scrap of these new lines which is to be on the narrow gauge, together with a very large portion of the canal navigation of the whole district, have become absorbed in the gigantic London and North Western Company; while the whole of the broad gauge portion will probably ultimately belong to the Great Western. The two have made desperate struggles to obtain possession, by purchase, of the Birmingham and Oxford line; which struggles have been marked by the most extraordinary features, perhaps, ever presented by a joint-stock undertaking. The battle is not yet ended; the two gauges regard each other as fiercely as ever, and the battle-field is even divided against itself,—shareholders against directors; and eighteen months of Parliamentary and legal proceedings have succeeded in landing all parties in a 'fix,' from which they do not seem to know how to extricate themselves. Meanwhile money has been absorbed at a frightful rate; the whole of the capital for this much-coveted line has been called up, before the line itself even approaches to completion; and when the decision is finally made, and the oyster fairly divided, it appears very much as if there would be just a shell a piece for the combatants.

In sober truth, this railway campaigning at Birmingham is a very wild affair: it outruns all reasonable limits. The new works on both gauges, within fifteen miles of Birmingham, will probably not be brought into working order for less than four millions sterling—of which one million will be spent within Birmingham itself! Both lines run completely through Birmingham from one side to the other, and both lines run from Birmingham to Wolverhampton and Dudley, independently of the old Grand Junction Railway, which also runs from Birmingham very near to Wolverhampton. Parliament did not know which to sanction, so it sanctioned both; and neither Company will abandon or suspend its works, for fear of the rivalry of the other. It will not perhaps arrive at a 'Kilkenny cat' conclusion, but it will make a nearer approach thereto than is consistent with the interests of the respective Companies. The North Western Company, especially, will smart for it in future years.

But if the combatants will share between them the shells of the oyster, who will have the oyster itself? The town of Birmingham. Birmingham will have

almost unprecedented advantages in respect to communications with other towns. Two stations in the very heart of the town, replete with all the conveniences for traffic that ingenuity can suggest, and connecting-links between these stations and all the great towns of England—these are the results which Birmingham will get out of the *mêlée*. The old or narrow gauge line will send off its branch or extension, a little eastward of the present station; and this branch will cross several streets and lanes, until it reaches Pinfold Street, southward of New Street. Here an immense group of houses, mostly of a humble character, are being levelled with the ground, to make room for a passenger-station of magnificent dimensions, from which station a new road of communication will be formed into New Street, the principal avenue in the town. From this station the line will take its start onward to Dudley and Wolverhampton. The other line, the broad gauge, will enter Birmingham at the south-east corner, pass a little to the west of the present narrow gauge station, and arrive near the heart of the town, at the junction of High Street, Bull Street, and Dale-End. A little north-west of this point an immense quadrangle of houses is to be cleared away, bounded by Monmouth, Livery, and Great Charles Streets, and Snow Hill; and here the broad gauge station is to be, not a whit less vast and costly, apparently, than its rival. From this station the line will pass out into the open country, on its way to Dudley and Wolverhampton. In carrying these two new lines through Birmingham, the works assume a very diversified character; for, owing to the many inequalities in the level of the streets, there are on each line combinations of viaduct, open cutting, and tunnelling, of a most costly nature. If the shareholders in all these lines gain as much advantage as Birmingham itself, it will be well: but we doubt.

Birmingham Industry.

What is this Birmingham, for which such a railway rout is made? What do the inhabitants do—how do they live—what has made them famous? The answers to these questions would carry us into such a maze of manufactures, that we must purposely glance only at the most broad and salient features.

Birmingham is, beyond all question, the most remarkable centre of manufactures in metal, in the world. There may perhaps be other towns where more iron is used; there are, as at Sheffield, places where more steel is wrought into manufactured forms; there is in London, a larger production of costly articles in gold and silver; there are other towns, where large and complicated engines and machines are made in greater number; but there is no place to equal Birmingham in respect to the diversity and subdivision of metal manufactures, or to the number of persons so employed. It was at one time called the "toy-shop of Europe;" but this, though a smart sort of cognomen, is not worth much. If the world wants metal toys, Birmingham can make them; but if articles of utility are wanted, Birmingham is equally alive to the best mode of producing them. Whatever metal *can* do, Birmingham will make it do; from a pin's-head to a steam-engine; from a pewter pot to a copper boiler; from a gilt button to a brass bedstead. Every ounce of metal is made to do so much work in Birmingham, as to illustrate the economy of material more strikingly than in most other places. No place knows better than Birmingham how to make metallic articles thin, when the price will not pay for a greater thickness. No place can contrive better to give an ornamental exterior to that which, for economising material, is hollow within. And if many Birmingham goods are 'Brummagem' goods, whose fault is this? If people *will* have goods so cheap that a fair remunerating price can hardly be left to the manufacturer, is it matter for wonder that the latter taxes his ingenuity how to produce a showy affair for "next to nothing?" So long as Birmingham can show her ability to produce the highest class of manufactured articles in metal when properly paid for, no one has reason to blame her for trying to please the pence-gentry as well as the guinea-gentry. Nay, we may go further;—the cottages and humble dwellings of England are indebted to Birmingham and its neighbourhood, for a greater amount of neat interior fittings, useful utensils, and ingenious knick-knacks of all kinds, than fall to the lot, perhaps, of any other country in the world. Let the reader take his eyes off this sheet for a few minutes, and glance round the room in which he may be sitting—we care not whether it be in a house of £10 or £100 a year rental: let him look at the doors, the windows, the fire-place, the cupboards or closets, the furniture, the implements and vessels, the ornaments or decorations—wherever he may look, Birmingham is before him. There is scarcely a room in this country, except in the most poverty-stricken hovel, that does not contain some article of Birmingham manufacture. Let him then go from houses to persons: let him look at English dress, in all its endless variety, and then say whether there is one such dress that is not indebted to Birmingham for something or other in a metallic form. It may be trivial, it is true; but this very triviality only the better illustrates the minute applications which are now made of metal. Will not a beaver or silk hat escape this enumeration? Look at the little buckle that fastens the band. Are not our boots excepted? Look at the nails and 'tips' or at the tags of laces. Female attire? Let the buttons and buckles and clasps, the pins and hooks-and-eyes and lace-holes, the combs and bracelets and armlets, the rings and brooches and necklaces—let them all give evidence to the part which Birmingham and its vicinity have taken in decking out any and every Englishwoman. If you write a letter, look at your desk, your inkstand, your steel-pen, your pen-holder, your wafer-stamp, your seal, your candlestick or taper-stand, and think how far Birmingham has been concerned in them. If a lady, seated at her work, would gossip a little about

her work-trinkets, the needles, pins, thimble, bodkin, piercer, crochet and knitting-needles—all would tell of Birmingham, or in some few instances of Sheffield or Redditch. If you walk abroad, and rain befall you, ask who made the metal work of your umbrella. If you ride on horseback, think where the bridle-bit, the stirrups, and the buckles came from. In short, do anything, go anywhere, buy, beg, borrow, make, alter, eat, drink, walk, ride, look, hear, touch—you cannot shake off Birmingham for many minutes together.

If, then, there be such a multiplicity of articles made of metal in Birmingham, the reader may reasonably expect that there must be vast factories in that town, replete with all the wonderful organization of labour that marks the Manchester cotton factories. This, however, is not exactly the case. Chimneys there are in plenty, smoke there is in more than plenty; but the chimneys and the smoke belong to *workshops* rather than to *factories*. So much of Birmingham work is effected by manipulative skill, that the steam-engine is less autocratic in that town than in Manchester or Leeds. It is true there are numerous steam-engines always employed, but the power afforded by these engines is applied principally to the rougher kinds of work. One ball of cotton is so like another, one yard of calico is so like another, that as soon as steam machinery has been enabled to spin the one or weave the other, millions of each kind are struck off in a very short time. But in Birmingham the different varieties and sizes and patterns of articles are so numerous, that the adjustment of the steam-engine to do the work of all would be almost impracticable, and unprofitable if practicable. The adjustments required by the ever-varying tastes and wants of the age can be effected only by men's fingers: the steam-engine being appealed to for that kind of service which may be common to all the works required.

It is the multiplicity and diversity of the manufactures of Birmingham that lead to the peculiar mode of managing the arrangements between master and workmen. There are some establishments which contain several hundred workmen under one roof; but, in general, the numbers must be reckoned by dozens rather than by hundreds. The buildings are really workshops, and not huge factories with five or six long ranges of windows speckling the fronts. But we must come down even to less numbers than dozens, to catch the spirit of Birmingham manufactures in a proper manner. The division and subdivision of labour are carried in that town to a most extraordinary degree of minuteness; insomuch that an article which might appear to us to emanate from one factory or workshop, has been really produced at a dozen—each manufacturer or workman fabricating only a portion of it. There is master under master, workman under workman; and when the finished article is ready for sale, its price is made up of a number of fragments of wages, and fragments of profits, besides the cost of the original material.

The Iron and Steel Trades.

Let us glance a little at some of the more prominent departments of productive industry, and see how they bear on the social features of Birmingham life.

And first for *Iron*. There are no iron mines, and no coal mines under Birmingham itself. All the iron and all the coal are brought from the busy district north-west of the town. The iron-masters of Staffordshire usually come to Birmingham on Thursday in each week, to arrange all the matters incident to the sale of iron to the Birmingham manufacturers. They also meet once a quarter, to settle among themselves the price at which iron shall be sold; for there is, in this respect, an arrangement something like that adopted by the coal-owners of Durham and Northumberland. The iron is sent to Birmingham, mostly by canal, in the form of bars, rods, and sheets; and Birmingham industry has then to impart to this iron the countless forms which distinguish it. There are steam-engine makers, mill-wrights, axle-tree makers, boiler-makers, and others, who use iron in large and weighty pieces; and here the forge, the casting-pit, and the file, are the main appliances for bringing the iron to the required forms.

If we go to the next lower stage in the use of iron, by tracing it to the manufacturer of smaller articles, and if we include the South Staffordshire district generally, instead of confining our attention strictly to Birmingham, the number and variety become perfectly bewildering. Agricultural implements, anvils, hammers, and all kinds of tools, locks and keys, hinges and bolts, springs, stoves, fenders, fire-irons, chains, fences, tubes, presses and vices, saucepans and kettles, gridirons and flat-irons—it would be in vain to try to get to the end of the list. And what is very remarkable is, that each one of these articles is a separate branch of manufacture. Take the lock-manufacture, for example: we find not only that locks form a distinct branch of industry, but that book-case locks, cabinet locks, case locks, dead locks, drawback locks, gate locks, mortice locks, padlocks, pocket-book locks, rim locks, sash locks, spring locks, stock locks, thumb locks, trunk locks, and probably many others,—all form distinct branches, undertaken by different men, and wrought by workmen, each of whom confines himself pretty nearly to one kind. Then again, take keys: some of the men—not merely the workmen, but masters who take orders on their own account,—are key-makers, some key-stampers, some key-filers. Nearly the whole of the iron implements and articles mentioned in this paragraph are made in workshops containing only a small number of men: but they are more closely connected with the environs of Birmingham than with Birmingham itself; so we will defer to a future page a sketch of the manufacturing system which distinguishes them.

If we descend to a next lower scale in the use of iron, we find that though the articles themselves are smaller, the establishments in which they are made are

generally larger. This arises from the circumstance that the steam-engine can be used in this group of manufactures; whereas the group noticed in the last paragraph are almost wholly made without the aid of this mighty worker. This precisely illustrates the comparison which we before made between factories and workshops. Wire, nails, and screws, are three classes of products that especially come under the operation of this remark: they are all made in enormous quantities in Birmingham, and for the most part in large establishments. In the making of wire on the improved modern system, rods of iron are drawn repeatedly through holes in hardened steel plates, until the thickness of the iron is so reduced as to bring it to the form of wire; smaller and smaller holes being used according as the thickness of the iron diminishes; and as this drawing requires an immense mechanical force, such an operation is a very proper one to be brought within the scope of steam-machinery. Then, when a steam-engine is once provided, every motive of economy leads the manufacturer to make it do as much work as possible; and hence he has many draw-plates, many coils of wire, many drums round which the wire can wind as it is made, and many repetitions of the drawing machinery. All this gives to his workshop the appearance of a large factory.

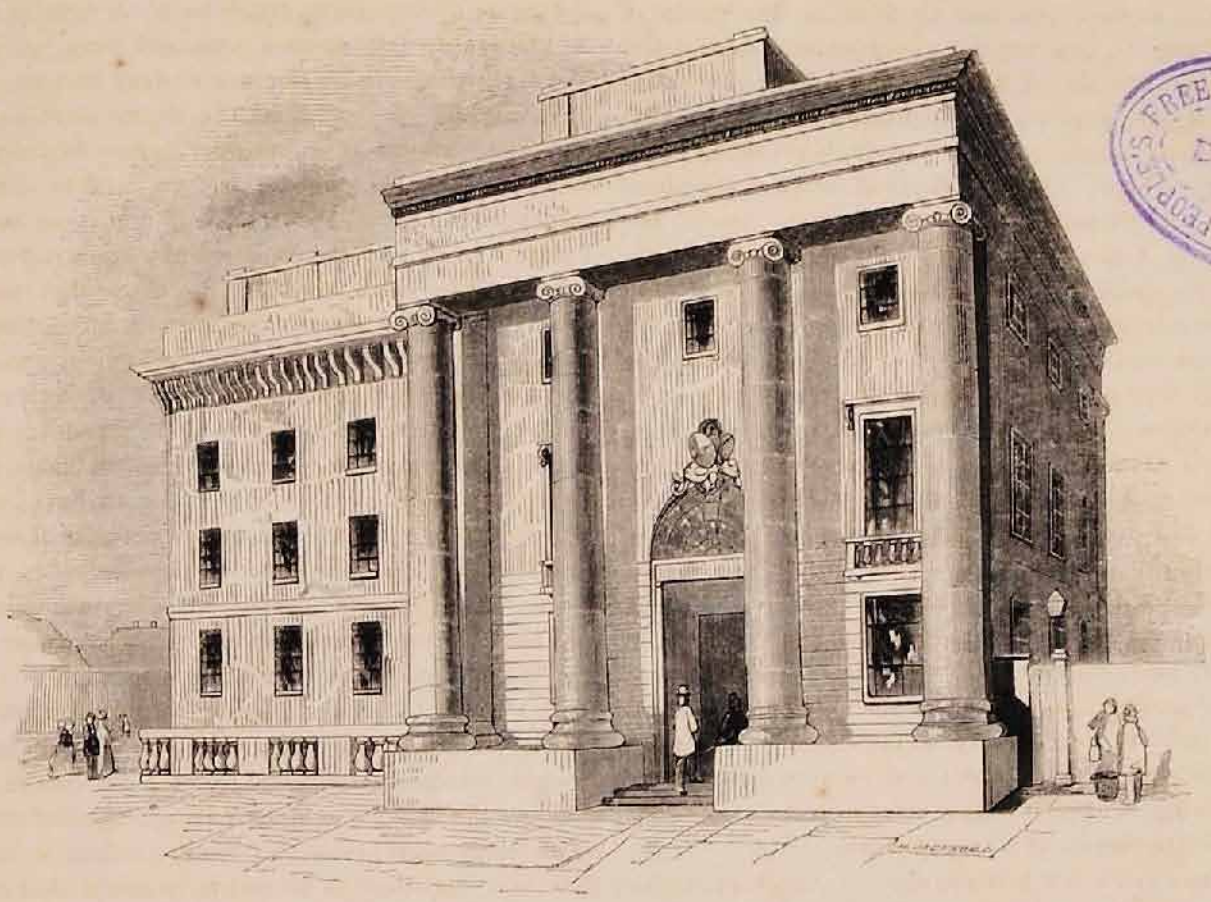
The nail and screw factories are yet larger exemplifications of the same system. Some of them employ several hundred men, and are fitted up with complicated machinery in every room. The number of nails and screws made in Birmingham is almost beyond belief. The iron for the nails is sent into the factories in the form of sheets; and these sheets are cut into strips, which strips are further cut up into various sizes and shapes of nails. There is one establishment in Birmingham which cuts up from thirty to forty tons of iron per week, to make into nails; the nails, taking one size with another, give an average of about a million to a ton; so that the total yield would amount to *two thousand million* nails in a year!—All this in machine-made nails alone, and in one factory alone! Whether any one has ever attempted to estimate the almost uncountable number made in the whole Staffordshire district, we do not know. *Screws* are not made in such enormous number as nails; but still the produce must be very large, and the establishments in which they are made exhibit highly ingenious specimens of mechanism. The cutting off of a piece from a coil of thick wire, the forging of a protuberance to form the head, the turning or shaping of the head and shank into a symmetrical form, the cutting of the notch or cleft in the head, and the cutting of the thread or worm of the screw,—all are effected by the aid of machinery, some of which is of a very curious kind. It is a remarkable feature in this manufacture, that the machines are attended almost wholly by females: the employment is of a kind that requires steady attention rather than physical strength or great skill; and it is one of many in Birmingham that females can attend to.

If, lastly, we descend to a still lower application of iron in manufacture,—lower in respect to the size of the pieces of iron employed,—we shall find that Birmingham industry becomes more and more interesting. We must here suppose the iron to have undergone that process which converts it into steel; for steel is capable of being employed in smaller fragments than iron. Who does not now use *steel pens?* Who does not remember the time when a steel pen cost as much as a dozen quills? Who is ignorant of the marvellous reduction that has taken place in the market value of these tiny bits of steel? Sixpence a piece, sixpence a dozen, sixpence a gross,—thus have they come down in value. All this could not have been done but for the application of machinery. Men's hands employed in cutting and pressing and shaping the pens, would never have permitted this cheapening to have gone to such an extent. And yet there are actually more men employed in the manufacture than were employed when machinery was less used. The machinery, in fact, has created a demand, which requires large numbers both of machines and of men to supply. Some of the steel-pen manufactories of Birmingham are very large establishments, containing ranges of highly-finished machines, and giving employment to large numbers of workmen. One of these manufacturers, in his advertisements, states his yearly produce at *millions of dozens;* and there is no reason to doubt that it does reach that extraordinary pitch.

Needles are another application of minute pieces of steel, requiring very delicate and beautiful machinery. No fewer than thirty separate and successive processes are involved in the manufacture of a good needle, affording an example of subdivided employment scarcely paralleled in any other industrial process. Birmingham produces its millions of needles; but the manufacture is not one which marks the town particularly. The village of Redditch, in Worcestershire, one of the most extraordinary villages in England, is the home of the needle trade: almost every manufacturer makes needles, almost every workman makes needles; almost every lawyer and doctor, every landlord and householder, every shopkeeper and pedlar, makes his money indirectly by needles or needle-makers: needles are the beginning and the end, the be-all and the do-all, the sinews and the life-blood, of Redditch. Three or four thousand millions of needles travel out of this needle-making Redditch every year. No wonder, then, if Birmingham has to be content with the second place in this department of industry. She has her revenge, however, in steel toys and ornaments. These are produced in exhaustless variety at Birmingham. Studs and rosettes, clasps and buckles, handles and knobs, feet and claws, are made of steel, to a vast extent, and give rise to a constant exercise of ingenuity on the part of the designer to produce patterns which shall please by their gracefulness and beauty.

The Mixed Metal Trades.

But large as is the consumption of iron, either in its



6.—THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.

crude form or in the altered state of steel, and numerous as are the distinct varieties in its application, the industrial arrangements of Birmingham are, perhaps, still more remarkably distinguished by the application of other metals in a more or less mixed form. Copper, tin, zinc, lead, and nickel, either in their simple states or mixed and combined so as to form brass, bell-metal, bronze, pewter, and white metal, give rise to an extraordinary diversity of manufactures, in which Birmingham takes the lead of all other towns, beyond the reach of comparison. Look at any correct list of the divisions of Birmingham manufactures, (if such a list can possibly be prepared,) and see how this matter presents itself. Beer-engines, bells, Britannia-metal goods, British plate or nickel-silver, bronze goods, buttons, candlesticks, chandeliers, clock-dials, clock-hands, clock-movements, coach-beading, coach brass-work, coach-plating, coach-ornaments, coffin-furniture, brass cocks and valves, corkscrews, cornice-poles and curtain-rings, brass fire-furniture, gas-fittings, guns and muskets, inkstands, letter-weights, lamps, medals and dies, military ornaments, pewter vessels, pins, plated ware, brass rings and rods and tubes, harness-ornaments, copper vessels, scales and weights, stamped brass-work, tin-plate ware,—here is a list which would put any one out of breath to read; and all of these articles are made wholly, or mainly, of one or other of the metals lately named. Each one, too, is the object of a separate and distinct branch of Birmingham manufacture; and not only so, but many of them are further subdivided. The factor or dealer may receive the finished article from a manufacturer, who has received it in half-a-dozen different parts from half-a-dozen smaller manufacturers; and each of these, again, employs many men, each of whom can do only one part of the work.

The making of muskets and fowling-pieces strikingly illustrates this subdivision of Birmingham industry. Gun-making is one of the best and most extensive of her trades; but we should form a most erroneous estimate of the matter if we interpreted a gun-manufacturer to mean one who makes guns complete within the walls of one establishment. There are gun-barrel makers, gun-case makers, gun-engravers, gun-filers, gun-finishers, gun-furniture makers, gun-percussioners, gun-polishers, gun-screwers, gun-lock makers, gun-stockers. Even these are subdivided among themselves; for among the gun-barrel makers are borers, browners, filers, grinders, ribbers, smoothers, and welders; and the gun-locks are distributed among makers, forgers, and filers. In some of the numerous branches here indicated, the work is done by manufacturers who have tolerably large workshops, and employ a good many hands, and who send in their finished portion of the work to the gun-manufacturer or first-hand employer; while, in other cases, the occupation is more that of a journeyman than of a master. The consequence of this system is, that the parts of a gun are travelling about Birmingham most actively: the fragments are running after each other, and do not

come finally together till they are about to reach the warehouse of the manufacturer. Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Higgins, Tomkins, Jenkins,—all are at work, in their respective workshops, and, perhaps, all in different streets, on different parts of the same gun, at the same time; and a good deal of testing is required from time to time, to see that the adjustment of the different parts is correct.

The whole internal economy of the gun-making trade of Birmingham, indeed, is very interesting. During the French war, infantry-muskets were made at Birmingham at the rate of a musket a minute; and the organised system is still maintained, whereby a large order of muskets can be executed in a very short space of time. Many of the processes themselves are highly curious. The common barrels are formed by hammering a heated strip of plate-iron round a mandril, or core, until it assumes a tubular shape; while the best barrels are made by twisting a narrow strip of iron round and round, in corkscrew fashion, and then heating and hammering so as to close the fissures between the successive thread of the spiral. The boring and smoothing of these barrels are subsequent and very carefully conducted operations; for the right discharge of the bullet requires that the axis of the tube shall be in a mathematically straight line, and the sides of the tube perfectly smooth. While the barrel is being made, the 'stock' or woodwork, is progressing in other quarters. This is usually of walnut-wood, and is shaped by saws, planes, chisels, spoke-shaves, and other tools. The Wolverhampton and Willenhall and Walsall men, too, are making the locks in the meantime; for, though Birmingham could make gun-locks as well as other things, yet it seems that all parties agree to locate this trade out of the town—another proof of combination in subdivision: subdivision in the processes themselves, and combination in respect to the workmen in each branch grouping themselves pretty much in one spot. These country-made gun-locks are always cheaper than the Birmingham men could make them for themselves.

Who has ever visited Birmingham by railway without having his ears saluted with a bang and a boom from some spot near the station? This 'bang, bang,' comes from the gun-barrel proof-house, which is within a few dozen yards of the passenger station. In order that the Government might be able to depend on the quality of the infantry muskets supplied from Birmingham, and that the reputation of Birmingham manufacturers might be maintained at an honourable point, an arrangement was made during the war, which empowered the Birmingham gun-makers to establish a barrel-proving-house, under the management of a warden and other officers, selected from among themselves. Every manufacturer is bound, under a heavy penalty, to send all the barrels he may make to this establishment, for trial and proof; and the few pence which he pays for the proving of each barrel defray the expenses of the establishment. This gun-proof-house is a large, dirty, rambling sort of building. The barrels sent in from the several manufactories are loaded with four or five times as much powder as they will be required to carry in actual practice. They are then ranged side by side on a low stage in a long building, in such a way that all the touch-holes shall rest upon a long train of gunpowder. All the men then leave the place, doors are closed, a light is applied to the extreme end of the train, a hundred barrels are fired at once, and the bullets bury themselves in a large heap of sand provided for that purpose. The smoke is allowed a few moments to dissipate itself, the doors are opened, and the barrels are taken up one by one. A small per-centage of them—we believe from one to two per cent.—yield to this severe test: they burst. The workman who has forged the barrel undertakes that it shall bear the test applied to it; if it does not do so, he repairs or remakes the barrel without extra charge to his employer.

The Government proof-house is a more comprehensive and interesting establishment. It is situated near the Walsall-road, at the northern part of the town. This is a proof-house in the fullest sense of the term, for everything is put to a severe test. Workmen and errand-boys, messengers and carriers, are continually coming to and fro, bringing the several parts of muskets which have been made by different manufacturers, in order that they may be proved by persons belonging to the establishment. Each musket barrel is here proved separately. It is loaded, and put into an oak chest of immense strength, the lid of which is then held down by ponderous iron fastenings: by an ingenious piece of mechanism the barrel is fired:—bullet, smoke, flame,—all are confined within the chest, which is shortly afterwards removed. When the strength of the barrel is thus tested, it is gauged and measured in its diameter, and in the straightness of its bore; and all the little nicks and juts and prominences which are to aid in fastening it to the stock are separately examined. The woodwork is struck and beat and examined, to see that there is no flaw. The locks are taken piecemeal, and screws and springs minutely examined. The bayonets are struck and bent in various ways, to prove their temper; and the sockets which are to receive them in the gun are examined and gauged. In short, every bit of metal and wood in the musket undergoes a separate and severe scrutiny; and if anything fails in the proof, the makers are the losers; for the terms of contract are, that all the articles made shall bear the test applied to them. Most of these provers in the Government establishment receive high wages; great experience, steadiness, and tact are called for in the exercise of their vocation, and are paid for accordingly. It is however, a sad exemplification of the stupid folly of 'strikes,' in mechanical employments, that one class of operatives, engaged in fitting together all the minute portions of a gun, thought proper to 'strike' for higher wages a few years ago, although they were then in receipt of £4 or £5 per week wages. The Government would not submit to this demand; and an ingenious arrangement of

machinery was invented,—not for the purpose of dispensing with manual labour, but to enable a workman of moderate skill to make the requisite adjustments: this renders the employers independent of any small clique of high-skilled workmen; and the 'percussioners' as they are called, have since had cause to regret their short-sightedness.

If guns are one of the notable features of Birmingham, *Buttons* are another. Ever since buttons were buttons, Birmingham has been their head-quarters. Birmingham, doubtless, would undertake to button up all the world, if the world wished to be buttoned. You must not say you "don't care a button" to a Birmingham man; for to him a button is a thing of rank and importance: it is not to be laughed at or treated with disrespect. Buttons give employment, and homes, and sustenance to many thousands of persons in this town; and every change of fashion in these tiny products involves large commercial consequences to Birmingham. The demands for 'protection' in buttons have been more numerous than most persons are aware of. In the early part of the last century, coat-buttons usually consisted of a central mould or disc, made of wood or bone, round which threads of gold, silver, or silk, were wound by women and girls, who sat about a table at this employment. But at last, the fashion arose of covering the mould with the same kind of cloth as was employed in the dress. Hence arose a huge outcry; and a petition was presented to Parliament, which, like all similar petitions in all ages, shows how utterly useless is the attempt to legislate on such matters. The Petition held forth thus:—"It appears by long experience that needle-wrought buttons have been a manufacture of considerable importance to the welfare of this kingdom, insomuch that, whenever such buttons have been disused, the wisdom of the nation hath always interposed, as may be seen by the several Acts passed in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and of His Majesty in this present Parliament. Yet, notwithstanding the said Acts, the tailors continue to make buttons and button-holes of the same materials the clothes are made of; and the said Acts cannot be put in execution, because of the great difficulties that attend the detecting and prosecuting the offenders."—Of course, the said Acts *could* not be put in execution. If those incorrigible tailors had been the very models of meekness and kindness, they could not have done it: they were relatively powerless: they had to bend to a greater power—fashion—which runs its circle in spite of all such laws.

Buttons were more showy affairs in Hutton's time, half a century ago, than they are now. He says:—"Though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high-tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button, nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press. Though the common round button keeps in with the pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this the fashions tread upon each other and crowd upon the wearer." Our buttons are less capricious in shape than were those of Hutton's time; but we have new kinds of which he knew nothing.

The button manufactories of Birmingham are among the largest and most interesting in the town. They are really comprehensive and well-conducted establishments in which supervision and subdivision play their parts effectively. Gilt buttons, silvered buttons, plated buttons, silk buttons, Florentine buttons, shell buttons, horn buttons, bone buttons, wood buttons—all are made in these large establishments; and the processes relating to them are very numerous. For instance, there are, for the common gilt button, the stamping out of the sheet-copper 'blank,' the trimming of the edge, the cutting of a bit of wire for the 'shank,' the bending of this shank to its proper shape, the adjustment and soldering of the shank to the blank, the steeping of the button in a mercurial solution, the gilding by means of gold-amalgam, the fixing of the gold by a heated iron, the cleansing of the button, the burnishing with a piece of blood-stone, and the papering and wrapping up. If, instead of being flat and plain on both sides, the button is curved on the outside, or if it be globular like some of the buttons for boys' dresses, or if it has a raised device like livery or uniform buttons, there are many additional processes besides those here enumerated; and if the button is to exhibit a silvery whiteness instead of a golden yellow, both the original metal and the final chemical processes are different. For a Florentine or silk coat-button, two bits of thin sheet-iron, a bit of pasteboard, a bit of thick canvas, and a bit of the Florentine or silk, are cut out, by stamping each circular disc; and by a most beautiful machine, all these are adjusted and fixed together by two movements of a press—without the aid of glue, cement, riveting, sewing, twisting, screwing, or any other fastening. For buttons of shell, wood, or bone, the chief operations are, the mechanical ones of turning, stamping, and drilling; while, for those of horn, the main process is pressure in a die or mould, while the horn is in a softened state of heat.

As a proof of the commercial largeness of this apparently trivial trade, it has been stated that a new kind of button has been known to cost the manufacturer several thousand pounds, and many months of thought and labour, before it was introduced into the market!

If any one would witness the nimbleness of female fingers, let him ask permission to enter one of the Birmingham button-factories. Many females are there employed, and the celerity with which they cut out the small circular pieces of metal and other material by means of a cutting-press, is almost inconceivable. Some of the circular convex discs of copper are stamped

out at the rate of thirty in a minute; each stamping involving three distinct operations—the placing of the strip of metal, the movement of the stamping-press, and the removal of the little disc from the cell or die where it lies!

A very wide range is taken of articles made by somewhat similar means to buttons. Stamping-works are numerous at Birmingham; and at these works an exhaustless variety of articles is produced from sheet metal, applicable to various purposes of use and ornament. The supply of dies and stamps is a remarkable feature at such establishments. It is said that some of the Birmingham stamping-works possess as many as a quarter of a million separate dies, all of which are liable to be thrown into disuse by the changes of fashion!

Buttons, and guns, and stamped goods, are among those examples of the use of mixed metals at Birmingham, which we alluded to in a former page. But they are not the only examples: brass tubing, curtain rods, bedsteads, telescope tubing, candlesticks and chandeliers, bronze gates, railings, vases, tripods, statuettes, ornaments, Britannia-metal—or would-be silver—articles of use and ornament; these, and a hundred others, help to swell the list of industrial products of this remarkable town. Pins, too, though small in size, are large in manufacturing importance. They are made in large establishments; and the cutting, the pointing, the head-cutting, the whitening, and the papering, give employment to a large number of hands, of which the chief are boys and girls.

The Gold and Silver Trades.

But even yet we have not done with Birmingham metals: we must go to gold and silver, of which a large quantity is used in the town. If we enter the shop of a London silversmith and jeweller, and look around at the tempting bits of glitter that meet the eye, we should be pretty safe in saying that much of the store came from Birmingham. Cheap articles in gold and silver can in no other town in England be made so cheaply as in Birmingham. She has all the machinery wanted, all the manual skill wanted, all the trading organization wanted, for such work. Her principal manufacturers are in a position to show that if costly and highly-artistic productions be required, she can produce them; but the prominent and staple produce is that which meets the requirements of a low-priced market. No one knows better than a Birmingham man, how to make a grain of gold cover a large surface; and it is by carrying this principle to an outrageous extent, that some of the smaller and more obscure manufacturers have given a 'Brummagem' character to Birmingham goods, not without injury to others engaged in the trade.

The gold and silver manufactures of Birmingham exhibit the *workshop* system of that town more, perhaps, than the manufactures in other metals. There are very few or no large factories for these goods. The pencil-cases, pen-holders, thimbles, bodkins, toothpicks, tweezers, brooches, finger-rings, (25,000 gold wedding-rings have been marked in the Assay-office of Birmingham in one year!) ear-rings, chains, bracelets, armlets, buckles, clasps, and countless other articles in gold and silver, are mostly made in small workshops, or in the attic or back shop of a workman. There are in Birmingham many manufacturers, factors, or warehouse keepers, who supply these goods to the shopkeepers and dealers, but who do not keep premises in which the goods are actually made. Such an employer supplies himself with gold and silver of the requisite thicknesses and standard, and gives out this material either to a workman, or to an intermediate manufacturer, who keeps a small number of men and apprentices under him; and the material so given out is manufactured to a definite size and form, which is returned to the factor, who pays for the labour so bestowed. So subdivided is the employment, that one article of gold and silver is made, perhaps, by a dozen different persons, in as many places; each workman or small master undertaking to make only one fragmentary portion of the complete article. In some cases these fragments are put together on the factor's own premises; while in other instances, a distinct class of middlemen or operatives undertake this sort of putting together. The articles themselves are made by varied applications of the processes of tube-drawing, wire-drawing, rolling, stamping, pressing, turning, filing, punching, chasing, engraving, riveting, soldering, &c., according to the size and nature of the thing to be made; and the little bits of gold and silver are mostly fashioned at small workbenches in small workshops. Hence arises one peculiarity of Birmingham trade. Few towns equal it in the number of small workshops scattered throughout its streets and lanes; or in the number of its small masters.

As Birmingham has found out the art of spreading out a bit of gold to a large superficies, so has she brought to a high state of efficiency that most extraordinary art, by which electricity instantaneously developes a film of gold or silver over a prepared surface. This is not the place to talk about the wonders of the galvanic battery. We must ask the reader to believe the following points: That when a solid substance, properly prepared for the purpose, is immersed in a liquid solution, containing a chemical combination of gold or silver, if the mysterious influence from a galvanic-battery be brought to bear on the solution, the metal separates from it, and becomes spread in a thin film on the prepared body; that the thin film may be rendered permanent and durable; that it may be burnished and otherwise wrought up to a high state of beauty; and that it may then be used as a substitute for real gold and silver plate. All this has been developed at Birmingham within the last few years, partly founded on galvanic discoveries made elsewhere. One of the largest and finest establishments in Birmingham, is devoted to this kind of electro-plating, or electro-metallurgy; and there are several of smaller rank. The kind of work for which the electro-plate is mostly used as a substitute, is silver-plated, or

gold-plated, or silver-gilt goods. The real and costly gold and silver goods, of the highest class, which are as pure within as they are without, are either cast in moulds, or stamped and pressed from sheet metal, or both, and are afterwards wrought up to the highest pitch of finish and beauty by hand. The plated goods are made by rolling a sheet of copper and a sheet of silver together with such force as permanently to unite them, and by working up this two-fold sheet into any required form: the silver, which is very much thinner than the copper, being used as the outer or visible surface. Silver-gilt goods are made either of solid silver, or of silver plated on copper, and then coated externally by what is termed the "water-gilding" process, with a thin film of gold. But in the electro process, no solid gold, silver, or plated copper are used. A model, or foundation, varied in its character and material according to the purpose in view, is prepared by the designer, the modeller, the moulder, and the chaser; and this being immersed in a vessel containing a chemical solution of gold or silver, a few minutes' application of a galvanic-battery suffices to separate the gold or silver from the solution, and to deposit it in an exquisitely fine and complete layer on the model. This is one of the most surprising and beautiful of all manufacturing processes. It is one which vividly illustrates the debt that art owes to science. Whether rank and fortune will consent to use this substitute for plate instead of plate itself—whether some manufacturers will be tempted to make the thin film of precious metal *too* thin, and thereby damage the good name of this magically-coated material—are points beside our present object. Enough to state what can be done, what has been doing, and what is now doing, in the development of this beautiful department of industry. As one consequence of the spread of this art will be to add to the number and variety of richly adorned articles in the houses of the middle and upper classes, it will lend an impetus to the arts of design; since no brilliancy in the appearance of the material will ensure for it permanent favour unless it be wedded to that grace and elegance which it is the office of the designer to infuse into it.

Birmingham has contrived to make *paper* do duty as a material for some most attractive and delicate productions. Papier maché—the name and the material both derived from the French—is a pulpy mass prepared by shredding and softening pieces of paper; and this pulp can be pressed into moulds, and afterwards dried into an uncommonly light, tough, and durable material for ornaments. Another mode of using paper is to paste numerous sheets together so as to form a pasteboard or cartoon, and to use this pasteboard as a material. Tea-trays and other flat articles are made of this pasteboard material; while more diversified and ornamental forms are better produced on the other method. There is an establishment in Birmingham in which this art is brought to a high pitch of excellence; for after the actual form is given to the material, the processes of japaning, painting, gilding, varnishing, and polishing, are carried to an elaborate extent: insomuch that it becomes difficult to believe that so humble a material as paper lies beneath so much beauty. It is possible that this sheet may reach the hands of some who saw the gorgeous sofa at a recent exhibition of specimens of manufacture at the Society of Arts in London: this sofa will suffice to show what Birmingham can do to impart solidity and splendour to—mere paper.

Social Features.

Let not the reader suppose that we are about to drag him into all the workshops of Birmingham. He will perhaps think that there has been enough of it already; but to attempt to give anything like a general idea of this busy town, without dwelling a little on the organization and subdivision of its manufactures, would be nearly as bad as enacting 'Hamlet' with the chief character omitted. Further down, deeper and deeper still, goes the subdivision of employments, not only in metallurgic manufactures, but in others in which other materials are employed. When the British Association held its meeting at Birmingham, in 1839, a valuable paper relating to that town was read before the Statistical Section, by Mr. Francis Clark, who from his two-fold position as a manufacturer and a magistrate, has peculiar facilities for obtaining trustworthy information. In this paper he gives an analysis of 791 persons who formed the members of a Provident Institution; and he found that these members belonged to no less than 110 different branches of trade—an amount of subdivision of labour truly remarkable. He was also able, by examining the condition of a large number of these persons, to form an average which he thinks approaches very near to a correct average of the earnings of *the whole* of the Birmingham operatives, at different ages. These rates he gives thus: from seven to thirteen years of age, boys, 3*s.* 1*d.* per week—girls, 2*s.* 4*d.*; from fourteen to twenty years, males, 5*s.* 9*d.*—females, 5*s.* 2*d.*; and above the age of twenty years, males, 24*s.* 3*d.*—females, 8*s.* per week. If such an estimate be applicable to an *average* of years, and if the men of Birmingham do really earn and receive 24*s.* per week as an average of *all* the manufacturing trades, we will venture to express a doubt whether there is another large manufacturing town in the kingdom to equal it; at any rate, it has but few equals. How must the poor framework-knitters of Nottingham and Leicester envy these Birmingham men! According to this estimate, a Birmingham metal-worker could buy out three or four cotton-stocking men of Nottingham, or worsted-stocking men of Leicester.

It is one consequence of the mode of conducting Birmingham manufactures, that the wretched cellar-dwellings of many of our large towns are not there met with. There are but few extreme poor, driven down to the verge of starvation. Times may be hard, and trade may be slack, but still the weekly wages distributed are always large and more equable than in

most towns. The workmen do not congregate six or eight families in a house: it is more common for one or two families to have a small house to themselves; and as, luckily for Birmingham, most of the streets incline from one end to the other, on account of the irregular level of the town, the streets undergo a natural drainage, which is of immense importance to the health of the inhabitants. The consequence is, that Birmingham is, for a smoky centre of manufactures, a tolerably healthy town. A little progress is being made by some of the larger firms, in the adoption of smoke-consuming apparatus for the furnaces; and if Birmingham would go as far as Leeds has gone in this matter, it would be all the better for the inhabitants.

In Birmingham, as elsewhere, a Mechanics' Institution was founded,—flourished for a time,—and decayed. On its ashes arose a Polytechnic Institution, having a somewhat similar object in view: this still exists. Whether by such or by any other means, the raising of the position of the working-classes by education is of immense importance in a town like Birmingham, where such classes form so large a proportion of the whole population. That they become both better workmen and better men by such agency, is now pretty well a settled point. Valuable testimony on this matter was given by Mr. Turner, the eminent button-manufacturer, in 1841, to one of the Commissioners sent down by the Government. His evidence was summed up as follows: "Knows all his work-people personally; has had constant opportunities of contrasting the conduct of the educated and well-informed with that of the ignorant and ill-informed; finds that the educated workman is unquestionably of much greater value to his employer than the uneducated; would not, knowingly, employ even one of the lowest mechanics, who could not read; finds that exactly in proportion to the extent of a mechanic's information, is he respectful in his behaviour, and generally well-conducted; and, on the other hand, the ignorant are less respectful, and not so well-disposed towards their employers. In the event of any disagreement between the workmen and their employer, the most ignorant are always the first to complain, and are invariably the most suspicious and untractable." This distinct avowal, by an employer of several hundred persons, is very important.

A remarkable and laudable attempt is being made by Mr. J. G. Brooks, to establish a 'Ministry to the Poor.' A Society has been formed, in co-operation with certain Sunday-schools; the purpose of which is, to diffuse among the poorest inhabitants a knowledge of and taste for those purifying influences to which they are too often strangers. A humble house in a poor neighbourhood has been rented at a low rate: it has been cleansed and whitewashed and rendered decent: it has been furnished with a few forms and desks, and a few books. Here, at stated times, the broad principles of Christian truth are set forth to whoever will come and listen to them, in a series of simple discourses. At other times the poor and ragged are invited in to learn something of the decencies and usefulness of society: boys and girls are taught to read and write, and girls are taught to hem and sew. Those who, at their own wretched homes (for there are *some* wretched homes at Birmingham, notwitstanding the circumstances recently touched upon) witness nothing but ignorance, dirt, and profligacy, do here catch a glimpse of something better, a something which may raise them above the level of brutes. At other times the sick and poverty-stricken are visited at their own homes; and a little pecuniary aid, and that sort of kindness which is often of more value even than money itself, are bestowed. Something of a literary cast, too, is attempted; for a news-room, library, and lecture-room —forming indeed a sort of humble Mechanics' Institution—are maintained. It is termed the People's Instruction Society, and is, in fact, a distinct and self-supporting institution. Though the payment is so marvellously small as one penny per week from each member, yet by frugality and good management, the Society is enabled to have a news-room, with newspapers and magazines, a circulating library, classes for instruction, and occasional lectures.—Let those who would wish to do much with little means, see what earnestness of purpose can accomplish. This 'Ministry to the Poor' seems to have but small funds at its command; yet it has set on foot a People's Instruction Society, Sunday-schools, a Provident Institution, Day-schools for children, Evening-schools for adults, and District-visitings to those whom small contributions in money, food, or raiment might benefit. In short, it is an attempt to penetrate down to those classes which Mechanics' Institutions and Benefit Societies have never yet reached.—All honour to such an attempt!

A few words more about the men of Birmingham before we leave them. Institutions have been established, mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Sanders and Mr. Francis Clark, designed to embrace all the advantages of Benefit Societies, without the pernicious obligation of holding the meetings at public houses, and with sounder financial principles in regard to the apportionment of benefits. One of these, the 'Birmingham Provident and Benevolent Institution,' has been established about fifteen years, and is in connection with Church Sunday-schools. It numbers between two and three thousand members. It embraces a Medical Attendance Club; an Annuity, Sick Pay, and Funeral Society; a Saving Club; an Endowment Society; a Benevolent Fund; and a Library. Whatever may be the station in life of a member, of either sex or of any age, some one or other of these benefits may be made available. By paying one penny a week, medicines and medical attendance are ensured during sickness. By making a small weekly payment, a funeral-fund, a sick-fund, a superannuation-fund, or an endowment-fund, may be secured. The other Society, the 'New Meeting Provident Institution,' is very like the former in character and object, and is, like it, primarily connected with certain Sunday-schools. Both proceed on the principle, that the system of co-operation and mutual assistance may be judiciously carried

much further than it usually is; that the every-day troubles of life are susceptible of much amelioration, if we would only make to-day think for to-morrow. If sickness be the evil, one penny per week will do what man can do to ward it off. If prudent saving be the object, sums so small as one penny are received as deposits. If endowment or superannuation allowance be desired, every imaginable facility is offered, to meet the means and wants of all. Two admirable features accompany these institutions—they are self-supporting, deriving no portion of their funds from charity; and they are conducive to length of life; for an extraordinary difference is observable, between the rate of mortality in those who belong to these institutions, and in that of the other inhabitants of Birmingham who move in a similar sphere of life.

The Neighbouring Iron and Coal Towns.

We must now ask the reader to turn his back upon Birmingham, and take a hasty glance at the district by which it is surrounded.

North-westward lies the busy home of iron and coal. Nothing gives a better notion of the region than a ride outside a 'bus' or coach to Wolverhampton or Dudley: especially if we return in the evening, after dusk; we see the daylight scene in one direction, and the extraordinary glare of flames in the other. We can see that the grass of the fields is willing to be green, if the miner will let it alone. We see how towns and villages have grown up where farms and fields were a few years ago. We see that churches, and chapels, and humanizing institutions have settled down in these spots, but generally long after a thick population had been brought together. We see a district in which every town and village, every house, every man and woman and child, every occupation and station, are more or less dependent on, and at the mercy of lumps of coal and lumps of iron.—Very unpoetical, perhaps; but yet there is a good deal of rough stern poetry in these said lumps.

The southern corner of Staffordshire is one huge honey-comb. The ground is perforated and tunnelled and galleried in every direction, insomuch that the surface is continually sinking. Many and many a house requires to be chained round its middle, or propped up by timbers or stones, to prevent it from falling. Many a turnpike-road or path changes its level by sinking. When a new church or other large structure is to be built, great difficulty is sometimes experienced in finding a spot firm enough to bear it. Near Sedgeley there are (or were, a few years ago) a church and parsonage-house made of frame-work, capable of being *screwed-up* when they wander from the perpendicular! Much of the Staffordshire coal lies very near the surface; so that when the coal is extracted by mining, the superficial crust is scarcely strong enough to bear itself up.

If the district underground is a labyrinth of dark passages, so is the district above-ground a labyrinth of red brick houses. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the eight miles from Birmingham to Dudley present one continued string of houses. You hardly know what to call it; you meet with but few of the adjuncts of a complete and regular town. It seems as if houses had been jotted down here and there—anywhere—and had shuffled themselves into the order of a street. There is one large parish, West Bromwich, which was a few years ago mostly agricultural ground, belonging in great part to the Earl of Dartmouth. Shafts have since then been opened, galleries wrought, and mines established; and as the crude coal and iron was brought up to the surface, so were smelting and colliery works formed *on* the surface; and as the works spread around, so were houses rapidly built for the accommodation of the workmen. The consequence is that West Bromwich has become not merely a parish, but a town; and a most extraordinary town it is. You cannot tell where it begins or where it ends. You may walk through two or three miles of houses along the high road, and be all the while in West Bromwich; you may see a clustering village afar off across some fields—still West Bromwich; you may leave the high road altogether, and strike across to the north-east—again and again West Bromwich. Several local names are however, gradually being given to different portions of the group; and we shall probably find the name of West Bromwich by-and-bye applied to a more limited area of ground. Most of the houses inhabited by the workmen are two stories in height, and as all of them are made with red bricks, (red through the impregnation of the clay with iron,) the several groups are very conspicuous when contrasted with the green fields seen from a distance.

The principal manufacturing towns, however, are of older date, and have the usual concomitants of established towns. The whole of them—Wolverhampton, Walsall, Wednesbury, Bilston, Dudley, &c.,—derive their commercial position almost wholly from manufactures in iron: and it is curious to see how particular branches of manufacture have settled in particular spots. Bloxwich supports itself almost wholly on awl-blades and bridle-bits; small matters perhaps, but great by the power of numbers. Wednesfield has its locks, keys, and traps—most of the unlucky rats, mice, foxes, badgers, and weazels, have to thank Wednesfield for the means by which they have been or are to be captured; Darlaston, its gun-locks, hinges, and stirrups; Walsall, its buckles, spurs, bits, and saddlers' ironmongery generally; Wednesbury, its gas-pipes, coach-springs, axles, screws, hinges, and bolts; Bilston, its japan-work and tin-plating, but principally the actual smelting and making of iron; Sedgeley and the whole of its neighbourhood, nails, nails, nothing but nails; Dudley, its vices, fire-irons, nails, and chains; Willenhall, its locks, keys, latches, curry-combs, bolts and gridirons; Tipton, its heavy iron-work; and lastly Wolverhampton, the giant of the whole, with its more varied products of locks, keys, nails, tips, screws, hinges, vices, bolts, tin toys, steel toys, tin plate-work,

and japan-work. A few towns, farther south, such as Oldbury, Smethwick, Rowley-Regis, Halesowen, and Stourbridge, are also connected with the iron manufacture, but not so exclusively as those named above.

The state of society has assumed many remarkable features in this district. Workers in iron give the tone to everything; and many of the elements of a well-balanced society are in some places almost wholly wanting. In the parish of Darlaston, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, it was said, two or three years ago, that there were no resident gentry whatever; all were engaged either in mining or manufacturing.

Walsall is a good town: it is situated on a declivity, which greatly aids in the maintenance of drainage. The Walsall folks keep up an odd old custom on St. Clement's Day, of scrambling for apples and nuts thrown among them from the Town Hall. Bilston is perhaps the blackest of the black: it makes more iron, as is said, than the whole of Sweden, and it must needs be a smoky place. There are many streets of this town where gas-lights are almost useless—so bright is the glare at night from fifty furnace-mouths being within a short distance of it.

In Wolverhampton, Willenhall, and others of these towns, the work is nearly all executed by small masters, who have a few apprentices each, and work hard themselves. They work for factors, or dealers, who procure their supplies from these men and sell to merchants and shop-keepers. There are whole districts of streets and courts almost without names or numbers, in which neither name nor occupation of the inhabitants is written up. A stranger could neither see nor guess what is going on, nor who are the residents; and if he wished to find a particular person, he might have some difficulty so to do—unless he were well-learned in nick-names, in which these Staffordshire folks love to revel. The nameless streets and the non-numbered houses are occupied by the small masters who work in small shops in the rear of their dwellings; and as they know nothing of any employers except the factors whom they supply, they care nothing about the means of publicity which a London tradesman courts. Willenhall is really an extraordinary place. There are scarcely a dozen professional men in it—all the rest being working manufacturers; and two-thirds of all these workmen are employed in making locks. The men are mostly small masters, employing two or three apprentices each; and masters and boys together work on almost incessantly from morning to night. Mr. Horne, one of the Commissioners sent down a few years ago to examine the state of the manufacturing districts, gave the following picture:—"Sometimes men and boys eat their meals at leisure: the former at intervals, between drinking and smoking, the latter while playing at marbles or going on errands. This is on Monday and Tuesday. In the middle and latter end of the week, men and boys eat their victuals while they work, or bolt their victuals standing. You see a locksmith and his two apprentices with a plate before each of them, heaped up (at the best of times when they can get such things) with potatoes and lumps of something or other,—but seldom meat,—and a large slice of bread in one hand. Your attention is called off for two minutes, and, on turning round again, you see the man and boys filing away at the vice." This filing is the most endless part of the Willenhall work; for the file is the tool that principally gives form and surface to the parts of a lock. Some men file away all their lives, and, in such cases, they acquire what the workmen call a K knee, from the position into which they throw themselves while at the bench. The apprentices, who are sent with a small premium by the guardians of agricultural parishes, have but a hard life of it. Yet do these Willenhall folks manage to pick up some crumbs of comfort out of their rough and toil-worn life. They have quite an *esprit de corps* among them: a Willenhall girl will, for the most part, only marry one of her townsmen, and a stranger-husband would be looked upon with something like doubt and suspicion. The love of home shows itself in a remarkable way; for, a few years ago, a factor sent over twenty-five Willenhall men to Brussels, to establish a lock-manufacture there: their earnings, which at home had not reached 15*s.* per week, were £3 a week at Brussels: yet they did not like it; they were out of place and out of sorts, and they came back one by one to Willenhall, there to resume their old habits.

Intermediate between the towns of this remarkable district are the hovels and forges of the *nailors*—a class quite as curious as any we have named. For a century and a half—probably much more—have these nailors speckled the district. William Hutton, who contrives to give an odd quaintness to everything he says, tells us, that when he first approached Birmingham, about a century ago, he was surprised to observe the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road. "In some of these shops," he remarks, "I observed one or more females, stripped of their upper garments, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil, or, in poetical phrase, the tincture of the forge had taken possession of those lips which might have been taken by a kiss. Struck with the novelty, I enquired 'Whether the ladies in this country shod horses?' but was answered, with a smile, 'They are *nailors*.'"

It is as true in 1848 as it was in 1748, that these sooty beauties make nails. Their cottages are the same, their forges are the same, the anvils and hammers are the same, their fathers, brothers, husbands are the same: scarcely anything in their condition is altered, except that they have to contend against nails made by steam-power. The machine-made nails are mostly what are termed *cut* nails, while those made with the hammer on an anvil are *wrought;* and the wrought-nailors are still able to bear up against the competition. They go to a neighbouring town and buy a bundle of iron rods, or wire, of the requisite thickness, and then they work the iron up into nails in the little, dark, dirty forges attached to their dwellings: father-

mother, sons, daughters, all frequently working together. The rapidity of their rate of working is quite surprising. Some years ago a man undertook, for a wager, to make thirty-four thousand large nails in a fortnight: he completed his task, and a newspaper-writer took the trouble of making a few statistical calculations on the matter. He estimated that, on an average, twenty-five strokes with a hammer were required for each nail—making nearly a million in all; and that, in addition to this, the man had to give from one to three blasts with his bellows for every nail he made, had to supply the fire with fuel, and had to move from the fire-place to where the nails were made, and *vice versâ*, upwards of 42,830 times!—Curious statistics these! The nailors are a rough set; but we are not obliged to suppose them always amenable to the picture drawn by Hutton.

The Neighbouring Pleasure-Spots.

When the Birmingham inhabitants wish for a holiday, whither can they go? We have before said that they have no river, no steam-boats, no regattas, no rowing matches, no parks; and the iron and coal towns of the north-west are not exactly the places for a ramble or a pic-nic. Yet is there a goodly sprinkling of pleasant green fields near and around Birmingham, when once we get quit of the streets and factories. A year or two ago, there was an advertisement which looked like a gentle satire on the Birmingham folks, for their do-nothing course in respect to public parks. At the eastern margin of the town is a place of public amusement called Vauxhall Gardens, concerning which an advertisement ran thus:—"Eligible public walks having long been desired and highly recommended, ——— feels convinced that those who wish for such a desideratum, will find the above rustic retreat a place where they can promenade for hours, among stately trees, flowers, and shrubs, with beautifully designed fountains of crystal water, playing continuously; the whole presenting a rich display of nature and of art, refreshing and invigorating, &c., &c., &c."

There are two villages or hamlets almost absorbed within the vortex of Birmingham, but yet still maintaining the character of country spots, Aston and Handsworth, which are worth a visit for more reasons than one. They are agreeable places in themselves, and they are associated with the names of the departed great. The spirit of James Watt hovers about this neighbourhood. In the immediate vicinity of Handsworth, at the northern margin of Birmingham, stand the celebrated Soho Works (Cuts, Nos. 7 and 8), which will be associated with the great engineer long after every brick has been razed to the ground. From the year 1774, when Watt entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, till 1800, when the partnership ended, the works at Soho were the great scene of operation, whence all Europe was supplied with those steam-engines which so excited the wonder of all; and even after Watt's secession from the firm, his enduring friendship with Boulton till the death of the latter in 1809, the residence of Watt near the spot till his own death in 1819, and the continuance of the establishment by the sons of these two great men—all tended to fix public attention on the Soho Works as the centre of a mighty social power. It was more than ninety years ago that a rolling mill was built on this spot—previously a barren heath; in 1762, the mill was bought by Boulton; in 1764, he built the large structure which still exists; and for eighty-two years the operations of the establishment have continued uninterruptedly. It is not merely the making of steam-engines and other large pieces of machinery that has made these works famous; other manufacturing processes have been introduced; or, more properly speaking, other manufactures preceded that of steam-engines by ten years. Buttons, buckles, watch-chains, and trinkets, were the first objects of manufacture; then plated ware; then *or molu* vases, candelabra, clock-cases and watch-stands; then pure silver plate, of the highest order of excellence. All this occurred before the introduction of Watt to the firm. The establishment was then divided into two parts; one for continuing the former manufactures, and the other for making steam-engines and other machines. Their separation has continued down to the present day: but the importance of the place is gone—it has outlived itself. The relations and successors of the two great founders have become wealthy men; and, like the Etruria Works of Wedgwood, and the Cromford Works of Arkwright, the Soho Works no longer possess the rank which pertained to them in the days of *the* Watt and *the* Boulton. There is even, we believe, mention made of breaking up part of the establishment, and letting the ground on building leases. We must never, however, forget what the Soho has been: its memory must be preserved in pictures as well as in words.

The representative of the Boultons resides in a mansion near the works; while the representative of the Watts lives at Aston Hall, (Cut, No. 10,) a fine old mansion, of which we obtain a peep through an avenue of trees, from the Lichfield Road. This manor-house was erected by Sir Thomas Holt, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is a good example of those comely comfortable hospitable old Elizabethan structures. Charles the First was sheltered there for two nights, previous to the battle of Edge Hill; for which act of loyalty, the Parliamentarians soon afterwards levied contributions on the then Sir Thomas Holt, and cannonaded his mansion: the impress of some of these republican bullets is still visible on the staircase. Not far from Aston Hall is the church, a picturesque old building, which looks well from all sides. Indeed, the neighbourhood around Aston is sprinkled with many pretty spots.

It is well worth a walk, too, to the nice old country church at Handsworth. The church and the village seem to have run away from each other; for while the one is out in the open fields, thoroughly countryfied in all its associations, the other is half a mile off, on the busy Wolverhampton Road! The church is many centuries old, and contains several curious monuments

and relics of past days. Some of the redoubtable churchwardens have cut a brave recumbent knight's head in two, in order to make room for a staircase! The gem of the church is Chantrey's statue of Watt, one of the finest works of that artist's chisel. The exquisite purity of the marble which Chantrey was fortunate enough to obtain, the wonderful expression of steadiness and thought in the countenance of Watt, the ease of the attitude, and the skilful placing of the statue in a small chapel built expressly for its reception, (over Watt's grave,) all combine to make this more than commonly interesting among works of its class. Smaller memorials of Boulton and Murdoch are contained in the same church. This Murdoch was the engineer who first applied gas-lighting with success; and the Soho was the first large building where it was so applied. It is something for a church to contain the remains of Watt, Boulton, and Murdoch!

At a distance of three or four miles beyond Aston and Handsworth is the Roman Catholic college of St. Mary's, Oscott. (Cut, No. 11.) Few positions can be more thoroughly free from the associations of smoky towns and busy streets. Nothing but green fields and country scenes lie between this spot and the northern confines of Birmingham; and were it not for the dim haze that hovers in the south, we should not know that any bustling town is near. The iron and the coal-seams do not reach so far eastward as this spot; so that Oscott is as much free from mines below as from factories above: there is a total absence of both. This was the spot selected about ten years ago, by a body of influential Roman Catholics, as the site for a college; and Mr. Pugin has built a large and beautiful structure, in the midst of an equally beautiful park or enclosure. On applying at the entrance gate, (which, like everything else about the spot, is of the Tudor or late perpendicular style,) we are admitted into the park, which presents some lovely walks and terraces, winding round in picturesque curves, bounded by luxuriant trees, shrubs, and flowers. A quarter of a mile of such walking brings us to the college, a very extensive red brick and stone-dressed building. It has its chapel, refectories, oratories, vestries, studies, dormitories—all the requirements for a college in the Roman Catholic form; and it is difficult, while walking through them, to believe that we are in the nineteenth century, and in the vicinity of a rattling, hammering, stamping, steaming town. Everything speaks of past times: the black letter inscriptions over the doors; the encaustic tiles under the feet; the stained glass in the windows; the combination of plain dark oak with polychrome decorations; the ancient relics carefully stored up and displayed in cases; the black collegiate costume of the quiet, pale, calm students; the order and noiselessness that pervade the whole building—all have a sort of impressiveness about them, even to Non-Catholics. The chapel is a most splendid apartment, glittering with devices and ornaments in gold and in every imaginable colour: indeed the chapel seems to be the special object for display, as the other portions of the building are for the most part plain and simple. A view from the windows of the college shows that the surrounding country, though flat and undiversified by rivers, is thoroughly open, healthy, and in parts really beautiful. It was good judgment that selected such a site for such a building.

There is a large extent of open heathy country to the south-west of Oscott, which affords abundant scope for all sorts of open-air sports; but, unluckily, it is too far off from Birmingham. Even among the mining districts themselves there are a few pleasant spots; and when we come to Dudley, we reach a park which is not only beautiful, but highly picturesque. A considerable portion of Dudley and its mines belongs to Lord Ward, who is also proprietor of the ruined Castle and the large Park named after it. The Castle we have before alluded to: it is a fine old ruin, with its warder's tower, watch-tower, triple gate, keep, vault and dungeons, sally-port, octagon-tower, justice-hall, dining-hall, chapel, all more or less discernible, but all in dilapidation. The view from the summit of the keep is wide-spreading: Lichfield Cathedral in the north-east; Birmingham in the east; Hagley in the south; the Malvern Hills in the south-west—all are visible, forming a back-ground to the busy environs of Dudley. But when we descend from the keep, and enter the grounds of the Castle, we soon become as much shut out from busy and smoky scenes, and as much surrounded by sylvan objects, as if we were a hundred miles away from any manufacturing town. At some very remote period, these grounds appear to have been quarried for limestone; for there are dells, and caverns, and recesses, whose origin we can hardly explain in any other way; but most of them are now clothed with verdure, or bordered by trees and shrubs; and the eye is easily cheated into the belief that they are all natural formations. Some of the limestone caverns are almost as curious as the caves of Derbyshire; and there is a ravine, about half-a-mile in length, which looks so wild, so ancient, so picturesque, that one is inclined to think it *ought* to be one of Nature's productions. It is mortifying to be obliged to descend from such a thought, and to dabble with quarrymen's picks and shovels; yet the opinion seems to be that even this ravine is the work of men's hands. We will try, however, until evidence becomes stronger than it has yet been, to believe that the ravine existed when picks and shovels were not; and we will, moreover, advise the reader, if ever he is within a short distance from Dudley, to go and judge for himself: he will not regret his visit.

South of Dudley there is a very pleasant part of Worcestershire and Shropshire, which can be reached by an hour or two's ride from Birmingham. The *Leasowes* and *Hagley*—the one associated with Shenstone, and the other with the Lyttletons—here lie enticingly open to a ramble of inspection. On the south of the road from Birmingham to Halesowen, in the midst of a very delightful country, a plain white house peeps between the trees. It is a house which, *per se*,

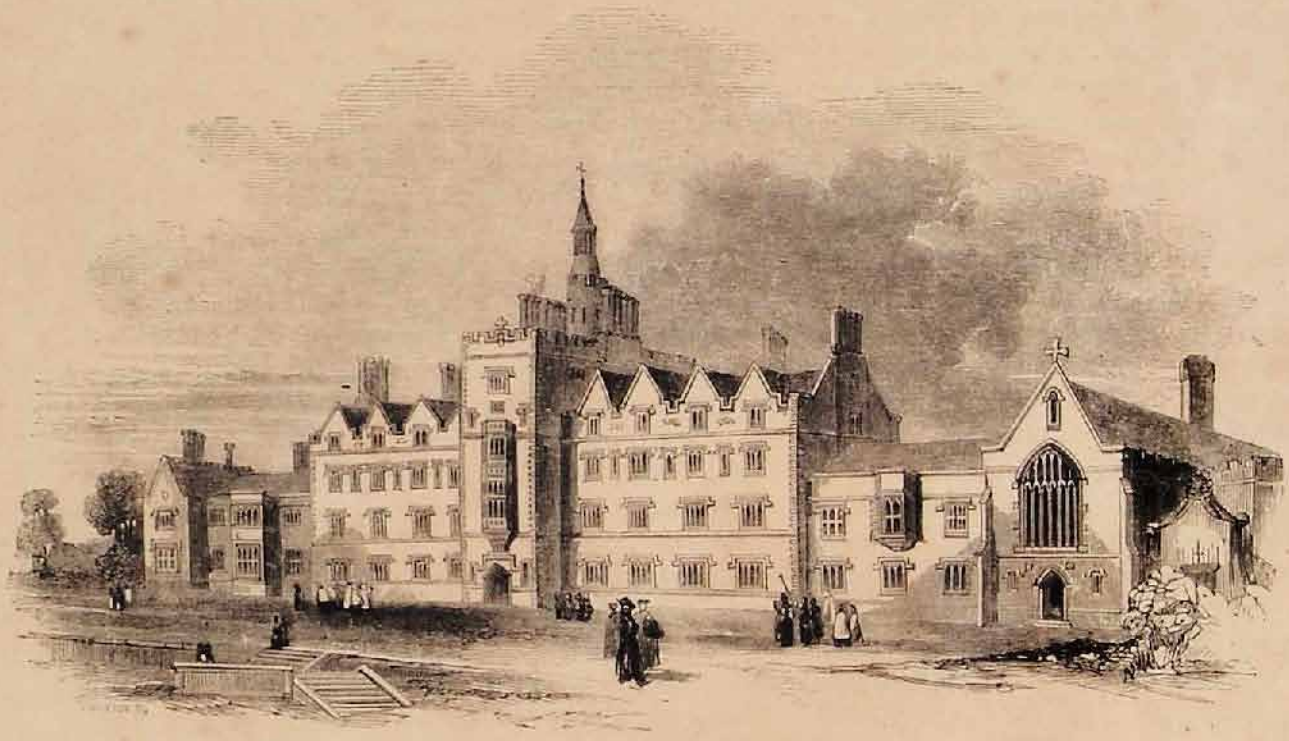
deserves scarcely a word of praise; but it was once inhabited by Shenstone, and it is surrounded by a lovely park—lovely once through the care bestowed in giving it loveliness, and lovely still though neglected. It is unpleasant, nevertheless, to be obliged to hear that Shenstone spent on this spot the means which might have been appropriated better. Somewhat above a century ago, he came into possession of the place; from which time, as Dr. Johnson says, he began "to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful: a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." But what was the consequence? He devoted so much of his means to external embellishment that the house continued to be a dilapidated sort of place, unfit, as he acknowledges, to receive 'polite friends.' His beautiful park did not give him adequate pleasure; for he became, from various causes, disappointed, querulous, and dejected, in his declining years. Of the Poems, Prose Essays, and Letters of Shenstone, a large portion of the latter relate wholly to the Leasowes, and his 'Schoolmistress,' the best and most celebrated of his productions, is an embodiment of his thoughts relating to a primitive dame-school at which he received his early education, near Halesowen. The ground on which the Leasowes stands is very undulating, and these undulations have been so managed as to give the spot a much larger apparent area than it really possesses. Some parts are wild and rugged; some so thickly planted that the light of the sun is almost hidden; some soft and graceful; little streams wander hither and thither, and little bridges cross them in unexpected spots. In bygone times, the last-century taste of statues, and vases, and urns was displayed in decking the grounds; but these have disappeared: these, indeed, we might spare, but there are other indications of neglect which are less welcome. Eighty-five years have elapsed since Shenstone's death; and perhaps it is hardly to be expected that those who have since possessed the estate should in all cases have been imbued with the feeling necessary for its conservation.

Four miles south-westward of the Leasowes stands Hagley Park, the seat of Lord Lyttleton. Hagley itself is a village, but not a manufacturing one; it contains the private residences of many manufacturers and merchants, whose places of business are elsewhere; so that it presents much more of a holiday aspect than other villages whose names we have mentioned. Sir Thomas Lyttleton, father of Lyttleton the poet, lived here in the early part of the last century; but its celebrity began with the next possessor, who was created Lord Lyttleton in the early part of George the Third's reign. This Lord Lyttleton's 'Monody on his Wife's Death;' 'Prologue to the Tragedy of Coriolanus,' and other poetical pieces, attracted a good deal of notice in the last century; but he is perhaps best known to later readers by his 'History of the Reign of Henry the Second.' In his 'Monody,' he speaks of the 'well-known ground' the 'fountain's side,' the 'waters gliding along the valley,' the 'wide-stretched prospect,' the 'playful fawns,' the 'verdant lawns'—all of which referred to Hagley; and we find all these at Hagley at the present day. As this estate, unlike the Leasowes, has remained the family seat of the founder's successors, it has been well kept up and cared for. The mansion is far larger than Shenstone's, and of more architectural pretensions. Within, it has a fine collection of pictures, and all the adornments of an English noble's house. Without, it has a park of great beauty, with lawns, shrubberies, gardens, woods, walks, pastures, avenues, artificial basins, and all the similar concomitants. The neat little village church, too, is so situated as to seem to form part of the domain. On the opposite side of the high road is a lofty obelisk, erected to the memory of Lord Lyttleton; and near it is one of those little prettinesses, mock temples, which are always in danger of slipping down from the sublime to the ridiculous—a proverbially short journey. It is a miniature Parthenon, perched up among the trees on a hill, which serves as the Acropolis; and so long as no other building is within immediate view, all goes on tolerably well; but, as seen from a portion of the park, there is a provoking cottage gable comes into comparison, and the poor temple loses a good deal of its dignity immediately. We doubt whether the Leasowes, even in its comparative decay, is not a finer bit of landscape, a more delightful place to lose one's-self in, than even its larger and better preserved neighbour.

The country lying southward of Birmingham does not begin to be particularly attractive until we arrive at a considerable distance from that town: but when this distance has been traversed, the charms of the locality are so numerous and so varied, and appeal to such a crowd of associations, that we get almost into a new world. Stratford, and its undying celebrities, Warwick, and its fine old castle,—one of the few real old English castles still kept up and inhabited,—Kenilworth, and all that it suggests to us of the Elizabethan days, Guy's Cliff, and Piers Gaveston's monument, and Stoneleigh Abbey,—all these come upon the sight one by one. But it is only by a stretch of courtesy that we can be permitted to include such a district in the environs of Birmingham; and all attempts to describe these scenes in the present sheet would be out of place. Coventry, too, situated about as far as Warwick from Birmingham, is a host in itself; with its ribbons and ribbon-weavers, its fine old churches and crosses and halls, its pageants of former days, and its Shaksperean associations. But though it does not fall within our present object to describe all these fine things, and to 'lionize' the reader through the beauties of North Warwickshire, it is quite permissible for us to congratulate the good folks of Birmingham on the practical nearness of all these scenes. We say 'practical nearness,' because distance is, in our day, better measured by minutes than by miles. A railway run of

some thirty or forty minutes carries us from Birmingham to Coventry, whence a branch line turns off to Kenilworth, Leamington, and Warwick; the result is, that we can reach Kenilworth as early by this conveyance as Dudley by coach: so that, after all, Coventry, and Kenilworth, and Warwick *are* next-door neighbours to Birmingham. Stratford-upon-Avon lies further to the south-west, about eight miles from Warwick, or twenty-three from Birmingham, by coach-road. When the new railway schemes are completed, the Birmingham and Oxford line will give ready access to Stratford from Birmingham; while the Narrow Gauge Company, on their part, are shortening and improving the line from Birmingham to Kenilworth and Warwick. We must beg of the poets, and painters, and anglers, and lovers of the picturesque, to concede to us this point: that if railways sometimes break up a beautiful scene by ugly embankments and yawning cuttings, and disturb the calm serenity of country life by the shrieking tones of the railway whistle, they afford good compensation, by opening up to the denizens of busy towns scenes which they would never have met with but for the aid afforded by these media of communication. It is more fanciful than true to draw the distinction, "God made the country, man made the town;" but it is perfectly true, that if the town-man can become occasionally a country-man, he will be all the better for it.

Birmingham, then, in spite of all its iron and coal, is not without its beauty-spots, as soon as the greenfields are reached. We have named a few of them; and a rambler who is not frightened by a good tough walk, or a railway excursionist who can spare a shilling or two, might easily meet with others.



11.—OSCOTT.

BRISTOL.

A Walk through Bristol.

Bristol, *en ballon*, presents features singularly similar to those of the metropolis. The river Avon, which divides it into two portions, north and south, winds along with undulations so corresponding to those of the Thames in its passage through London, that the course of one river might almost be traced as a reduced copy of the other. The two portions of the city bear, also, the same relative importance to each other. The richest, oldest, and most interesting part of Bristol is situated on the north bank of the Avon; whilst the southern segment is another "Surrey-side of the water." The classes of tradesmen, and the general tone which pervades these two sections of the city present as marked a difference to each other as the dwellers of Tooley Street and Blackfriars Road do to those of the Strand, or the loungers of Regent Street. The more dormant portion of the city, if we might so term it, which lies on the Somersetshire shore of the Avon, is vitalized by three long and comparatively busy thoroughfares, Temple, Thomas, and Redcliffe Streets, which converge towards the principal bridge.

To give our reader the best idea in the shortest space of time, of Bristol, past and present, we will ramble with him through the principal streets of the city. He is perhaps arrived by the Great Western Railway, which is situated at the extremity of Temple Street, and wishes to proceed to Clifton; the line of route to which place will afford him a more complete view of the various features of Bristol, than perhaps any other. Of the façade of the station itself, which finds accommodation for the Great Western, Exeter, and Birmingham lines, we can say little more than that its size is great, and its style Tudor. We are little accustomed to see originality or fitness studied in such buildings as these, which should, however, as much express the idea of the present age, as ecclesiastical architecture did that of the mediæval period; but we know of no style so little fitted to a railway-station as the Tudor. The Egyptian, or the Doric, in lack of some iron style, which is yet to come, might be adopted as emblematical of strength and power; but the Elizabethan, with its scrolls and light tracery, its open and elegant windows, and profuse embellishments, is more fitted for the baronial hall than for the frontispiece of so stupendous a work as a railway, or for the resting and starting-place of the great blear-eyed fire-mouthed monster who devours both time and space. Even forgiving the style the architect has adopted, he has failed to give us a picturesque or pleasing pile, which, with the means at his disposal, he should have done. The design is but commonplace, and the details are inharmonious. (Cut, No. 2.)

A sharp bend in the road after we leave the station, brings before us a full perspective of Temple Street, in all its poverty and picturesqueness. It is a street of gable ends, and we question if Queen Elizabeth, could she visit it in its present state, would see much alteration from the time when she passed through it three centuries ago Every here and there some larger than common tenement is seen, leaning down with heavy-hanging brow over the street, and with a profusion of casement which evidences that the window-taxes were unknown when first they were glazed. In most of these houses, of old, the clicking of the weaver's loom might have been heard, plied by the broad-faced industrious Flemings. When Edward III. prohibited the export of wool from the kingdom, a number of cloth-weavers from Flanders were invited over to England, and numbers of them, settling in Bristol, made Temple Street their head-quarters, and commenced a manufacture which, for many centuries, remained the staple product of the city. The merry music of the loom has long since fled to the pleasant valleys of Gloucestershire, and the less picturesque but more active north; and squalid rags now hang out to dry from rooms that once sent forth the renowned English broadcloth. Still farther back in the perspective of time, this street possessed a history: the religious element pervaded it before it was made busy by the handicraftsman. A little removed from the street lies the Temple church, with its fine old tower, one of those piles which puzzle one to know whether it is to the builder or to the destroyer we owe most of their beauties. Honeycombed and stained by time, its old forehead looks stately and beautiful, as it catches the evening sun high over the surrounding houses. What attracts attention to it even more than its imposing form, is the manner in which it leans. Temple church is the Pisan Tower of Bristol: a plummet dropped from its battlements falls wide of its base three feet nine inches; and, viewed from a distance, the inclination of the tower—which is a very high one—seems even greater. This church at one time, and the quarter surrounding it, belonged to the Knights Templars, by whom it was founded in the year 1118. The utmost stretch of fancy can scarcely imagine the time when, instead of the groups of dirty women who now congregate upon the pavement, these soldiers of Christ, habited in the long white flowing robe of their order, bearing on the shoulder the red cross, made the "flints vocal" with their measured footsteps. At the bottom of Temple Street is another specimen of a leaning building—the 'Fourteen Stars Tavern,' an old wooden structure, which overhangs the road so much, that one is almost afraid to pass under it. A short walk brings us to Bristol Bridge, erected in 1762, on the foundations of its predecessor, a very curious old structure, covered with houses, and bearing in the middle a "faire chappel," dedicated to the blessed

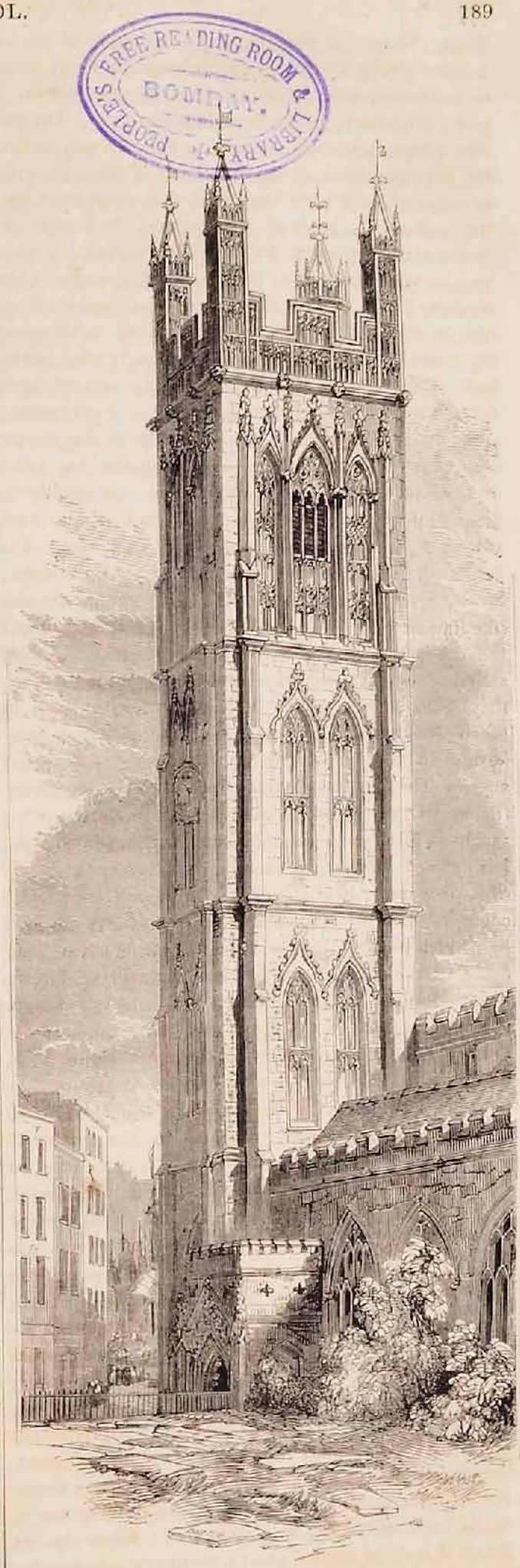
Virgin Mary. It was the very counterpart of the old London Bridge; and one of Chatterton's finest poems is commemorative of its opening by the monks, in grand procession, in the thirteenth century. The present bridge, handsome and wide as it is, scarcely suffices for the circulation of the life-blood of the two great counties which it connects; what then must have been the confusion a hundred years ago, in the time of the former structure, when seventeen feet was all the clear way between the houses for both foot passengers and carriages! On the left of us, as we pass over, the river, like the Pool, is crowded with sloops and small coasting vessels, which discharge on the quay side, known here as the Back. We are now fairly entered upon the old city, and High Street, which is built upon a slight ascent, still preserves somewhat of its ancient character. It is obvious, as we pass up, that the better class of traders are ebbing away fast from its neighbourhood; large shops are to be seen divided into two, each making a desperate struggle for existence. The top of the street is the very centre of ancient Bristol, and here one of the distinguishing features of the city becomes obvious—the multitude of its churches, and the thickness with which they are planted together. At one time there stood a church at the corner of each of the four streets, which branch off at this place; in the centre shot up the High Cross, and within a bow-shot arose the spires and towers of six more sacred edifices; so that the view of this part of the city, from the hills which surround it, presented to the spectator one mass of spires. Four of these buildings have since been pulled down; but enough still remain to justify the expression that Bristol is "a city of churches." The High Cross, "beautified" with the effigies of eight kings, benefactors to the city, has long since been removed, to afford room for the increase of traffic. This old Cross had often been the scene of blood. Thomas, Lord le Despenser, was beheaded here for the part he took in the rebellion against Henry IV.; and it was the site of a still more tragic occurrence in 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford and two other Lancastrians were executed by the orders of Edward IV. The king carried his bloodthirstiness so far, as to order a place to be got ready in the church of St. Ewen's (which stood upon the site of the present Council House), that he might see the prisoners pass to where the axe awaited them. There is a passage in the churchwarden's book to the following effect: "Item, for washynge the church payven against K. Edward IV. is coming to Bristow. iiii. ob." It would have been better if they had paid this sum for washing his Majesty's hands of such a bloody piece of business. Chatterton, in his 'Bristowe Tragedie,' has rendered mperishable this event. If we loiter here for a moment, the interesting nature of the spot must be our excuse. As we have already said, four streets, running north, south, east, and west, meet the view: before us lies Broad Street, its outline broken by picturesque-looking houses, and bounded by its very old church, dedicated to St. John, under which opens one of the ancient gates of the city. Wine Street, with its curious old wooden house, brought in frame from Holland, and set up at the corner of the street in the sixteenth century, and now Stuckey's Bank; and at the right Clare Street (High Street we have already spoken of), down which we turn. The Council House is a chaste building, possessing no peculiarities, either good or bad, which criticism can take hold of. A statue of Justice surmounts its pediment, however, which is beautifully designed, and from the chisel of Baily, a native of Bristol. The Exchange, lying upon the left hand a little farther down, is an extremely handsome structure, and like most of the public works erected in this city in the middle of the last century, is an evidence that art was not overlooked by its wealthy and public-spirited projectors. The façade is Roman, very highly ornamented; and that portion of it which forms the merchant's walk is a spacious open square, surrounded on all sides by handsome arcades. There is a conscientiousness about the manner in which every portion of this building is finished, which shows to great disadvantage works executed in these days of lath and plaster and compo: the business transacted here, however, is now confined to the corn-trade. The mass of merchants resort to the Commercial Rooms, on the opposite side of the road; and sales are struck over the wet broad sheet of 'The Times,' instead of the damp flag-stones of the Exchange quadrangle, which now seems almost deserted. At the back of the Exchange runs the chief market of the city, occupying a great space of ground in a very irregular manner; the supply from the fruitful counties of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire is excellent and abundant. A feature which strikes the stranger as he passes through is the singular costume of the market-people. The vegetable stalls are mostly kept by Kingswood women—children of that rude race which Wesley, with his meek yet indomitable spirit, strove to evangelize—here they stand, handling Brobdignagian cabbages, and watering drooping radishes, in the selfsame-fashioned dresses in which their great grandmothers attired themselves; the hat they wear is of black felt, the wide leaves of which are bent down to cover the ears, and the shallow rounded crown is encircled with puffing of black ribbons; under this head-covering peeps the plaited white cap, and the hair is dressed in an infinite number of small thin loops, which forms a fringe, as it were, across the forehead. The older women wear a blue great coat, confined at the waist by a band, whilst two or three capes protect the shoulders; the younger ones, however, have discarded this latter garment, and complete their toilet with a bright yellow handkerchief folded over the bosom. There is something so quaint and interesting in the dress, that when the wearer is pretty—and many of the young Kingswood women are eminently so—it is quite dangerous to attempt bargaining with them.

Returning to Clare Street again, we must not omit to mention, as a sign of Bristol's care even in the middle ages, for literature as well as for commerce, that there anciently stood, beside All Saints' church,

now close upon us, the House of Kalenders, which belonged to a fraternity half laic, half religious, founded here long before the Conquest, and whose duty was, to convert Jews, instruct youth, and keep the archives of the city. In this house, as long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century, lectures were delivered twice a week, and a valuable library stood open to the public; so that, as regards Bristol at least, yesterday's Mechanics' Institutes need not fling "dark ages" so contemptuously in the teeth of the past.

"Not only we, the latest seeds of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well."

Still more churches as we proceed down Clare Street, —St. Werburg's, with the west face of its tower washed with the storms of four or five centuries into a bright and most artistic tone, next arrests our attention. On a sunny day, when the lights and shades are particularly strong, we question if a more picturesque combination can be afforded in any city than the view of the buildings here congregated. Looking towards the top of the street, St. Werburg's tower, with the bright sun upon it, stands out against the gloom in which the Exchange is buried. Then again the elegant Italian dome of All Saints repeats the light, and carries the eye on to where the old Dutch-built Bank, with its many galleries and projecting angles, forms a complete picture in itself. Near the bottom of Clare Street we come to what, after St. Mary Redcliff, might be considered the pride of Bristol as regards ecclesiastical architecture; and indeed we doubt if there is so fine a specimen of what is termed the "perpendicular" style in England as the tower of St. Stephen's church. It is about 125 feet in height; but the delicate tracery, which the eye follows from its base to the beautiful open-work of its pinnacles, makes it look much higher, rising as it does like a tall and graceful lady, above the gloomy warehouses which surround it on all sides but the one on which it is viewed. Time has added to its effect by washing bright and clear here and there the projecting ornaments, which show against the sable dress with which the smoke has enveloped it. (Cut, No. 3.) The church is much older than the tower, which was built about 1472, by John Shipward, one of the many merchant princes Bristol boasted in that early time. Those sturdy traders were as inclined for a fight as for traffic, if we are to believe a document published some years since in the Bristol Mirror, which gives an account of what the citizens call the English Chevy Chase, or the battle of Nibley Green, fought in the year 1470, not many miles from the city, between the followers of the fourth lord of Berkeley and those of the first Lord de Lisle. At this bloody encounter both John Shipward and Philip Mede, another merchant, were, as this document asserts, present; it is certain, however, that they were promoters of the strife; and this was all the more singular, as both of them had been members of Parliament for the city, and had filled the office of its chief magistrate. This occurrence taking place during the wars of the



3.—ST. STEPHEN'S.

roses, it was hushed up, and nothing came of it, if we except this glorious tower, which it is said Shipward erected as some expiation of his offences against "God and the king's laws," in aiding of this bloody battle.

Water, again; well may Andrew de Chesne, who wrote in the time of King Stephen, say of Bristol, that it "seems to swim in the water, and wholly to be set on the river banks." It is not the Avon we are now coming to, however, but a canal, cut in the thirteenth century to afford berthings for great ships, which before that time often received damage by grounding on the mud in the river; it was also constructed to turn the course of the Frome, a small tributary to the Avon, which the good citizens have been at some pains to hide from view, as not a vestige of it is to be seen, although it meanders through the centre of the town. It is worth while pausing for a moment on the swing-bridge we are passing over. To the right of us lie moored the picturesque-looking Severn trows, built after a fashion that must have prevailed before the flood. Ranged side by side, each one, with its bright brown mast, intensely red little flag, and black pall-like tarpaulings, covering the cargo piled high upon the deck, and the bargee, who is always seen there stretched out at length upon his stomach fast asleep, they form a picture which contrasts strangely with the vessels seen on the other side of the bridge, keen little clippers, with masts raking at a tremendous angle. These vessels are mostly Guernsey and Jersey traders, or luggers bringing fruit from Spain and Portugal. Still further down, the great chimneys of the Irish steamers lean over the quay while they discharge their cargoes. And beyond these, towering over a confusion of West Indiamen, with top-sails struck, the light tracery of an American or a Chinaman is painted against the sky, its long pennant floating languidly in the wind. In showery weather, when the sails of the ships are unclewed to dry, and shadows run over them as they belly to the breeze, the scene here is exceedingly picturesque; and, to make the whole perfect, half way down the quay a great sun-dial, raised high upon a pillar, flashes intelligence from its golden face.

At this spot one of the features which tend to render the city so picturesque is observable,—the suddenness with which the hills to the north of it dip down into the busy mart of men. Several of the quaint old streets in this quarter of the town seem terminated by sloping banks of verdure, clothed with waving trees, and terraced and dotted with houses. The abruptness with which nature meets and refreshes the eye, wearied with dull ranges of warehouses and dingy streets of brick, reminds one of similar transitions in towns of Switzerland or Savoy, where the perspectives of streets are terminated by wall-like mountain sides, or gigantic peaks. St. Michael's and Spring Hills are those which, in the present instance, lie before us; the former covered with a fringe of trees which seem almost to kiss the sky. As we proceed along St. Augustin's Parade, we note that gradually the plate glass in the windows grows larger, the shop fronts more imposing, and the goods exposed more *recherché*, the people wear more the air of loungers, and trade is evidently shaking off the coarser look of barter. The reason is simple,—we are on the high road to Clifton, the genteel sister, who looks down upon hard-working Bristol with the most profound hauteur.

College Green (Cut, No. 4) might be considered the debateable land between commerce and fashion; here all the characteristic features of the city might be said to meet. As a good overture foreshadows and suggests the movements and melodies of an opera, so does this green contain within itself a miniature of Bristol. As we stand in the centre, surrounded on all sides by avenues of lime-trees of tenderest green, to the left, in complete quiet and deep monastic gloom, lies the Cathedral, (Cut, No. 5,) looking much as it did five centuries ago; this side of the Green seems quite given up to the solemn spirit of religion, and is the representative, together with the church of the Gaunts and that of St. Augustin's the less, of the spiritual life of the city. On the other hand is the thoroughfare which leads to Clifton; here trade speaks in the busy throng, which forms a line of ever-moving life. If we turn for a moment, we perceive, through the entrance to the Green, the masts of ships, the flapping sails, and the burning reflections of the setting sunlight, cast by their pitchy hulls upon the water; thus commerce contributes to the scene. And not alone to the eye speaks this singular concentration in one spot of so many different features of the city. He who muses with closed eyes beneath the cool shadows of the limes, becomes aware of the strange medley of sounds which pour into his ear. Mingled with the busy hum of men and the rush of carriage wheels comes the heave-yo of the sailors, as they warp some ship to its berth, or the swift run of the crane chain, as it drops the cumbrous bale into the gaping hold, and above all, the Te Deum in sudden swells of the organ, and voices of the "singing boys," booming through the open doors of the cathedral.

The associations connected with this Green are of the deepest interest. Here, under a great oak, St. Augustin held a conference with the bishops of the Anglican church; and here the preaching friars and priests denounced the "heresy" which was so soon to overturn their faith. The cemeteries of the abbey and of the church of the Gaunts once stood here, and the deposit of human remains has risen the soil several feet above the original level; doubtless the trees, which for city trees are luxuriant and vigorous in the extreme, owe much of their beauty to the fat monks, who lie so comfortably at their roots. The mutilated pile which occupies almost the entire south side of College Green, is nearly all that remains of the great and wealthy monastery of St. Augustin, founded in the twelfth century by Robert Fitzhardinge, (said to be of the Royal family of Denmark,) a great merchant of Bristol, and first of the noble family of Berkeley, many succeeding members of which have enriched it from time to time. But very little of the original building is now, however, to be seen, the abbey having been

rebuilt in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of these houses at the Reformation, Bristol was erected into a bishopric, and this edifice then became the cathedral of St. Augustin.

The outward appearance of this building is extremely heavy, and totally devoid of architectural beauty: the tower, which is low and massive, forms, perhaps, its best feature. The body of the church seems made up of huge buttresses, in the construction of which a great many red sandstone blocks were introduced; these having decayed and worn away, during the course of centuries, a series of indentations are apparent, which gives it the appearance (if we might so express it) of being pock-marked. The floor of the cathedral is several feet below the level of the Green; we are, accordingly, obliged to enter by a descent of steps. The first feature which strikes the eye in the interior is the uniform height of the chancel, two side-aisles, cross-aisle, and the portion of the nave yet standing: this gives a feeling of unusual space, and the effect must have been magnificent, when the other portion of the nave—which extended 150 feet westward—was in existence. The vaulting is light and elegant, and some of the bosses are extremely grotesque in character. The elder Lady's Chapel, situated at the north side of the church, is evidently the oldest portion of the building; and, doubtless, formed a part of the original abbey built by Fitzhardinge. Bristol historians seem quite uncertain when, or in what manner, the nave was destroyed; it is surmised, however, that it was pulled down by some of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, before it was decided to convert the abbey into a cathedral. The interior suffered much damage from the iconoclasts, during the great Rebellion; many fine windows were destroyed, and several of the ancient monuments were, unfortunately, greatly injured, and those which have survived the two revolutions, religious and political, are now slowly succumbing under the hands of barbarous deans. The slovenly yellow-wash brush has been smeared over monuments as well as walls; and cross-legged crusaders,—many of whom sleep here their stony sleep—mitred abbots and knights, who once lay in all the splendour of coloured and gilded armour, now alike repose in garments of yellow-wash, put on one over the other, until the original figures beneath them are almost obscured. There is one little chapel in which particular havoc has been committed,—the chapel of the Newtons, — containing several altar-tombs, the effigies upon some of which were entirely destroyed by the Puritans. The others, once so quaint with colour and heraldic embellishments, have now been reduced by the Vandals of the place to buff coats, and hose of the commonest ochre. Upon one of these tombs—that of Sir Henry Newton, who died in 1599,—there is an epitaph, written with such a fine martial tramp, that we cannot forbear giving it:—

"Gourney, Hampton, Cradock, Newton last,
Held on the measure of that ancient line
Of Baron's blood; full seventy years he past,
And did in peace his sacred soul resign.
"His church he loved; he loved to feed the poor;
Such love assures a life that dies no more."

Sir Isaac Newton belonged to this family, whose seat, Barr's Court, was situated at Hanham, only a few miles from Bristol: it is now a barn; the garden, once so quaint and beautiful, is reduced to a common field, and the outline of the fish-pond is yet traceable within it. The only remnant of this baronial hall to be seen is the coat of arms, let into a building now used as a cowhouse. '*Sic transit!*'

There are very few monuments of modern date worthy of notice in this cathedral; but of marble mason's grief there is a plentiful supply; indeed, the walls are dotted all over with funereal urns, weeping willows, and the usual patterns kept in stock by the statuaries, the effect of which mars that solemn repose the eye looks for in such a building. There is a monument by Bailey, very beautiful in design, and a figure, emblematical of Faith, by Chantry, which, for purity of expression, we have rarely seen equalled; but, undoubtedly the finest piece of sculpture in the cathedral is the monument to Mrs. Draper—Sterne's Eliza—executed by Bacon. Two exquisite female figures, typical of Genius and Benevolence, form the composition; the one bearing a living torch, the other, a nest of pelicans, the mother feeding her young ones from her own bleeding breast. The delicacy with which this group is executed, is something marvellous. Young sculptors would do well to see it, that they may learn how conscientious and fastidious a really great artist is in the finish of his works. There are several monuments to different members of the Berkeley family, and a very fine altar-tomb, with effigies of a full-length knight and lady upon it. At one time this tomb was supposed to represent the founder of the fabric, Robert Fitzhardinge, and Eva, his wife; but it has been since satisfactorily ascertained that it belongs to one of his descendants. As we pass into the cloisters, through a postern in the south-west corner of the church, we step upon a grave more interesting than those of mailed warriors,

"Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails,"

for it contains the dust of genius. Here Edward Bird, the artist, lies buried. He came to Bristol a painter of tea-trays — precious trays! what gentle figures now bend over these works of thy hand, and serve the choice Bohea!—executed here many famous pictures, including one of the most pathetic and touching compositions ever produced by artist,—'The Battle of Chevy Chase'—died, and was followed to his lonely grave in this spot by four hundred of his friends and admirers. No spot could have been chosen more fitted to receive his dust. By day, the sunlight cast on the pavement in gothic windows of gold through the cloister tracery, slowly and noiselessly moves athwart his tomb; whilst, at times, the wild wind sweeps sighing through the dim arcade, and the autumn leaves, as they circle and gambol round the unseen footsteps of Decay, pass over his sad-looking place of rest.

The cloisters present a melancholy ruin; the west and south sides have long since disappeared; and for some unaccountable reason, the eastern arcade has lately been blocked up with freestone. The northern walk is therefore all that remains, and it would probably have shared a like fate with the others, but that the chapter-room opens from it, by means of a very rare Anglo-Norman porch. The chapter-room is in a most perfect state of preservation, and presents a fine specimen of the same style of architecture. The dean and chapter, in restoring it, some years since, however, raised a wooden floor, about five feet over the ancient pavement, in order to keep out the sepulchral dampness; but much at the expense of the proportions of the room, and completely to the obscuration of the stone benches which surround it. Before leaving the cloister, if we peep through the keyhole of a large door, we shall see the blackened ruin of the bishop's palace, burnt by the mob in the Reform riots of 1831. The bishop now has an episcopal palace at Stapleton, a few miles from Bristol, as well as in Gloucester; the two sees having, within these few years, been consolidated. As we proceed by way of the cloisters to the College Green, remnants of old Gothic work lie about us on all sides; and as we puzzle over an ancient manuscript, and try to eke out those letters that time has obliterated, so we conjecture of the original proportions of this monastery, by its detached and outlying fragments.

By far the most interesting and elegant of all the remains of the Abbey, however, is the Anglo-Norman archway, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of this early style, perhaps, to be met with in England. The intersecting arches, and the zig-zag mouldings, which ornament it, are almost as perfect as the day

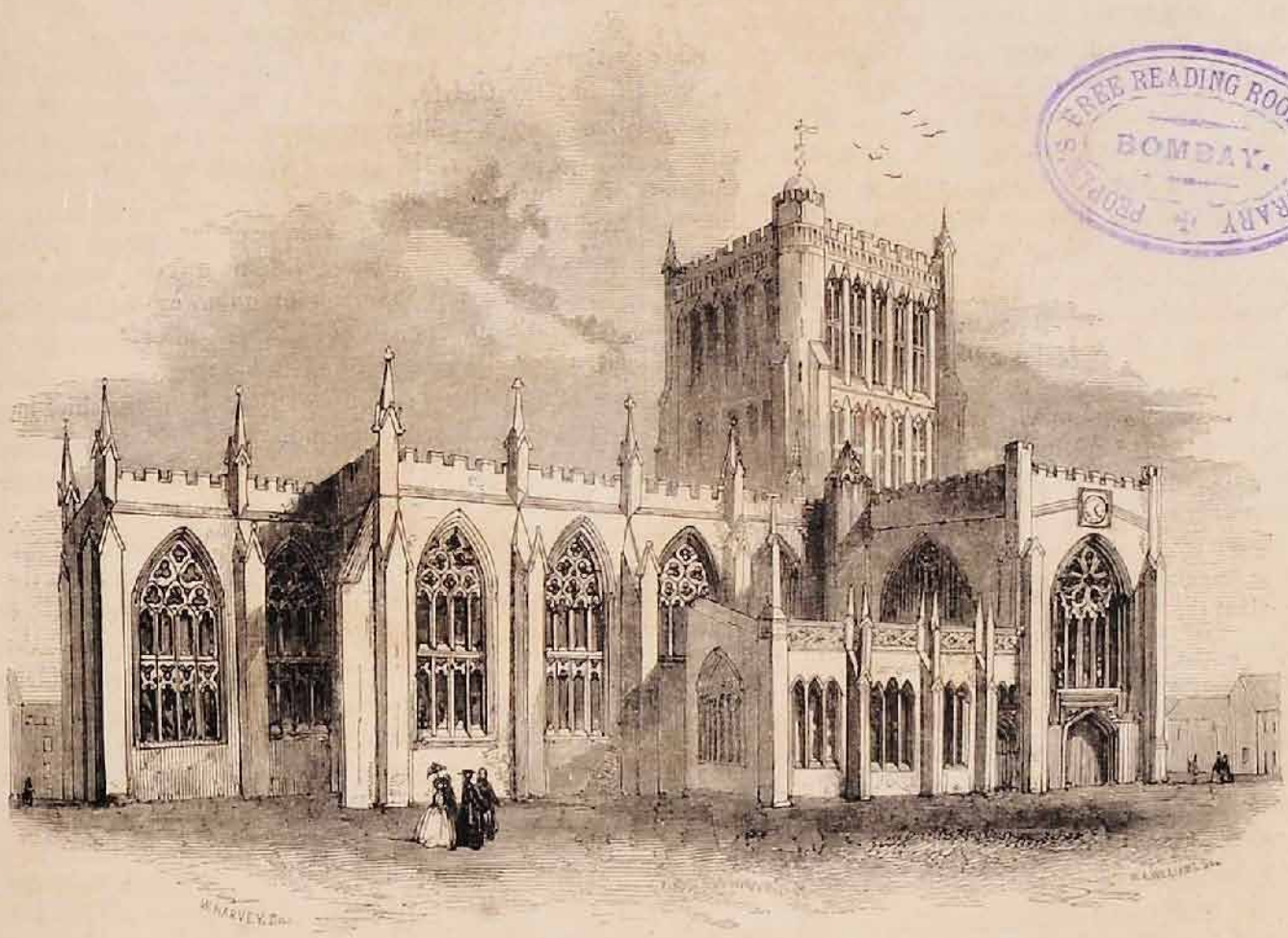
4.—COLLEGE GREEN.

they were chiselled. There is a dwelling-house over this gateway in the perpendicular style, built in the fifteenth century; adorned with canopied niches, in which are the statues of kings, noblemen, and abbots, and one of the Virgin Mary. Fresh as this old archway looks, the picture it frames is still fresher, though far more ancient. As we look through the opening from the Green, the distant hills and fields meet the view, and present much the same appearance as they did centuries ago; it only requires one of the black canons of the old abbey to saunter up, to take us back to the days of king Stephen.

But we have tarried too long, we fear, in the neighbourhood of these interesting remains, and our reader wishes us to push on. We must not do so, however, without drawing attention to the chapel of the Gaunts; largely endowed, if not built, by some of the early members of the Berkeley family, the knightly effigies of many of whom are here to be seen. This chapel now goes by the name of the Mayor's Chapel, and it has been superbly embellished of late for the use of the chief magistrate and corporation. It is entered over the dust of one of the greatest scoundrels of whom history takes note. Captain Bedloe, the associate of Titus Oates in the 'Rye House Plot' conspiracy, lies buried here, without a sign, or word, to denote the place of his sepulture.

We are now close upon the confines of Clifton: Park Street, handsomely and regularly built, upon a very steep hill, lies before us; and trade, as we see by the shop-blinds, every here and there between the private houses, is gradually scaling the height, and making this once fashionable and quiet neighbourhood a busy thoroughfare. The street is so steep, that as we view it from College Green it appears almost perpendicular, up which the carriages zigzag, and the people climb, almost in defiance of the laws of gravitation. Arrived at the top, however, with much labour, a new scene opens upon us; but across the air-drawn barrier which here divides proud independent Clifton from toiling Bristol, we are not yet inclined to step; by-and-by, when we do so, it must be with a prouder carriage, as an actor does, when he advances from the side scenes to the brilliant stage.

Returning then to Bristol for a short while, we must not forget to mention, among the great thoroughfares, Wine Street, Castle Street, and Old Market Street, which run eastward, almost in a line, and lead to the old 'Upper Road,' to Bath. Parallel to Wine Street lies one of the most ancient, and certainly the most picturesque of Bristol's thoroughfares—Mary-le-port Street—one part of which is so narrow, and the houses so much overhang, that the sky is only visible as a ribbon of blue: the inhabitants can shake hands with each other out of their garret windows with ease; and cats make nothing of a flying visit to the tiles "over



5.—THE CATHEDRAL.

the way." Every house here is delightful to the painter's eye, from the great variety of its outline: in many cases, the windows—those handsome protruding structures, so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time—extend the whole breadth of the house, and every floor is so built as to overhang the one below it. Here and there the arms of some ancient guild might be seen moulded in the plaster-work, but well nigh obliterated by the annual supply of yellow wash they receive. It is quite impossible for two carriages to pass each other in some parts of this street; yet we should fancy that the good people of Bristol would regret to see it swept away, even for the convenience of having a more serviceable thoroughfare. Wine Street is completely modernized; but in Peter Street we again meet with the gables and huge windows of the olden time. Behind St. Peter's Church is the Mint, so called from its being the house where money was coined after the destruction of the castle, in which this branch of the king's service was originally carried on. It is now a hospital, and the poor-house of the city; Bristol, by a Local Act, having the management of its own poor. And here before this fine-looking old mansion they congregate—a wretched-looking crowd—twice a week for relief; yet within a few yards, among pauper's graves, covered with oyster-shells and rubbish, lies one who in his lifetime was still more wretched—Richard Savage, the poet! Castle Street is built upon the site of the old Castle, destroyed by Cromwell in 1655. Scarcely a vestige remains of this famous fortress, which once formed the military key of the west. Wandering along Castle Green, curious to see what remnants might yet be found of a stronghold which had endured twelve sieges, and had taken a part in all the great rebellions and civil wars of our history, we were attracted by the soughing of a forge-bellows, and the glow proceeding from an open doorway. Looking in, we beheld the red light illumining a finely-groined roof; and upon making inquiries, we found this blacksmith's shop to be an ancient crypt of the Castle, and the only remains of that building now in existence.

A fortress stood upon this spot as early as the time of the Saxons, and served as a check to Danish marauders in the neighbourhood; but it owed its importance as a mighty stronghold to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, bastard son of Henry I., who, foreseeing the impending struggles, and wishing for security against the time when his father's death would lead to fierce disputes for the crown, fixed upon Bristol, the head of his barony, as a place in which to entrench himself; and scarcely had he finished rebuilding the Castle, commenced in 1130, when King Stephen attacked him, but unsuccessfully. Shortly afterwards, however, he entered its walls, but as a prisoner instead of a triumphant conqueror; and here he remained some time. A writer who describes this Castle in the reign of that monarch, does not give it a very bright character: he says, "On one part of the city, where it is more exposed, and liable to be besieged, a large castle rises high, with many banks, strengthened with a wall, bulwarks, tower, and other contrivances to prevent the approach of besiegers; in which they get together such a number of vassals, both horse and foot, —or rather, I might say, of robbers and freebooters—that they appear not only great and terrible to the lookers-on, but truly horrible; and it is scarce to be credited: for collecting out of different counties and regions, there is so much the more numerous and freer conflux of them, the more easier under a rich lord and the protection of a very strong Castle, they have leave to commit whatever pleases them best in this rich country." The citizens showed the estimation they held their gallant protectors in, by building a wall between the Castle and themselves! In later times, however, it freed itself of this charge of being a mere stronghold for freebooters. It was the last place which made any stand for Richard II., when the civil war broke out during his absence in Ireland; still later its dungeons held John Vere, Earl of Oxford, after the battle of Tewkesbury laid the Lancastrian banner in the dust. During the great Rebellion, Bristol, the second city of the empire, was naturally coveted by the King and the Parliamentarians, especially so by the latter. "The Parliament," says Prynne, "his Excellency, London, and the whole kingdom, looked upon Bristol as the place of the greatest consequence of any in England, next to London, as the metropolis, key, magazine of the west, which would be all endangered, and the kingdom too, by its loss." Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes held it for the Commons early in the struggle, but it was carried by Rupert in 1643, at which time King Charles and his two sons entered it in all the pomp of military triumph: it was not to be supposed, however, that the Parliamentarians would long allow such a strong place as Bristol to remain in the hands of the Royalists. Fairfax and Cromwell marched against it two years later, with a powerful army; and as they were not the men to go away again, leaving their work undone, Prince Rupert, after sustaining a sharp assault, thought it advisable to give the city and Castle up to them; and with Bristol fell the chief hope of despotic power in England.

We have given a cut of Steep Street. (Cut, No. 6.) It was by means of this precipitous defile that the Parliamentary forces entered the city; and the people within their houses keeping up a bloody fire from their windows as they passed, the troopers grew so exasperated that they entered, and put every one they found in them to the sword. Cromwell wisely ordered the Castle to be levelled with the ground immediately it came into his possession; and with its venerable towers the military history of Bristol might be said to have ended. The Castle moat still remains, and shows the extent of ground it once occupied; and this stagnant water-girdle, of old designed to keep out assault, has now in its turn become assaulter; and from year to year slays more with its pestiferous breath than ever did the culverins, crossbows, and cannon of the Castle. Why do not the Bristol people complete the work

which Cromwell commenced, and fill up this foul and stinking ditch.

The Manufactories, etc., of Bristol.

St. Philip's and Temple Meads, two districts which lie to the east of the city, and on either side of the river, are almost entirely given up to manufactories, and there is perhaps no place in England which contains such a variety of them in so small a space. St. Philip's especially is

> "A huddled mass of brick and stones,
> And working shops, and furnace fires."

As we pass along, one moment a huge glass-house cone attracts our notice, the fierce glow of the great fires which we see through the open door making black *silhouettes* of the busy workmen who stand before it; the next brings us to where the din of hammers proclaims an iron-foundry; then again 'tis some distillery, or a pottery, or alkali works. And here, indeed, as one of Bristol's native poets has said,

> "Tall belching chimneys rise in vain,
> To mock the poor deluded town;
> Pouring a poisonous vapour-rain,
> Their heavy vomit, down."

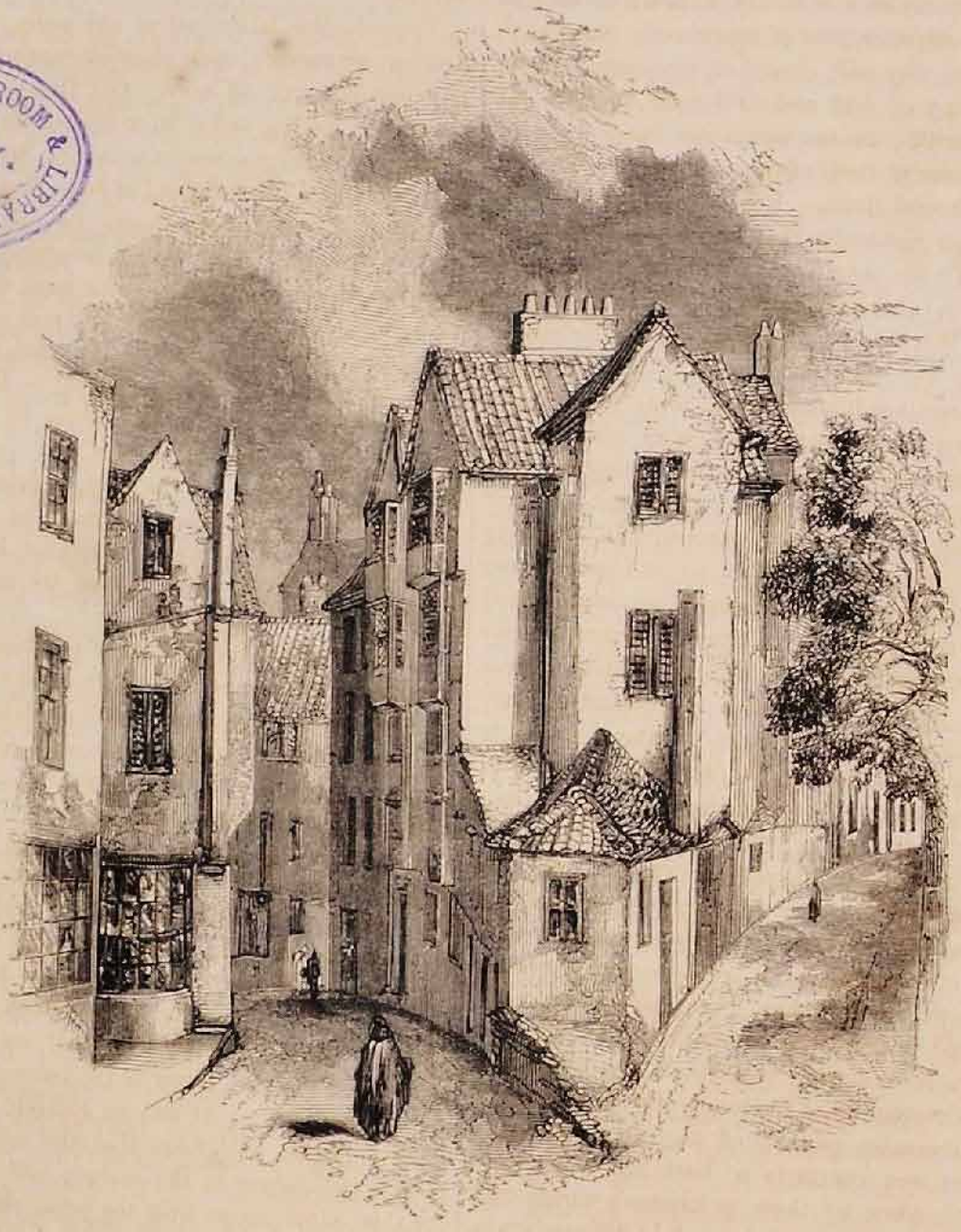
Glass may be considered a staple manufacture; this city has been the seat of the trade for many centuries: immense quantities of bottles are made here, and the flint glass of Bristol is famed throughout England. Soap is also a staple product of the city: as long ago as the thirteenth century it sold largely of this article to London. The locomotive factory of Messrs. Stothard and Slaughter, one of the most entensive in the kingdom, is situated in St. Philip's, and a peep into their workshops shows us goodly rows of these gleaming monsters, in different states of progress, some but gigantic skeletons, others puffing with their first trial, and just ready to be launched upon their arrowy course. Within a short distance lies the Bristol cotton-works, with its noble façade and little village of workmen's houses clustered around it. This factory is more complete within itself, perhaps, than any other in the kingdom; it has attached to it large bleaching-works, and a foundry and engineering establishment, where all the looms and other machinery of the works are made and repaired. Upwards of two thousand persons are here employed, chiefly in the manufacture of a coarse kind of cotton goods calculated for the Levant trade; the whole place is very perfect in its arrangements, and the comforts of the workpeople are carefully attended to. These works are situated on a short canal running into the Avon. Still farther up the river, at Crew's Hold and Keynsham, large lead and brass-works are carried on. The manufactures of Bristol are by no means confined to this quarter of the city, however. Walking along some of the greatest thoroughfares, we come now and then upon huge many-storied buildings, emitting at all possible parts little jets of steam: these are the sugar-baking houses; Bristol has a name for refining sugar, and it commands higher prices throughout the markets of the world than the refineries of any other place. About the middle of the last century these establishments were much more numerous than at present, and immense fortunes were made by this manufacture. "A Bristol sugar-baker" was a stock character of many of the comedies of that day, and was generally put forward as the representative of everything that was rich and vulgar; it need not be said with what slight reason. The poor sugar-bakers are now allowed to pursue their avocations unmolested, and the calumny has been transferred to the great millocrats of the north. Groups of boys may generally be seen about these refineries, trying to get a "taste" out of the empty sugar casks piled in front of them. A word or two might not be here out of place, with respect to the sledges, or drays, employed in this and other branches of trade in Bristol, as most absurd things have been said about them; one writer will have it that "they suffer no carts, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." And to this day one of the common falacies respecting Bristol is, that all its traffic is carried on with these sledges; to some extent this is true, but from no care, however, lest the lactuaries of the city be damaged, but for the simple reason, that where heavy goods, such as tobacco, sugar, rum, &c., have to be moved from place to place, a low dray is much more convenient for the purpose of lifting in and out than a high-wheeled cart. Strangers who visit Bristol, however, will find just as many of the ordinary kind of vehicles as are to be met with elsewhere. In addition to the foregoing list of manufactories, we must not forget the many important founderies and wrought-iron works flourishing here, in which chain cables and anchors of the largest size are made; manufactures of patent shot, sheet lead, tobacco and snuff, chocolate, cocoa, and floor-cloth, absorb a vast amount of labour; and by the trades of hat and pin-making the two neighbouring villages of Easton and Winterbourne are in a great measure supported. The reason of the manufacturing activity displayed in a place which a stranger would imagine wholly given up to commerce, is to be found in the vast coal-fields upon which Bristol is built, and which renders fuel, —the very life-blood of metal working, and other trades requiring great heat,—so plentiful and cheap. These coal-fields extend from a point a few miles north-east of Bristol to the south-west, and east a distance of thirty miles; the beds are generally shallow, but the quality is excellent. Unlike the pits about Birmingham and in the north, those in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, especially the Ashton and Brislington colleries, are situated in the midst of the most rural and beautiful scenery; verdure extends up to the very pit mouths, and the tireless arm of the mighty giant steam, lifting like a plaything enormous loads from out the bowels of the earth, continually meets the eye as we clear a clump of trees or the brow

of some flowery hill side. In working for coals, some very singular geological formations have been found; and in the quarries of Brislington, bamboo canes have often been turned up. How a hint of this kind rolls back the scroll of time, how the imagination is baffled when it attempts to realize a period when the proud-looking foliage of the tropics clothed the steep ascent in place of lofty elms, and when saurians of sixty feet in length were the pet playthings of the vale.

We must not leave the subject of Bristol industry without referring to the craft of ship-building, which might be expected to flourish here: but it is not so; for some reason with which we are unacquainted, the busy hammer of the shipwright has been heard less and less on the banks of the Avon, and the tall poles which have cradled so many noble ships now look silly and idle in the deserted yards. Of the two splendid establishments, replete with the most perfect machinery for the construction of both wooden and iron vessels, that which moulded the 'Great Britain,' and sent forth the finest steamer in the world, is now turned into a locomotive factory; and where once they bound swift rushing steam to the iron keel, broad-gauge engines are now in the course of construction: the other, the magnificent ship-yard, that has turned out some of the best of the West India mail-boats, has either been silent for years, or only employed in the most partial manner. The heart seems gone out of the city, for ship-building, at least: may it only be for a time!

The Port of Bristol.

The river Avon opens into the Bristol Channel at Kingroad, a splendid haven capable of holding a thousand ships in perfect security, and ten miles from



6.—STEEP STREET.

the city. From this outside roadstead the largest ships are brought up to Bristol at high tide. The advantages of a port, running as it does into the very lap of England, were not lost sight of by the Romans,—as one of their most important stations, called Abona, was situated upon the Avon, a few miles below Bristol.

The commerce of Bristol began to develope itself at an early period of the Saxon history, and at the time of the Conquest it was a flourishing port. William of Malmsbury, who wrote in Henry the Second's reign, speaks of Bristol as full of ships from Ireland, Norway, and every part of Europe; and by the time of Edward III., it had attained to the dignity of being the second port in the kingdom. In the roll of the fleet which attended that monarch at the siege of Calais, we find that London furnished 25 ships and 662 mariners, while Bristol sent 22, with 608 mariners; nearly as many as all the other ports put together. The activity of Bristol appears to have gone on increasing very rapidly; for in Henry VII.'s time we find that William Canynges, one of its princely merchants, whose name the city still cherishes, possessed, among many other ships of 400 and 500 tons burden, one 'Le Mary Radcliffe,' of the enormous burden of 900 tons; an evidence in itself of the vast traffic the place carried on in ancient times. It is not, however, to the magnitude of her commerce that Bristol owes her early fame alone. To the enterprises of one of her citizens, England stood indebted for her magnificent possessions in the New World. In the year 1497, Sebastian Cabot, son of a Venetian, but himself a "Bristol man born," as he describes himself, sailed from this harbour in the 'Mathew,' accompanied by other ships, on a voyage of discovery, and in the course of the same year touched Newfoundland,—being the first person who ever set foot upon the *mainland* of America. In returning home he sailed along the coast as far as Florida; and by virtue of this visit North America became annexed to the English crown. This brilliant achievement forms the first of many associations which the Bristolian loves to dwell upon in connection with his beautiful river. In imagination he sees the little 'Mathew' dropping down the Avon with her bold ship's crew, flushed with the anticipated triumph of reaching some far-distant land as bright as those isles which Columbus had just discovered—he hears among the rocks and woody hills the echoing cheers of the ancient "Bristow" men, habited in the velvets and "bravery" of the time, as they take leave of the adventurous craft about to enter strange seas where man never before drove his daring keel, and at the bend in the river which hides the city from his sight, he sees, in fancy, Sebastian himself uncovering his fine Venetian head in token of a last farewell. With this romantic picture of an early time, the imaginative citizen contrasts a later and still more exciting scene when by these precipitous woods and under these mighty cliffs glided a widely different craft. This time 'tis no quaintly carved high-sided ship bending under her bellying sails, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements and the keeping of God, but a vast black hull, driving the water before her, and beating up with some invisible power great foam-waves at her sides. Not half so nobly apparelled as old Sebastian stands the master of this new adventure upon the quarter-deck; but beneath the prosaic black coat beats as bold a heart, and under the little cap of blue a brow whose science would look to that "ancient mariner" very much like an acquaintance with the black art. This new ship is the 'Great Western,' on her first voyage to New York; she is putting forth in the very teeth of tempest, laughing tides to scorn, and going to certain destruction (so said the wise men of the world); still on she speeds, drawing behind her a long black line of smoke—England's new-found pennant—till at last she is lost behind the folding hills, gone to cast a bridge across the sea to that land which the little 'Mathew' had four hundred years before discovered. Upon no waters but those of the winding Avon have two such splendid adventures as these been written.

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century another occurrence took place in connection with the port that is worthy of note. Old Dampier, the gallant buccaneer, having sailed from Bristol with two armed vessels, on an expedition in search of Spanish treasure ships, anchored off the island of Juan Fernandez. Perceiving a light on shore during the night, he sent a boat to reconnoitre, which not returning, the pinnace went in search; but soon "came back from the shore with abundance of crayfish, and *a man clothed in goat-skins*, who looked more wild than their first owners." This man was Alexander Selkirk — the original of Robinson Crusoe—who was taken to Bristol, after having been on the island for four years and four months. Dampier, on his way, captured a Spanish galleon; but the greatest treasure he took was the wild man in goat-skins; for without him the world would never have seen one of its most delightful tales.

In the year 1804, the whole of the Avon was dammed back as far as Cumberland basin, at the Hotwells, and formed into a magnificent floating harbour, at an expense of £600,000, and a new channel cut for the tide, commencing above the city, towards Bath, and terminating at Rownham Ferry, about a mile below it. The citizens, however, committed one fatal mistake, when the new harbour was formed; they allowed the river, the very porch as it were of their town, to go out of their own hands. The Dock Company to which it was made over, raised the port dues so high that shipowners have from time to time avoided the place; and many harbours possessing not half its natural advantages have absorbed much of the commerce that should rightly have found its way to Bristol. This evil has latterly grown so serious that the citizens have bestirred themselves in the matter, and most probably ere this paper issues from the press the Bill they are now pushing through Parliament for the recovery of their river will have received the Royal assent.

Bristol might be said to have reached its commercial culminating point about the year 1828, when its gross receipts of customs were £1,204,000. At that time the West India trade was flourishing here exceedingly; the intercourse with Africa and America was also great; and vast quantities of Spanish wool was imported into Bristol for the use of the Gloucestershire cloth manufactures. Since that period the port might be said to have stood still; which, considering the vast increase that of late years has taken place in the population of the city, —at present numbering 180,000 souls—is as much as to say that it has gone back. In 1847 the gross receipts were £1,004,789; if we add to this sum what would have been received but for the operation of the new tariff, we shall have a total a little above that of the year 1828.

This want of progress is attributable to many causes besides the injury done by the high port charges. The wool trade has entirely left the port, through causes quite irrespective of local influences. When Saxony wool came into use about thirty years ago, it found its natural place of import at London, and the Spanish trade gradually followed to where the chief market was established. In many of the streets of Bristol you are reminded of the commerce once carried on in this article by the vast warehouses for its reception, now either closed, or turned to other uses; and with the shutting of every warehouse door, a corresponding mooring-ring on the Quay-wall might be said to have grown red with rust. The American trade has mostly flown to Liverpool, to which port some portion of the West India interest has also shifted itself. The whole of the sugar trade is in the hands of a few "merchant princes" possessed of immense wealth, who have banded together to keep it in their own hands; and the monopoly thus produced has been extremely prejudicial to the city. There are two branches of commerce, however, which have flourished here latterly—the African and the timber trade. The African vessels chiefly go to the coast of Guinea, and traffic glass beads and hardware for gold dust, palm-oil, and ivory. These vessels are all smart-looking brigs, and coming in from a voyage there is something extremely picturesque about them: the sailors, with great broad-leaved straw hats, all with something in their hand for shore—parrots, tropical fruits, calabashes, monkeys, rude wooden carvings, or African goats, which they have bartered with shining negroes for a clasp-knife or a string of beads. The timber trade has received a great impetus from the railways. Bristol supplies nearly all the central lines of the kingdom with the deals and other woods which they consume. One part of the Floating Harbour, called the Sea Banks—the widest portion of the river —is occupied by timber ships, some of them upwards of a thousand tons burthen; and it is a most lively sight to see them discharging their great brown logs, which are shot out from the ports in their bows, and fall dashing and splashing in the water. A considerable portion of the trade of Bristol is carried on by steamers. Packets leave once or twice a week for Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Liverpool, and for the ports and watering-places on the Bristol Channel, in most cases every day.

The Floating Harbour of Bristol affords every facility for an extended commerce. No port perhaps in England presents such a length of quay line for the berthing of all kinds of craft. The Welsh Back, as it is called, which alone extends half a mile, is principally occupied by fishing-smacks and sloops trading in the Severn and channel, and brigs from Ireland, with corn and provisions. As we proceed further along, we find that the vessels are of a larger size; and by the time we reach what is termed the 'Grove,' the coasters have disappeared, and large ships, either West or East Indiamen, or Americans, lie ranged side by side. By the number of the sheds, the size of the cranes, and the noble range of warehouses which here abut upon the wharfage-ground, we are assured that this spot is the principal portion of the harbour. At Princes-street bridge, a small wooden structure which crosses the river from the centre of the Grove, we stand in the very thick of the port, and a perfect forest of masts rises around us on every side. The river at this spot assumes a triangular form. The Sea Banks and the artificial cut (before spoken of) here join the Grove. Besides the line of quay-wall and wharfage-ground, which in all must extend upwards of three miles, and a large portion of which will admit ships of seven or eight hundred tons to discharge alongside them, there are several floating graving docks and basins. (Cuts, Nos. 7, 8, & 9.) Bathurst Basin is a large piece of water, connected on the one side with the New Cut or channel made for the river when that portion of it which runs through Bristol was converted into a floating harbour, and on the other with the Grove. Small coasters and barges here find accommodation, whilst Cumberland Basin, situated at the extremity of the Sea Banks, opens immediately upon the tidal Avon, and receives the large vessels and steamers. With such accommodations as these, with a port which vessels can sail from at so many points of the wind, and with a situation which naturally commands the very centre of England, it is to be hoped that Bristol, now she is about to shake off the incubus of her heavy port dues, will again resume her former position in the commercial world, and no longer allow her fame to be talked of as a "thing of history." That her wonted fires yet linger in her breast, let the enterprise which sent forth the Great Western, and pioneered the nations with swift footsteps across the western wave, or the science which built that iron Leviathan, which all the fury of the Irish sea could not destroy, bear living and irrefragable testimony. She has plenty of spirit yet, and, what is quite as important, plenty of capital,—perhaps too much, or at least in too few hands,—to give it play, and a railway system which is quite impregnable. To the north, to the west, and to the east, she grasps with iron hands the custom of an immense district; and as long as the "smooth Severn stream" runs her old course to the sea, her vantage ground cannot be out-flanked.

There is one inconvenience connected with the port of Bristol; steamers can only come up the river at certain times of the tide: to this circumstance it undoubtedly owes its many other advantages being overlooked, when Southampton was chosen in preference to it as a Government Packet-station. To remedy this evil it is intended to make a railroad to Portishead,—a small watering-place, situated in the Channel some ten miles from Bristol, where a pier will be run out into the sea, and enable the largest transatlantic steamer to disembark its passengers and mails at low water. An Act was obtained in 1846 for the work, and some portions of it had been commenced—when the panic came, and hung it up on the same peg which holds so many of the like projects, cut off in their very bud. For one reason we rejoice at the suspension of this line; it will, we trust, give a long lease to those noble elms which form so beautiful a background to the entrance to Cumberland Basin, and which this railway threatened to destroy.

Public Buildings and Institutions.

Among the public buildings which we have not fallen in with in our ramble, the Guildhall, situated in Broad Street, claims our first notice. (Cut, No. 1.) It has been erected on the site of the old one, within the last few years. Its style is Elizabethan; but its design is neither original nor as picturesque as it might have been. The term 'Masons' Gothic' might indeed be justly applied to most of the modern buildings in Bristol, as very few of them have even a decent effect; although, in many cases, ample opportunity has been given the architect of showing his genius, both by the extent and situation of these buildings. The entrance to the Guildhall is by a very long passage, extending nearly the whole depth and length of the interior of the building, and thus cutting it into two portions. At the end of this hall a flight of stone steps leads into the Justice Chamber. The staircase is lighted by some stained glass windows of a deep amber colour, which, viewed through the gloom of the long hall, has a very good effect. The room apportioned to the administration of justice is little better than a corner cupboard, and the light coming in only from one side gives it a very uncomfortable appearance. The reason why the old hall was pulled down was on account of its inconvenience; but we question if the good people of Bristol have gained much by their new one. The Bankruptcy Court for the Bristol district is also held in this building. In King Street and Princes Street there are some public institutions and places of amusement. The Bristol Library, which contains a valuable collection of books, the Merchant Venturers' and the Coopers' Hall are situated in the former street, all of which are handsomely built of freestone. The Bristol Theatre is hidden away behind some old houses: the interior has, however, been panegyrized by Garrick. To those accustomed to the brilliant theatres of the metropolis it looks dingy enough at the present day; but, fifty years ago, it was the largest and best-attended house out of London; and since that time it has been the nursery for some of the best actors who have trodden the metropolitan stage. In Princes Street—once inhabited by the most considerable merchants of the city—stands the Old Assembly Rooms. The proportions of the interior of this building are very handsome; but it is now almost entirely deserted, and serves only to show how far westward fashion has ebbed. The arts and sciences are well represented in Bristol by the Philosophical Institution,—a freestone building, conspicuous as we go up Park Street, from its fine circular portico, supported by Corinthian columns. It contains a very extensive museum, in which there is a choice collection of minerals, and some interesting specimens of mammalia: its richest treasure, however, is the original marble statue of 'Eve at the Fountain,' by Baily; the best, perhaps, of English pieces of sculpture. Attached to this establishment is a Philosophical Society, a Reading-room, and a Theatre, in which public lectures are delivered; and temporary accommodation has been found here for a very valuable Institution, now in its infancy—an 'Art Academy,' in which students draw from casts the nude and draped figures. A large sum has been bequeathed for the formation of this Academy, so much required in a city which produces so many artists; and it is the intention to erect some suitable building for it as speedily as possible. Bristol, like most large cities, has an Athenæum (situated in Clare Street). It was once a Mechanics' Institution, languishing, and nigh to die,—for it was one of those "social lies" which, sooner or later, as Carlyle says, must "come to the bank of truth for payment." Instituted for working men, and not proving calculated for their wants, the middle classes feebly monopolized it, under whom it was slowly declining, when the influence of Genius, like the sun, revived its drooping energies. The words of Dickens and Disraeli, at similar institutions throughout the country, found an echo here, and the old and effete Mechanics' Institution suddenly flowered into the brilliant 'Athenæum;' and this history might be read for that of all the more important institutions of the like kind throughout the country.*

The Post-office—which forms a kind of wing to the Exchange—for such a city as Bristol, is a very confined building. The Custom House, again, rebuilt upon the site of the old one burnt down in the riots of 1831, seems a very mean establishment to represent the commerce of so large a port. It is situated in Queen Square, which is built upon a broad tongue of land, surrounded on three sides by the different quays. This square covers no less than seven and a half acres of ground, and is ornamented by walks of fine elm-trees, and a very beautiful equestrian statue of William III., executed in bronze by Rysbach, which stands in the

* In the account of the Birmingham Provident Institution, (Birmingham, p. 174,) it should have been stated that the planning of that institution was wholly due to Mr. Sanders: it was only in the development of the plan that others took part.

middle of the green. During the riots this spot was the scene of the most atrocious acts; the chief fury of the populace being expended upon it. Beginning at the Mansion House, the residence of the mayor, the mob, composed chiefly of boys and very young men, successively fired every building (with the exception of two, which were defended by the inhabitants) on the north and west sides; and by this magnificent midnight illumination, a vast mass of the rioters, after plundering the wine-cellars of their contents, sat down on the grass, to an orgie from which many of them never arose again. In the old Custom House a most horrible catastrophe took place: some of the rabble having gained access to the housekeeper's room, which was situated on one of the upper floors, were feasting themselves, when they discovered that the place had been fired below by some of their companions. The only means of escape was through the front windows; these looked over the leads covering the portico of the building, which, through the action of the fiery element, was converted into a sea of molten metal. Forced out of the room, and hanging on to the sills, for a moment they remained suspended between two dreadful deaths; then one by one they fell, with horrible cries, into the liquid lead below, where for some time they were seen to writhe in the most dreadful agonies.

There are two arcades in Bristol, very elegantly built, and extending in a line upwards of 600 feet: two gaols; that at Bathurst Basin, capable of receiving two hundred prisoners, and so built that the governor can command the whole of the prison yards, without leaving his own apartments; and the other, which is the Gloucester County Prison, situated at the east end of the town. There is also a general Cemetery, planted on a gentle hill-side, at Arno's Vale, within a mile of the city. The ground is full of cypress trees, which at some future date will make this beautifully-situated and tastefully laid-out burying-ground a most picturesque spot.

If Bristol cannot boast so many beautiful buildings (always excepting her ecclesiastical edifices, which are unrivalled,) as some other large cities, she at least stands pre-eminent in the spirit that animates her institutions, and in the benevolence that has founded her many noble charities. Turn which way we will in our rambles through the city, we continually meet with some trim almshouse, its quadrangle planted with flowers, and its inmates dosing away their old age in security and comfort. These asylums, which in all number twenty-four, have chiefly been endowed by wealthy merchants of a past generation; among them the latest and the most eminent name is that of Edward Colston, whose benefactions to Bristol alone amounted to nearly £60,000. The memory of his good deeds is annually kept alive in the city, by the dinners of the Anchor, Grateful, and Dolphin Societies, on the anniversary of his death. At these banquets the good citizens manage to mingle politics and turtle in a most harmonious manner. Charity, too, is not forgotten, as on some occasions upwards of £3,000 have been subscribed at them for the use of the poor. In the breast of the effigy of Colston, by Rysbach, in 'All Saints' Church, where the great philanthropist lies buried, there is placed weekly, in accordance with a bequest left for that purpose, a fresh nosegay,—may it bloom there for ever; but it will never send forth a sweeter incense than the grateful prayers of those whose necessities he has relieved. Of the benevolent Institutions of Bristol, there is really no end. The Infirmary, which stands at the head of them, and bears upon its front the noble motto, "Charity universal," was erected in 1735, and the Bristolians boast of it as the first Institution of the kind, supported by voluntary contributions, established out of London. It has accommodations for two hundred in-patients; and upwards of two thousand on an average are received every year, while assistance is given to at least six thousand out-patients gratuitously. There is another 'General Hospital' in the city, and two public Dispensaries. Dorcas and Samaritan Societies, Female Misericordias, Penitentiaries, and Refuges, are as plentiful as blackberries; and as though the good people of the city had exhausted all the ordinary methods of relief, and wished to try their hands upon some good work which all the world besides had considered hopeless, a Deaf and Dumb Institution has been established, in which poor creatures deprived of their two most important senses are instructed with incredible pains and patience to read and write. In Bristol there are a vast number of public schools. The Free Grammar-School, in the immediate neighbourhood of College Green, is the most important of them. This establishment is richly endowed; and here boys residing in the city, for an annual payment of £6, can obtain a first-rate classical education, with the chances of several fellowships and exhibitions. Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, a foundation very similar to that of Christ Church, London, as well as the Bishop's College, will be spoken of when we come to Clifton; the bare mention of them here will therefore be sufficient. Colston's Free School is another large and important charity, that clothes, boards and educates one hundred Boys for seven years; after which they are apprenticed, with £15 each as a premium to their masters. For Girls there is a very handsome establishment, located in a large new building, called the 'Red Maid's School;' the dress is scarlet, with a white tippet, and it is a very pretty sight to see the long line of brilliant colour this school makes walking in procession every Sunday to St. Mark's Church. There is a vast quantity of Lancasterian, Diocesan, Infant, and inferior Charity Schools; whilst Sunday Schools are innumerable. We have already spoken of the number of the ancient parish churches of the city; the great increase of the suburbs of late years has caused the erection of many more, and now they count no less than thirty, whilst of Dissenting Meeting-houses of all denominations there are thirty-seven, the greater number of these are burly Ebenezers or tasteless Zions; but latterly a marked improvement has taken place in the ideas of the Dissenters as regards

architecture. Highbury Chapel, situated at the top of St. Michael's Hill, belonging to the Independents, is a charming specimen of Gothic, plain, yet exquisitely picturesque in all the combinations of its parts; but the triumph of art is at Buckingham Place, Clifton, where there is a Dissenting chapel, erected in the florid Gothic style, so beautiful in its proportions, and so graceful in its details, that we should have imagined it from the hand of Pugin himself. There must be some dreadfully Jesuitical architect at work in Bristol, we fear, who is making an adroit use of freestone and bricks and mortar, to sap the principles of dissent.

The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

"The pryde of Bristowe and the westerne londe."

The poetical associations connected with St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and the glories of its architecture, demand at our hand more than the cursory notice we have given to the other ecclesiastical edifices of Bristol. Not a Bristolian but believes in this Church, as being the most perfect structure of its kind in the world; not an inhabitant of its parish, that has dwelt beneath its shadow, or listened to the silvery melancholy of its chimes, but possesses for it a mysterious sort of affection and love, such as no other pile in the kingdom perhaps commands. This feeling is not called forth merely by the building; for, beautiful as it is, there are many finer ones in the country—to the associations which are connected with it—to the poetry which still haunts its deep shadows, and plays about its time-worn pinnacles—to the spirit of its poet, which seems yet to hover round it as the perfume lingers round a vase long after the rose-leaves are decayed—we must ascribe the deep attachment Bristolians bear to St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

The first ecclesiastical structure erected on its site was built in the reign of Henry III.; it appears, however, to have been only an insignificant chapel. In 1294 Simon de Burton, who was five times mayor of Bristol, commenced a very splendid edifice here, which was completed by William Canynges, a merchant,—the greater portion of which was destroyed, according to old documents, in 1466, by the falling of the spire; it was shortly after built, however, in its present form, by the grandson of the first founder of that name, William Canynges, the celebrated merchant so often alluded to in Chatterton's Poems. Beautiful as is the present structure, its predecessor must have been even more so, if we may judge by the smaller north porch, which is evidently much older than the other portions of the building, and in all probability a remnant of the original church. Nothing can exceed the exquisite open-work of this doorway; its character is Norman, but instead of the zigzag ornaments and the hard breadth which marked that style, no lacework could be more beautiful than the lattice-like manner in which its arch is ornamented. Now, however, decay has unfortunately worn some portion of it away, and the other seems held together by the soot and dust which cover it. The church is cruciform, the tower rising from the west end to nearly 200 feet in height. Its north side, formerly hidden by mean houses, has lately been thrown open, and the charming variety of outline which it exhibits, now strikes the eye as we emerge from Redcliffe Street. The south side has been chosen by our artist. (Cut, No. 10.) The best view is that at the north-west corner,—where the eye catches at the same moment the magnificent tower, the beautiful little porch before spoken of, and the middle north porch. The tower, wrought in a most elaborate manner, yet bears a small portion of the spire, the remainder of which the citizens intend to restore; and the whole height will not then be less than 300 feet. The interior, as you enter the western door directly under the tower, is strikingly beautiful; the view to the high altar extending a distance of 197 feet. The church, a few years since, was lighted by large brass chandeliers suspended from the roof, and the view down the centre aisle through the frame caused by the doorway was quite enchanting. The twisted arms of gleaming metal holding the sconces came out sharp and distinct against the gloom in the distance, whilst the clustered pillars, rising to the embossed roof, here and there discovered themselves. All the witchery of the scene, however, has been effectually banished by the introduction of gas, which sheds anything but the appropriate "dim religious light." Those who have the opportunity should visit the church on Whit-Sunday, as on that day the Lord Mayor and Corporation go there in grand procession, when it is superbly decorated with flowers, and the middle aisle is strewn with rushes so deeply that the footsteps of the solemn Bumble, who precedes his Worship to the churchwarden's pew, cannot be heard. The effect of clusters of beautiful colours around the pillars, and every "coigne of vantage," is as strange as it is beautiful. This rare interior, however, has no need of foreign ornament to enhance its charms; as long as its clustered pillars shoot up, and, fan-like, spread as they reach the richly-groined roof, it will be the admiration of all who love the refinements of Gothic architecture. At the high altar, if they are not already removed,—as was the intention some time since—are three pictures, by Hogarth; one of which—'The Ascension of our Saviour,' is an evidence that he possessed a deep sense of the beautiful, and at times a very high feeling. There is an angel in this picture, which for grace and beauty Correggio would have admired. In another subject, 'The Sealing of the Tomb,' an incident occurs particularly Hogarthian. A Roman soldier is securing the stone with a stick of common red sealing-wax; and so literally has the painter rendered it, that we read upon its side, "wel brand en vast houd," (burn well, and hold fast,) the old Dutch motto generally found on wax. There are many interesting monuments in this Church; among which is that of William Canynges, the founder, and his wife Joan. Affixed to the tomb is a list of this eminent merchant's ships, mentioned in another

place as being of extraordinary tonnage considering the age in which he lived. Not far from the remains of this celebrated man is a flat stone, upon which a spoon and a skimmer are engraved; this stone covers the grave of his cook. Here also lies interred Sir William Penn, a Bristol man, and one of the vice-admirals who assisted at the taking of Jamaica. This worthy was a great crony, if we might so speak, of old Pepys; and we find him continually mentioned in his Diary. He is better known, however, as the father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Against the pillar, beside his tomb, the old worthy's armour hangs, and rust is slowly eating it through and through, whilst his three pennants, too ancient and worn

"The old wave of battle to remember,"

when the breeze comes up the aisle, are dropping shred by shred to pieces.

Among the records of the Church is a catalogue of some of the ancient furniture; from which we take the following very curious items:

"An image of God Almighty rising out of a sepulchre, with all the ordinence that longeth thereto," (that is to say,) "a lath, made of tymbre and ironwork, that 'longeth thereto."

Item—"Thereto 'longeth heaven, made of tymbre and stained clothes."

Item—"Helle, made of tymbre and ironwork, *with devils the number of thirteen.*"

Item—"Four nyghtes, armed, keeping the sepulcree with their weapons in their hands," (that is to say,) "two spears, two axes, with two bows."

Item—"The Holy Ghost coming out of heven into the sepulcree." Amongst the yet remaining curiosities of Redcliffe Church is an immense rib-bone attached to a pillar under the tower, said to be the rib of a Dun Cow, slain by Guy Earl of Warwick. Mr. Owen would perhaps pronounce it to be the rib of a whale.

We must not leave the Church without visiting the one spot hallowed by genius, the muniment-room over the north porch; and what a strange, old-world-looking place it is. As we enter it a cloud of dust arises from the rubbly floor, and the keen wind wails and whistles through the unglazed apertures which open on one side of it. On the ground are scattered some old-looking boxes of a most monkish character—the famous chests from which came the Poems of Rowley, according to the account given by Chatterton. These chests originally belonged to William Canynges, and they were first opened in 1727, when it was imagined that writings of great value were contained in them. They were found to hold a vast number of papers relating to the Church, and others of a miscellaneous character, which found no favour in the eyes of the dry lawyer that looked over them. The Church-papers were removed to a secure place, and the others were left exposed. Many persons from time to time helped themselves to the latter; and among the chief depredators was the father of Chatterton, who having entry to the Church at all times, through the sexton, a relative, carried off baskets' full at once. Long after the father's death young Chatterton saw one of these parchments, which had been converted into a threadpaper by his mother; and having questioned her as to where it came from, he ultimately discovered what remained of them, which consisted principally of Poems by William Canynges and Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of St. John's Church. Such is the account given by the Young Poet when he attempted to palm off his forgerie upon the world as genuine ancient rhymes.

That Chatterton found many old documents in this very muniment-room there can be little doubt, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that they provided him with many hints for his Poems; but it does seem strange, considering the modern structure of his verse and sound of his words through all their outlandish spelling, that any man at all educated should have been taken in by them. Yet many were; and the simplicity with which they believed in the songs of Rowley, was only equalled by the uncharitableness which took possession of their minds when they found them to be only the lays of a poor charity school-boy. Directly their antiquity was gone, with a certain class, their merit departed—as though poetry was a thing to be judged of after the fashion of a pedigree—and the genius that produced them was sneered at as an unwholesome fire, and the "wondrous boy" had to endure that bitterest of all hostility which emanates from a well-quizzed antiquary or an outwitted quidnunc. Two generations have passed since poor Chatterton "perished in his pride," and the fame of the Poet has at lenghth risen clear above all the foul vapours and rancouring spirit of the Rowleyan controversy. Some justice was even attempted to his memory, a few years ago, in the erection of a cross surmounted with his effigy, in the garb of the "*Charity-school*" in which he was educated. It was set up alongside the beautiful north porch, and its architecture, not being either particularly correct or elegant, of course in such a position "oderous" comparisons were drawn between the two; the citizens said "it was like the old Church sprouting afresh"—this was meant as a censure upon it; but we certainly did not expect to find such a libel upon the reproductive powers of the noble old building coming from the mouths of Bristolians—and finally it was carted away. At present the only memorial to Chatterton is to be found in the deserted muniment-room, where the old chests over which he has so often pondered—the old dust which his excited feet have so often raised, and on which the sun-light and the moon-light alternately rest as they did in his day—combine to create that lifelike figure in the imagination compared with which a sculptured stone is cold and dead indeed.

The Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, for the last two centuries has been going most rapidly to decay. It is quite painful to see how worn and mutilated the pinnacles and ornaments have become. The north porch, full of niches, each of which once contained some sculptured saint, is now almost a ruin, and many of the

windows of the fabric are in a shamefully dilapidated condition. The citizens have latterly become aware of the stigma which lies upon them for their neglect of this superb building, and one or two of the windows and the east end of the church have undergone a thorough repair. The white appearance of the new freestone at this part breaks up the general sombre tone of the building; but we trust that, ere long, the whole fabric will be renewed in the same manner, and then a few years, in such a smoky city as Bristol, will restore to it one uniform colour—not such a delicious tone, perhaps, as now pervades it, but one which shall not, at least, derive its beauty from decay.

Clifton and the Downs.

And now that we have shaken off the last dust of the old city, drawn on a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves and assumed a *dégagé* air, we will boldly step across the "air-drawn" barrier, which as we have before said runs along the top of Park Street, and enter Clifton.

At our very first step two imposing-looking buildings meet the eye,—the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College; the first in the early English, the second in the Elizabethan style. Without stopping to criticise the architecture the attention is immediately struck by this pile of buildings,—for the two lie so much on the same ground and so close together that they seem but one edifice—rising as it does at the base of a gentle hill-side, whose height is covered with trees, and nobly thrown back so as to allow of a fine drive and a profusion of flower-beds, it is a very great ornament to the spot. The Blind Asylum is quite one of the "Show" Institutions of the city. The inmates employ themselves in weaving very beautiful baskets, and every week they give a concert of sacred music in the chapel, at which they show their musical science to the public, who are freely admitted.

The Bishop's College, a preparatory seminary, has lately been instituted. It is founded on the model of King's College, London, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 200 boys. The discipline is under the exclusive conduct of a head master, who is subject (only in this respect) to the visitorial authority of the Bishop. The education given here is very first-rate, and is conducted in conformity with the principles of the Church of England. A very short distance from this spot, proceeding along the park wall (which might be well substituted by an iron railing) brings us to a cluster of public buildings, which, both in situation and importance, renders the neighbourhood quite the Calton Hill of Bristol. The Victoria Rooms is admirably planted in the isthmus formed by the separation of the roads leading to Clifton and Durdham Downs. (Cut, No. 12.) The architecture is graceful, and it is by far the best Grecian building erected in the neighbourhood. A fastidious critic perhaps might object to the sculpture and figures which fill the tympanum of the pediment, as too energetic in action, and wanting in that rectilinear principle in which the Greeks always modelled reliefs for such enrichments, but the general effect is extremely good. It possesses some noble apartments,—the reception room is 70 feet long by 30 broad, and the hall is 117 feet by 55 feet wide. The Victoria Rooms have completely absorbed all the company which used to frequent the old Assembly Rooms in the city, whose motto, *Curas cithara tollet*, seems now singularly out of place, as music is scarcely ever heard within its walls to drive away the cares empty rooms and ground rents engender.

If we now turn up by Meridian Place, two other buildings, admirably situated, lie before us. The new Catholic chapel, a Grecian temple, commenced on a grand scale, which will, one of these days, when the body to whom it belongs finds money enough to complete it, form one of the greatest ornaments to Clifton. At present it is roofed over in a temporary manner, and presents a very ugly appearance. As we proceed along Meridian Place, the elevation we are on assumes an exceedingly picturesque form, and commands a fine view. We stand on a terrace situated on the top of a steep hill-side; a little space of table-land (if we might so term it) beneath us forms the stranger's burying-ground, —a most poetical spot, in which all those who have found "the health-giving spring" of no avail, sleep underneath a deep solitude and shadow of willow trees; and on Brandon Hill, which forms the rising ground opposite, stands the new Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. This building is recently erected in the Tudor style, and is as florid as red bricks can make it. Standing on the steep ascent, and approached by a fine flight of steps and a winding carriage-road, this public school has a most imposing effect, especially when seen from below. As we have not yet paid a visit to Brandon Hill, situated only a stone's throw from us, we will ramble upon it with our reader for a few moments. Having gained its top, which rises no less than 250 feet, what a perfect view of the city, the Avon, Clifton Hill, and the surrounding country meets the eye! In our engraving we have been obliged to content ourselves with one aspect of the scene; but as we turn from side to side, a complete panorama unfolds itself. We have often thought what a perfect public garden this hill, or rather little mountain, would make. Touching the confines both of Clifton and the city, it might be rendered a marriage-ground of beauty between them. Properly laid out, its natural capabilities improved by art, it would afford a pleasure-spot not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom. From its cone-like form, ornamental water could not be well introduced; but has it not the river at its base, winding along and animated all its length by commerce, and dotted by glancing sails?—a far nobler prospect than even Virginia Water, with all its swans. And then what a really poetical mind could make of it! what statues might be erected here to the great men who have toiled, and thought, and served in the city lying at its foot. Here a statue of Cabot, resting on a globe, his gaze turned westward to where the new world first

"Swam within his ken;"

there might stand Chatterton, contemplating his much loved Redcliffe Church, that towers so grandly in the distance; or Southey, as he mused in his youth, fired with some beautiful vision of the banks of the Susquehannah and perfect peace. Here the citizens should have, as an embodyment of the spirit of "ancient Bristow," the effigy of Canynges, her great merchant prince and church founder; or Colston, with hand open as the day, distributing charity to all. What a noble company of worthies Bristol might congregate on this hill-side, and what a lovely spot it might be made! Bristol, however, is so situated in the very lap of the picturesque, that she seems to have no desire for a public garden, for Tindall's Park, which we have passed in our way from Park Street, is by far too open and field-like in its character to be considered in that light.

The neighbourhood of Clifton behind Meridian Place, to which we return, is quite flat, and exhibits a series of villas, surrounded by gardens; these have extended so of late years, that we question if the visitor of a dozen summers back would recognize the Clifton of the present day. Field after field have successively succumbed to bricks and mortar, till what but a few years ago was but a large village, is now a handsome pleasure town of 20,000 inhabitants. At the present moment, Landsdown Square, covering an immense area of land, and built in the most superb manner, is in course of erection. There is nothing, however, about this portion of Clifton that other watering-places might not equal, and we must reach Clifton Hill before the peculiar features of the place become apparent. (Cut, No. 11.) Taking our stand by the church, we have a foretaste of the beauties which disclose themselves still farther on. There are no rocks yet; but before us lie, low down in the hollow, the river, and Cumberland Basin, dotted with steamers and shipping; and beyond, the valley of Ashton, with the swelling uplands clothed with fir-trees, in its vicinity; again, beyond all the Dundry Hills, rising like a vast rampart of green, and shutting out the view farther south. Row after row of houses are planted at our feet down the slope, appearing every now and then amid the foliage:

> "And up the garden-cultured hill
> Sits full-fed Capital apart,
> Watching the golden sweat distil
> In hungry Labour's mart."

As we proceed towards the Clifton Down, a row of elegant shops—a thin thread of trade—runs through the very heart of Clifton; but we can well turn aside by this line, and sweep round the magnificent Royal York Crescent, the most extensive terrace we ever remember to have seen. A walk upon this superb promenade of nearly half a mile brings us to that portion of Clifton which appears so beautiful from the river, the many terraces and rows of buildings rising one over another to the summit of the hill. It must be tantalizing to such a beauty as Clifton not to be able to look at herself; the river is too muddy, we are sorry to say, to reflect her, and at no point within the village can she survey the fullness of her charms. As we proceed the breeze freshens, and suddenly we come out upon Clifton Down, and take in at one glance the magnificent ravine through which, far beneath us, the Avon rolls its turbid tide. On the opposite shore, the Leigh Woods clothe the precipitous banks with thickest foliage, and the eye falls upon a deep hill of green, as far as it can reach; we have yet to breast the steep, however, until we gain the Observatory, crowning the highest point of St. Vincent's Rocks, which run parallel with the south bank of the Avon. A pebble kicked from the edge of this tremendous cliff falls sheer down 300 feet into the carriage road, which winds along its base. To stand upon the summit and look down the fearful foreshortening of the grey old rock requires nerves of no ordinary quality. The elevation we stand upon commands a rocky pier (divided from us by a deep ravine) from which the new Suspension Bridge is to hang its slender threads some 900 feet across to a similar pier on the summit of the opposite woodland. Stupendous abutments for this undertaking have long been finished, as well as the towers which will support the roadway, but the chains are not suspended; and we see huge piles of these great rusty vertebræ lying idle upon the pier. Upwards of £40,000 have already been expended upon this magnificent undertaking, and no more money being forthcoming, the works are now at a stand-still. One single bar of iron—looking no larger than the gossamer which hangs from tree to tree in a garden—sweeps across the gulf; and on this fragile-looking thread, a wicker car travels from side to side with visitors who are courageous enough to trust themselves in it, and the journey is quite as fearful as it looks. We were adventurous enough ourselves once to go across, and the sensations we experienced are still vivid upon our brain. A little wooden house is built on the edge of the cliff to keep the car in; and from this spot the adventurer starts. To sit in the basket whilst the men in attendance are preparing to let go, and to look along the line, dropping in the centre as it does some fifty feet, is enough alone to make one slightly nervous; but when the cry comes "hold fast," and with the speed of light you rush down, as you fancy for the moment, into eternity, the stoutest gripe the sides of the wicker car with a convulsive strength, and lift themselves as though the world was falling from beneath them. As you get over towards the middle of the passage the speed decreases, and after rising up for some little time on the other side, the car comes to a stand still; and now, being half way over, and the strange feeling in your stomach, which the swallow-like rush down the wind has given you, having a little subsided, leisure is afforded to gaze about, and if you have courage to look down, some idea of the height at which you hang suspended, may be gained by the flights of rooks that, frightened from their holes in the rocks by the passage of the car, whirl far beneath you, the sun shining like so much gold upon their backs. A rope attached to the basket pulls it up the ascending bar to the landing-

place on the opposite side. You give a shilling to perform this highly exciting journey.

Mr. West's observatory, which every one should visit who goes to Clifton, contains some splendid telescopes and a camera obscura, that paints upon its disk the whole country around from the balustrades of the tower to the horizon. This is rather a tell-tale piece of optic work: for many a scene, not intended for the public eye, is here disclosed. The lovers who behind some rock or turning snatch a kiss as they fondly fancy unobserved, are only daguerreotyping the action upon the table of the obscura, exciting the laughter of the gentlemen and blushes of the ladies, who may be there witnessing the exhibition. And now having swept the horizon with the large telescope, and made out what the man is doing on the hill three miles off, let us dive into the Giant's Hole, a cave opening out into the face of the rock some ninety feet down. Mr. West, having trepanned old St. Vincent's crown for some depth, and driven an inclined gallery into the solid rock for about 150 feet, has completed the communication by a circular flight of steps, and now the most nervous lady can gain this place which a few years back the daring crag-climber—and some of the Bristol boys are pretty expert at the work—would not attempt to reach. The cave is very spacious, and commands a splendid view. It was formerly an hermitage, and William of Wyrcestre, who visited it in 1480, speaks of it as, "the hermitage with an oratory or chapel, in the most dangerous part of the rock called Ghyston Cliffe, situated in a cave of the rock twenty yards in depth, in the same rock above the river Avon, in honour of St. Vincent:" and this statement of its having been a chapel was confirmed by the discovery, by Mr. West, of a mullion of a Gothic window, or more probably of some shrine, when the place was first opened.

Returning to the Down again, we must not overlook the Roman encampment, in the centre of which the Observatory stands; the line of fortification is still easily traced, forming nearly a half circle, having the steepest part of the cliff for its base. On the opposite side of the river there are two more encampments of large size, situated upon either hand of a deep comb, or valley, of which we shall speak more fully by-and-by. Bristol seems to have been the centre of a vast chain of encampments. In the immediate neighbourhood are Cadbury Camp, and extensive intrenchments at Naish, Henbury, Aldmondsbury, Oldberry, Elberton, and Old Abbey, on the Gloucester side of the river; and lower down on the Somersetshire side, at Worle Hill, and East Brent, there are some magnificent fortifications. Doubtless these were the strongholds referred to by Tacitus, when he tells us, "Ostorius took away their arms from those who were suspected, and restrained those on the rivers Severn and Avon by surrounding them with camps." Clifton Down is but of small extent, and St. Vincent's Rocks do not continue along its river front for any great distance; a hill side, covered with low trees, taking their place down to the water, through which a carriage-drive winds its way. These amenities of nature however are only of a short continuance: in the distance we see the Avon again, skirted on its north shore by precipitous cliffs—known by the name of the Black Rock, from the beautiful dark marble which its quarries yield. Durdham Down is only a continuation of Clifton Down; it is very large in extent, and forms the lungs of Bristol, for here the citizens come to inhale the healthy breezes which blow up channel. At the western extremity of the Down, beyond what is called the Sea Wall, there is a little hanging wood, laid out as a public pleasure ground; and an ancient tower, called Cook's Folly, rises in the middle of it. These ancient towers seem to attract beautiful traditions, as the tree-stems gather the wild honeysuckle and other clasping plants about them, and be sure Cook's Folly is not without its wondrous tale. The legend goes that it was built by an anxious father to protect his only son and heir against some evil fate which it had been predicted at his birth should overtake him before he reached a certain age. The child was carefully secured within the high tower, and all harm was warded off till the very last night had arrived, over which it had been decreed he was not to live. His friends, now believing in his speedy delivery, made merry with him, as he greeted them from his high turret, and the morrow was anticipated with joy. The young heir lowered his rope by which he obtained his supplies from below, and hoisted up the faggots to warm him through the last night in which the prediction had to run. As he threw the firewood upon the blazing hearth, however, his fate overtook him in the shape of a viper, which sprang upon him from among the faggots, and inflicted his death wound. The name of the bereaved father was Cook, and the tower went by the name ever afterwards of Cook's Folly, in consequence of his idle attempt to frustrate what had been decreed.

The view from the top of this tower of a summer's evening is quite enchanting—more like one of Danby's poetical dreams than a sober truth of nature. The river, lost and then found again amid the deep gloom of its steep woody banks, glides like a silver serpent to the sea, which in the distance gleams with the setting sun upon it like a dazzling silver shield.

As we return over the ferns, we come to the Zoological Gardens, situated close to the turnpike which divides Durdham and Clifton Downs. They have been formed these ten years, and are now in a very flourishing condition. The ornamental water in it is prettily designed, and the shrubberies and grottos interspersed about it have a charming effect. The garden contains a very fine collection of animals, and the bear-pits, by the guide-books, seem to be thought a great deal of by the citizens. Here are given galas, athletic games, and other entertainments, after the cut of those at Rosherville and Cremorne.

There is a steep winding walk formed on the precipitous face of the hill-side which leads from Clifton Down, known by the name of the Zig-Zag. Along this pathway we slowly wind, and if we were bota-

nists, we might discover many plants in our short journey worthy of notice, and which are quite peculiar to this spot.

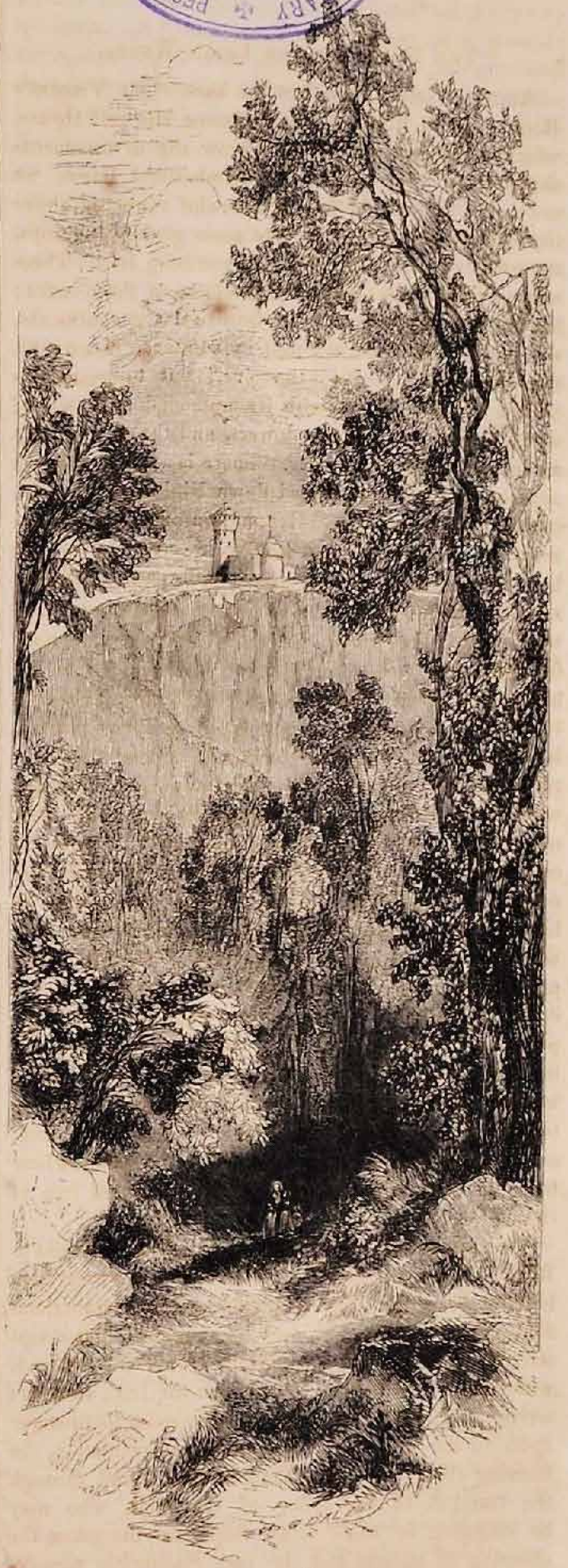
The Hotwells and Leigh Woods.

And now safely arrived at the base of St. Vincent's Rocks, and in front of the handsome Hotwell House, which gives a name to the narrow slip of tenements skirting the water as far as Cumberland Basin, we can look up into the face of the cliff towering above us, holding in its forehead, like some gigantic Cyclops, the great eye-like cave we have not long left. There is something almost gothic in the form of these rocks; jutting out, as they do here, into two vast abutments, which time has rounded, and the weather tinted with the softest gray. The nearest of these abutments is crowned with the suspension-bridge pier—the bar of which hangs from above us, cutting a thin clear line against the sky,—built of red sandstone, which in some manner spoils the general tone of the range of rock; indeed, in its present unfinished state, the whole bridge very much damages the "keeping" of the scene just here, which is indescribably grand. The Hotwell House, a small structure of the Tuscan order, covers the celebrated springs which draws to Avon's banks so many poor faded creatures, who clutch at the last straws that life holds out to them. (Cut, No. 13.) According to the analysis of Mr. Herapath, the renowned chemist of Bristol, its principal contents are,—carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and chloride of sodium, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen gas. It is the safest mineral water in England, as it approaches nearest to common water; and, in fact, it is used for domestic purposes. The efficacy of this spring appears first to have been discovered by sailors many centuries ago, who used to resort to it for the cure of scorbutic complaints. That it was very early known there can be no doubt; as William of Wyrcestre—who seems to have poked about every corner of his native city—speaks of it in the fifteenth century as being then celebrated. If we wish to try its qualities, we can do so either by going to the Pump-room and getting it warm from the spring, or by proceeding to the public "Tap" outside, where from an iron cup we can drink it cold and free of charge.

We must imagine the tide to be high as we proceed to Rownham, for at low water the Hotwells loses more than half its beauties. The tide rises at the Cumberland dock-gates fifty feet, so it may be imagined what a vast stretch of mud the banks exhibit when the water is withdrawn. On certain days, when the Irish steamers arrive, Rownham Ferry is one of the most picturesque spots in the kingdom. The noise and confusion, the blowing off of the steam, the growling sound through the trumpet of the voice of the pilot, who may be swinging in some large ship into the gates, the shouting of sailors, and the very intelligible squeaking of pigs, make up a charivari of sounds not easily forgotten. How to cross the broad river in the midst of tugs, Irish packets, and vessels of all descriptions, at first sight puzzles us; but the ferry-boat is so capacious, and the boatman so collected and quiet, as though it was an ordinary matter, that we give ourselves up to him with most perfect confidence. What a change this to the time when the trajectus belonged to the monastery of St. Augustin, and instead of such a motley crowd as now throng into the boat, only the abbot on his mule came down to the quiet river bank, and was ferried across on his way to his domains at Leigh. The Rownham ferry-boat, on fine afternoons, is quite a picture. Here, among the passengers, we see a group of artists proceeding to Leigh Woods to sketch, describing with ardour some momentary effect; next them, a posse of country girls returning from market; the great mass however is generally composed of the *bourgeoisie* and their families, well provided with bulky baskets of provender for a pic-nic in the woods, or for an early tea in the public gardens which lie along the river side. Now we are half across the river, let us turn and look at Clifton. See how superbly she lies reclined upon the hill-side, terrace after terrace sweeping their white crescents one over the other to the very top of the ascent, and one daring terrace pushing out like a great promontory upon a point of rock, suspended, as it were, between sky and water! Here and there green hanging gardens climb up the steep, setting off this "great white queen" of watering places by their breadth of verdure—it is here, indeed, that Clifton can be seen. If we turn on the other side, we have the various craft slowly making their way through the dock-gates into Cumberland Basin, and on all hands the clouds of white steam coming from the many little packets; the immense dock-gates just finished, which are large enough to admit the 'Great Britain,' also meet the eye. To passengers coming from a long voyage, the port of Bristol must appear charming; to the old Indian, who has not seen a tree, a really tender green tree, since he left his home in his youth, the sail up the river beside such a bank of verdure as Leigh Woods present, must indeed be a treat after the moral scurvy he has so long endured. Up to within a stone's throw of the entrance to the Cumberland Docks, great elm trees rise in rounded masses of grateful colour, and the mingling of the commercial with the picturesque is quite complete. A sudden swaying of the hundred people in the ferry-boat warns us that we have grounded upon the opposite shore, and now, hey for Leigh Woods! A towing-path runs between the skirts of the wood and the water, and we have not proceeded far along it before we find we get glimpses of sylvan beauty, curious peeps into thick squirrel-loving woods. A string of horses towing up some vessel—for the steam tugs have not quite superseded them—oblige us to step from the pathway to the couch-like softness of the mossy bank, and pushing aside the leafy boughs we are in a moment in the land of Oberon, where, unless we tread lightly, we shall startle up Peasblossom and Cobweb as they lie curled up asleep within the tender scrolls of the fern. Out of

the dark undershade of green we emerge into the Nightingale Valley, a rising ravine running between perpendicular rocks and steep hill-sides, up which the white-tailed coney runs. This path through the valley is a charming walk, shaded by mountain-ashes and trees of every description, which net the ground with their interwining roots. Up this ascent having toiled at length, we reach an open space; on either hand of us lie two great Roman entrenchments, the Bower Wall and Stoke Leigh Camps. These fortifications are supported by rectangular bases of almost impregnable cliffs. The outline of both entrenchments are still quite perfect; in one place there are three fosses, running parallel to each other. Great trees have formed their roots amid the Roman mortar, and the interiors of these camps are now transformed into beautiful grassy table-lands, where the feet of the merry pic-nic dancers move to the throbbing music of the harp. In these woods we meet with every kind of foliage, from the slender silver birch to the gnarled oak; here they rise gracefully in the light, there they form a "horrid shade," and remind one of some of the gloomy scenes of Dante. One comb, called Salvator's Valley, from its sombre wild-looking character, is much frequented by artists. But the whole wood has been the nursery for art time out of mind; here poor Müller learnt the cunning of his pencil; here Danby and Pyne, and Jhonstone and the Fripps, have wandered and reproduced the scenery afresh upon the living canvass, until scarce a gallery in the country is without some passages of this wood, some recollections of artists who have studied here before the great open book of nature. Poets also have trodden these "bosky bournes," and mused along its chequered shades. We can almost fancy we see Coleridge, and Southey, and Lovell, the young quaker enthusiast, three abreast, brushing aside the boughs as they pass, eagerly talking of Pantocracy, and planning the golden age they intended to establish in some wilderness of the new world.

But there is enough poetry passing before us in this old wood without going back so far to talk of those who merely dispensed it. What a passing poem is the river itself, winding its way beneath us. Lying at our full length upon the sod that once sunk beneath some Roman soldier's foot, we watch the weather-beaten ships slowly making their way up the river, with slackened ropes and leaning masts, as though oppressed and wearied by their long journey; and the little steamers, full of company from Chepstow or Portishead, the music from on board floating softly over the waters as they pass. Then, labouring along, like some little ant dragging a huge grain of corn, a steam-tug appears between the folding of the hills, and gradually the towering masts of a large vessel become one after another visible; she is an outward-bound American, and, by the crowd following along the banks in her wake, some weeping, some faintly cheering, an emigrant ship for New York. What conflicting feelings must fill the breasts of the passengers on board! the sturdy Englishman



14.—ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS, FROM THE NIGHTINGALE VALLEY.

who leans against the mast views sorrowfully the scene about him; the swelling sound of the harp, and the moving figures between the trees of some dancing party in the woods,—the passing steamers full of pleasure people,—the swings surrounded by boisterous mirth, tossing figures here and there high among the foliage;—all these incidents, speaking of joyousness, must fall with a melancholy influence upon his heart, which not even the sight of the gleaming axe at his side, speaking of strange adventures in the backwoods and new scenes of independent life, can altogether suppress. The ship, with all her high hopes and lingering regrets, passes out of sight, leaving behind her just that touch of sentiment in the mind of the spectator which harmonizes so well with this beautiful scenery at the pleasant close of an evening in summer. Our view here is not confined to the river, but takes in the Clifton Down opposite, with its promenaders sprinkled about like so many bright flowers, and the rocks rising in all their solemn grandeur. There is a delicious peep of these cliffs as we proceed down Nightingale Valley towards the river again. Hemmed in on either side by the ravine, the solid wall-like rock (crowned by the observatory) rising in the distance affords a cool background of eternal gray to the foliage, and renders the scene here strikingly beautiful. (Cut, No. 14.)

If we emerge from the wood, and stroll along the towing-path beside the river, we shall have an opportunity of viewing the rock farther down, and the general features of the scene to perfection. The forest character of Leigh Woods does not extend more than a mile from Rownham Ferry; after that distance it assumes more the form of a young plantation, on an abrupt hill-side, but it is still beautiful in appearance. As we proceed we find quarriers at work, some of them scooping out considerable portions of the wood. Southey used to speak bitterly of this partial demolition of a wood which he held sacred to the fairies. It was "selling the sublime and beautiful by the boat-load." We question, however, very greatly whether so much damage has been done to the general effect of the scene by these quarries; nay, we are even of opinion that if these works were to stop now,—and they are not likely to be continued, we hear, much longer,—the effect in a few years' time, when the rawness of the new rock shall have gone off, will be better than it ever has been. Little breaks of Gaspar Poussinish cliffs between the foliage will tend to add much to the general picturesqueness. About a mile down the river we come to a tea-garden, laid out on the side of the hill, and a very favourite resort with the citizens. A great clatter of teaspoons, the sound of merry voices from the bowers interspersed among the foliage, and swings here and there animating the wood, evidence that happiness as well as tea is here dispensed. The Black Rock rises on the opposite shore, a little way down,—a vast limestone formation, blasted from top to bottom by the quarrymen, who hold full possession of it. This rock is the great magazine of stone for repairing the roads, &c., in Bristol and its neighbourhood. Its face looks remarkably picturesque from the sanguine stains with which it is smeared, as though some Titan's blood had been spilt upon it. The Red Rock would have been a much more appropriate name for it than its present one. Returning up the river, we gain a fresh view of the scenery, and perhaps the best one. The green slope of Clifton Downs is here seen, and St. Vincent's Rocks dispose themselves in pleasanter outlines, and more of them can be seen than when viewed from the Bristol side. Whilst in this neighbourhood the visitor should not omit the opportunity of inspecting the charms of art as well as of nature. The Claudes in Mr. Miles' collection of pictures, at Leigh Court, are the finest in the country. There are a great many first-rate pictures of other old masters there, one especially, of Leonardo de Vinci, (the Salvator Mundi), that nobody forgets who has once seen it.

The Scenery and Watering-Places in the Neighbourhood.

With her steamers and her railroads, Bristol might be said to hold in her hand the reins of pleasure. So speedy is the communication with the coast, that one hour her merchants might be seen in their counting-houses, the next watching the white foam-waves beating upon the iron-bound coast of Somersetshire, or picking up shells on some of its beaches. There are three watering-places in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol—Portishead, Clevedon, and Weston. The trip to Portishead, which can be performed by steamer, is very delightful, and its appearance from the water is striking in the extreme, being built upon the bold headland which protects the anchorage of Kingroad from the stiff 'sou'-westers' that blow up channel. This headland is covered with wood to its summit, throughout which walks have been formed; and of a fine summer's evening the whole commerce of Bristol might be seen passing within a few hundred yards of the shore, under full sail. Clevedon and Weston lie some few miles apart from each other, a little way down the coast. A more delightful spot than Clevedon could scarcely be imagined; it lies warm in a deep valley—that is the old village—and is the very place to take a poet's fancy. Here Coleridge lived, and wrote his lays 'To Sara;' his cottage is a show place, and is just the sort of house that a poet, and no one else in the world, would have gone to live in; for beside its picturesque exterior, it has nothing on earth to recommend it. At Weston we have what neither of the other places possess—a fine sandy beach, some three miles in length. At high tide, this beach forms a most delightful promenade. The tide sweeps in over the smooth sand to the musical sound of its bursting foam bells, and the whole length of beach is alive with many groups of people, watching the waves curl in, and laughing and running as the water overtakes them. There is a pier here, to which several pleasure-boats are attached; and the sail round the Flat and Steep Holmes, which lie in the sea just like two great whales

coming up to blow, is the favourite excursion of the good people from Bath and Bristol who frequent the place. But a few years ago it was a small fishing village; now it contains many thousand inhabitants, supports a *newspaper*, and keeps a railway going! Not far from Weston are two of the most remarkable spots in the west of England —the Banwell Caves, and the Cheddar Cliffs. The caves are extraordinary places; people who come to see them naturally look about them, expecting to find some hint of their neighbourhood, but they find nothing but a little rustic cottage, situated on a gently rising hill. These caves are completely subterranean, and are reached by ladders extending a great depth in the earth. There are two principal caves, in which a vast number of bones of the bear, wolf, buffalo, and stag, are found all together embedded in a mass of mud. How they came there is a question which geologists have yet to decide.

The Cheddar Cliffs are most extraordinary instances of rock scenery. Some of these cliffs are upwards of 800 feet high, and are in places so narrowly separated from each other, that they present rather the appearance of a deep fissure than a chain of rocks. They grow gradually wider at other parts, and when we can get a little space to view them in, they look sublime indeed. A very curious stalactite cavern has lately been discovered in them. The visitor enters by a fine porch, from which start three or four passages, some twelve feet in width by forty feet in height. From the roof and sides of these halls drop the most fantastic and beautiful marble stalactites. In some places these singular petrifactions take the forms of pillars hung with graceful drapery; at others, they mimic the animal and vegetable creation, &c. The proprietor, who shows the cave, points out here and there a piece of bacon, a loaf of bread, a plant, or animal. When lit up by candlelight, the full effect of this singular place is seen to perfection. We question, however, whether the lovers of the picturesque will not be more pleased by the picture from the outside of this cave; for there we have a superb view of the rocks rising behind a large sheet of the purest water, on the banks of which tea-gardens are laid out, and upon whose silvery bosom a pleasure-boat, freighted with a party of musicians, might at times be seen to glide, whilst their instruments awaken the echoes of the adjacent cliffs. A view of the Wye and its transcendent beauties has already been given in a previous number of the 'Land we Live in,' we need not, therefore, here do more than allude to a spot whose fame crowds the Chepstow steamers in the summer with tourists. Packets leave Bristol twice a day for Newport, in whose neighbourhood there are many interesting remains. The Castle, situated on the banks of the Usk, was once a very strong place, and still presents to the front of the river three very formidable towers. The town of Newport is said to have risen upon the ruins of Caerleon, in the time of the Romans; a splendid city, which, according to some writers, was no less than nine miles in circumference, and contained many splendid palaces and aqueducts.

Its successor, Newport, certainly cannot vie with this traditionary magnificence. Its chief riches consists in the piles of iron and coal which line the river side for shipment. Newport is the natural port for these two strong sinews of English power; and on some occasions, as many as seventy or a hundred sail might be seen working their way down the Usk river—the majority, dirty colliers, we admit; but all under bellying sail they make a goodly and cheering show. Here many of the large ships, outward bound from Bristol, come to take in their return cargo. It was much feared that the building of docks at this place would injure the former port; but it has since proved to be her most valuable channel wharf. In the neighbourhood of Newport there is some very beautiful scenery; Ebwy Vale, for instance, is picturesque in the extreme. Farther westward, the Vale of Neath and the waterfalls of Pont Neath Vaughan occur, in which passages of scenry are to be found that cannot be surpassed in England.

The immediate neighbourhood of Bristol is extremely beautiful. Indeed there are so many nooks and corners, so many woodlands and picturesque bits of rocky scenery, that we scarce know where to choose. At Stapleton and Frenchay, two villages only three or four miles from the city, situated upon the river Frome, which here is scarcely more than a running brook, we have perfect miniatures of the scenery at Clifton. Cliffs on the one side, steep woodland on the other, here and there an old water-mill, with its lazy pool,—mirror to the gray rocks,—comes in, and adds the one last feature required to make the picture perfect. At Henbury and Brislington again there are delightful walks: at the former place the Valley of Blaize, as it is called, affords some charming scenery. Here is a great rock, called Goram's Chair. Goram and Vincent were two giants, who competed a "long time ago," as they say in story-books, in cutting asunder St. Vincent's rocks. Goram, however, finding it, we suppose, hot work, or perhaps more sensibly determining to let his brother giant do the hard work, sat down on this singularly-shaped rock and went conveniently to sleep, while St. Vincent completed the job, and obtained all the credit of his labour, as he deserved to do. As there were no other giants, however, in these parts, where the credit came from we are at a loss to know. The Henbury Cottages, a better class of alms-houses, erected close to this valley, draws visitors from far and near to see them. They are all situated on a green, and lie quite embosomed in trees. They were designed by Nash, and there can be no doubt that he knew more about building cottages than palaces. This little group of buildings is perfectly unique. The best champaign view in the neigbourhood is obtained from King's Weston Hill: from this spot the spectator can follow the course of the Avon and Severn, and see across the channel as far, in clear weather, as the "bold Bloringe," and other still more distant mountains in Wales. Perhaps a greater extent

of country might be seen from Dundry Tower—a landmark, visible from nearly every part of Bristol and its neighbourhood.

Dundry Tower is situated on the long chain of hills which run in a southern course five miles from the city. From the battlements of this beautiful building, —which is almost as elegant a piece of architecture as St. Stephen's Tower, indeed, in some features it is even more perfect than that building, as it still retains the beautiful crocketed or overhanging pinnacles of open work, which were destroyed at St. Stephen's Tower in the early part of the last century by a high wind—we have a splendid view. To the north, a most luxuriant country stretches away to where Bristol lies enshrouded in a thick mist of smoke, and to the east we see the outskirts of Bath. Beyond these two cities the hills, among which Calne and Devizes, Stroud and Berkeley, lie hidden, are observable. The Severn, with its wide silvery flood, for nearly forty miles of its length, can be traced; and in the west rise to view the Quantock Hills, near Bridgewater; whilst to the south, the eye ranges down a magnificent slope, and across a breadth of fine English land as far as Warminster and the neighbourhood of Frome. Amid the most luxuriant foliage the country is seen to be dotted with church towers of handsome proportions; indeed the whole county is rich in ecclesiastical architecture. Scarcely such a thing as a steeple is to be seen in this part of Somersetshire; tall and graceful towers, of beautiful workmanship, will be found in the most insignificant villages. Not far from Dundry, at a village called Stanton Drew—or, as it has been rendered, the 'Stone Town of the Druids'—there are some very remarkable remains connected with this ancient religion.

In most cases we find Druidical stones situated on Downs or in barren spots; but those to be found here are interspersed between meadows and orchards. They consist of three circles of stones: the largest circle measures 342 feet in diameter. Only five stones of this belt remain; these are situated at very irregular intervals; and consequently have scarcely the appearance of having been placed there with any particular design. The smallest circle lies close at hand, and is about 96 feet in diameter: it is composed of eight very large and most irregularly-shaped stones, only four of which are now standing: they form a complete round, and clearly indicate the use to which they had been put. The *Lunar Temple*, as it has been called by Dr. Stukeley, is distant from the great circle 700 feet and upwards. Its diameter is about 150 feet, and it contains eleven stones. There are numerous superstitions and tales connected with these curious remains. The country people call them 'the Wedding,'—the tale going that the company at a wedding were suddenly turned into stone; and they even point out the different individuals that formed this very unhappy group. The bride and bridegroom were represented by these stones, the fiddlers by those, and a company of dancers by the cluster beyond. If so, all we can say is, the people in those days were of most Brobdingnagian proportions: the bridegroom must have been of an intolerable size, and the bride a great deal larger than she ought to have been. The country people allege the same sort of difficulty in counting these stones is found as at other places where similar remains exist. They tell a story of a baker, who, determining to do a sum in addition which his neighbours could not manage, set about it by putting a loaf of bread upon every stone he counted; but, somehow or other, he always found one stone uncovered by a half-quartern, and he gave up his task at length in despair. Not far from this group are some stones, either isolated, or in pairs. One large mass of rock called Hackell's Quoit, is said to have been thrown there from an enormous distance by a giant! Being generally formed of limestone, the road-mender has helped himself pretty plentifully to some of them; and in the course of a century they will perhaps have wholly disappeared. In a more westerly direction, and this side of the Dundry Hills, lies a cluster of villages of the most romantic character. Congresbury and Yatton would particularly repay the visitor, both by their scenery and their churches. There is a celebrated valley at Congresbury, to which pic-nic parties resort from Bristol. The church is a very fine edifice, but not equal to the one at Yatton, which is built quite in the style of a cathedral. The Gloucestershire villages in the neighbourhood of Bristol are not so rich in appearance as its Somersetshire environs, but several of them are much frequented by the Bristolians. The Old and New Passages, two ferries across the Severn, are very favourite places of resort in summer. The New Passage derives its name from a singular historical circumstance. Charles I., being pursued by a party of Parliamentarians, through Shire Newton, embarked in a boat at the Black Rock (New Passage) and was ferried safely to the opposite shore. A number of his pursuers compelled other boatmen to carry them after him; but the ferrymen being of the King's party, set them down upon a reef called the English Stones, and gave them to believe that the rest of the passage was fordable. The Parliamentary troopers immediately made the attempt, but were all drowned, and the King thus escaped. Cromwell, enraged at his prey escaping him, revenged himself by shutting up this ferry; and it was not re-opened until 1713, and then it received its present name of the New Passage. The Old Passage is situated some miles further up the river, and it forms the principal ferry upon it. At high tide it is two miles across, and is traversed by a steamer every quarter of an hour. The Welsh mail goes across by this passage. Not far hence is the village of Thornbury, famous for its ruinous castle, which was begun by Edward Duke of Buckingham. Thornbury also possesses a very large Church, built in a cruciform shape, and surmounted with a very beautiful tower. Many of the Gloucestershire villages afford fine fields for the antiquary, as their churches generally are of a very early date.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

It is a desirable thing for every country that it should have within its borders a mountainous district. Though some people regard such a district as little better than waste land, unless it happens to be rich in minerals, it has a value, however wild it may be, as real and as great as can be boasted of by the richest plain; and a value the greater, perhaps, in proportion to the wildness. The wilder the mountain-region of any country, the more certain it is to be the conservator of the antiquities of that country. When invaders come, the inhabitants retreat to the fastnesses where they cannot be pursued; and in places cut off from communication do ancient ideas and customs linger the longest. Every mountain-chain or cluster is a piece of the old world preserved in the midst of the new; and the value of this peculiarity far transcends that of any profitable quality which belongs to territory of another kind.

There is, also, a value belonging to a mountainous district which in our particular time can hardly be over-rated. It is the only kind of territory in which utility must necessarily be subordinated to beauty. However open-hearted and open-eyed we may be to the beauty of utility itself, and of all that is connected with it, we cannot but enjoy the privilege of access to a region where grandeur and grace reign supreme from age to age, and the subsistence and comfort of men occur only as an accident or an after-thought. It is well that we should be able and disposed to honour and admire the great inventions and arrangements of men,—the sublime railway, the wonderful factory, the cheerful stretch of corn-fields, the hopeful school-organization, and all glorious associations of men for mutual benefit: but it is well also that we should have access to a region where the winds and the waters, the mists and the stars, old forests and unapproachable precipices occupy the space, and man is seen only here and there, sheltering himself in some recess, or moving, a mere speck, on the mountain-side, or drawing his subsistence from the trout-stream, whose flow is scarcely heard among the echoes of the mighty hills. Elsewhere we have beauty in the midst of use. In a mountain-district we have a complete world of beauty which cannot be touched by the hand of Use. Man may come and live, if he likes and if he can; but it must be in some humble corner, by permission, as it were, and not through conflict with the genius of the place. Nature and beauty here rule and occupy: man and his desires are subordinate, and scarcely discernible.

Yet it does not follow that the hilly retreats of any country are bare of human interest. As I have said, they are conservative of races, and manners, and traditions; and they also offer a quiet field to science. The other day I was climbing among the ridges of the highest mountain-cluster of the Lake District, when I came upon a rain-gauge, set up in a desolate and misty spot,—sometimes below and often above the clouds. There are four more set up, and carefully secured against the force of the gales, on other heights, and an aged shepherd has them in charge: he visits them once a month, to record what they show. As I watched the tall old man with his staff passing out of sight on the vast mountain-slope, I thought that knowledge and wisdom are as appropriate and as beautiful here as anywhere else on the earth. This mountain solitude is no scene for the busy handiwork of men, in their toil for bread or convenience; but neither is it a tomb "where no knowledge or device is found." Contemplative science may sit upon these heights, for ever vigilant and for ever gratified; for here without pause come all the necessary aids and means in long array,—the stars and the sunshine, the gales and the mists, the hail and the lightnings,—all conceivable displays of light, and Nature's whole orchestra of sounds. Here is the eye of science trained and charmed by all that is luminous, from the glittering dewdrop, past the spectral mist, and the rainbow under foot, to the furthest gleam of the western sea: and the ear is roused and instructed by all mournful melodies, from the hum of the gnat in the summer noon, to the iron note of the raven, and the dash of the torrent, or the growl of the thunder, echoing through cavern and ravine. Here then, while man is subordinated, he is not excluded. He cannot obtrude his noisy devices and his bustling handiworks upon this royal domain of nature: but if he is humble and devoutly studious, Nature will invite his industry to prosper in her valleys, and his science to keep watch upon her heights.

The conservative office belonging to all mountain-districts has never been more distinctly performed than in the case of these west moorlands, from which Westmoreland takes its name. A remnant of every race hard pressed by foes in the rest of England has found a refuge among the fastnesses of the north-west. The first people of whom we have any clear impression as living here are the Druids, as the upper class, probably, of the Britons who inhabited the valleys. There are still oaks worthy to be the haunt of these old priests; but there were many more in the days of the Druids. There is reason to believe that the mountains were once wooded up to a great height, with few breaks in the forest; and it is still said by old people living at the foot of Helvellyn, that a squirrel might have gone from their chapel of Wythburn to Keswick, about ten miles, on the tree tops, without touching the ground. The remaining coppice of hollies, firs, birch, ash, and oak, show something of the character of the woods of which they are the degenerate remnants. And when we look upon Rydal Forest, and the oak woods of some of the northern seats, we see how much at home the Druid race or caste might formerly be in the region.

Several of their stone circles are scattered about the district, calling up images of the shaven-headed, long-bearded, white-robed priests, gathered in a glade of the neighbouring forest, or assembling in some cleared space, to put fire to their heaped sacrifice of animals and doomed criminals. Such punishments of criminals, here and in those days, were little enough like the executions in our cities in the present age. Then, as the rude music of the wild Britons drowned the cries of the victims, and the flames of the wicker pile cast a glare fitfully on the forest trees, or darted up above the fir-tops, the red deer shrank further into the brake; the wild bull sent an answering roar from the slope of the mountain, the wolf prowled about for the chance of a prey, and the eagle stirred his wings upon his eyrie. The Druid and his barbaric Britons, the red deer, the wild bull, and the wolf, are all gone from the living scene, to group themselves again for us, as we see, in the ghost-land of tradition; and the eagle shows himself so seldom, that his presence is looked upon as a mere casual return.

It was a strange day for the region when the Roman soldiers came; and strange must have been the sight to the sentinel set by the Britons to watch what the foreign invader was about to do. The sentinel would climb the loftiest tree of the highest forest line, and tell what he saw to his comrades below. He would tell of the Roman standards peeping out from the pathways in the woods, and the armour that glittered when the sun shone out, and the halt in the meadows at the head of Windermere, and the formation of the camp, the pitching of the tents in long lines, and the throwing up of the breast-works. Then he would come down, and lead the way for his warrior brethren to attack the enemy. However desperate might be the onset of the wild Britons in their skin garments, with scythes and clubs in hand, they could not dislodge the foe; and when they were driven back, to hide themselves again in caves and ravines, the enemy immediately began to make pathways for the passage of their soldiery. The echoes might be the sentries then, telling of the shock of falling trees, one by one, till a broad highway was made for many miles. Then there was the cleaving of the rocks, and the breaking of the stones for paving the highway, and building the piers of the bridges. By what we see now, we know that these Roman roads not only crossed the valleys, and cut over the spurs of the hills, but followed the line of some of the highest ridges. When the Romans had gained the summit of High Street, for instance, what a day it must have been for the natives! The lines and clusters of the soldiery must have been seen against the sky,—some bringing the stones, and others paving the broad way, and others keeping watch, while signal trumpets were blown from time to time, scaring the birds from their rock-nests, and making the British mother press her infant to her bosom, lest its feeble cry should be heard from the depths of the wood below.

These Britons hid so well, that they remained in considerable numbers when the Romans were gone. But they never regained possession of the fertile valleys and meadows: the Saxons and Danes took possession of them as the Romans left them. The Britons were now, however, well armed. They had obtained some of the Roman arms, and they could so well oppose the Saxon battle-axe and hammer, that they never yielded up their mountain region, except in small portions here and there, during the whole six hundred years of the Saxon dominion in England. They held their villages and hamlets, as well as their ravines and forests: and, for any thing that appears, they were living in almost their primitive condition among the west moorlands when the Normans arrived, and scattered the Saxons abroad, to find life and shelter where they could.

To these west moorlands the Saxons came, not now as conquerors, and to possess the land, but as fugitives, who had no chance but to become outlaws. Many a man of rank and wealth came hither to escape slavery, or the ferocious punishments inflicted by the Normans on those who meddled with their game. When a Saxon noble had seen his lands taken from him and given to some Norman soldier, his daughter compelled to marry any one of the foe who chose to demand her, his servant deprived of eyes or hands for having shot a deer in his own woods,—when his blood boiled under these injuries, and he could do nothing in self-defence; he gave the sign to his followers, caught horses where he could, and rode away to the west moorlands, to be henceforth the head of an outlaw band among the Fells, descending upon Yorkshire and the southern levels of Lancashire, to plunder for subsistence, and destroy everything Norman, in gratification of his revenge. After this time we know no more of the Britons; and the Romans are traceable only by the remains of a camp, road, or bridge, here and there.

Almost everywhere else in England the Saxons and Normans mingled, and intermarried, and forgot their enmity within two or three generations: but it was not so among the Fells. The lands might be nominally given away to Norman chiefs; but they did not come to take possession of them. The wild hills and moors yielded nothing worth insisting upon and holding by force; and they were too near Scotland, where there was an enemy always on the watch against the new possessors of England. So, while Norman castles domineered over the fertile lands of all southern districts, the Saxons kept their race, language, and, as far as possible, their usages, untouched among the Fells. Accordingly, instead of the remains of feudal castles and feudal usages among the more retired parts of this district, we find only the changes which have been made by Nature, or by the hand of the shepherd, the miner, or the forester, for the needs of their free inhabitants.

The Normans, however, approached as near as they could. It may be observed here that in the Lake District, the ground rises gradually from the outskirts to the centre. From surrounding levels swell gentle slopes, with shallow valleys between; and within these are higher hills, with deeper intervals, till we find, as a

nucleus, the peaks of Scawfell and the neighbouring summits, cleft with chasms and ravines. Certain Norman nobles and monks, to whom lands had been granted, came and sat down in the levels, and spread their flocks and tributary husbandmen over the slopes and nearer valleys, though they appear never to have attempted an entrance upon the wilder parts. The abbey of Furness was established in A.D. 1127; its domains extending over the whole promontory of Furness, and to the north as far as the Shire Stones, on Wrynose; and being bounded on the east and west by Windermere and the Duddon. The mountain-land included here is not much: only the Coniston mountains and Wetherlam being of considerable elevation.

The Abbot of Furness was a sort of king in his place. His monastery was richly endowed by King Stephen, and maintained in wealth by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of its religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against Border foes and the outlaws of the mountains.

In the low grounds between the Scawfell Peaks and the sea, Calder Abbey was next placed. It dates from A.D. 1134; seven years after the establishment of Furness Abbey, of which it was a dependent. The small religious house of St. Bees was restored by a Norman about the same time. It was very ancient, and had been destroyed by the Danes; but it now became a Norman monkish settlement. Round to the north-east, and lying under the Picts' Wall, we find the Augustine Priory of Lanercost, founded in 1169 by the Norman lord of Gilsland. Several castles were scattered around the skirts of the mountain cluster: and as the serfs on the estates rose to the condition of tenants, facilities were continually offering for the new owners to penetrate more and more into the retired parts of the district.

The process appears to have been this, in the case of Furness Abbey:—The lord's land was divided into tenements. Each tenement was to furnish, besides proper rent, an armed man, to be always ready for battle on the Borders or elsewhere. The tenement was divided into four portions,—woodland, pasture, and arable land being taken as they came; and each portion was given to an emancipated serf. The four who were thus placed on each complete tenement took care of the whole of it;—one of their number always holding himself in readiness to go armed to the wars. Thus spread over the land, and secure of being permitted to attend to their business in all ordinary times, the tenants would presently feel themselves, and be regarded by the mountaineer, husbandmen on their own ground rather than retainers of the hostile lord; and their approach towards the fastnesses would be watched with less and less suspicion. As for the shepherds, they were more free still in their rovings with their flocks: and when, by permission of the abbots, they inclosed crofts about their hillside huts, for the sake of browsing their charge on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, and protecting them from the wolves * in the thickets, they might find themselves in a position for many friendly dealings with the dwellers in the hills. The inclosures for the protection of the flocks certainly spread up the mountain sides to a height where they would hardly be seen now if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are still preserved: and it appears from historical testimony that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these stone inclosures,—threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind by their ugliness and apparent uselessness: but, their origin once known, we would not willingly part with them,—reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or military noble formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old.

The holders of these crofts were the original of the Dalesmen of the present day. Their name arises, we are told, not from the dales of the region,—these tenants being chiefly dwellers on the heights,—but from the word *deyler*, which means *to distribute*. In course of time, when the Border wars were ended, and armed retainers were no longer needed, the distribution of the inhabitants underwent a change, and several portions of land were held by one tenant. To this day, however, separate fines are often paid for each lot; this recognition of a feudal superior, on the part of purchasers who have otherwise a freehold tenure of their lands, being a curious relic of ancient manners. The purchaser of two or three acres, subject to no other liability, will enjoy paying his nine pence a year to the lord, in memory of the time when tenancy was a sort of servitude, of which there are now no remains but in this observance.

For many centuries, an extraordinary supply of armed men was required; for the Border wars, which raged almost without intermission from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Queen Anne, were conducted with great ravage and cruelty. Besides the frequent slaughter, many hundreds of prisoners were carried away, on the one side or the other, after almost every battle. The aim of the Scots usually was to attack and pillage Carlisle, Penrith and Cockermouth, and the neighbouring country: but though the devastation and pillage were chiefly experienced there, the loss of men was felt throughout the whole mountain district. The enemy sometimes fell on the Border towns in fair-time, for the sake of the booty: and sometimes they came down when least expected. We read of them as laying waste the district of Furness; and again as ravaging the whole country on their way into Yorkshire. Wherever they might appear or be expected, there must the armed vassal repair on summons; and for retaliatory incursions he must also be prepared. The curse of the war thus spread into the most secluded valleys, where there

* The wolf is spoken of as a public enemy in edicts of Edward I. and John. Sir Ewen Cameron laid low the last Scotch wolf in 1680. The last presentment for killing wolves in Ireland was made, in the county of Cork, in 1710.

was no road by which soldiery might arrive, or cattle be carried away. The young wife or aged parents need not there apprehend that their cottage would be fired over their heads, or their crops be trodden into the bloody swamp of a battlefield; but they must part with the husband and the son, to overwhelming chances of death, wounds, or captivity. Under the constant drain of able-bodied men for many centuries, the homes of the region must have been but little like what English homes, and especially mountain homes, are usually considered to be;—abodes where life goes on with extraordinary sameness from generation to generation.

After the Union, the Lake District became again one of the quietest on the face of the earth. Except some little excitement and disturbance when the Pretender and his force marched from Carlisle, by Penrith and Shap to Kendal, there seems to have been no inroad upon the tranquillity of the inhabitants to this day for nearly a century and a half. If there be any exception, it is owing to that Border distinction which made Gretna Green, and the conclusion of a certain sort of treaty there, the aim of a certain order of fugitives, whose pursuers were pretty sure to follow on their track. But this kind of Border contention must have been merely amusing to the Cumbrians; and the encounter and capture which they sometimes witnessed involved no danger to life or limb.

The changes which have taken place since the extinction of the Border wars at the Union are of the same quiet, gradual, inevitable kind, which Nature has been carrying on from the time that the mountains were upreared. Nature is always at work, producing changes which do not show from day to day, but are very striking after a course of years. She disintegrates the rocks, and now and then sends down masses thundering along the ravines, to bridge over a chasm, or make a new islet in a pool: she sows her seeds in crevices, or on little projections, so that the bare face of the precipice becomes feathered with the rowan and the birch; and thus, ere long, motion is produced by the passing winds, in a scene where all once appeared rigid as a mine: she draws her carpet of verdure gradually up the bare slopes where she has deposited earth to sustain the vegetation: she is for ever covering with her exquisite mosses and ferns every spot which has been left unsightly, till nothing appears to offend the human eye, within a whole circle of hills. She even silently rebukes and repairs the false taste of uneducated man. If he makes his new dwelling of too glaring a white, she tempers it with weather stains: if he indolently leaves the stone walls and blue slates unrelieved by any neighbouring vegetation, she supplies the needful screen by bringing out tufts of delicate fern in the crevices, and springing coppice on the nearest slopes. She is perpetually working changes in the disposition of the waters of the region. The margins of the lakes never remain the same for half a century together. The streams bring down soft soil incessantly, which more effectually alters the currents than the slides of stones precipitated from the heights by an occasional storm. By this deposit of soil new promontories are formed, and the margin contracts, till many a reach of waters is converted into land, inviting tillage. The greenest levels of the smaller valleys may be seen to have been once lakes. And while she is thus closing up in one direction, she is opening in another. In some low-lying spot a tree falls, which acts as a dam when the next rains come. The detained waters sink, and penetrate, and loosen the roots of other trees; and the moisture which they formerly absorbed goes to swell the accumulation till the place becomes a swamp. The drowned vegetation decays and sinks, leaving more room, till the place becomes a pool, on whose bristling margin the snipe arrives to rock on the bulrush, and the heron wades in the water-lilies to feed on the fish which come there, no one knows how. As the waters spread, they encounter natural dams, behind which they grow clear and deepen, till we have a tarn among the hills, which attracts the browsing flock, and tempts the shepherd to build his hut near the brink. Then the wild swans see the glittering expanse in their flight, and drop down into it; and the waterfowl make their nests among the reeds. This brings the sportsman; and a path is trodden over the hills; and the spot becomes a place of human resort. While Nature is thus working transformations in her deeper retreats, the generations of men are more obviously busy elsewhere. They build their houses and plant their orchards on the slopes which connect the mountains with the levels of the valleys: they encroach upon the swamps below them, and plough among the stones on the hill-sides,—here fencing in new grounds, there throwing several plots into one: they open slate quarries, and make broad roads for the carriage of the produce: they cherish the young hollies and ash, whose sprouts feed their flocks, thus providing a compensation in the future for the past destruction of the woods. Thus, while the general primitive aspect of the region remains, and its intensely rural character is little impaired, there is perhaps scarcely a valley in the district which looks the same from one half century to another.

The changes among the people proceed faster: and some of these changes are less agreeable to contemplate, however well aware we may be that they are to issue in good. Formerly, every household had nearly all that it wanted within itself. The people thought so little of wheaten bread, that wheat was hardly to be bought in the towns. Within the time of the existing generation, an old man of eighty-five was fond of telling how, when a boy, he wanted to spend his penny on wheaten bread; and he searched through Carlisle from morning to evening before he could find a penny roll. The cultivator among the hills divided his field into plots, where he grew barley, oats, flax, and other produce, to meet the needs of his household. His pigs, fed partly on acorns or beech mast, yielded good bacon and hams; and his sheep furnished wool for clothing. Of course he kept cows. The women spun and wove the wool and flax; and the lads made the wooden utensils, baskets, fishing-tackle, &c. Whatever else

was needed was obtained from the pedlars, who came their rounds two or three times a year, dropping in among the little farms from over the hills. The first great change was from the opening of carriage-roads. There was a temptation then to carry stock and grain to fairs and markets. More grain was grown than the household needed, and offered for sale. In a little while, the mountain farmers were sure to fail in competition in the markets with dwellers in agricultural districts. The mountaineers had no agricultural science, and little skill; and the decline of the fortunes of the statesmen (estatesmen), as they are locally called, has been regular, and mournful to witness. They haunt the fairs and markets, losing in proportion to the advance of improvement elsewhere. On their first losses, they began to mortgage their lands. After bearing the burden of these mortgages till they could bear it no longer, their children have sold the lands; and among the shop-boys, domestic servants, and labourers of the towns, we find the old names of the former yeomanry of the district, who have parted with their lands to strangers. Much misery intervened during this process of transition. The farmer was tempted to lose the remembrance of his losses in drink when he attended the fairs and markets. The domestic manufactures he carried with him,—the linen and woollen webs woven by his wife and daughters,—would not sell, except at a loss, in the presence of the Yorkshire and Lancashire woollens and cottons made by machinery. He became unable to keep his children at home, and they went off to the manufacturing towns, leaving home yet more cheerless — with fewer busy hands and cheerful faces—less social spirit in the dales —greater certainty of continued loss, and more temptation to drink. Such is the process still going on. Having reached this pass, it is clearly best that it should go on till the primitive population, having lost its safety of isolation and independence, and kept its ignorance and grossness, shall have given place to a new set of inhabitants, better skilled in agriculture. and in every way more up to the times. It is mournful enough to a resident to meet everywhere the remnants of the old families in a reduced and discouraged condition; but if they can no longer fill the valleys with grain, and cover the hill-sides with flocks, it is right that those who can should enter upon their lands, and that knowledge, industry, and temperance, should find their fair field and due reward.

There has been much lamentation made about the approach of railways to the district; and strenuous efforts were employed in vain to prevent their penetrating the mountain region. The thing is done now, and it can never be undone. One railway runs from Kendal to Carlisle, by Shap Fell; another skirts the mountain region to the north-west, passing from Carlisle to Maryport; another penetrates to Windermere from Kendal. It might be enough to say that, as the thing is done, and cannot be undone, there is nothing for it but to acquiesce, and make the best of it. But there is a more cheerful and grateful way of regarding the matter,—more cheerful, while not less serious. We can fully sympathize with the resident gentry, who, having either inherited the secluded abodes of their fathers, or come hither to live in the midst of quietness and beauty, dread the invasion of the quietness, and the impairing of some of the beauty. But, if they reckoned on having, for their own exclusive possession, any of the repose and beauty of the wide open earth, they reckoned on what they have no right to. They have hitherto enjoyed a rare privilege, a pure gift in their lot, temporary in its very nature; and when its term has arrived, they have no right to complain, as of any personal grievance. In the fulness of our sympathy for this class, we may even see with pleasure that the new state of things may yield them moral blessings of far greater value than anything they can lose. "The trail of the serpent" is in every earthly paradise, whether the dwellers heed it or not. Here it is evident enough to those who are not too familiar with the place to note its peculiarities. The life of refined enjoyment led by those who live in a beautiful seclusion, has a strong tendency to make them exclusive, fastidious, and too often insolent towards the world without. The danger of the growth of this temper is great to the most watchful and guarded; and it is certain that some who think the liberality of their tempers of more consequence than the seclusion of their valley, are personally thankful for the little shock which has roused them to a consideration of the claims of all fellow-heirs of the earth, and of the tenure on which they hold their local enjoyments.

We have full sympathy also with those who imagine that there will arrive by these railways an influx of moral and economical evil to the fixed population of the district. We do not agree with them as to the fact, but we respect the objection. Such persons fear that there will be a rush to the district; that starved artizans will come in crowds to displace the present occupants, or to divide their work: and that over-population, reduced wages, and pauperism, will be the consequence. But almost all the occupations of the region are so peculiar, so remarkably local, that it must be very long before strangers can compete with the old residents. Even the agriculture is modified by the locality: and if it were not, it is for the interest of all that the land should be in good hands; and the qualifications of those who can purchase and undertake to till lands are surely more promising than those of the parties who cannot hold the farms which have come to them as an hereditary possession. As for the other occupations of the region, it is difficult to see how the builders of Ambleside,—so noted in their craft as to be sent for from Liverpool, Manchester, and even London,—can be displaced and thrown out of work by hungry operatives from Manchester or Paisley. The same may be said of the copper and lead miners of Coniston and Borrowdale; the slate and stone quarrymen of Honister Crag, Rydal, and Langdale, and many others. If more labour is wanted and can be maintained, it will gradually flow in, and be trained to its work: and this will be a good

for all parties. But there can be no reasonable fear that trained and skilled local workmen can be excluded or depressed by untrained and unskilled strangers from the manufacturing towns.

As for the fear that the innocent rural population will be morally corrupted by intercourse with people from the towns, we have no apprehension of this, but are disposed to hope rather than fear certain consequences from the increased intercourse of the mountaineers with the people of large towns. We doubt at once the innocence of the one party and the specific corruption of the other. Scarcely anything can be conceived more lifeless, unvaried, and unideal, than the existence of the Dalesmen and their families; and where the intellect is left so idle and unimproved as among them, the sensual vices are sure to prevail. These vices rage in the villages and small towns; and probably no clergyman or Justice of the Peace will be ever heard speaking of the rural innocence of the region,—which is indeed to be found only in works of the imagination. The people have their virtues, many and great: they are kind as neighbours, and hospitable to strangers: their probity in money transactions is very remarkable: they are thrifty and prudent, as far as their knowledge goes, while liberal and genial in their dealings: they are independent in their ways and notions; sometimes shy in manners, but in temper easy and free. Now, while this is the case, and while they dwell among their free mountains, in the birthplace of their country customs, scattered or gathered together where every man of them is wanted, and of value, and where there is room for a good many more, it appears most improbable that they should learn from strangers a trickery, servility,—a mendicant habit of mind, which is altogether inappropriate to their condition of mind and life. It seems improbable, too, that the mendicant class of townsmen—or those who carry within them the mendicant mind—should come hither by railway to reside. If, by the apprehended corruption, a spirit of accumulation and worldliness is meant, it is here already, in a greater degree than in the towns. The clergy declare that their duties are so far different from those of their brethren in cities, that they have to preach against worldliness, instead of having to inculcate foresight and thrift. We speak here in a very general way, as we must when describing a general population anywhere. We may, no doubt, find spendthrift villagers, and intellectual Dalesmen in the region; but we understand the prevalent character of the people to be as we have said.

Thus we have no fear of either moral or economical mischief to the region from the opening of railroads into it. On the contrary, we hope for much good. To begin with the lowest consideration,—we hope for a fuller and cheaper supply of fuel; a matter of no small importance in a region of mists and snows, where rheumatism and consumption are the curse of old and young in mountain dwellings. We hope for the introduction of arts and conveniences which are elsewhere already at the command of men of the same quality as the residents here. We hope for a quickening of intellect and education of taste, which cannot be more wanted anywhere than they are here. In some of the vales, the inhabitants appear really scarcely able to speak. Their seclusion, and the deadness of their lives, reduce some few of them, though not poor, to the intellectual condition of the lowest specimen of coal-pit or factory training which has been adduced to rouse the sympathies of society. The men have some little stimulus and friction of mind by going to markets, and meeting neighbours when out at work: but the women, who stay at home, seeing scarcely a face for months together, except at an occasional fair, seem hardly able to express themselves by speech. If they have any thoughts, they cannot bring them out. Such as these live in the most retired parts: but even in the villages and little towns, there is among the labouring classes a slowness of mind, and difficulty of utterance, truly surprising to any one conversant with people of the same standing in cities, and certainly not, in his eyes, any token of a condition too good to be improved.

With the rousing of the intellect generally we may hope to see the improvement of taste in particular. The girls dress in a style which is quite gone out elsewhere—at least in the retired parts. In towns, we are disposed to welcome among the poor an ambition to be well dressed, as some little safeguard against squalidness or recklessness. Here, where such safeguards are not wanted, there is something painful, if not ludicrous, in the passion for fine clothes, unregulated by any degree of taste. We were approaching a primitive little country church one morning lately, while its rusty outside bell was clanging to collect the worshippers. Among these was a group of country women, one of whom, a fair girl, was talking very loudly about ball-dresses, slackening her steps as she approached the porch, to finish telling her companions her conjectures as to whether Charles —— admired her most in her diamonds or her emeralds. In a humble dwelling, in a retired corner of the district, we saw a curious article hung up at the foot of the bed—a clear muslin frock, which would fit a child of four years old, trimmed with lace and satin ribbons, and stuck over, in the waist and sleeves, with atrocious artificial flowers, red and blue, with a morsel of tinsel in the middle of each bunch. The same want of taste is seen in the household ornaments, as far as their idea of art is concerned, though, when they are not thinking of art, their taste is good enough. One may see in the fire-places in summer-time beautiful bunches of holly, or other green, refreshing the eye, while on the mantel-shelf are scarlet and blue earthenware castles, or the 'Children in the Wood,' lying in ball-dresses, with a lilac and green robin, very like a pelican in shape, covering them with cabbage-leaves. Round the walls are pictures of the 'Resurrection,' or the 'Virgin and Child,' so shocking as to make one look away; or Queen Victoria, on a prancing yellow horse, in a scarlet riding habit, with a fierce plume of blue feathers in her hat. It will be strange if, in a short time, the railway does not bring into the

district those specimens of art, in the shape of cheap casts and prints, which have of late years been a blessing diffused over every other part of the island. Meantime, we cannot believe that any inhabitant of the valleys would, if seriously asked, say that his happiness has been impaired by the sight of the parties who arrive by steamboat or railway, carrying their provisions, and sitting down in the churchyard, or under the trees of some knoll, to have their minds opened and their hearts softened by a spectacle of beauty which gives them for a time a new existence. The annoyance to residents is not from these; but from those self-called gentry who travelled hither before the railways were opened, and who came for other purposes than to enjoy the natural beauty laid open to all; people who prowl about the residences of the celebrated persons who live here for the sake of quietness, knocking at the door to ask for autographs, staring in at the windows, taking possession of the gardens, thrusting themselves into the houses with complimentary speeches, and then sending to the newspapers an account of all they saw and heard, and much that they merely imagined. If we were to tell what we have seen of the intrusions upon the domestic quiet of the aged poet whose presence is the crowning honour of the district, it would be seen that before railway and steamer were heard of in the neighbourhood of Windermere, all chance of quiet was destroyed for three months of the year, for those whose leisure and whose homes should, in common gratitude, be better respected. The new facilities for access have not as yet increased this evil; for the new class of visitors have better manners than those who could afford to come by other means. Of this new class we would say—let them come; and the more the better! that the more refreshment of spirit may be shed from the fountains of beauty here into the dusty ways of common life in the towns.

In order to give a detailed account of the principal objects of interest in the Lake District in the most intelligible and practical form, we will divide the whole into four portions, which will be treated separately.

It has been observed that, from the sea-coast and level lands which surround the region, the whole rises towards the centre, where the loftiest mountain peaks are found: that is, the ridges on the whole rise, and the valleys deepen, and the summits become more imposing, till, near the centre, Scawfell, Bowfell, Gable, and the Langdale Pikes, tower over all. We propose to divide the region lying round these mountains into four: and the first that we will take shall be that which is bounded by the Duddon, the sea, and Ennerdale. And, as we have not space to review every possible way of traversing the ground, we will suppose the observer to proceed in the best way of all,—on foot, for the most part, with the relief of a country car or a horse on the high-roads in the outskirts.

Perhaps the best way of approaching the Duddon is to descend upon it from Walna Scar, from Coniston. When the traveller has left the bright and prosperous environs of Coniston behind him, and entered upon the moor, he begins to feel at once the exhilaration of the mountaineer. Behind him lies a wide extent of hilly country, subsiding into the low blue ridges of Lancashire. Below him, he sees when he turns, here and there a reach of the Lake of Coniston,—gray, if his walk be, as it should be, in the morning: gray, and reflecting the dark promontories in a perfect mirror. To the right, as he proceeds, towers the Coniston mountain,—the Old Man; (Cut, No. 1;) and the only traces of human existence that he can perceive are the tracks which wind along and up its slopes,—the paths to the copper-mine,—and a solitary house, looking very desolate among its bare fields and fences. Soon, however, when he has crossed one or two of the grassy undulations of the moor, he comes upon a party of peat-cutters, with their crate, and their white horse, which looks absolutely glittering in the sunlight, amidst the brownness of the ground. The next trace of man that he meets is in a little stone bridge spanning the rushing brown stream, the outlet of the tarn called Goat's Water, which has always water enough to make foam among the stones in its channel, and in winter is a torrent. Before him is a pretty steep ascent, with a well-marked track: and as soon as he begins to pant, and to complain of the heat, a breath of cool air comes to him over the ridge, warning him to turn and bid farewell to the scene behind him before a new one is disclosed.

What a disclosure it is, when he has gone a few steps further! To the right, (the north,) rise the highest summits of the district, Scawfell and Bowfell, with the lower Hardknot interposed between them and the eye. A little further round to the front, (the west,) are the sweeping Screes, behind which Wastwater is hidden. Over the ridges before him lies, with a high horizon line, the sea, blue in the morning light: and his eye discerns, faint and far, the hilly outline of the Isle of Man. All around him are fells, sloping down to the Duddon, and completely inclosing the little circular vale of Seathwaite, into which he is now to descend. These fells are, some of them, and especially the one on which he stands, green and smooth: others are brown with heather; or half-covered with wood; or broken up by gray rocks. Below him he sees,—not the Duddon, for it is hidden in a deep rocky channel,—but the vale so well known through Wordsworth's description of it in his notes to his Duddon Sonnets. Down he goes into it, first by the green track across the fell, and then by a steep stony road, which lands him at last among the farmsteads of the vale, and the gray stone cottages, each overshadowed by its massive sycamores or light birch, and surrounded by its field plots.

Of course, his first inquiry is for the church, and Robert Walker's tomb: and he is told to follow the road above the beck (brook) till he comes to Newfield. The brook is so like a river that he takes it for the Duddon: but the Duddon, though close at hand, is not yet visible; there being still a ridge between its deep channel and the brook. A sweeter walk than this,—

I.—CONISTON OLD MAN.

the two miles from the ridge of Walna Scar to Seathwaite church,—can scarcely be found, nor a more complete contrast than between the wildness of the moor and the rich broken ground of the vale, with its wooded and rocky knolls, its full stream, prosperous homesteads, and fertile fields. When the traveller reaches the church, he finds it little loftier or larger than the houses near. But for the bell, he would hardly have noticed it for a church on approaching: but when he has reached it, there is the porch, and the little graveyard, with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by the seat of stones and turf, where the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial, on a whitened post in the middle of the inclosure, tells the time to the neighbours who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it cannot be the parsonage: yet the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices, and pure, uncracked walls, look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch, and sees a kind-looking elderly woman, who tells him that it is indeed Robert Walker's dwelling, and invites him in to see the scene of those wondrous charities of sixty-six years. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat was freely bestowed. Hither it was that, in winter, he sent the benumbed children in companies from the school in the church, to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he sat by the altar during all the school-hours, keeping warmth in him by the exercise of the spinning-wheel. But the story is too well known for any need to give its particulars here. The stranger sees that there is a school-house now, and admires the healthy looks of the children about the doors. If he stops to speak to them, or examines the gravestone of the pastor, he will probably be accosted by an elderly man, who will ask him his name, and tell him of his own relationship to Robert Walker,—that he is the grandson of Robert Walker's sister. He will tell of the alteration in the times, and how the Wesleyans have opened a chapel at Ulpha, which draws away some of the flock; and that others have ceased to come to church since the attempts to get copper from the neighbouring hills,—the miners drawing away the people to diversion on Sundays. The old stocks are gone, he says; and the new families are different. There used to be from seventy to ninety worshippers in the mornings; and from fifty to seventy in the evenings: and now there are seldom more than seventy.

The traveller will next take his choice whether to follow up the Duddon towards its source, through a tract of broken rocks; or down towards its mouth, through scenery growing more open and fertile, till the river spreads among sands, where it meets the sea; or he will cross it, and proceed over the next ridge into Eskdale.

If he follows the river downwards, he will probably choose to ascend Blackcomb, the solitary mountain which occupies the centre of the peninsular lying between the estuary of the Duddon and the sea. Of this

mountain Wordsworth tells us,* that "its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain." The old history of Nicolson and Burn † tells us, that "here ariseth gradually a very high mountain, called Blackcomb, which, standing near the sea, and having the two level counties of Lancashire and Cheshire on the south-east side thereof, may be plainly discovered on a clear day, from Talk-o'-the-Hill in Staffordshire, near one hundred miles distance. And from the top of Blackcomb one may see several mountains in North Wales, seven English counties, and as many in Scotland, together with the Isle of Man. This mountain, and the ridge of hills which run north-west from thence, are esteemed the best sheep heaths in the country." Here is great temptation to the traveller to ascend this solitary mountain; and we have further the assurance of Colonel Mudge, that when residing on Blackcomb for surveying purposes, he more than once saw Ireland before sunrise. But few visit the mountain, as it lies out of the track of ordinary travel through the district.

The traveller may follow the Duddon a few miles down its channel, and then cross it by the bridge near Ulpha, and proceed past Ulpha into Eskdale; or he may take a shorter and wilder route over the Fell from Seathwaite, dropping down into Eskdale at its most beautiful part. If he takes a guide, or, going alone, is careful to carry a pocket-compass, and not brave a fog, this way is undoubtedly the most desirable. He will cross the Duddon on the Stepping Stones, made memorable by two Sonnets of Wordsworth's, and note well the features of the pass above, which is the finest part of the course of the river; and then, ascending the opposite ravine by the guidance of the brook within it, he will emerge on the hill-side near the farm of Grassgarth. Holding on awhile north-west, over the Fell, now swampy, and now slippery with drought, he will see Eskdale opening before him, and descend to it beside another brook, through hazel copses and fields, to the bridge over the Esk, which he has long seen from above. From Coniston to Seathwaite church he had walked about six miles; and now four or five more to this bridge; and about five lie between this bridge and the great waterfall, which is the finest object in Eskdale,—Stanley Ghyll, often called, but erroneously, Birker Force by the country people.

If he is tired, he can have a bed at the Woolpack, a wayside house, a mile from the bridge; or he may go on another mile to Bout, a hamlet where he may rest in comfort in the clean humble inn, and enjoy a series of exquisite pictures in the little ravine and on the uplands behind and above the mill. The view of Eskdale here is lovely, and the sea again bounds the view, the little town of Ravenglass lying visible in the bay where the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk flow into the sea. Perhaps the traveller may be able to engage a shandry here, to spare him some of the fatigue of the next day; or he may be fortunate enough to get a cast in the miller's cart, and lose nothing by having to stop to drop a sack of flour here and there. He may thus see something of the ways and appearance of the farm-houses, and hear the characteristic talk of the residents when exchanging news with the miller. In this case, however, he will appoint his meeting with the cart at the farm-house of Dalegarth, after seeing Stanley Ghyll, which he must on no account omit. This fall has, in itself, much of the character of Ara Force, the celebrated fall on Ulleswater; and the immediate surroundings may perhaps be rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. But the ravine itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the view from the Moss-house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine, whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge. The fall is between two crags,—the one bare, the other crowned with pines; and if the spectator is there in the early morning, there may be a gush of sunlight coming in obliquely, which will give the last finish of beauty to that ultimate point of the view. Throughout the ravine, the young larches, the most modern feature, are so intermingled with the well-grown beech, oak, birch, and hollies, as to gratify the eye, instead of offending it, as they too often do. There is a bridge below, just seen from this height, which will tempt the stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall. Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild-flowers, he may sit in the cool damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into their clear rock-basin, till his ear is satisfied with their dash and flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash-sprays, and swaying of the young birches which hang over from the ledges of the precipice. A path then leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate, where the miller's cart may be in waiting.

Then he jogs along a tolerably level road, past homesteads, each overshadowed by its sycamore clump, —that luxury, introduced, we are told, within two hundred years, but now so common as to make one wonder what was in their stead before,—past wayside cisterns, where the waters from the hills are flowing in and out again the whole year round; past fields which expand and brighten as Eskdale opens out towards the sea; past Santon Bridge, where the Irt runs to the bay under an ivy-mantled bridge, through meadows and scattered woods; past Gosforth, a stirring and rising little town, where new dwellings, built of the red stone of the neighbourhood, are rising on every hand; up the hill whence there is a wide view of coast and sea, with the Isle of Man lying afar, so clear at times, when the wind is east, as that the shadows are seen filling the

* Works, (edit. of 1841, vol. ii. p. 189, note.)

† "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," 1777, vol. ii. p. 13.

hollows of its hills; and then down between an avenue of beech, ash, and other trees, to Calder Bridge.

Here the miller's horse naturally turns its head,—for no one better understands its master's business,—to trot back again to Bout; and the traveller is left to order dinner, to be ready for his return from the Abbey. If he wishes for shade and quietness, to prepare mind and body for what he is next to see, he will go down through the inn garden, to the bridge, and perhaps waste an hour in watching the gush of the Calder past the curve of the red rock, and into the brown shadow of the low bridge, beneath which the vivid green ferns wave without ceasing. It is but a mile to the Abbey. Having gone through the village, and past the bare new red Church, he enters upon a scene so quiet, that a monkish feeling steals over him before he catches a sight of the Abbey. Nothing is heard as he passes along the shady road but the stroke of the woodman's axe, or the shock of a falling tree, or the whirr of the bustling magpie, or the pipe of the thrush, unsubdued by the noonday heat. The squirrel, perhaps, hies across the road; and where the sunshine streams in under the tent of a spreading beech, a pair of white butterflies may chase each other with a dancing flight round its trunk up into the lucent green shadow; but no rude sounds or sights mar the repose sacred in his mind to the old Cistercians who trod these ways in peace while all the world besides was at war.

At the end of a mile he looks about for the ruins,—on his right hand. He sees a tempting avenue, and thinks he will try it; so he ventures upon opening the gate, and advances under the chestnuts, limes, and beeches, till he perceives somewhat under their sweeping branches which shows him that he is right. The greensward at the outlet is so bright as to have the effect of a gleam of mild sunshine, even on a shady day or after sunset; and, springing clear from this sward, rise to the left the lofty pointed arches of the old ruin, in noble proportions, disclosing beyond a long perspective of grassy lawn and sombre woods. The Abbey is built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A. D. 1134) into the richest and softest tint that the eye could desire. But little is known of it beyond its date and the name of its founder, Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph de Meschines, a Norman noble. The Church was small, as the scanty remains show; and the Monastery, which now looks like a continuation of the same building, could not have contained a numerous company. From the fragments of effigies preserved, it appears that some eminent persons were buried here; but who these knights and nobles were, there is no record available to tell, carefully as these memorials were wrought to secure the immortality of earth.

The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles the tufted ivy, and whose base is embossed by the small lilac blossoms of the antirrhinum; but at last the great charm is found in the aisle of clustered pillars. Almost the whole aisle is standing, still connected by the cornice and wall which supported the roof. Luxuriant honeysuckle and ivy load these remains with verdure and luscious bloom, climbing up till they grow down again on the other side. The traveller will wander in and out among these pillars, and into the sombre corner where the tall ash grows over towards the old tower wall, making a sort of tent in the recess; he will look into every niche and damp cell in the conventual apartments, and go down to the red and tufted and broken river-banks, and watch its stream leaping and rushing along in its deep channel, under the over-arching trees, and he will say to himself, how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace their river-bank, hidden in the shade, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by. After all, it is a pity not to contemplate this place in the evening. It is a fine thing to see the shadows flung upon the sward, sharp in the broad sunshine, and to have the eye caught by the burnish of the ivy, and the sense soothed by the shade of the avenue: but the scene is sweeter when there is just glow enough in the west to bring out vividly the projections and recesses of the ruins; and when the golden moon hangs over the eastern mass of tree-tops, ready to give her light as the glow dissolves; and when the rooks are winging their way to settle for the night in the nearest wood.

Calder Abbey is on the estate of Captain Irwin, whose house, a plain substantial dwelling, stands rather too near the ruins. As he did not build it, this is no fault of his; and he does what he can in carefully preserving the Abbey, and permitting the freest access to it.

From Calder Bridge the traveller should take a car to Ennerdale Bridge, or the Boat-house, a public-house at the foot of Ennerdale Water, where he may usually find accommodation for the night. Few visitors come to this lake, because it is not easily accessible, except to pedestrians, from any quarter but the west. It is, however, well worth a visit from the independent walker, who can find his way out again over the eastern fells.

Let the proudest and most independent traveller, however, not be too proud and independent to take a guide in wild and unknown places. When he studies his map, and sees a track marked straight from one point to another, he cannot conceive of any danger; and he throws on his knapsack, takes his stick, and, with a compass in his pocket, does not doubt that he may defy all the misleading powers of heaven and earth. But, once out of reach of human help, he may find his case not so plain as he thought. Instead of one path, as marked on his map, he may find three: and perhaps the one on his map may have disappeared in a swamp, or under recent accidents. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice, and does not know how far to go back. He finds the bog deepen, and thinks he can scarcely be in the right road. He finds a landslip, which compels him to make a wide circuit; and

meantime it is growing dusk. Worst of all, a fog may come on at any moment; and there is an end of all security to one who does not know the little wayside marks which guide the shepherd in such a case. In every part of the region, tales are current of the loss of life, under such circumstances, even of natives. Besides the accidents by snow, there are records of some in almost every dale, of death by fog, wet, fatigue, or fall, where the lost were much fitter for mountain expeditions than any stranger can be.

In every direction from the foot of Ennerdale Water, except the roads behind him, the traveller will have to cross mountain or moor,—either immediately, or when the road becomes a mere track beyond the head of the lake; and he should inquire for a guide at once, or learn the probability of his obtaining one at his point of entrance upon the Fell. We could hardly give a better warning on this head than by telling what befel us in this very neighbourhood. We proposed, a party of three, to cross Blake Fell to Scale Hill, by a track distinctly marked in the map, and which, according to it and the Guide-book, would be more difficult to miss than to find. But meeting with uniform answers from all of whom we inquired along the previous road, as to the difficulty to strangers of finding the path over the Fell, if any adverse circumstances should occur, we stopped at the Boat House to inquire for a guide. It was long doubtful whether we could procure one; and while the search was making, we lay on the shingle on the margin of the lake, rather perplexed as to our course if no guide could be had. The waters grew grayer and rougher while we waited: but we thought no more of this than that the wind would be refreshing during the ascent; and the heat that day was intense. Soon, the messenger returned with the news that a guide would await us at the distance of a few fields; and when we met him, we found that the walk was not more than six miles;—a mere trifle on an afternoon of tolerable coolness: so we considered our affairs comfortably settled, and set off up the Fell, all in good spirits and security. The heat was still very great; so we took our time, and lagged behind the guide, though he carried our knapsacks. He was a quiet-looking, elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk very slowly; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of our transit, I tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting my feet into his footsteps; and I was surprised to find with what ease and rapidity I got on.

At first, we stopped frequently, to sit down and drink from the streams that crossed the track, or flowed beside it: and during these halts we observed that the blackness which had for some time been appearing in the west, now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we remarked that while the wind still blew in our faces,—that is, from the north-east,—the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by-and-by. Next, when we were in the middle of the wide Fell, and we saw how puzzled we should have been to find a path while winding among the swampy places, even in the calmest weather, we pointed out to one another how the light fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon, the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not achieve our transit in good weather. The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, I saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had for some time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the explosion of the storm was more like a dream than perhaps any actual experience I ever had. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending, a deep Tarn (Floutern Tarn) on our right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes, or still more slippery grass: the air was dark as during an eclipse; and heavy mists drove past from behind, just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment; while before us, and far, far below us—down as in a different world—lay Buttermere, and the neighbouring vales, sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast of that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft blue shadows, with the turbulence, and chill, and gloom of the station from which we viewed it, made me feel this the newest scene I had witnessed for many a year. I had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds close down before my eyes, but the wind scudded round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing me flat as it passed. Within a few minutes, I had several falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground,—now, in a trice, a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide, much as I wanted to ask him to look back now and then, to see to the safety of my companions in the rear. In the roar of the blast, and the crash of the thunder, and the pelt of the hail, I might as well hope to make the elements hear. So it was necessary to keep up my pace, that he might not stride away from us entirely; my companions making a similar effort to keep up with me. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, they did this,—the lightning playing about our faces the while, like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog. The hail and rain had drenched us to the skin in three minutes. The first hailstones penetrated to the skin. They were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes. Our hats were immediately soaked through, and our hair wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very skulls. In this weather we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, turbid streams, whose bridges of stones were covered by the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways, each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, we congratulated one another on our prudence in having engaged a guide. Without him, how should we have known the path from the brook, or have guessed where we might ford the streams, whose bridges were out of sight? Two horses, we afterwards

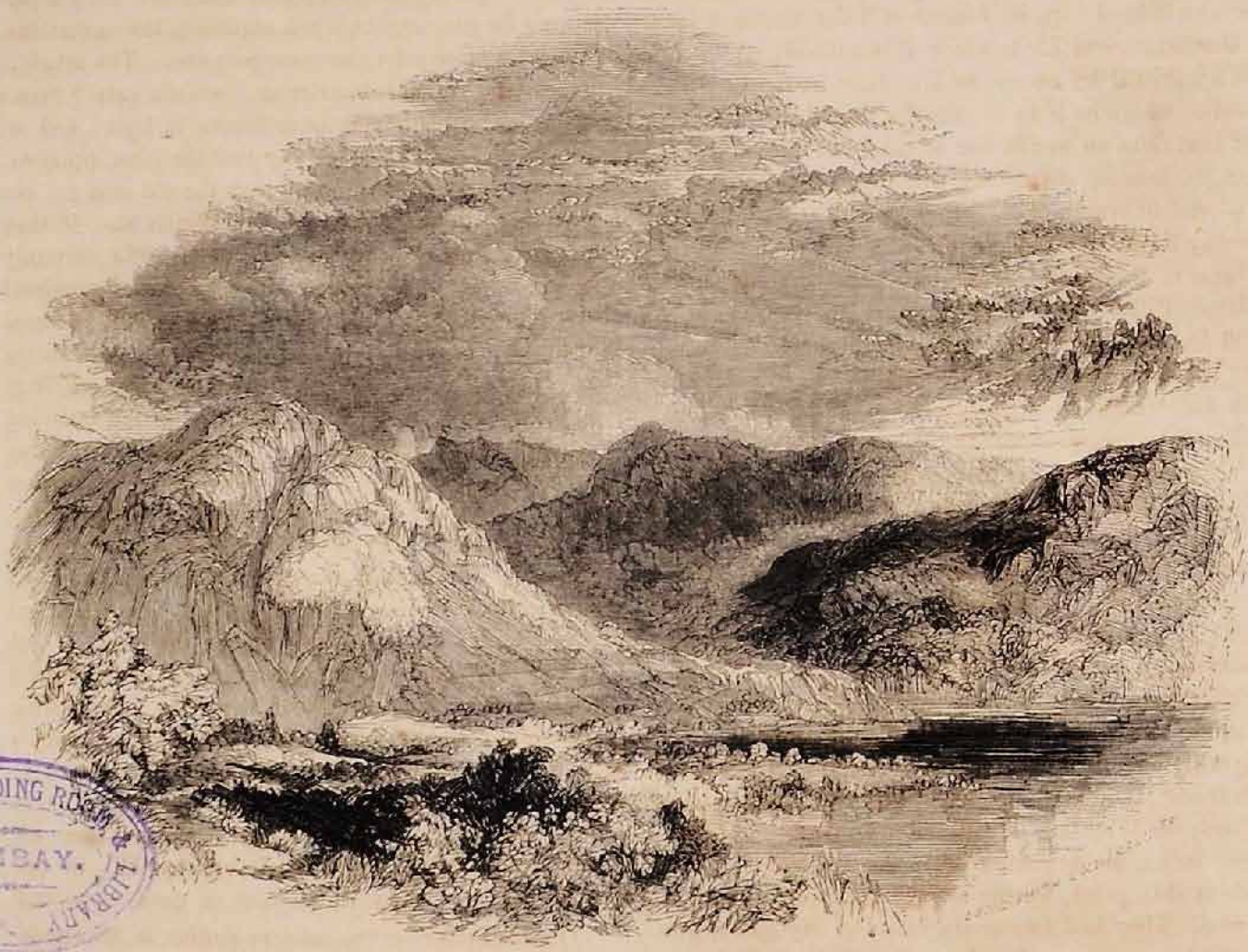
heard, were killed on the Fell in that storm: and we should never have come down, we were persuaded, if we had been left to wander by ourselves. Even in the clearest and safest weather, it is well worth one's five shillings to be free from the responsibility of finding the way,—free of one's knapsack,—free to deliver up one's attention to the enjoyment of the distant scenery, and of the characteristic communications of the guide.

Not far from hence, an inexperienced tourist passed a day rather curiously, in the autumn of 1842, from starting without a guide from Wastdale Head over the Fell to Buttermere. "After wandering about for some time, he missed the road, and, instead of getting into Buttermere by the pass of Scarf Gap, he took the deep ravine between Kirkfell and the Gable, and arrived (without finding out his mistake) at the precise point from which he had started, having made a circuit of many miles."* That is, he spent his energies in walking completely round the same mountain.

The chief danger in such adventures on the Fells is from the bodily exhaustion caused by conflict with the elements in such exposed places. I have encountered a wind at the top of a pass which blew so continuously, as well as vehemently, that I am persuaded I could not have lived half an hour, if exposed without shelter, or possibility of retreat. One is astonished at the effect, after the first minute, of a continuous wind too strong to stand in: and, after the second, exhaustion begins; and a minute or two more brings a feeling of some alarm. Floods of rain are rather exhilarating in warm weather, at mid-day; but the number of victims to heavy rain in this district shows what it must be to encounter it in cold weather, and after too much fatigue. Three men, residents of Kentmere and Staveley, were lost in places quite familiar to them, a few seasons ago. A stout woodman and his son, and a tailor of their acquaintance, went up towards High Street to fish, in late autumn: they were so worn out and drenched with heavy rain on their return, that they died in the descent. From the situation of the bodies the relatives were persuaded that the strong woodman might have escaped, but that he would not leave his boy and less hardy comrade. It is a fearful mistake in pedestrian tourists to underrate the force of storms upon the Fells.

A little beyond Calder Bridge, the road to Ennerdale turns up to the right from the main road to Egremont and Whitehaven. It passes over bare fells, where the heat is excessive on a sultry day: but the views are fine, of the coast and sea as far as the headland of St. Bees. Below lies the little town of Egremont, of Norman name (the Mount of Sorrow), and distinguished by Norman traditions. It was at the gateway of Egremont Castle that the horn was hung, in crusading days, which was twice blown by the gallant Sir Eustace de Lucy. As the Cumberlanders tell, Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert rode forth together to the Holy Wars; and Sir Eustace blew the horn, saying to his brother, "If I fall

* A Complete Guide to the Lakes (1843), p. 59.



2.—ENNERDALE WATER.

in Palestine, do thou return and blow this horn, and take possession; that Egremont may not be without a Lucy for its lord." In Palestine, ambition of this lordship so took possession of Hubert, that he hired ruffians to drown his brother in the Jordan: and the ruffians assured him that the deed was done. He returned home, and stole into the castle by night, not daring to sound the horn. But he soon plucked up spirit, and drowned his remorse in revels. In the midst of a banquet, one day, the horn was heard, sounding such a blast that the echoes came back from the fells, after startling the red deer from his covert, and the wild boar from his drinking at the tarn. Hubert knew that none but Eustace could or would so sound the horn: and he fled by a postern while Sir Eustace entered by the gate. Long after the wretched Hubert came to ask forgiveness from his brother; and, having obtained it, retired to a convent, where he practised penance till he died. The ruins of this castle stand on an eminence to the west of the town, which, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, is now commonplace enough.

The road passes under the hill Revelin (another Norman name), and approaches Ennerdale Water at its finest end. (Cut, No. 2.) The lake is two miles and a half long; and at this lower end the mountains come down abruptly to the water. The traveller must take the road along its northern shore, as there is no room for a path on the southern; and pursue his way to the head of the lake, having the fine summits of the Pillar and Kirkfell before him as he goes. When he has left the lake behind him, he follows still the northern bank of the little river Liza, which flows into it, for a mile and a half, till he comes to the farm-house in Gillerthwaite, where he is to inquire for a guide. The guide will lead him on beside the stream, not crossing it till near its source, when they will turn to the right, up Blacksail, in search of the brook, which will show them the way down to Wastdale Head. The distinguishing features of this walk are the two great mountains, the isolated Pillar on the right, rising to the height of 2893 feet, and its craggy and precipitous sides forbidding the thought of ascent; and Kirkfell, round whose base the "inexperienced tourist" took his long day's walk. The ascent of this pass is steep and rocky; and its ridge is so narrow, that from it may be seen, by only turning the head, the vale from which the traveller has mounted, and that into which he is about to descend; that is, behind him, Gillerthwaite, with its circular green level, dropped over with wood, its farm-house, and stream, and lake outlet; and, before him, Mosedale, the wild valley which winds away between Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, and discloses in front the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell — the rallying point of our winding exposition. Even here, with these landmarks in sight, travellers have missed the way to Wastdale Head. Some years ago, three young ladies, coming from Buttermere, dismissed their guide at this point, having taken his directions how to proceed. They had five or six hours of daylight before them; but they wandered about till daylight again before they saw a house. They got to the left of a beck instead of the right, became bewildered, and did not reach the valley till three in the morning.

Wastdale Head is better known, year by year; and every one who has visited it will send others to enjoy its glorious beauty. It is one of those perfect levels, shut in by lake and mountains, which give a different impression from any other kind of scenery in the world. The mountain passes themselves are so high as to leave no appearance of outlet except by the lake; and of these passes there are but two—the one we are describing, and that over Sty Head, which, seen from any point, looks prodigiously steep, as indeed it is, though we have seen the impressions of horse-shoes upon it. The green and perfect level, to which the mountains come down with a sheer sweep, is partly divided off into fields, the stone fences of which are provided with that primitive sort of stile—stones projecting in oblique order. A few farm-houses are set down among these fields, here and there, on the bends of the rushing and gurgling stream. In its own separate enclosure is the chapel,—the humblest of chapels, —with its three windows, one at each side, and one at the east end, and its skylight over the pulpit, and its eight pews. There is now a school. A chapel and a school, and no public-house or inn! Long may it be so! A lady who lived some time in this nook took an interest in the children; and, finding that twenty might be mustered, she offered a guinea a year towards a school. Two gentlemen, who made this their head-quarters for nine nights, while exploring the mountains, left a little money for the same purpose. The inhabitants entertain a schoolmaster on "whittle gate"* terms —*i. e.*, he boards at the farm-houses in turn; and an old man told us the other day that the plan prospers. "He gets them on very well," says the old man; "and particularly in the spelling. He thinks that if they can spell, they can do all the rest." We certainly wished, here and elsewhere—indeed, almost throughout the region—that good spelling would ensure personal cleanliness. The children certainly do not get on in that, however they may prosper with their spelling. The schoolmaster may think that this is not included in his province; but perhaps, if he and the clergyman were to insist, patiently and seriously, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," they might work a reform in the next generation. The dwellings are, in some respects, a pattern of neatness in the rural districts. The beds are perfectly luxurious in this respect. You might eat your dinner off the slate floor or the deal table; and pots and pans make a shining array; but it is best for one's own comfort, in certain of the dales, not to look at the children's hair, or the babies' faces, or anybody's skin or teeth. This must be from ignorance; for these same people are living in the midst of plenty. There are places where they employ a dancing-master for several weeks of the year, and dress gaudily in the dancing season. They attend fairs in good style, and

* This term describes the guest as putting in his whittle (his knife) among the provisions of the family.

support a schoolmaster, and fee the clergyman. Is it not possible to educate them up to a decent point of personal cleanliness? If parents fail to train their children to it, and the example of good habits here and there does not spread, is it not the business of the pastor and the teacher to take the matter in hand? It is time it was done.

As we have said, there is no inn at Wastdale Head. Within the memory of the existing generation a stranger was a very rare sight. The Tysons, who dwelt in the dale head half a century ago, used to open their doors to any one who dropped down from the passes, as a mere matter of necessity, as any one would house a traveller coming in from among the snows. At any hour of the day or night, Tyson would welcome such a wanderer to the family accommodations, and then guide him on his way out. But such chance wayfarers told of the beauty of the nook; and others came. Of late years there have been so many that Ritson the younger and his wife, who now occupy the dwelling-house, have increased its accommodations; so that they can lodge and board, in homely comfort, several guests. And very comfortable the place is, with its nice beds, good bread, eggs, potatoes, cheese, bacon and tea, and the kindness and goodwill of host and hostess.

Is there any traveller who needs a warning to be careful not to get any hospitable mountaineer into trouble about Excise matters? It is painful to think—but necessary to tell—how the generous hospitality of the dalesmen has occasionally been abused for the advantage of Excise informers. In a farm-house in Langdale the owner has been three times fined for furnishing a draught of beer to a thirsty traveller, who pressed for it, and afterwards laid down money, including the beer in the payment for the bread and cheese, thus bringing the case within the reach of the law; so that the farmer now, fearing the kind feelings of his own family in his absence, keeps no beer for his own drinking. Here and there, a resident who, living in comfort, has yet but little to do with money, has been heavily and long oppressed by the imposition of a fine and costs, for permitting a stranger to hire his horse and cart. The simple-minded people were long in learning the ways of the law, in its interference with their hospitality to wayfarers: and even those who understand the case, and are on their guard, have sometimes been cruelly used, as an adventure of the John Ritsons may show.

One evening, in a time of bad weather, when both father and son were absent, a party arrived from one of the passes, apparently much exhausted, and asked hospitality of John Ritson's wife. She did her best to make them comfortable; but, cautioned by her husband, she declined to supply any but the most indubitable articles of refreshment: and this, though she never makes any charge, but takes what her guests think proper to give. The fellow who came to entrap her—no traveller, but an informer by trade—complained movingly of fatigue and exhaustion, and implored her to let him have a little whiskey. She long refused, saying that she did not supply it; but he so appealed to her compassion, that at last she told him there was some in the cupboard, and he might help himself. When going away, he asked what there was to pay. She answered—"Nothing for the whiskey; for the rest, what he pleased." He made out that it would be, without the whiskey, so much: and he should lay down so much more: would that do? She replied, "If he pleased;" and set them forth on their way. Such was the transaction which the wretch went straight to report, and which he so reported as that John Ritson was fined twenty pounds, and charged with the costs—a heavy sum to a dalesman, who lives almost entirely on the produce of his farm, and is far out of the way of towns and markets. One such case should be a sufficient warning to a traveller not to ask for any exciseable articles in private dwellings in these dales; lest one infringement of the law should tempt to a repetition of an act considered innocent and merely hospitable, and the informer find his way in at last.

If the traveller means to ascend Scawfell the next day, he should see Wastwater this evening, which he can very well do after his moderate walk from the Ennerdale Boat House. This is not the best way of seeing Wastwater, which should be approached from the other end: but he cannot have everything at the very best here, any more than in other passages of human life: and he may yet see Wastwater in the best way, if he will walk four miles from Ritson's without looking behind him. Then he will have the glory of the scene on his return; and there is quite enough for him to enjoy on his way down, in the spectacle of the Screes, with the still and gray lake lying at the base—quite up to the base—of their prodigious sweep. The Screes form the south-eastern shore of the lake, which is three miles and a half long. The line of this singular range is almost unbroken. The crest consists of crags, bare of vegetation, except where a mere tuft or drip of ferns sprouts out at long intervals. At about a third of the way down, these crags are hidden by a slope of *débris*, slanting into the lake. This expanse of rotten stone and red gravel, streaked with the colours found where iron is present, is so loose that it is believed not even a goat could climb it. No man ever attempts it: so there it lies from year to year, untouched but by the forces of Nature. The summer thunderstorm and the winter tempest sometimes shiver the loosely-compacted crags above: and then, when a mass comes thundering down, and splashes into the lake, the whole range feels the shock, and slides of stones rush into the waters, and clouds of dust rise into the air. The accessible side of the lake affords a charming walk—the road winds so easily among the promontories and bays.

At the end of his four miles, the traveller may turn his head; and then he will see reason for this being called the most sublime of the lakes. We have seen it in the sunny morning, and in the calm gray evening, when a pearly light lay upon the waters; and again

when heavy black clouds gathered about the stern mountain summits; and we have found it truly imposing under every aspect.

As he returns, the traveller will see as noble a group of mountains closing in Wastdale, as he can look upon from any one spot of the district. Carrying his eyes along from the Screes opposite, he sees next them the great Scawfell summits, which he hopes to reach tomorrow. Great End peeps over the ridge of Lingmell: and Lingmell (the lower slope of Scawfell), projects boldly into the dale, at the head of the lake. Great Gable closes in the whole pass. Next to it Yewbarrow advances towards him on his own side; and nearer, Middlefell; and he is standing under Buckbarrow. All these giant hills seem to grow, and deepen and darken as he advances among them, till he arrives at the rich green levels of the dale, and rejoices that they now fill the area which was once evidently occupied by the waters of the still retreating lake.

If it be still daylight, he had better go to bed notwithstanding: for he cannot be too early astir in the morning. John Ritson will get him up Scawfell in time to see the sun rise, if he wishes it. When we made the attempt (in which we were baffled) we rose at two, when the summer dawn was near breaking; and the walk up the dale towards Pease Ghyll was delicious, with the clear light brightening over Great End, and the fragment of a moon hanging over Scawfell. After half an hour's walk, we began to climb; and were soon gratified by fine glimpses into the abyss of Pease Ghyll, which gaped below us on the right, a rocky chasm, into and through which rushed a stream from the heights. Here, however, it became evident to us how great was our misfortune in John Ritson's having been absent on our arrival. Our guide, a very old man, was uncertain and changeable about the way by which he should take us; and he appeared far from strong enough to attempt an ascent so formidable, among precipitous rocks, loose stones, and slippery turf: so we were compelled to change our plan. We made him lead us over the lower ridges to Esk Hause, on our way to Langdale, by Sty Head and Sprinkling Tarns — a glorious mountain walk enough to those whose heads are not full of ambition to look abroad from the Pikes.

The best way to begin the ascent, for those who do not think the sight of Pease Ghyll worth the additional toil, is up Lingmell, which may be reached either by boat up the lake, or from Ritson's house. The distance from the base of Lingmell to the summit of Scawfell is about three miles; and the most active order of climbers may achieve the ascent in an hour and a half. But it is better to pause on the ridge of Lingmell, to see the glorious view there. There is always sufficient uncertainty about the weather, to the last moment, in a climate like ours, to make it wise to obtain what can be had in the course of an ascent to a very elevated peak like that of Scawfell, where a rapid congregation of vapours may shut out every object from the longing eye, at the instant of its greatest expectation. From this ridge, a sweeping course, over slopes, now of stones, and now of that species of moss which is the food of the reindeer, leads the traveller to the summit, and places him on the loftiest point in England, at a height of 3160 feet above the sea. The lower Pike, long supposed to be the loftiest of the two, is 3100 feet above the sea, and stands about 250 yards south-east of its companion, being separated from it by the remarkable chasm called Mickledore (Great Door).

Of the view from the summit we have the best account that could be desired in a letter from a friend of Mr. Wordsworth's, which is found in Mr. W.'s Guide to the Lakes: "On the summit of the Pike," says the writer, "which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world: we paused, and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard: the Scawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Hause lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base—the Den of Wastdale at our feet — a gulf immeasurable; Grassmoor, and the other mountains of Crummock; Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no well or spring near us), with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gable; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid; for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow. While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion. 'I cannot be mistaken; I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship—it is changed into a horse!' So it was; a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise man of the mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of the clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

"I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy

the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. 'It is there,' said he pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that mountain solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and, almost as rapidly as it had come, it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw, also, had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Hause, every cloud had vanished from every summit. I ought to have mentioned, that round the top of Scawfell Pike not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones, that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorned with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity; and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep; no food being *there* to tempt them. We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day.' (It was the 7th of October.)"

From other visitors we learn that Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and now and then the Welsh mountains, are visible from this summit.

Our traveller, about to conclude his circuit by descending upon the Duddon, must now make his way down first to Esk Hause, a central ridge, which commands, to singular advantage, a number of the leading valleys of the district, and sends down its first waters to the Esk. On the same morning, that 7th of October, the letter-writer above quoted saw it thus:—"... Three distinct views. On one side, the continuous vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains, and, in the distance, the Solway Frith, and the mountains of Scotland; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below *them;* Windermere; and far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent-stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea,—Blackcomb pre-eminent,—and still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round, we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gable,—the loftiest; a distinct and huge form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base." When we were on Esk Hause, the spectacle of these three lines of landscape was remarkable. Towards Keswick the atmosphere was thick, just to the degree that gave a visionary character to the long perspective. The lake of Derwent Water was hardly distinguishable from its shores, so that the wooded islands and the town of Keswick lay as if in air, still and unsubstantial. In the direction of Eskdale all was bright and glittering; while from Langdale and the head of Borrowdale the white mists came tumbling out towards us, as if to stifle us; and nothing could be seen except at intervals, when a whiff of wind disclosed long sweeps of the sides of the valleys, and stretches of the streams and fields below. It is these changes that give a singular charm to this mountain district. The residents of the valleys, in their occasional ascent to these heights, never see the scene twice alike; the great landmarks themselves being scarcely recognizable but by their forms.

From this ridge the traveller may descend upon the Esk and the Duddon, whose sources lie near each other; and thus is completed the traverse of the first of our four divisions.

We will begin our second circuit by a descent from this mountain nucleus into the head of Borrowdale. The head of Borrowdale is forked, by the mountain Glaramara being set down in the midst. We will descend into the western vale, that of Seathwaite; and end our circuit by ascending the eastern, that of Stonethwaite.

Borrowdale was anciently called Boredale, "having its name probably from the wild boars which used in former times to haunt the woody part of Wastdale forest; the hill above it being called Styhead, where the swine were wont to feed in the summer, and fall down in autumn into this dale, where they fed upon nuts and acorns. Here are large flocks of sheep; and anciently were mines of lead and copper. Here also, in a very high and perpendicular rock called Eagle Crag, is every year an eyrie or nest of eagles." So says the old history.*

We have to pass down by Styhead; but we shall find no swine there, summer or winter. No creature now comes to drink at the tarn, the little clear rippling lake, where the mountaineer throws himself down to rest on the brink, when heated by the ascent from the

* "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," ii. p. 69. Nicolson and Burn.

vales. He has found everything sunny and dry, perhaps; but here he sees, by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, that a cloud has lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat. It looks very tempting, this bright sheet of water; but no creature now comes to drink, unless a sheep may have strayed far from the flock, and in its terror may yet venture to stoop to the water, with many a start and interval of listening, till, at the faint sound of the distant sheep-dog, it bounds away. Some persons have laughed at the expression, in a grave poem, of the "solemn bleat" of

> "a lamb left somewhere to itself,
> The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

But such persons cannot have met a stray sheep high on the mountains. Their associations are of market-day in a town, or of droves of cattle in a dusty road. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher Fells, and heard it broken by a single bleat, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is as much solemnity as plaintiveness in the sound. It is a sport of ours in such places to answer the bleat, when we are going in such a direction as not to mislead the wanderer. Sometimes we have thus gained the confidence of a single lamb: sometimes we have gradually attracted a considerable number, beguiled them on for a space, and then left them wondering.

On proceeding down the pass, we see no prospect below of "nuts and acorns" enough to feed swine in their own dale. There are crags on every hand where eagles might build, and where they have built often enough to deprive us of the lark and other singing birds, which have thus been driven from the narrow vales which assuredly they would otherwise haunt. When the angler leaves his home in the dale, in the early morning, he may not hope to see the lark spring from the furrow, and soar above the shadows of the hills; nor will any other songster amuse his ear but such as lie deep within the covert of the wood: but when he is approaching the Tarn, high up on the mountain, and pauses to watch the herons at their fishing, and the wild ducks on the brink, before he frightens them away, he witnesses a sudden alarm, before there can possibly be any notice of his intentions; and then he knows where to look for the cause of all the scudding, and flapping, and screaming. He looks up, and sees no longer the sailing eagle, descending at every circuit, with a louder rush of wings, and casting a broader shadow, till it has swooped upon its victim, and is gone; but, now the eagle has departed, the meaner buzzard, pouncing from stone or tree, or heavily rising from its nest upon the moor: or the more active hawk, which scares away the water-fowl no less surely than the nobler bird, which is now rarely, if ever, seen. The shadow of the latter has, we know, fallen upon this Styhead tarn; for the eagles, disturbed on their own crag at the lower end of Borrowdale, established themselves first on a rock in Seathwaite, and afterwards flew over the ridge into Eskdale. The disturbance was, of course, from the shepherds, who lost so many lambs as to be driven desperate against the birds. There was no footing on the crag by which the nest could be reached, so a man was lowered by a rope sixty yards down the precipice: he carried his mountain-staff with him, its spiked end being the best weapon against the birds. He did not expect to kill the old ones; but, year after year, the eggs or the young were taken. If he brought away the young alive, he had the birds for his pains; if the eggs, every neighbouring shepherd gave five shillings for every egg. It is said that no more than two eggs were ever found at one time. The nest was made of twigs, and lined with a sort of grass from the clefts of the rock. When the fowler failed, and eaglets were reared, they were led away, as soon as strong enough, by the parent birds,—no doubt to settle in some other spot,—and the parents returned without them. One of this pair was shot at by the master of a sheep-dog which had been actually carried some way into the air by it, escaping only by its flesh giving way: the shot took effect, but the eagle disappeared for a time. About a week after, it was found lying on the grass on the uplands at Seatoller, nearly starved: its bill had been split by the shot, and the tongue was set fast in the cleft; it could not make much resistance, and was carried home captive. But when relieved and restored, it became so violent, that it was necessarily killed. Its mate brought a successor from a distance; a much smaller bird, and of a different species. They built, however, for fourteen more years in Borrowdale, before they flew over to Eskdale. They were not long left in peace there; and when the larger bird was at length shot, his mate disappeared entirely. Such devastation as was caused by these birds is not heard of now; but while there are crags aloft and lambs in the vales, there will be more or fewer, nobler or meaner, birds of prey. We are unable to ascertain positively, amidst conflicting testimony, whether any eagles at all remain in the region. It appears that one has certainly been seen within a few years; and almost every season there is a rumour of one having visited some point or another; but, on the whole, we find that the preponderance of belief is against there being any eagles' nest among the mountains of Westmoreland or Cumberland.

When the traveller has reached the stream, and crossed the bridge, he may begin to look for the Wad (black-lead) mine on the hill-side to his left. It is high up; but the heaps of rubbish will point it out to him plainly enough. In the clay-slate of this mountain is a bed of greenstone rock; and "nests" or "sops" or "bellies" of black-lead are found in the greenstone. The plumbago is the finest ever discovered; and from it the famous lead pencils are made which are used everywhere by sketchers. But there is great uncertainty about finding it: at one time a mass of it was discovered lying along like a mighty tree, the thicker part being of the finest quality, and the ramifications of a poorer, till, at the extremities, it was not worthy even to clean

stoves. At other times, the searchers have been altogether at fault, for a long time together: and the works have occasionally been closed from this cause. There was a time when the value of this plumbago was so little known that the shepherds used it freely to mark their sheep: and next, the proprietors were obtaining from thirty to forty shillings a pound for the lead of one single "sop," which yielded upwards of twenty-eight tons. At that time houses were built at the entrance, where the workmen were obliged to change their clothes, under inspection, lest they should be tempted to carry away any of the precious stuff in their pockets. We believe the mine is at present in one of its turns of adversity; but, under the enterprising spirit of our times, probably some new "sop" will be hit upon before long, which will pay for the locking up of capital meanwhile.

Under the mine, and a little onward, amidst the copsewood, are the dark tops of the Borrowdale yews to be seen, the "fraternal four," which, as Wordsworth tells us, form "one solemn and capacious grove." The size attained by the yew in this district is astonishing. One which for many years lay prostrate at the other end of Borrowdale, measured nine yards in circumference, and contained 1460 feet of wood. The famous Lorton yew has about the same girth; and one of these four measures seven yards round, at four feet from the ground.

At Seatoller the road parts off right and left. We take the left, in order to quit Borrowdale for Buttermere; a magnificent walk, of a totally different character from any in our former circuit.

The road is very stony, and not a little steep: but the stream on the left hand, with its innumerable little falls, and the trees which sometimes overhang it, and the patches of grass and large smooth stones, tempting the traveller to many a halt, beguile him of heat and fatigue. And then, every time he turns, how exquisite are the glimpses into Borrowdale! Its cultivated levels contract, and the farmsteads disappear, one by one, as the projecting mountains overlap; till a mere triangular morsel remains—a hint of a peaceful valley lying among a billowy expanse of hills. It is always a pleasure to get out from between the fences upon the moor; and here the emancipation is soon obtained. The traveller mounts gradually by a horse-road,—a road practicable indeed for cars,—till he attains the summit of the turn under Honister Crag;—the dark, stupendous, almost perpendicular Honister Crag, where it almost takes one's breath away to see the quarrymen at work in the slate quarries above, looking like summer spiders hanging quivering from the eaves of a house. It was at the base of this crag that we once had the question forced upon us whether this was a car-road or not. A car, with four persons in it, had toiled slowly up from Borrowdale, without even the gentleman having once got out to relieve the horse. There were two young ladies also, who appeared capable of using their feet occasionally. The fourth was a stout lady: and all four were dressed as they might be for the flower-show at Chiswick. We were resting at the summit, with the crag opposite to us, when the car came up, and the driver civilly gave notice that the party had better alight, as the descent was so extremely rough and steep as to be unsafe for a loaded carriage. Instead of using their eyes to convince themselves that this was true, these gentry scolded the driver. The three juniors alighted, and set off arm-in-arm, slipping and suffering in their paper-soled shoes, and so engrossed with their hardships in having to walk down a stony hill, that they actually never once looked up at the Crag. They did not turn, to take a last look of Borrowdale; and now they actually passed under Honister Crag without seeing it! As for the lady, she loudly declared that she did not hire a car to be prevented riding in it; she should speak about it to the driver's employer, when she got home; and she should keep her seat: and so she did, scolding the driver, as well as the jolts would permit, as long as she remained within hearing. We imagined the amusement of the driver at this way of coming to see the country. He looked very civil and indifferent, not even objecting that it was not his wish that the pass should be so steep and stony. These are the strangers, and not those who come in third-class railway-carriages, and take their way on foot, who behave in a manner unworthy of the scenes around them: and even these may become softened and refined by what they see: and therefore they are welcome too.

The slate-quarrymen are a hardy race, capable of feats of strength which are now rarely heard of elsewhere. The most stalwart knight who ever came hither of old, with his full armour and battle-axe, to fight against the Scot, never carried a heavier weight, or did more wonders in a day, than these fine fellows. The best slate of Honister Crag is found near the top: and there, many hundred feet aloft, may be seen by good eyes the slate-built hovels of some of the quarrymen, while others ascend and descend many times between morning and night. Formerly, the slate was carried down on hurdles, on men's backs: and the practice is still continued in some remote quarries, where the expense of conveyance by carts would be too great, or the roads do not admit of it. Thirty years ago, a man named Joseph Clark made seventeen journeys, including seventeen miles of climbing and sharp descent, in one day, bringing down 10,880 lbs. of slate. In ascending, he carried the hurdle, weighing 80 lbs., and in descending he brought each time 640 lbs. of slate. At another time, he carried, in three successive journeys, 1,280 lbs. each time. His greatest day's work was bringing 11,776 lbs.; in how many journeys it is not remembered: but in fewer than seventeen. He lived at Stonethwaite, three miles from his place of work. His toils did not appear to injure him: and he declared that he suffered only from thirst. It was believed in his day that there was scarcely another man in the kingdom capable of sustaining such labour for a course of years.

In some places where the slate is closely compacted, and presents endways a perpendicular surface, the quarryman sets about his work as if he were going after

eagles' eggs. His comrades let him down by a rope from the precipice, and he tries for a footing on some ledge, where he may drive in wedges. The difficulty of this, where much of his strength must be employed in keeping his footing, may be conceived: and a great length of time must be occupied in loosening masses large enough to bear the fall without being dashed into useless pieces. But, generally speaking, the methods are improved, and the quarries made accessible by roads admitting of the passage of strong carts. Still, the detaching of the slate, and the loading and conducting the carts, are laborious work enough to require and train a very athletic order of men. In various parts of the district, the scene is marked by mountains of *débris*, above or within which yawn black recesses in the mountain side, where the summer thunders echo, and the winter storms send down formidable slides into the vales below.

The stream in the valley beneath Honister Crag,—the beginning of the river Cocker,—must be crossed by stepping-stones or wading, according to the weather: for there is no bridge. At the end of this wild and stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilization, stands the farm-house of Gatesgarth, with its clumps of sycamore and ash. The road thence to Buttermere, lying for the most part above the Lake of Buttermere, is bordered by the plantations which clothe the base of Great Robinson. This little lake is only a mile and a quarter long. At the head,—that is, the south-east,—it is apparently closed in by Honister Crag; and High Stile and Red Pike tower on the south-western side. At its northern end, the lake has for its margin the green meadows which separate it from Crummock Water: and these meadows are dropped over with woods, hedges, and a few dwellings; so as to offer a tempting resting-place to the angler who comes to enjoy the plentiful sport yielded by the two lakes. On this level stands the little Buttermere inn: and on a rising ground by the road-side is the new Chapel, erected on the site of that which was celebrated for being the smallest in England,—being completely filled by half-a-dozen households.

Travellers who do not desire to make the longer circuit which we have to describe, turn off here among the mountains to the right, to pass through the Vale of Newlands to Keswick. We should desire nothing better than to go up the Vale for six miles or so, till we come in view of Derwent Water, and the rich plain which lies between it and Bassenthwaite, just for the sake of coming back again. The road is perfectly easy, winding up and along the green hills opposite Whiteless. The sweep of these bare green hills is fine; and the walk along their sides very exhilarating, from the airiness and freedom of the scene. The grand point of the journey is perhaps the turn into the second pass,—that of Newlands Haws,—where, at its head, Great Robinson sends down the first waters of one of the streams which go to make the Lake of Bassenthwaite. Above this pass it was that, according to tradition, there was once gold and silver found, enough to supply not only the kingdom but a considerable foreign market, till the works were destroyed, and the miners slain, in the civil wars. In modern times, however, more gold and silver have been sunk in the Newlands mine than raised from it. When the traveller has advanced far enough to obtain a good view of the plain, with Saddleback beyond, and to discover the blue mountains from which flow the Tyne and the Tees, he may rest and refresh himself, and reckon on new pleasures on his return. At the end of his walk, in his descent upon Buttermere, he will obtain charming glimpses of the two lakes, and be in face of a noble array of mountains, from Gable to Melbreak.

He must, of course, see Scale Force, on leaving Buttermere for the other end of Crummock Water. It is best, as far as the aspect of the fall is concerned, to go to it across the fields from the inn: but some of the low ground is so muddy, at all ordinary times, that the walk can be achieved in comfort only after very dry weather. If he goes in a boat, he is landed a mile from the Fall; and then his road is none of the easiest. Between stone-heap and swamp he must pick his way. But what a scene it is at last!—that deep chasm,—a hundred feet of fissure, with perpendicular or overhanging walls, and a sheet of falling water one hundred and eighty feet high at the end! The relief of the verdure usually found under the spray of cataracts is not absent. The ash quivers from the crevice, and ferns wave on every ledge; and grass and mosses shine to the sense, like light in a dark place.

Crummock Water is less celebrated among the lakes than its peculiarities and beauties appear to deserve. From stations on its rocky and elevated shores the most striking views are obtained of the noble surrounding mountains, as far as the dark Honister Crag, which closes in the group; and the meadows between the two lakes afford a singular charm of contrast. (Cut, No. 5.) From the lake, the heights of Melbreak and its neighbour offer an aspect of colouring which is to be seen nowhere else in the district. Long sweeps of orange and gray soil and stones descend to the water; and above, there are large hollows, like craters, filled now with deep blue shadows, and now with tumbling white mists, above which yellow or purple peaks change their hues with every hour of the day, or variation of the sky. There is a good road along the whole of the eastern shore to the inn at Scale Hill; and of late years a delicious woodland path has been made from the landing-place to the inn—a distance of about a mile. The locality is a stormy one. We do not judge by our own experience, though that would lead us to think of Scale Hill as generally under a deluge of rain, while the dust lies thick on the nearest mail-road; but the features of the landscape indicate that the elements are boisterous here. The bare hot-looking *débris* on the Melbreak side, the chasms in the rocks, and the sudden swellings of the waters, tell of turbulence in all seasons. The most tremendous water-spout remembered in the region of the lakes descended the ravine between Grassmoor

and Whiteside, in 1760; it swept the whole side of Grassmoor at midnight, and carried down everything that was lying loose all through the vale below, and over a piece of arable land at the entrance, where it actually peeled the whole surface, carrying away the soil and the trees, and leaving the rocky substratum completely bare. The soil was many feet deep, and the trees full-grown. Then it laid down what it brought, covering ten acres with the rubbish. By the channel left, it appears that the flood must have been five or six yards deep, and a hundred yards wide. Among other pranks, it rooted up a solid stone causeway, which was supported by an embankment apparently as strong as the neighbouring hills. The flood not only swept away the whole work, but scooped out the entire line for its own channel. The village of Brackenthwaite, which stood directly in its course, was saved by being built on a stone platform,—a circumstance unknown to the inhabitants till they now saw themselves left safe on a promontory, while the soft soil was swept away from beside their very doors, leaving a chasm where the flood had been turned aside by the resistance of their rock. The end of the matter was, that the flood poured into the Cocker, which rose so as to lay the whole north-western plain under water for a considerable time.

The pretty little lake of Lowes Water is easily reached from Scale Hill inn. It should be seen as the last of the chain, and as presenting some new aspects of the mountain group at this extremity. From Lowes Water the country sinks into the plain which lies between the mountains and the sea: the plain along whose margin are posted the towns of Whitehaven, Workington, and Cockermouth.

And by this time the traveller's eye is ready for the scenery of the plain. The dwellers in a flat country can hardly conceive the refreshment and pleasure given by a glimpse of a sunny champaign to one who has lived for a time shut in among mountains. A friend of ours, in delicate health, became nervous, and felt under a constant sense of oppression, after a three months' residence among the Westmoreland mountains; and cried heartily, from relief and joy, at the first issue upon a wide horizon, in descending into Lancashire. Some younger friends of ours, children who live in a small valley, amused us one day by their exclamations over a volume of Views of the Danube. Whenever they came to a scene almost blank,—a boundless German plain, with only a distant crocketted spire to relieve the uniformity,—they exclaimed in rapture, "Oh, how beautiful!" while they could see no charm in any very circumscribed scene. The traveller who has been long enough among the Fells to relish the sight of open country, could not find a better place for emerging than above the fertile vale of Lorton, on the way from Scale Hill to the mail-road to Keswick. The vale, shallow and wide, spreads out its expanse of fertile fields, endlessly intersected with fences, and dropped over with farms and hamlets, among which may be seen the dark speck of the great Lorton Yew. The view is bounded by the blue range of the Scotch mountains.

When the traveller turns away from this view, and proceeds towards his next lake, Bassenthwaite, he has Whinlatter on his left hand. If the season is sufficiently advanced, he finds it the gayest hill-side he ever saw,—positively gaudy with the blossom of the heather and the gorse. To reach Bassenthwaite Water, the traveller skirts Whinlatter, and passes through the village of Thornthwaite, the rich levels occupying the four miles between Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite being under his eye, and Skiddaw rising in front. The lake is narrow, averaging less than a mile in breadth. Its length is four miles; its scenery is rich, but tame in comparison with that of all the other lakes; its hills are the mere spurs of the interior clusters; and its charm is in opening out views from its foot, through radiating valleys, into the plain country which stretches to the sea and the Solway.

Skiddaw is 138 feet lower than the High Pike of Scawfell: and it may be ascended with ease; even horses being accustomed to reach the summit. Yet the tourist should not disdain this comparatively easy feat, for the views from Skiddaw are very unlike those from Scawfell: and to some persons they are far more interesting. Few of the lakes can be seen from the topmost station; even Derwent Water is hidden by intervening summits; but the crowd of mountain tops is glorious. We will not enumerate them, for it would be to name the whole list. But think of seeing Lancaster Castle in one direction, and the undulating surface of Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries in another, with a peep at the Isle of Man between; and, if the day be particularly clear, and the hour favourable, a glimpse of Ireland! Lancaster Castle and Carlisle Cathedral in view at once! St. Bees Head, with the noiseless waves dashing up against the red rocks, almost within reach, as it were; and at the same moment, the Yorkshire summit of Ingleborough showing itself over the whole of Westmoreland which lies between!

Yet not a few persons prefer the ascent of Saddleback to that of Skiddaw. One attraction is the fine view of Derwent Water. "Derwent Water," says Southey, "as seen from the top of Saddleback, is one of the finest mountain scenes in the country." Another attraction is Scales Tarn, a small lake, so situated at the foot of a vast precipice, and so buried among crags, as that the sun never reaches it except through a crevice in early morning; and the stars, it is avouched, are seen in it at noonday. Another attraction may be the comparative difficulty of exploring the solitudes of Old Blencathra, as Saddleback used to be called. One would go through much to see any Tarn of which it could be imagined, even erroneously, that the sun was never seen to touch it, or the stars to forsake it. What a singular feature is this incessant guardianship by the stars! What associations of vigilance and eternal contemplation it awakens! Who can wonder that men seek it,—over slippery Fells, and among rugged rocks, and treacherous bogs, through parching heat, and blind-

ing mists and tempests! Here there are still other dangers, according to the testimony of explorers.

In 1793 a party went up by Scales Fell to see the Tarn. Their account is this:—"When we had ascended about a mile, one of our party, on looking round, was so astonished with the different appearance of objects in the valley so far beneath us, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much farther, when another was taken ill, and wished to lose blood and return. I was almost ready to give up my project, which I should have done with great reluctance, as the day was remarkably favourable, and exhibited every scene to the greatest advantage. Mr. C. (the conductor) assured us if we proceeded a little way, we should find a resting-place, where the second defaulter might recover the effects of the journey. After labouring another half-hour, we gained the margin of an immense cavity in the side of the mountain, the bottom of which formed a wide basin, and was filled with water, that from our station looked black, though smooth as glass, covering the space of many acres. It is said to be so deep that the sun never shines upon it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen therein at noonday; but this was a curiosity we did not enjoy." This was an ascent to the Tarn. We have an account of the still worse descent, accomplished by Mr. Green and Mr. Otley. "From Linthwaite Pike," says Mr. Green,* "on the above excursion, on a soft green turf, we descended steeply, first southward, and then in an easterly direction to the Tarn, a beautiful circular piece of transparent water, with a well-defined shore. Here we found ourselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west the soft turf on which we had made our downward progress. These side grounds, in pleasant grassy banks, verge to the stream issuing from the lake, whence there is a charming opening to the town of Penrith; and Cross Fell seen in extreme distance. Wishing to vary our line in returning to the place we had left, we crossed the stream, and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge. We had not gone far before we were aware that our journey would be attended with perils; the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect we were reduced to the necessity either of bestriding the ridge, or of moving on one of its sides, with our hands lying over the top, as a security against tumbling into the Tarn on the left, or into a frightful gully on the right,—both of immense depth. Sometimes we thought it prudent to return; but that seemed unmanly, and we proceeded; thinking, with Shakspere, that 'Dangers retreat, when boldly they are confronted.' Mr. Otley was the leader; who, on gaining steady footing, looked back on the writer, whom he perceived, viewing at leisure from his saddle the remainder of his upward course. On better ground they had a retrospect on Sharp Edge,—which is the narrowest ridge on Saddleback, or any other north of

* 'The Tourist's New Guide,' &c. By Wm. Green. 1819. vol. ii., p. 469.

6.—DERWENT WATER AND SKIDDAW.

England mountain: in places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth, and the stepping on the sides being as faithless as the top, the Sharp Edge expedition has less of safety to recommend it than singularity."

We hear elsewhere of these mountain pools reflecting the stars in the day time, when they are made into a sort of wells by the building up of the rocky walls around them. "Bowscale Tarn," says one reporter,* "is a lake, near a mile in circumference, three miles north-east of Scales Tarn, on the side of a high mountain, so strangely surrounded with a more eminently amphitheatrical ridge of rocks, that it excluded the benefit of the sun for at least four months in the middle of winter: but this is not its only singularity. Several of the most credible inhabitants thereabouts affirming that they frequently see stars in it at midday; but in order to discover that phenomenon, the firmament must be perfectly clear, the air stable, and the water unagitated. These circumstances not concurring at the time I was there, deprived me of the pleasure of that sight, and of recommending it to the naturalist upon my own ocular evidence. The spectator must be placed at least 200 yards above the lake, and as much below the summit of the semi-ambient ridge." It is in this Bowscale Tarn that, in the belief of the country people, there are two fish which cannot die. How long they are said to have lived we know not: but they are to continue to live for ever.

Keswick is usually made the head-quarters of tourists for some days,—and this is almost a necessary plan for those who travel only in carriages; but the more independent pedestrian will not find much to detain him in the town. Within reach are several little clean country inns, which will afford him opportunities for seeing, in the most varied manner, the world of beauties included in the Derwent Water district. Besides the inns in the plain, there is the 'King's Head,' at the entrance of the Vale of St. John's, five or six miles from Keswick; and the Lodore inn, near the head of Derwent Water; and further on, in Borrowdale, the little inn at Rosthwaite.

While at Keswick, the traveller will look with interest on Southey's residence, Greta Hall. He will probably visit the Museums; and he certainly ought not to omit seeing and studying Mr. Flintoft's Model of the Lake District, which will teach him more in ten minutes of the structure and distribution of the country than he could learn from a hundred pages of description. On first entering the room, this model—under 13 feet by 10—looks a mere uneven, ugly bit of plaster: but a few moments are enough to engage the observer's attention so deeply, that he does not leave it till he has traced out almost every valley and pass in the district. He visits all the sixteen large lakes, and the fifty-two small ones, and looks abroad from every summit in turn. This Model is held to be a work of extraordinary correctness; and a leisurely visit to it should be an object to every traveller who cares to know where he is, and where he is going. Every one will, of course, visit the Castle Head,—a walk of a mile from the inns; where, from an eminence, a fine view of the lake and environs is obtained. And it is worth while to ascend the long hill of Castlerigg, even if the traveller is not there in natural course on his way to Ambleside, to enjoy the magnificent view which some think unrivalled in the region; extending from the singular and solemn entrance of Borrowdale to the subsiding hills beyond the lake of Bassenthwaite. We have seen this view many times; and each time we have been more than ever taken by surprise by its wonderful range of beauty.

The celebrity of Derwent Water is out of all proportion to its size; for it is only three miles long, and never exceeds a mile and a half in breadth. (Cut, No. 6.) Our own private opinion is, that the beauty of the lake itself does not answer to its reputation. The islands have no particular charm, and rather perplex the eye; and there is nothing striking in the immediate shores, along which a good road runs, nearly level, between fields and plantations. Walla Crag is fine, with its relief of foliage; and the cleft in it, which is called the Lady's Rake, is interesting from its tradition. It is said that the Countess of Derwentwater made her escape up this ravine, after the arrest of her husband. Lord's Island, the largest in the lake, belonged to the family—the Ratcliffes—and was a stronghold of theirs. It was confiscated, with their other possessions, after the Rebellion of 1715, and transferred to Greenwich Hospital. St. Herbert's Island contains the ruins of a hermitage, in relation to which a pretty story is told. St. Cuthbert and St. Herbert were very dear friends. When St. Herbert came hither to repose from the cares of life, and end his days in prayer, he was far apart from his friend, as we all know: but he nightly prayed that they might be united in death, by being taken from the world at the same moment. The prayer was granted; and the scenes of the two deaths have been all the more sacred for the coincidence, in the popular mind, ever since.

Every one hears of the Floating Island, in connection with Derwent Water. The wise call it the Buoyant Island, after the hint given by Wordsworth in his 'Guide.' It appears to be merely a loose mass of vegetation, which rises to the surface when swollen by the gases generated by the decay of its parts. When a boat-hook is struck into it, it puffs out carburetted hydrogen and azote. Though this island is now no mystery, its appearance marks the year in which it happens; and the event is told in the newspapers from end to end of the kingdom. It happened last in 1842.

After all that has been said of the Fall of Lodore, it is certainly very fine, in any weather, and whatever quantity of water it may have to show. The main features—the mighty crags on either hand (Gowder on the left, and Shepherd's on the right,) and the ravine of piled blocks—are such as weather cannot impair; and we have not decided to this day whether we prefer visiting the Fall after rain and under a cloud canopy,

* Mr. Smith, quoted in Green's 'Tourist's New Guide.' ii., 473.

or in a hot dry month of the year. The dash of the Fall is heard from the road; and it will guide the traveller through the little garden and orchard of the inn, and over the foot-bridge, and through the wood, to the stone bench in front of the Fall.

And now, what can any one say of the entrance upon Borrowdale, but—"Go and see it!" This is all we will say: for we might write a volume about the disposition of mountains and crags before one could even produce a state of mind which could conceive of what it is here—the tumbling together of steeps and slopes, precipices and promontories, woods, ravines, and isolated summits. Suffice it that the traveller will pass the village of Grange, and must remember that it was here that the old monks of Furness laid up their crops and other stores, when they were the owners of Borrowdale. (Cut, No. 4.) He must just cast a glance up to the Bowder-stone, if he thinks, as we do, that there is nothing more to be seen which need move him to undertake the ascent to it. The block is said to weigh about 1771 tons, and stands 36 feet high. Its edge is embedded in the place where, to all appearance, it has fallen from above; and it looks like a ship lying on its keel. A mile beyond the Bowder Stone is the hamlet of Rosthwaite, where we always contrive to pass the night—in Sarah Simpson's well-tended house—when we give ourselves the treat of a visit to Borrowdale. A brother of Sarah Simpson, living at Rosthwaite, acts as guide over the neighbouring passes.

Notwithstanding what we have said of the entrance of Borrowdale, we yet prefer dropping into it above Rosthwaite, from Watendlath,—the extremely secluded valley which lies at the top of the Lodore Fall, and the rocks from which it tumbles. The way into Watendlath is easily found: it branches off to the left from the high road in coming from Keswick, and passes just behind Barrow House. The inhabitants of this valley are the most primitive we have met with in any part of the Lake District: and if the traveller wishes to see what men are—and yet more, women—in point of intelligence, in a position which renders the human face a rare sight to them, he had better take his way to Upper Borrowdale through Watendlath. He must note the circular pool which supplies the waters of Lodore; and he should look through the chasm where the stream pours over, to see how gloriously the Lake and the Skiddaw range here combine. It is a perfect intoxication to traverse this valley when the heather is in bloom on its wild hill sides; and when summer breezes come over the ridge from Helvellyn to the east; and the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell show themselves in front over all the intervening heights. The descent upon Rosthwaite is the concluding treat. The way is easy,—a gentle slope over grass and elastic heather; and the whole surface of the slope is starred over with bright heath flowers. The head of the Dale, always awful, whether gloomy or bright, opens out, and seems to be spreading its levels for one's reception. The passes to Buttermere (by which we left the Dale at the outset), to Sty Head (by which we entered it), and to the Stake (by which we are about to leave it now), disclose themselves round the projecting Glaramara. The other way lie Grange and the Lake. Below us is Rosthwaite, with the brattling stream behind, which we must presently cross by stepping-stones to reach the inn.

And now the time is come for leaving Borrowdale. The top of the Stake Pass is five miles and a half from Rosthwaite. After the first mile, when the farm-house at Stonethwaite is passed, not another dwelling will be seen. The path follows, and at length crosses, the stream, which is the infant Derwent, finding its way down from Angle Tarn, lying high up in a recess of Bowfell. This valley of Langstreth is extremely wild; but there is no perplexity in it for the traveller who keeps the path in view. It is a pleasant path where it goes zigzag up the steep green slope, within hearing of the stream; and offers here an old oak, and there a waving birch within reach, where the traveller may sit and rest, while looking back upon the levels of Borrowdale. When he has reached the Top of the Stake, he is under the shadow of Bowfell, safely returned to his starting point, among the central summits of the region.

The traveller must not linger long on the heights, however; for there is no help there, in case of fatigue and hunger. He must come down into Langdale,—still by the same Stake Pass,—and repose himself at the farm-house at Millbeck, where he can obtain, not exciseable articles, but good plain food, and milk, and water. From the moment of his obtaining a view of Langdale from above, he will see this house, and meet with no kind of difficulty in reaching it, the path being distinctly marked all the way; a distance of above five miles from the Top of the Stake, according to the Guide-books.

The character of Langdale is distinctly marked, and pretty uniform from end to end. It has levels, here expanding and there contracting; and the stream winds among them throughout. There is no lake or pool: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings, all, without exception, which lie below the head of the dale, are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels: and this, together with the paving of the roads in the levels, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses in Langdale,—of gray stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all about it, and ewes and lambs nestling near it,—these dale-farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Our traveller is, however, to pass only two or three, which lie between his descent and Millbeck.

From Millbeck, he will, of course, proceed to see Dungeon Ghyll Force. (Cut, No. 7.) He must not, on hearing this name, let his imagination carry him to the foundations of some robber castle for its origin. In the language of the country people here a fissure or cavern in the

rock is called a Dungeon. Ghyll means also a fissure: so Dungeon Ghyll is emphatically a fissure by name; and it certainly is so also by nature. The stranger must either take some one with him, to put him in the way (though the place is not more than half-a-mile off), or he must take care not to go up to the ghyll and stream behind the farm, which he will do as a matter of course unless warned to the contrary. What he wants is the next, to the left. When he reaches the spot where the dark chasm yawns, and the waters are loud, though he cannot see anything of the fall, let him not fear missing the sight. If there is a ladder, he must descend: if not, or if it be broken, or rotten with continual wet, he can easily get down the rock. And there it is!—the fall in its cleft, tumbling and splashing, while the light ash, and all the vegetation besides, is everlastingly in motion from the stir of the air. Then let him look up, and see how a bridge is made aloft by the lodgment of a block in the chasm. He will be fortunate if he is there just at that hour of the summer afternoon when the sunlight gushes in obliquely,—a narrow, radiant, translucent screen, itself lighting up the gorge, but half concealing the projections and waving ferns behind it. The way in which it converts the spray into sparks and gems can be believed only by those who have seen it.

In order to get into Easedale, the traveller will take a guide from Millbeck, to conduct him to Stickle Tarn, and thence to Easedale Tarn. We could wish him no better treat than some hours' leisure for angling in Stickle Tarn, which is famous for its trout. This tarn is reached by a peat-road from Millbeck, and its circular basin, brimming with clear water, lies finely under the steep rocks of Pavey Ark. To us there is no object of this mountain scenery more interesting than its tarns. Their very use is one which gratifies one's sense of beauty. Their use is to cause such a distribution of the waters as may fertilize without inundating the lands below. After rains, if the waters all came pouring down at once, the vales would be flooded; as it is, the nearer brooks swell, and pour themselves out into the main stream, while the mountain brooks are busy in the same way above, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. We know of nothing in natural scenery which conveys such an impression of stillness as the tarns which lie under precipices. For hours together the deep shadows lie absolutely unmoved; and when movement occurs, it may be such as does not disturb the sense of repose: it is only the dimple made by a restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in and out; or the wild drake may launch and lead his brood in the deep gray shadow opposite, paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, but merely to let in two converging lines of white light to illuminate the recess. We saw this happen on Easedale Tarn, and felt we could never lose the picture thus made for us in a moment.

And when the tempest takes its swoop upon the tarn, what a sight it is! While we are approaching the hollow where the tarn is known to lie, and some time before the waters are visible, little white clouds come whirling or puffing out, and drive against the mountain side. We expect, of course, to find a mist overhanging the tarn, and begin to wonder whether we shall see anything of it, after climbing so far on purpose: and lo! there it is, distinct enough, in a vast fury. What we saw was not mist, but spray, caught up by the wind, and whirled away. The four winds seem to have met in this hollow, and to be running the waters up towards the centre; or two are pursuing each other, and speeding over the surface in all sorts of rapid caprices. Such wild commotion, in a place so absolutely retired, produces an impression no less singular than that of the deepest stillness, when the solitary angler treads as softly, in changing his place, as if he feared to wake infant Nature from her noontide sleep.

If the traveller wishes to ascend Harrison Stickle, the loftiest of the Langdale Pikes, it will be from hence. The height of Harrison Stickle is 2409 feet above the level of the sea. If he does not ascend the Pike, he crosses the Fell to Easedale Tarn, and has before him a descent full of delights, from the dreary and lonely Fell down gradually into the beauty of Grasmere. From the Tarn, he follows the stream, past its many leaps, and rapids, and windings round obstructing rocks, till he finds himself standing above the Fall, called Sour Milk Ghyll Force. This name is said to be given to the Fall on account of the whiteness of its broken waters. It is a full and impetuous fall, visible from afar from the turbulence of its waters; yet we have seen it on a calm winter's day, suspended by frost; its recess, at all other times full of tumultuous noise, then as still as the tarn above from which it flows. Here, where the summer sunshine is apparently fought with and rejected, the mild wintry beams were silently received, and enshrined in crystal icicles.

The fine outline of Helm Crag, with its green sides and broken crest, now appears to the left; the fertile levels of Easedale lie below; and in front there is an opening to Grasmere, through which the church and village, the wooded knolls, the circular lake with its single green island clumped with pines, the rich sloping shores, and the green declivity of Loughrigg opposite, are disclosed to the eye, more and more fully, till the traveller arrives at Grasmere.

From the verdant and tranquil aspect of the valley, it is usually and naturally supposed that Grasmere is named from its grassy slopes and shores; but its derivation is pointed out by its connexion with Grisedale, which opens laterally from it, under the shadow of Helvellyn. Gris is the old Saxon for wild swine; and the lake was once called Grismere,—the lake of the wild boar. A deep and still retreat this must have been in the days of wild boars! If the traveller has time, he should ascend the pass to Grisedale Tarn, from behind the Swan Inn—the tempting clean white house which catches the eye of every one who visits Grasmere.

Our business now is, however, to follow the high road over Dunmail Raise,—the pass which has Steel Fell on the west, and Seat Sandal on the east. At the highest point, this pass is only 720 feet above the sea; but, in a wind, the ascent is fatiguing enough, from the strength of the draught between the heights. (Cut, No. 9.) The stream on the right divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. One object, so rude as not to attract attention unless pointed out, should not be missed: a pile of stones or cairn, which marks the spot of a critical fight in the olden time, when the Anglo-Saxon king, Edmund, defeated and slew Dumhnail, the British king, of Cumbria, and then put out the eyes of the two sons of the deceased king, and gave their inheritance to Malcolm, king of Scotland, to hold it in fee. This happened about A.D. 945.

A little inn, the 'Nag's Head,' stands by the roadside, about a mile and a quarter from the cairn. From thence the traveller should proceed to explore the Wythburn Water, or Leathes Water, now called Thirlmere. Too many visitors see this lake only from the mail-road, and then declare it the least interesting lake of the district: but they can form no estimate of its beauty without exploring its western bank, —a thing easily done, as there is a plain track the whole way. The track, admitting carts, leaves the mail-road not more than a mile from the Nag's Head, and winds between fields to a collection of houses, once called by the grand name of the City of Wythburn; and thence, past a farm or two, and between walls, till the traveller finds himself fairly on his way above the lake. As he looks round him he will wonder at the changes which have taken place since the days when the squirrel could go from Wythburn to Keswick without touching the ground. When the woods so covered the scene, this lake must have been gloomy indeed, overshadowed, as it always is, by Helvellyn, and shrouded besides, at that time, by an unbroken forest. Now light and colour are let in by the clearing of the ground; and the description of a recent observer shows how little like a forest scene it now is: "It was luxury to sit on a high grassy slope, between two bold promontories, and look down upon the black and solemn waters, the great Helvellyn rising steep and bare on the opposite shore. The scene was so sombre, even in the fine evening light of gay July, that a white horse in a cart moving slowly along the road under Helvellyn—a very minute object at such a distance—seemed to cast a light into the landscape! Then, in a few more steps, we emerged into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, retiring from the lake, and leaving a level meadow of the richest green for us to traverse. These rocks were feathered with wood to their summits, except where bold projections of gray or dun crags relieved the prevalent green with a most harmonious colouring. High up, almost at the very top, gushed out a foaming stream, from some unseen recess; and the waters leaped and tumbled in their long descent till they reached the meadow, through which they quietly slid into the lake. Our walk over the deep grass and heather must have been very noiseless; for I evidently gave as vivid a start as I received, when I came upon a little clear pool in the grass, with a reedy margin, whence a heron sprang up so close that I might almost have laid hold on its beautiful wings or long legs, as it hurried away, leaving the water dimpled and clouded in the spot where it had stood fishing when alarmed. Then our path lay along the margin of the lake, and then through a shady lane which opened into a farm-yard. We came now near the bridge, and were soon to be satisfied how a lake could be crossed by a bridge. In one spot, about halfway along the lake, — which is about two miles and a half in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth,—the shores throw out promontories which leave no very wide space from point to point; and here there is a rising of the ground from below, so that the waters are shallow—even fordable at times for carts and horses. Piers of rough stone are built, and piles of them raised at intervals; and these intervals are crossed by planks with a hand-rail; so that it is a picturesque bridge enough."

Having reached the high road again, the next object is to cross over eastwards to Ulleswater. If the traveller means to make a short cut over the Fells, his guide will meet him at the King's Head,—a neat little inn, near the spot where he has entered upon the mail-road. If he prefers a longer journey by car, or on horseback, he must be met here, according to previous orders, and take the right hand road—that to Threlkeld, instead of the left hand road to Keswick. From the lovely vale of St. John's he will turn, after a time, over the somewhat dreary moor of Matterdale, whose religious name—sacred to the Virgin Mother—reminds us, as does Patterdale, of the monks who named them from their paternosters and Ave Marys, repeated as a tutelary charm as they travelled through these wilds.

From Matterdale the road drops down upon the western bank of Ulleswater, passing at length through Gowbarrow Park. There is perhaps nothing in the district finer than the interval between this entrance upon Gowbarrow Park and the head of the lake. The park is studded over with ancient trees; and the sides of its watercourses, and the depths of its ravines, are luxuriantly wooded. The gray walls of Lyulph's Tower rise on one of the finest points of view. This building is modern, being a hunting-seat erected by a late Duke of Norfolk: but it stands on the site of a former building named, as some think, from the same personage who gave its name to the lake—Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first baron of Greystoke. Others suppose it to signify simply Wolf's Tower. Some one from this house will show the way, over the open grass, and then through the wood, to Ara Force, a waterfall of remarkable beauty, buried deep in a wooded ravine.

As the traveller sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling waters never dies, and the ferns, long grasses, and ash sprays wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to

know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved. In the olden time, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory; and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it: but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep; and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine, to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees; and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous place: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank —not, however, without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her: he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

Place Fell is a fine mountain, coming out boldly into the lake on the opposite side: and Stybarrow Crag shoots up high overhead, as one follows the windings of the shore. (Cut, No. 10.) One should not pass the next opening without going up to see the little hamlet which the children of the place have named 'Seldom Seen.' This is Glencoin—the Corner Glen, which is one of the sweetest nooks in the district.

The next stream which crosses the road is from Glenridding. Thick and dirty as its waters look, they come down from Kepple Cove Tarn and Red Tarn, high up on Helvellyn. It is from the lead-works that they take their defilement, in passing through Greenside. If the traveller had come over Helvellyn from Wythburn, or through Grisedale from Grasmere, he would have descended by the banks of this stream.

The inn at Patterdale—a luxurious family hotel—is four miles from Lyulph's Tower; and if the traveller has wisely walked from the entrance of Gowbarrow Park, he must still be fresh enough to ascend the glorious pass behind, to obtain a view of Brothers' Water, Hays Water, and Windermere from the top of the Kirkstone pass. If he likes, he can do the greater part of it on horseback or in a car. After three or four miles of winding road, among the rich levels of Patterdale, which is guarded by mountains jutting forwards, like promontories, he begins to ascend, passing Hartsop, and the pretty still sheet called Brothers' Water. Up and up he goes, between the sweep of Coldfell on his left, and the Scandale Screes on the right, no longer wondering at the tales current of the snowdrifts and murderous frosts which here attack the wayfarer in the winter season. Here there is no shelter or escape from the cutting wind, or the snows which cannot accumulate on the steep slopes, and must therefore drive in heaps into the pass. We have known enough of the biting of a north wind in April in this pass to feel that it must be a calm day indeed which would induce us to traverse it in winter. When the traveller has reached the toll-house, which is declared by an inscription of the Ordnance Surveyors to be the highest inhabited house in England, he obtains a noble view over Ambleside and its valleys at the Head of Windermere, the Coniston Mountains, and the whole of the district which lies between him and the sea; the sea itself being seen glittering, with perhaps a steamer upon it, in a clear and favourable light.

Returning down the pass, he first observes the fallen rock, ridged like a roof, whose form (that of a small church) has given the name to the pass: and next, is struck with the first sight of Brothers' Water from above: and all the way as he descends to it, the openings on the Scandale side, the left, charm his eye,—with their fissures, precipices, green slopes or levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He will not now pass Hartsop, as before, but turn up the road to the right, among the farms, and reach and follow the Beck to its source at Hays Water. It is a lively stream to follow up; and, at a distance of a mile and a half from the main road, lies Hays Water, the large Tarn which is the delight of the angler, because the trout have abundantly delighted in it before him. It is overhung by High Street, so that perhaps the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, have cast their shadows upon its surface. Not far off lies Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell. Both these tarns send their brooks down, to swell the stream from Brothers' Water, which is itself supplied from the busy, noisy beck which descends the Kirkstone Pass. The whole forms a clear brown stream, winding through Patterdale, and quietly emptying itself into Ullswater, among the green meadows about its head. (Cut, No. 8.)

It now remains to see the Ullswater mountains from the lake; and for this purpose the traveller must take a boat from Patterdale to Pooley Bridge. The lake, somewhat shorter than Windermere, has three reaches,—its form being that of the letter Z; and the diversity of view thus afforded is very striking. (See Plate.) Place Fell, with its noble steeps, is the principal object at the upper part of the lake; and next, Helvellyn, which seems to rise in proportion as the distance is increased. The shores subside towards the foot of the lake, and a new country is entered on landing. Penrith, six miles distant from Pooley Bridge, is a neat little town, busy, from being the great thoroughfare of the district, but not particularly interesting, except from some Druidical remains in its neighbourhood, and its vicinity to Brougham Castle. To the stranger, just arriving in the district, there is indeed the interest of seeing for the first

time some of the peculiarities of the people,—their wooden shoes and slated floors, their fine old carved presses and chairs (the envy of curiosity seekers), and their air of homely prosperity. But it has not the charm of the little towns which are set down on the levels between two lakes, or which nestle in the skirts of a mountain, or spread themselves round the curve of a bay. As it is more modern,—or rather, as the notions and habits of its inhabitants are more modern than those of more primitive places,—we may hope it is less afflicted than other towns of the region with their curse and shame,—unhealthiness!

This unhealthiness is no less a shame than a curse: for the fault is in man, not in Nature. Nature has fully done her part in providing rock for foundations, the purest air, and amplest supplies of running water: yet the people of the towns live—as we are apt to pity the poor of the metropolis for living—in stench, huddled together in cabins, and almost without water. The wilfulness of this makes the fact almost incredible; but the fact is so. There are several causes for this; all of which are remediable. The great landed proprietors are, in too many cases, utterly careless about the ways of living of their humble neighbours; and those humble neighbours need enlightenment about sanitary matters. There are even instances known of landed proprietors, urging some feudal claim and authority, who absolutely forbid the erection of any new dwellings except on the site of former ones: and this in neighbourhoods where the population is rapidly increasing. There are some who interest themselves about the building of handsome houses for opulent persons, while they never raise a cottage, or leave the builders time or opportunity to erect cottages, or will dispose of their land for sites. It will be seen at a glance what a despotic and increasing power is thus held by these proprietors:—how absolutely dependant the labouring classes must be on the pleasure of their landlords, when any displeasing act, any unwelcome independence in religion, or politics, or pursuits, or habits, may subject them to warning to leave their cottages, while no others are to be had. The labouring class, therefore, though exempt from poverty, generally speaking,—indeed more prosperous as to gain than perhaps any other of their class in the kingdom,—are too often at the mercy of their rich neighbours, and suffer in health and morals as much as the poor of great towns. They are crowded together in dens and cabins, so that decency cannot be observed. They become profligate accordingly, to such a degree as is shocking and incredible to strangers who come hither with an expectation of finding "rural innocence" befitting the scene. Where the home is disgusting, men go to the public-house; and the staggering drunkards that one meets in the meadows, and the brawls that one overhears in the by-streets, and the domestic troubles which arise from licentiousness among people who are so crowded together that they cannot avoid each other, are a flagrant curse in this paradise of nature. In these little towns, where the fresh mountain winds are always passing hither and thither, and the purest streams are for ever heard gushing down from the heights, and the whole area is made up of slopes and natural channels, there are fever-nests, as in the dampest levels of low lying cities. The churchyards are so overcrowded in some places, that delicate persons cannot attend service without being ill; and some neighbouring houses are scarcely habitable. At Ambleside, where the small churchyard is inclosed by three roads, the sexton invariably faints when he opens a new grave. When there was a stir, a few years since, about a new church at Ambleside, the curate declared that the movement was made in order to obtain more room for the dead, rather than the living. As yet, nothing has been done. Fever, consumption, and scrofula, abound. And why is it so? Because few know of this state of things; and those who should care most about it care least; a large proportion of them, we fear, being too well satisfied with their possession of power to wish for any change. Nobody stirs;—neither land-owners, nor clergy, nor gentry, nor master-builders. Handsome houses rise in all directions, in the most beautiful valleys: new residents arrive, causing an increase in the number of the labouring class: and it is rare to see a new cottage in any corner, while one may observe three cottages thrown into one, to make a good house for one gentleman, whose occupancy throws three families out of health and hope. As to what can be done,—it is pretty clear. There is no occasion to wait for the enlightenment and regeneration of those who have shown how little they understand the duties of proprietorship. Let their eyes be opened, and their hearts be appealed to, by all means; for their own sakes as well as that of the oppressed: but there is no need to wait till they are wise. The general absence of poverty makes the way to amendment open and clear. The people are able and eager to pay good rents for decent and wholesome dwellings; and their probity about money matters is remarkable and unquestionable. There is, therefore, every inducement to capitalists at hand, and from a distance, to build in these neighbourhoods. There can hardly be a safer or more profitable investment than cottage-building here; and it is inconceivable that, if this were sufficiently known, the thing would not presently be done. But it is not known. The aggrieved class have no means of proclaiming their grievances; and they do not attempt it. They sicken and pine at home; they witness the corruption of some of their children, or, with a less sad heart, follow their coffins to the churchyard, while they hear that rich men round them are buying hundreds of acres, year by year, and leaving their vast estates to the management of stewards, who consider only their employer's taste, or his purse,—giving perhaps some of the contents of that purse in a corrupting bounty, while perpetuating a cruel oppression. If a single capitalist would begin the good work on one spot, with a clear purpose and the needful care, there is no saying what blessings might not spring from the act. It would be a very

10.—STYBARROW CRAG AND HELVELLYN, FROM GOWBARROW PARK.

safe experiment; for a good dwelling is here as convertible a property as a bank-note. If the state of the case can only be fairly made known, we shall not long see the pallid faces of the townspeople contrast strangely with the ruddy health of the dalesmen; or a family of twelve people lodged in two rooms; or open cesspools and stagnant sinks in back streets; or women painfully carrying water up the hills,—so painfully as to be tempted to make the smallest possible quantity serve for household purposes. The railroads, which some have so much feared, will be no small blessing to the district if they bring strangers from a more enlightened region to abolish the town-evils, which harbour in the very heart of the mountains.

The parish of Brougham, Burg-ham, (meaning Castle-town), was the Brovacum of the Romans, where, as we learn from Nicolson and Burn, they had a company of Defensores, and left many tokens of their presence in antiquities which have come to light from time to time. The village of Brougham passed into the hands of the Veteriponts in the reign of John or Henry III. The Castle of Brougham has been held by the Veteriponts, Cliffords, and Tuftons; and is now the property of the Earl of Thanet. It is now in ruins: and fine ruins they are. They stand at the confluence of the Eamont and Lowther rivers, at the distance of a mile from Penrith.

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is within a mile and a half of Penrith. The traveller should walk along the river-bank from the bridge at Brougham Hall to Askham, and then ascend the steep bank of red sandstone, overshadowed by trees, to the park of Lowther Castle.

The grounds here are fine; especially the terrace, which affords a noble walk. It is very elevated; broad, mossy, shady, breezy, and overlooking a considerable extent of country,—some of which is fertile plain, and some, a preparation for entrance upon the mountain district within. The most remarkable feature of this landscape is perhaps the hollow, within which lies Hawes Water. The park has some fine old trees; and the number and size of the yews in the grounds will strike the stranger. But great damage was caused in the woods by the extraordinary hurricane of 1839, which broke its way straight through, levelling everything in its path. On the road from Askham to Bampton, the high grounds of Lowther present on the left a nearly straight line of great elevation, along which runs the park wall, almost to the extremity of the promontory. From a distance, it looks the most enviable position for a park that can be imagined.

About five miles from Askham lies Hawes Water; a small lake, but of great beauty. It is little more than three miles long, and about half a mile broad.

One side is richly wooded; the other nearly bare; and two bold promontories threaten to cut it in two, in one part, where the passage is only two or three hundred yards wide. Round the head of the lake cluster the great mountains of Harter Fell, High Street, Kidsey Pike, and others, leaving space among their skirts for the exquisite little valley of Mardale. Those who are able to obtain one of Lord Lonsdale's boats for the traverse of the lake may think themselves fortunate; for this is, of course, the most perfect way of seeing the surroundings of so small a sheet of water: and all other persons are deprived of the means of doing so. There are some good houses on the shores, and at the further end; but the occupants who live on the very brink are not allowed to keep any sort of boat. His lordship's boats are to be had for the asking, it is declared: but there is doubt, of course, about people being on the spot when the boat is wanted: and it must be bespoken at Askham: and all this is something different from the ordinary facility of obtaining a boat at once, wherever there are inhabitants. The walk, however, is easy and agreeable enough,—by a good road which runs along the western bank.

The crags which are heaped or sprinkled about the head of the lake are extremely fine. They jut out from the mountain side, or stand alone on the green slopes, or collect into miniature mountain clusters, which shelter tiny dells, whence the sheep send forth their bleat. There is a white house conspicuous at the head of the lake, which must not, under penalty of disappointment, be mistaken by the tired traveller for the Mardale Inn. The inn at Mardale Green is a full mile from the water; and sweet is the passage to it, if the walker be not too weary. The path winds through the levels, round the bases of the knolls, past the ruins of the old church, and among snug little farms, while, at one extremity of the dale is the lake, and the other is closed in by the pass to Kentmere and Sleddale, and the great Pikes tower on either hand. The stream which gushes here and pauses there, as it passes among rough stones or through a green meadow, comes down from Small Water, reinforced by a brook from Blea Water on High Street, which joins the other a little above Mardale.

The hostess at Mardale Green Inn will make her guests comfortable with homely food and a clean bed: and the host will, if necessary, act as guide up the passes.

The traveller may make his choice of three ways out by the Pass of Nanbield. He may take a turn to the left before reaching Small Water, and go down into Long Sleddale,—to which we know of no sufficient inducement, unless it be that the way is practicable for a horse, which the others are not: or he may ascend, by the pretty Blea Tarn, the slope of High Street on the right, see where the Roman road ran along its ridge, and descend into Troutbeck: or he may go forward past Small Water, leaving High Street unvisited on the right, and drop into Kentmere, study its character as he proceeds down its length, and then strike over the Fells to the right into Troutbeck. His choice will be much determined by weather, of course: and we wish him something more of a choice than was permitted to us lately by a wind which laid us flat on the summit of the pass, and made all thought of High Street quite out of the question.

There is no difficulty in the ascent from Mardale Green; but the traveller indulges in frequent rests, for the sake of looking back upon the singularly-secluded valley, with its winding stream, its faintly-marked track, and its little inn, recognised to the last by the sycamores and poplars which overshadow its roof and rustle before the door. Then he comes to the hollow where lies the Tarn,—Small Water. Here he will rest again, sitting among scattered or shelving rocks, and drinking from this pure mountain basin. Arrived at the top, he loses sight of Mardale and greets Kentmere almost at the same moment. The dale behind is wild as any recess in the district: while before him lies a valley whose grandeur is all at the upper end; and which spreads out and becomes shallower with every mile of its recession from the mountain cluster which he is now about to leave.

When he has gone down a mile, he finds that he is travelling on one side of the Tongue of Kentmere,—the projection which, in this and some other valleys, splits the head of the dale into a fork. When he arrives at the chapel, he finds that there is a carriage-road which would lead him forth to Staveley and Kendal. But he is going over into Troutbeck: so he turns up to the right, and pursues the broad zigzag track which leads over the Fell, till Troutbeck opens beneath him on the other side. Before beginning the ascent, however, he will note Kentmere Hall,—the birthplace of Bernard Gilpin, in 1517. If familiar with the old descriptions of the district, he will look for Kentmere Tarn, and wonder to see no trace of it. It is drained away; and fertile fields now occupy the place of the swamp, reeds, and shallow waters, which he might have seen but a few years ago. While this tarn existed, the mills at Kendal were very irregularly supplied with water. Now, when the streams are collected in a reservoir which the traveller sees in coming down from the Pass of Nanbield, and the intercepting tarn is done away with, the flow of water no longer fails.

He descends into Troutbeck by the road over Applethwaite Common, which brings him down upon the chapel and the bridge, in the very depth of the deep valley of Troutbeck. Or, if he likes to drop down at once, so as to alight in the dale at the extremity of Troutbeck Tongue, he will enjoy the walk along the whole length of this charming valley,—among its old-fashioned farmsteads, and primitive aspects of every kind. He must be careful to cross the beck, and proceed on the western side of the valley, if, as we must suppose, his object is to reach Lowwood Inn or Ambleside. If he means to make Bowness his resting-place, he may keep on the eastern side of the stream, and follow the road.

From the western road, there are exquisite views,—now of Troutbeck Tongue; next, of the deep levels

through which winds the beck, peopled with trout, and therefore sought by the angler: next, of the chapel and bridge below; and then, when the road has wound some way over the boundary hills, of Windermere in almost its whole extent. The country people will tell him that "this is thought one of the handsomest views in these parts,—especially at the back-end of the year." It is always so "handsome," whether in the vivid green of spring, or the deep lustre and shadows of summer, or the radiant woodland hues of autumn, or the solemn lights of a wintry sunset, that we could make no choice among the four seasons. Has any one who wonders at this seen this view when there was a bar of red-hot snow on the ridge of Wansfell, and the islands lay purple in the crimson lake,—the Calgarth woods standing so still as that not a single twig let fall its burden of snow? If not, let him not wonder that the residents of the district hesitate between its winter and its summer charms.

The traveller cannot now miss his way down to the high-road from Kendal to Ambleside, which he will join at a short distance from Lowwood Inn.

Our notice of the fourth section of the Lake Scenery is much shortened by a full account having been given in No. V. of this work of Windermere, Ambleside, and Rydal.

We must now set forth again from the central heights which have been our rallying-point throughout. Supposing the traveller once more on the Stake Pass at the head of Langdale, he must now neither turn up towards the Pikes as before, nor proceed down the dale, but go up the road to his right, which will lead him into the little valley chosen by Wordsworth for the retreat of the Solitary, in his poem of the 'Excursion.' There is a gray farm-house, which every eye will fix upon as the abode of the mourner; though it is now well sheltered with trees, which have grown up since the poem was written. Blea Tarn, with its rushy margin, lies at the bottom of the hollow; and all around rise the steep hills which the recluse was counselled to climb, for the medicinal influence of activity of body, promoting repose of mind. (Cut, No. 11.) Thence the road conducts into Little Langdale—a scene of great wildness, with its heathery and rock-strewn steeps—its rushy springs and rude sheepfolds below, with a green and craggy hill rising in the midst of the wildness, like a bright island from a gloomy sea. In this dreary scene, a horse-road is observed sloping up the brown side of Wrynose, opposite. This track was once the only traffic-road from Kendal to Whitehaven; and it was traversed by pack-horses. Up that slope might be seen—not any sort of stage-coach, or wagon, or carrier's cart, but long trains of pack-horses, slowly trailing up the hills with their heavy loads, guided by the bell round the neck of the leader. A pack-horse is seldom or never seen there now; but a pack-man is a not unfrequent sight. The travelling merchant has not yet disappeared; and it will probably be some time before he does; so completely are the dalespeople out of the way of shops and markets. We observe that these travelling merchants have lost much of their repute among residents, who are more up to the times than formerly. We were lately in a remote farmhouse, —the last in its dale—when a packman stalked in; a saucy fellow, something of an Autolicus, with a dash of the bully, we thought, in his face and manner. Nobody would look at his wares; and when he was crossing the field, bending under his heavy load, the housewife observed that she never bought of those people; they put off such poor goods at such high prices. We did not at once impute all the blame to the pedlars, remembering that the good wife was probably comparing their prices with shop prices at Kendal or Ambleside, forgetting that the travelling merchant must pay himself for his time and toil in these long walks, and for the disadvantage of having a very limited stock: but the incident goes to show that the vocation of the pedlar is wearing out. There is, and will long be, however, some custom left. If servant-maids near towns can seldom resist the sight of bright shawls and gay ribbons hung over chair-backs, how seducing must such things be in the remote dales, where the women never see anything else from the world without, unless when attending some sale or fair within walking distance!

This pack-horse road, if pursued (which would not suit our purpose now), would soon lead near the Three Shire Stones, on Wrynose, which mark the meeting point of the counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, close by the sources of the Duddon. Instead of turning up this road, our traveller will hold right on, into Tilberthwaite, under the side of Wetherlam.

Here he is in the midst of magnificent slate quarries. Among their *débris*, and the confusion made by Nature, he passes, till, following the guidance of the fine brawling stream on his left, he reaches Shepherd's Bridge, and enters Yewdale. Yewdale is very glorious in all seasons; but perhaps most in autumn, when the heather-bloom is brightest, and before the leaves fall from the ash and birch, which spring and wave from the clefts of the high precipices and summits. The heather abounds in most of the dales hereabouts; but in Yewdale it spreads its purple expanse up to the base of the highest gray crags, and tufts and cushions the platforms of the very rock. How vivid is the contrast wherever a strip or patch of unmixed grass shows itself amidst the purple and the gray! and what a life is given to the scene by the sheep that find their way to these pasture-islands on the hill side! This is the place too for noting the intense green of the moss which grows on the shelves of the rock; and the silvery brightness of the mists which in an autumn morning curl and whirl about the bare summits, and come breathing out of the higher fissures. One of the crags here is called Raven Crag; and a pair of ravens is, at this time, dwelling in the neighbourhood. Long may it be before their iron note is listened for in vain by the wakeful echoes of the dale! But those echoes are too often disturbed by the

shot of the ignorant and rash fowler, who takes aim at everything he sees. The miners about Coniston, and other workmen in the region, go out on holidays, to bring down everything they see on the wing; and the rarest birds have no more chance with them than so many crows. The eagle is gone; the buzzards are disappearing; and the raven has become very rare.

The traveller should see the copper-works at Coniston, (if he can obtain leave,) both for their own sake, and for the opportunity it gives him of observing the people engaged there, and because they lie in his way to the tarns on Coniston Old Man, and to the summit of the mountain itself. The Tarns are very interesting; Low Water, Goat's Water, Blind Tarn, and, some considerable way along the ridge, Lever's Water under Wetherlam. Some think the views from the top of the Old Man finer than from any mountain summit in the country, except Scawfell—not even excepting Helvellyn: and this may very well be, from the country being here open to the southern peninsulas and the sea, instead of bristling with mountain peaks all round. One of the productions of this neighbourhood is the celebrated potted char, known all over the country. There is char in Windermere, and several of the other lakes; but Coniston Lake produces by far the finest fish.

As the traveller is now about to enter upon a comparatively low country, well peopled, and with good roads, he will probably be disposed to give up his pedestrian mode of travelling, and proceed either on horseback or in a car. He can do this from Coniston, if he so pleases. He had better go down the lake on its eastern side, for various reasons; and chiefly, that he may obtain the best views of the exquisite head of the lake. Passing round Waterhead, he will presently ascend to a considerable height at the north-eastern end of the fine sheet of Coniston Water; and there he will assuredly pause, and hope that he may never forget what he now sees. He has probably never beheld a scene which conveyed a stronger impression of joyful charm; of fertility, prosperity, comfort, nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty. It is too true that there is wrong and misery here, as elsewhere: but this does not lie open to the notice in a bird's-eye view. It is true that here, as elsewhere, there are responsible persons who are negligent; some of the working class who are ignorant and profligate; dwellings which are unwholesome; and lives which are embittered by sickness and mourning. But these things are not visible from the point whence the traveller feasts his eyes with the scattered dwellings under their sheltering wood,—the cheerful town, the rich slopes, and the dark gorge and summits of Yewdale behind; while the broad water lies as still as heaven, between shore and shore. In these waters it was that Elizabeth Smith used to dip her oar, on those summer days when she left her studies to show the beauty of Coniston to her mother's guests: and it was near the place where the traveller now stands that she died. Tent Lodge is erected on the spot where the tent was pitched in which she spent some of her feeblest and latest days.

It is sixteen miles from Coniston Water Head to the cheerful little town of Ulverston; from whence it is only seven miles to Furness Abbey.

This Abbey was first peopled from Normandy; a sufficient number of Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny, to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed,—they followed St. Bernard, and wore the white cassock, caul, and scapulary, instead of the dress of the gray monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing those woods where these gray-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their saint's errands to the depressed and angry Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream flowing by; the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a watch-tower on an eminence accessible from the Abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required, or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression, to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder, King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts enclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains which have, within our own time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft is here, as at Calder Abbey, found alternating with the clustered pillar, and the round Saxon with the pointed Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are even now firm and massive; and the winding-staircases within the walls are still in good condition, in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consisted in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his queen, Maude, are seen outside the window of the Abbey, and are among the most interesting of the remains. It is all very *triste* and silent now. The Chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns and knotted grasses, stumbling over stones fallen from their place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voice of birds, winds, and waters. But this blank is what the stranger comes for. He has seen something of the territory over which the Abbots of Furness held a rule like that of royalty: and he now comes to take one more warning of how Time shatters thrones, dominations, and powers, and causes the glories of this world to pass away.

The stranger will vary his return by taking the road above Bardsea to Ulverston; and if he can, he should enjoy the glorious view from Birkrigg. From all the rising grounds, wide views over the Lancaster sands

and the sea are obtained; and the traveller may find something cheering to the spirits in the open stretch of landscape, after his wanderings among the narrow dales.

Newby Bridge, at the foot of Windermere, is eight miles from Ulverston. The drive is pleasant, and the traveller may as well take that road to Hawkshead, instead of returning up the side of Coniston Water. There is not much to see at Hawkshead itself; but the views which it commands of the little lake of Esthwaite are pretty. Esthwaite Water is two miles long by half a mile wide. Its scenery is rather tame; but the valley has a cheerful and flourishing aspect, with its green slopes and farmsteads dotted about, here and there. From Hawkshead, the traveller will proceed to the ferry on Windermere, in order to close with this lake, and the valleys at its head, his exploration of the lake district. What he is to meet with in the remainder of his circuit, he has already been told in the paper on Windermere, which has obtained a prior place in this work.

What weather he has had—to put up with or enjoy—we have not declared or conjectured. Much depends on the season; but, as everybody knows, much rain is sure to fall where there are mountain tops to attract the clouds. The lake district does receive a high average of rain. Hence much of its rich and verdant beauty is derived; but hence also arises much discontent and complaint on the part of fastidious tourists. The residents are not heard to complain. They are not pressed for time in seeing the beauties of the region: and they know of no day in the year when they do not go out, and see such beauty as sends them home happy. Either they do not dislike getting wet, (which is one of the most exhilarating things in the world to those who deserve to enjoy it,) or they guard themselves against the weather by waterproof dress: and they see such beauty in the streams, and hear such chorusses of waterfalls, as those know nothing about who will go out only in sunshine. Again, if one part of the day is wet, another is dry: if it is rainy in one valley, the sun shines in the next; and the resident can use these opportunities at his pleasure. It must be understood that he is not liable to suffer in health. The climate is moist; but it is not damp. The soil is rock or gravel, and the air is fresh and free; and the average of health is high accordingly, where the laws of nature are not violated in the placing and construction of habitations.

For the guidance of the visitor, we may mention that, generally speaking, the worst months of the year in the Lake District are November and December, for storms; March, for spring gales; and July for summer rain. The driest season is usually for a month or more onward from the middle of May. September and October are often very fine months. Those who come but once, and take only a cursory view of the region, cannot be too careful in choosing the most favourable season for their trip. But to those who are thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of this paradise, there is no aspect or accident of earth and sky which has not its charm.

II.—BLEA TARN AND LANGDALE PIKES.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

We need not spend much time in any introductory remarks on "the little isle that checks the westering tide," as Collins somewhere styles the Isle of Wight. If nearly two centuries ago Michael Drayton could sing that

"Of all the southern isles it holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace;"

how much more truly could it be so said, or sung now! It is almost too well known. Everybody has seen it or read about it. Almost every part of it is as common as the Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. It is the ordinary sauntering-place for invalids, and idlers, and honey-moon spenders. Whether however it is as truly known as it is generally known, or has been as adequately described as it has been often described, is a more questionable matter. For some resident White it once offered a theme of exceeding value, ready to be wrought into a history of wider scope and more various interest than that of Selborne: instead of which it has fallen into the hands of a host of prolix and puerile Guides, and vapid describers.* It is too late now to look for amendment: it has paid the penalty of its popularity; it has been petted and praised, and lionized, till nearly all its original charm is worn off; its artlessness is gone. One after another every lonely and lovely spot catches the fancy of tourist or builder: groves of venerable foliage are felled to make way for groves of white-fronted houses; the wooded slopes are pared, and trimmed, and converted into 'Terraces;' on the solitary hill-side bristles the many fantastic peaks of some flaring new villa, or lodge, or cottage, or castle, or whatever other name the lively imagination of its constructor suggests as most applicable to the curious edifice. Everywhere, in fact—

"The lonely mountains o'er, and the resounding shore,
The voice of woe is heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale, edged with the poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—(Milton.)

Under these circumstance neither writer nor reader can hope for novelty; and all we shall aim at will be to present a plain view of the general impression which the island is calculated to make on one who rambles over it, and forms his own notions of it, without regard to the laudation or the silence of guide-books. To these books, of which there is a goodly number, we refer the visitor for lists of the villas and like important details—and he may accept our account as a supplement to them.

It is little to be wondered at that the island is so favourite a resort of the summer tourist, or the holiday-maker, the newly wedded, or the solitary rambler, or any other bird of passage:

"Every island is a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea,"

as Dr. Johnson used to say; and though little of that feeling is experienced here, there is just enough of isolation to give a slight tinge to the fancy. The narrow strait which separates it from the mainland, separates it also sufficiently from the ordinary working world. This strait may at any time be crossed in half an-hour, and you are in altogether a new region. Then the size of the place—scarcely 24 miles in its greatest length, and 13 in its greatest breadth—and its form—which the old topographers likened to a turbot, but which our more prim-speaking moderns, who have no relish for such dainty similitudes, describe as an irregular rhomboid or heraldic lozenge—bring every part of it within easy reach from one or two centres, and permit its examination without any risk of fatigue. While, however, it can be so easily seen, it can only be thoroughly explored by the pedestrian; and he alone has any chance of observing to advantage the two or three nooks that yet remain unencroached on by gentility, and unprofaned by Vandalic ornament. The guide-books all appear to take for granted that the tourist will hire a fly; and consequently give directions where "the travelling carriage is to stay," in order that a particular spot may be visited. This is of course proper enough for invalids and young brides, but they who are neither sick nor wed will do well to trust to their feet. The island flys are a great annoyance: and he who is troubled with them will find it necessary after he has got quit of them to go again over the ground, if he wishes to see it properly,—a practice wasteful alike of time, and cash, and temper—three things the traveller in Vectis will need to husband.

The scenery of the Isle of Wight may be classed under the Coast, the Downs, and the Valleys; and each has its varieties. The coast ranging as it does from the flat sandy bank to chalk cliffs of loftier and bolder elevation than in any other part of England; and including the wild Undercliff, and the singular Chines, is naturally the most attractive and celebrated part of the island. The Downs in themselves are not to be compared with the broader ranges of Sussex and Wiltshire, but they afford prospects at least as varied and

* Of course we do not mean to include under this censure the eminently splendid work of Sir Henry Englefield, or Worsley's very valuable history: but only to remark that from the narrow limits and compact form of the island, the singular variety of its physical features, and the uncommon range of its fauna, as well as the distinct character which its human inhabitants formerly possessed, there were ample and perhaps unrivalled materials for a popular and readable monograph of the order of which White has furnished so delightful an example:—we need hardly add that no such book has been, or now can be written of the Isle of Wight.

splendid. While in the valleys may be found quiet rural districts, with here and there a pretty rustic cottage, embowered among trees, and covered with roses, or a neat comfortable-looking farm-house lying in some bright verdant dale, and surrounded with abundant signs of moderate prosperity; picturesque homely villages, with their old weather-beaten churches, and often rich groves and woods reflecting in a brook or a pond their deep verdure, or perhaps through some casual opening among the boughs revealing a glimpse of the distant sea—recalling the memory of some half-forgotten or fancied picture, but glowing in colours fairer and brighter than ever painter's art could hope to imitate. These valleys are in least repute and are seldom visited for their own sakes; but they are frequently of exceeding beauty, especially if seen when

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene,"
(ROGERS' 'Pleasures of Memory.')

RYDE.

In order to look even cursorily over the different scenes we have enumerated, it will be convenient to regard them apart. We shall commence with a stroll round the island. Ryde being the usual landing-place of the visitor, we may make it our starting point. When first distinctly seen from the steamer's deck its appearance is very promising. Along a hill side, of moderate elevation, rise in orderly clusters, or separately, the white houses from amidst dark masses of foliage. As we near it the houses begin to look bare and regular, the long black pier increases the formality; the whole puts on too much the ordinary air of a watering-place. If it be low-tide the wide band of mud that stretches from the pier-head to the town reminds you irresistibly of the "impassable gulf (if we may so call it) of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming," when Fielding visited the place; and thankful that you have not to attempt to traverse it by any such mode, you pace the dreary length of the pier—it extends some 1740 feet into the sea—and without demur pay the two-pence which the authorities demand from every one who seeks to enter their town.

Ryde is a neat regularly built place; the streets are wide and clean, the shops many of them handsome, and there are private houses in the town as well as in its environs of a rather superior grade. It has a population of some 4,000 souls. There are churches, a town-hall, a theatre, and other public buildings, but none of them of any noticeable character. One of the best looking, perhaps, is the recently erected club-house. The whole town is of quite modern growth, and has too much of the baldness as well as the pretension of watering-place architecture. When Fielding was here, in 1754, "the whole parish did not seem to contain above thirty houses:" there are now considerably above a thousand: but the place has the look of being over-built. Fielding greatly admired the verdant appearance of Ryde:—"The fertility of the place," he says, "is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it." All this is changed. The narrow lanes have become wide roads, and the large elms are mostly cut down. Still there is a good deal of foliage left to flourish, especially outside the town, but its wanton exuberancy is pruned, and it is trimmed and dressed into due propriety. On the whole Ryde is a cheerful town, and it is a great favourite with those who spend a summer in the island. The accommodations for visitors are on the most complete scale. Nine-tenths of the private houses are lodging-houses, and the shops are perhaps the smartest and best furnished in the island—a wide change from the time when Fielding was fain to put up with the hospitality of Mrs. Francis, and, as he relates, the butchers never killed ox or sheep "during bean and bacon season;" when he was obliged to send to a lady's house in the neighbourhood to beg some tea and vegetables—commodities that were not to be purchased in the town. In the inns, too—the class of houses which a traveller always regards with the most interest—there is also a great improvement. He need fear no such plentiful lack of entertainment in the island now-a-days. No one now finds occasion to complain of the contracted scale of either fare or charges in a Wight hostel.

And there is a good deal of comfort in the knowledge of this. Visitors do occasionally complain very heartily of the charges in the island inns, but they ought not to forget that if the bill is heavy the fare is good. Poor Fielding had to pay a high price for very different entertainment. He had to lodge in a tumble-down tenement, get nothing eatable or drinkable but what he himself provided, hear constant complaints of the trouble he was giving, and finally have his hostess grumble at the smallness of the bill, though she had inserted everything in it she could contrive to introduce. Travellers ought to know of these contrasts; it would help to save some effusions of bile occasionally. Note what he says of this amiable landlady:

"If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen pence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half-a-crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, 'she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of

it.' When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded; she answered, 'she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything, but that *it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.*'" This last point, however, it must be acknowledged, you do sometimes hear gently suggested, even in these days of obsequiousness; but on the whole there is little other cause of complaint than the bill. And of that there is cause, perhaps; at least most travellers fancy so, but they may be mistaken. It is a rule in ethics, that the morality of a people is to be judged of by the code they recognise. In Sparta, says Plutarch, or somebody else, it was not disgraceful to steal, but to be detected in stealing. In the Isle of Wight, the traveller is regarded as an individual who comes there to spend a certain sum of money, and it is believed to be the duty of each islander to assist him in spending it as easily and speedily as possible. This is an obligation which every one in his degree early comprehends and faithfully performs. As the Spartan boy would undergo without flinching any amount of suffering rather than permit his prey to escape, so will the islander endure any rebuff without quitting hold of his. The hotels are but a part of the system; and that they come in for a larger share of the traveller's ire arises simply from their taking the lion's share of his gold. It will do him good to know, that their present method of procedure is only a continuance of the good old plan. Even the item of 'candles,' which commonplace travellers wonder to see in their bills, is as old as Mrs. Francis, and its presence there is no doubt justified as she justified it: "Candles! why yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for their candles? I'm sure I pays for mine!" In truth, the hotels in the ordinary route of travellers, are on too dashing a scale. They are often said to resemble gentlemen's villas in their appearance, and they require a gentlemanly purse to stay at. But they are very comfortable, and perhaps owing to the costliness of the establishment, and the comparative shortness of the visitor's 'season,' lower charges would not be remunerative. But, undoubtedly, a good many people are kept from the island who cannot afford to spend as much as they are told is necessary. It is for this reason that we have referred to the subject. We have often been asked, whether it is practicable to make an inexpensive tour in the island. It is, to a pedestrian, who can be content with plain fare, and cleanly, though rather homely, apartments. In almost every village there is an inn, and though they are inferior to the better class of village inns in the parent island, they are very bearable. We have tried, at different times, a good many of them, and most of the hotels, and confess to preferring the decent civility of the one, to the showier servility of the other. There is the advantage, too, of being in a better position for seeing something of the character of the peasantry—always a matter of interest to one who is desirous of understanding the tract of country he is travelling over. At these little inns, however, the stranger must reckon on some inconveniences, and though we have never found occasion to complain, we have heard others complain of the charges, when compared with the entertainment. To such a grumbler we heard the other day an answer given at one of them, almost in the very words which Fielding has put in the mouth of Mrs. Francis, when "*he* made some small remonstrance:" "For her part, she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more; but her neighbours might come again, wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain;" a comfortable doctrine for wayfarers. So much for the inns—it will serve for the whole island.

Brading Haven, Brading.

We will not stay now to speak of the pleasant walks around Ryde, though some of them are very pleasant; nor of the gentlemen's seats, though some of them are handsome mansions, and have fine prospects from their grounds. We will rather proceed eastwards on our journey. The sandy meadow, which we soon reach, called The Dover, was formerly distinguished by a number of small grassy mounds, which marked the graves of many of the seamen drowned in the *Royal George*, whose bodies were washed ashore near this spot. "We did not much like," said a fisherman, of whom Sir Henry Englefield inquired about these graves, "we did not much like drawing a net hereabouts for some weeks afterwards: we were always bringing up a corpse." The graves have long ceased to be distinguishable. From the Downs, from what is called the Sea View, and indeed nearly the whole way to the mouth of Brading harbour, the seaward prospect is very striking. The famous anchorage of Spithead stretches along, and there, and in the bay of St. Helen's, a glorious array of our noble ships of war may generally be observed, imparting a singular air of majesty to the scene, which is increased by the bold fortifications that guard the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and the harbour and town which are seen less distinctly beyond. From the slopes, a little more inland, the views are also often of much beauty. The view of Ryde (Cut, No. 1,) was taken from one of these spots, not far from St. John's. About Puckpool Bay, and Nettlestone, the coast is high and rocky, and being richly wooded on the summit, and in some instances down to the water, has a very fine appearance, as you sail slowly under it.

Brading Harbour is at low water a large muddy swamp, along the middle of which a narrow streamlet works its way to the sea. But at high-tide it seems a handsome lake of 800 acres area. At such a time it is indeed a very beautiful object. From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water; along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs, whilst the surface, itself of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails,

and is alive with hundreds of silver-winged seagulls. To one who has not seen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, with the wondrous aërial fantasies which play about the lofty peaks that recede, ridge behind ridge, into the far distant ether, this will, if seen under favourable aspects, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to every one it must appear very beautiful. An hour or two should be devoted to a sail upon it. The views from the surface are very varied; those looking northwards derive much beauty from the way in which the sea, with its ships, and the distant shore, mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sunset, eminently picturesque and striking.

There was a time when neither lake nor swamp existed here; but instead was a green and fertile valley. Through the midst of it flowed the narrow river, upon the banks of which stood a large and magnificent castle, whose owners were the lords of all these parts. Rich were they and proud, as well as powerful; but their wealth was ill-gained, and their power ill-exercised. From their towers they watched the adjacent sea; and merciless was the treatment of the ship they could by force or stratagem obtain possession of. Often as the walls of the castle witnessed scenes of splendid revelry, they as often, it was rumoured, beheld deeds of fearful wrong. But at last the long course of prosperity was followed by a terrible reverse. In rash adventures and domestic feuds the once numerous family had dwindled down, till the old chief was left with an only son. A harsh and violent man he was; and hard was it for any one to endure the fierce explosions of his anger, which seemed to increase in violence with his years. In one of these fits he drove his son from him with fearful denunciations. The old man died soon after; the son, it was reported, found an early and inglorious grave in a foreign land. The castle was abandoned to the reptile and the bat: a curse seemed to hang over the very walls; even the dank ivy shrank from them. Ruin wandered undisturbed through the lonely rooms, and over the mouldering turrets. Wild and unholy sounds scared the heedless rustics who ventured near after nightfall.

But by degrees it was whispered that the mysterious beings who haunted the deserted mansion had been heard to utter a strange prediction, the tenor of which, as repeated in uncouth rhyme, was, that when the heir should be found, he should by means of twelve milk-white oxen, recover the family treasure, which had been hidden by the last lord. Generations had passed away, and the story had come to be looked upon as an idle fiction, when a rough soldier-like man came to the island, and gave out that he was the descendant of the banished son. From an ancient crone, who, in order to escape the hands of the peasantry, who suspected her of intercourse with Satan, had taken up her abode in one of the vaults of the castle, he learned the terms of the prophecy, and by her aid discovered the well in which the treasure was concealed. Long and anxiously did he search before he could find the twelve milk-white oxen: he succeeded at last, and by help of the hag prepared for the adventure; but on the very night when all was in readiness, one of the oxen died of some sudden malady. In vain did his companion entreat him to postpone the trial, urging that if the charm were broken the treasure would be irretrievably lost. Maddened by disappointment, he swore that he would have the gold, in spite of all the fiends who guarded it; and dared them to prevent him. He hastily seized the nearest ox he could find, heedless of its colour; but, in mockery, caused a white sheet to be sewn around it. Strong ropes were attached to the bullocks, and the chest rose slowly, but apparently without difficulty from its hiding-place. It rose steadily to the very brink, and the bold man had already placed his hand upon it, when loud sounds as of laughter were heard rising from below; and at the same moment, the rope which was attached to the sheeted bullock, snapped, and the chest fell back with a heavy plunge to the bottom of the well. Instantly the water began to rise till it flowed over the top in a thick black stream. And now the sky darkened; a fierce storm burst forth; the castle walls shook and fell in the fierce contention; the distant sea rolled over its ancient boundary, and soon the very site of the castle was invisible under the broad sheet of water.

The lake was regarded as a forbidden spot. No fisherman cast his net in it; the mariner, as he sailed along the adjoining channel, kept as far as possible from its entrance, lest he should be caught by the sudden flaws of wind, or the more vexatious calms that often baffled the skill of those who were driven within the enchanted bounds: while at night a flickering pale blue flame was often seen playing over the surface,—a sure sign of the revelry of elfin wights. So ages wore away, till after saints and monks were driven out of the land, and it seemed as if the evil spirits had departed with them; the faith in these old tales wore out, and they were, by grave men even, said to be inventions. Then the skilful doings of Hugh Middleton, who had brought a New River to London, recovered much fenny land, and accomplished many other wondrous feats, suggested the project of regaining this land from the sea, and turning it to profitable account. Permission was readily obtained from the king to make the effort, and Middleton undertook the task. He procured workmen from Holland, who were accustomed to construct all kinds of marine embankments, and used his own best skill; and he succeeded "in gaining a very great and spacious quantity of land from the bowelles of the sea; and with banks and piles, and most strange defensible and chargeable machines, fortifying the same against the violence and fury of the waves," as is fully set forth in the patent of baronetcy granted by the king to Sir Hugh in consideration of this and other worthy services.

Those who had laughed at the tale, and at the prediction which accompanied it, that the fairy sprites would never more yield the land they had seized, now laughed the more, seeing that the land was reclaimed.

Only a few old people thought of the old tale; but they had noticed that when the land was drained a huge well was discovered near the middle of the haven, lined with solid though antique masonry, which fully confirmed to them the truth of the old story; and they never doubted but that the elfs would soon reclaim their own. Their anticipations were quickly confirmed. It was reported that, at certain times, and especially before storms, a noise was heard as of innumerable hammers beating against "the piles and strange defenses;" and an old man, it was said, had actually witnessed one night a great many pigmy creatures busily at work about them. Be that as it may, the waters, after a brief space, began to find an entrance through crevices in the banks; the piles, one by one, gave way, and at last the sea flowed once more without restraint over the spot from which it had been with so much labour expelled. At the present day little is left of Middleton's contrivances; and little more, even, of the ancient tradition—the only part remembered being a vague account of the treasure and the white oxen which were to draw it out of the well; but the scene of the story is transferred to a well that exists, or is believed to exist, in a copse on the west bank of the harbour; though there is also a confused notion that the treasure and the well are in some way connected with the fate of the haven.

Close by the mouth of Brading Haven is the old tower of St. Helen's church. The church itself has long been destroyed, but the tower has been strengthened, and made to serve as a sea-mark. The present church of St. Helen's stands at some distance inland; it is but a mean building, and there is nothing about it to attract the stranger. The village is a collection of poor cottages, arranged rather picturesquely by the village green. On the opposite side of the haven is the little village of Bembridge, whose white houses, close down by the water, and the neat church rising from the woods above, look very pretty across the lake. But it is quite worth while crossing the ferry to the village. There are some very agreeable walks about it, and the sea views round Bembridge Point and the Foreland—to say nothing of White Cliff Bay—are very fine. Bembridge itself is a little sequestered watering-place that has risen into notice within ten or a dozen years: the houses, 'hotels,' and even the church, are therefore all quite new.

Brading, at the head of the haven, is a very different place. It is an old decayed corporate town, with old half-timber houses, an old church, an old town-hall, and even an old bull-ring, in the Market-place, quite fit for use when Young England shall grow old and strong enough to practice the favourite diversion of his forefathers. Although the situation of Brading is a very picturesque one, lying, as it does, along the slopes of two opposite hills, and at the head of a broad lake, —and although the neighbourhood is perhaps as varied and beautiful as any part of the island, it does not seem to have taken the fancy of the island gentry, or attracted many strangers to settle in it. Nor has the town much trade, though vessels of light tonnage can reach the head of the haven, where there is a Town Quay. There is a population of some 2700 persons in the parish, but their general appearance bespeaks poverty; and the town seems far from flourishing. The church is the most noticeable building: it is one of the oldest in the island, and looks as old as it is; but it is not remarkable for its architectural merits; nor, though large, is it particularly good-looking. Some parts of it are of Norman date, and there is a good deal about it that will reward the examination of the archæologist. A few of the old monuments are also rather curious. From the churchyard there is an excellent view of the haven; but it is generally visited on account of its containing some tomb-stones, the epitaphs on which have obtained a wider celebrity than often attends such productions. One of them is that on Mrs. Ann Berry, which contains the lines, beginning, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," which Dr. Calcott set to music that has carried them wherever English music is cultivated. Another informs the reader that "Jane the Young Cottager lies buried here." Jane was the heroine of a little tale by the Rev. Legh Richmond, which obtained an almost unexampled popularity among religious circles; copies of the work having been multiplied literally by the million. Mr. Richmond was for some time curate of Brading, and another young person, whose humble piety he published to the world in a small tract, rivalling the Young Cottager in popularity —'The Dairyman's Daughter'—was also a resident in this neighbourhood. The scenery of Brading, Shanklin, and other places along this south-eastern part of the island, is in many of his writings pourtrayed in his peculiar floridness of language.

The country immediately around Brading is, as we mentioned, of uncommon beauty. Brading Down affords many wide and noble prospects, both seaward and inland; and the walks about Nunwell and along the park are extremely fine. Nor are those about Yaverland less pleasing; while Bembridge Down—one of the hills on which Brading is built—affords a series of views equal to any in the island. Yaverland should be visited: it is a small sequestered hamlet, whose little ancient church, and the manor-house contiguous—both lying half-hidden among noble elms—form a very pleasing picture. The church is a low barn-like structure, with a doorway of Norman date, having the characteristic mouldings around its circular arch. The windows are of later insertion. The manor-house is of the Elizabethan era, or of the early part of the reign of her successor. The village itself consists merely of a few rural cottages.

The Back of the Island: Sandown Bay.

Bembridge Down ends on the seaward side in a steep chalk cliff of great altitude, known as Culver Cliff. The views from the summit, as we have said, are of extraordinary grandeur. Looking back over Brading Haven, and inland, they are as diversified as they are

extensive; forwards the unbroken view over the sea, from the height of the cliff—some 400 feet—extends to an amazing distance; eastward the Sussex coast lies like a faint cloud on the distant horizon; while westward Sandown Bay, with its reddish clay banks circling the light green waves, the softly swelling hills above, dotted over with half-concealed villages and scattered cottages, may be looked on from day to day with ever new pleasure. Culver Cliff approaches the perpendicular, and has a rather fearful appearance in looking over its summit. About thirty feet down the cliff, on its westward side, is a narrow cave, known as Hermit's Hole. It is mentioned in all the descriptions of the island; which speak of the descent to it in somewhat extravagant terms. In one work for example we find it said: "The path which leads to it from the summit of the cliff is steep, narrow, and rugged; but it is impossible to return after you have once descended from the brink of the precipice till you come to the cave below, as the path is too narrow, contracted, and irregular to permit a change of position for the feet. Most visitors satisfy themselves with the terrific aspect it presents on the sea-shore below;—the idea of such an adventure is enough to disturb the strongest nerves." Now this is just nonsense. It is of course not worth while for a person of weak nerves or unsteady feet to venture down a narrow path in the face of a nearly perpendicular cliff, when a slip would ensure a fall of some 350 feet; nor is it perhaps worth while for any one to do so. But, in fact, the danger is strangely overrated; a mountaineer would *run* down the path, and anybody of ordinary nerve may walk down without the slightest trepidation. The cavern itself, as the books very truly say, has nought in its appearance that can repay even the trouble of the descent—to say nothing of the danger, if there is any. It is simply a narrow excavation, piercing some fifteen or twenty feet into the cliff. But one thing about it is very fine, and as it is nowhere mentioned, may deserve to be noticed. On reaching the end of the cave, you must of necessity turn round, when looking out of the dark recess you see before you the noble Sandown Bay with the graceful hills rising over it, standing out with a brilliancy and vividness of effect that is perfectly startling. As we gazed upon it early one fine morning last June, we could not remember ever to have seen anything so exquisite of its kind, nor could we recall anything in art that would bear comparing with it, except perhaps some of the finer of Stanfield's pictures of mingled sea and coast. But the effect may have been a transient one, and we do not by any means recommend any one not well used to mountain or cliff climbing to test it.

Culver Cliff, with White Cliff Bay, forms the eastern extremity of the island. The southern side of the island, which we have now reached, and along which we are to proceed, is generally termed, at least by the natives, the Back of the Island: it includes nearly all the scenery for which the Isle of Wight is ordinarily visited. The Culver Cliff itself may be said to be the first of the more favoured localities. It is particularly interesting to geologists from its presenting a section of nearly vertical strata of chalk, and on the western side of the plastic clays,—answering to the still more remarkable section shown by the cliffs at Alum Bay, at the other extremity of the island. As we may allude to the peculiar features of these cliffs when we reach the latter place, it is unnecessary to make any further reference to them here. We may, however, just call the attention of the ordinary tourist to the singular nature of the flints which are imbedded in the chalk. Originally, of course, the strata were horizontal, but by some amazing upward pressure they have been raised to a nearly vertical position—lying in fact at an angle of 70°—so enormous has been the pressure, that the flints have been actually shivered, without however in the least altering their outward appearance; so that what seems a perfect flint splits into fragments when ever so slightly disturbed. The cliff is the haunt of innumerable gulls, and auks, and other sea birds. According to Pennant it owes its name to this circumstance—*culfre* being the Saxon name of a pigeon which builds in the cliffs, and is here exceedingly numerous.

Sandown Bay is a wide and deep bay, of very picturesque though not very remarkable character. The cliffs are of a ferruginous sand and dark-coloured clay, of varying height, and broken, with more or less deep recesses, which permit a pleasing play of light and shadow, as well as of much richness of colour. A few fishermen's huts and humble cottages are dropped here and there along the cliffs, and two or three boats may generally be see hauled on the beach. In the early morning, when the cliffs lie in deep shadow, or about sunset, when their sombre tints deepen into a richer hue, while two or three shrimpers are plying their craft, or a wayfarer is winding along the sands to or from his day's labour, the scene has a quiet beauty that reminds one of the charming pictures of similar scenes which Collins used to paint so delightfully; not a few of his paintings were indeed taken from sketches made in this neighbourhood. In the little village of Sandown a neat church has been recently erected. There is also a fort here, known as Sandown Castle, but it has nothing to call for remark. Wilkes of '45 notoriety had a cottage—or as he commonly calls it in his correspondence a villakin—at Sandown, which was the favourite retreat of the later years of his life. It is said in the neighbourhood that he used to buy all the birds which the children of the place could catch, and amuse himself by rearing them and watching their habits. The cottage has been smartened of late and is now "to let, furnished."

Shanklin.

Proceeding onwards, a pleasant walk, we soon reach Shanklin, the next noticeable place in our journey. The little village lies in a beautiful spot in the curve of Sandown Bay, and is admirably sheltered by Shanklin Down. The seaward prospects are very fine, and

inland the village itself as well as its vicinity affords many charming prospects. The beauty of the neighbourhood, and the fame of its lion Shanklin Chine, have rendered it very attractive to strangers, for whose accommodation new houses and good hotels have sprung up to a degree that has within a few years considerably altered the character and appearance of the place. These hotels, and one or two villas, are rather pretty and unassuming buildings; but though the tourist will "at the close of the day when the hamlet is still," or at the dinner-hour, fully appreciate the additional comfort they have introduced here, at any other time he will be disposed to regret the loss of the quiet humble seclusion which Gilpin and some other of the older visitants mention, and some of the ancient natives like to talk about. Except the scenery the village has little to describe. The church is old, but small and mean, and in bad preservation: it is quite time it gave place to a more convenient new one. Church accommodation is not one of the advantages that can at present be held out at Shanklin as an attraction to the stranger.

We will now turn to the Chine. And this being the first we have had to notice of those curious objects which occur so often along the south-side of the island, and which are thought to be so characteristic of it, it may not be amiss to explain briefly their general nature. They are, then, deep fissures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a streamlet falling over the summit. All of them have the same general features: there is a wide opening on the seaward side which contracts with more or less rapidity inland, according to the hardness of the rock, the greater or less quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumstances. In some cases the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is lost at length in the ordinary bed of the brook: in others it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the stream must

2.—SHANKLIN CHINE.

in every instance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the Chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much or more owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great storms, when the sea is driven violently against the cliffs, has tended considerably to enlarge the opening of the Chines; while the landslips, which continually occur after severe frosts, must have caused the steep slopes to fall in from time to time: but the deepening of the Chines is always brought about by the stream, as may be observed in any of them where measures are not taken to prevent the constant wearing away of the rock. At Shanklin it has been found necessary to have the ground above the fall laid with stones, and a large slab serves as a shoot to throw the water over without allowing it to touch the edge of the Chine. The name Chine appears intended to designate their character. Sir Richard Worsley—who, by the way, like many other topographers being infected with the etymological disease, deems it necessary to find a parentage for the term in a Greek verb—has probably given the true account of its application: he says, "The term is applied to the back-bone of an animal (both in the manége and culinary language) which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Echine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *Chinfrencau* for a great cut or slash. Hence the word chine might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down; and the several parts of the southern coast denominated Chines, all correspond with this description." Worsley might have mentioned the use of the word in French as a verb: *Echiner*, to break the back-bone, in colloquial usage implies to cut through. Somewhat in this way Dryden employs it, "He that did chine the long-ribbed Apennine." Scott notices in his Diary, kept while in the Orkney Islands, that he "saw two remarkable indentures in the coast called *Rivas*, perhaps from their being rifted or riven:" and it would not be difficult to adduce other like applications of similar words if it were needful. We shall borrow a description of the Shanklin Chine from Sir Henry Englefield; it is much superior to any other we have seen, and with the engraving, (Cut, No. 2,) will give a tolerably fair idea of it. In some trifling particulars there have been alterations since Sir Henry wrote, but the general features are the same.

"The most eastern of these chines, and the most celebrated, is Shanklin Chine. The cliff, where the stream which forms it enters the sea, is about one hundred feet in height, and the chasm is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the stream. The sides are very steep, and in most places clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked sides. At a small distance within their mouth, on a terrace just large enough to afford a walk to their doors, stand two small cottages, at different elevations. Rude flights of steps descend to them from the top, and an excavation from the sandy rock forms a skittle-ground to one of them, overshadowed by the spray of young oaks. During the war, a sentinel was placed on a prominent point of the slope, and added much to the scenery. After proceeding about a hundred yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, and but little shrubbery breaks their naked surface. The chasm continues winding and decreasing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill which has formed the whole falls about thirty feet. The quantity of water is in general so small, that the cascade is scarcely worth viewing; but after great rains, it must be very pretty. The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls, are of the blackish indurated clay of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the waters has covered most part of it with shining green lichens, and mosses of various shades. The brushwood which grows on the brow on either side, overhangs, so as nearly to meet; and the whole scene, though it cannot be considered as magnificent, is certainly striking and grotesque. Above the fall, the stream continues to run in a deep and shady channel, quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its rise."

Our sketch was made immediately after a very heavy storm, and it is seldom indeed that so much water is seen falling over. But there is a passage in Wordsworth about such scenes that may comfort the traveller who is disappointed in not finding the rill in flood: the passage is well worth the consideration of the tourist who desires to look on Nature with an intelligent eye:—"It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at, except after much rain, and that the more swollen the stream, the more fortunate the spectator; but this however is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments: and not even of these without some drawbacks. In other instances, what becomes at such a time of that sense of refreshing coolness which can only be felt in dry and sunny weather, when the rocks, herbs, and flowers glisten with moisture diffused by the breath of the precipitous water? But considering these things as objects of sight only, it may be observed that the principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades consists of certain proportions of form and affinities of colour, among the component parts of the scene; and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest, or rather settling gradually into quiet in the pool below. The beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much of agitation, is also heightened, in a peculiar manner, by the *glimmering*, and, towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady* reflection of the surrounding images. Now all these delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion."

The beauties of Shanklin Chine may be inspected at leisure, and dry-footed. There is a good, though too formal, path all along it, which, with the steps spoken

of above, is kept in repair by a fisherman who pays rent for the Chine, and lives in a cottage at its mouth. The Chine is enclosed, of course; everything in the island is enclosed which there is any way of enclosing, and which it is thought anybody will pay for seeing; but at each end of it a person is in waiting to unlock the gate and receive the fee, and when let in you are left to wander about at will. It is worth looking over leisurely. The curvature of the ravine brings the several parts into very various and often graceful combinations; the views, too, looking from the Chine, where the broad expanse of ocean is seen, set in a frame of dark cliffs, wrought over with a tracery of exquisite foliage, is both peculiar and pleasing; while, from the platform, on either side of the mouth, the Bay, with its bold headlands and broken cliffs, is even grand. The visitor who stays at Shanklin for a day or two, should not leave it without strolling up Shanklin Down, and he will do well to continue his walk to Appuldurcombe. The views from the Down are most extensive. From the highest part, the eye wanders without hindrance quite across the island, over a tract of the very richest country; and beyond it, the Solent is seen, diminished in appearance to a river, while the Hampshire coast, and hills, close the distance. In every other direction the prospect is as wide, though not perhaps of such extreme beauty; but that westward is at least as remarkable, embracing as it does a good part of the singular scenery of the Undercliff. Many other spots in the neighbourhood also afford delightful rambles.

About a mile further along the coast is Luccombe Chine, which though inferior to Shanklin, is well worth visiting. It is altogether on a humbler scale than Shanklin, but it has the advantage of not being quite so ostentatiously trimmed and dressed. The water dashes boldly over the dark rock, and winds its way to the shore, beneath a canopy of luxuriant foliage. Two or three cottages vary the scene, without destroying its simplicity. The walk from Shanklin to Luccombe is singularly fine, whether the higher or the lower ground be taken. The high road, which leads over Dunnose Head, displays the widest extent of landscape; but the lower, which is a footway, running partly across the fields and partly along the beach, is the more secluded, and perhaps the most beautiful. The cliffs at Dunnose are rent into vertical and parallel fissures in a very wild manner; large fragments of the rock are also here scattered along the foot of the cliffs; and in fact the whole of this part of the coast has a very marked character.

The Undercliff.

At Luccombe commences a strange tract of country, quite unlike any we have seen hitherto, and such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. This is the famous Undercliff, a narrow strip of land, which has separated bodily from the hills of which it was originally a part, and sunk down a considerable way below them; and which now forms a lower or under-cliff lying between the hills and the sea. It extends from Luccombe to Black Gang Chine, a distance of nearly seven miles, and varies from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile in width. To understand its character, and the cause of its subsidence, it is necessary to be acquainted with the geological nature of the rocks, and the influences to which they have been subjected, when the explanation becomes very simple. The strata, reckoning from the bottom, are first red ferruginous sand, then blue marl, next green sandstone, and at top chalk and chalk marl. The stratum of blue marl is soft and easily acted upon by land springs, when it becomes mud, and oozes out; and the sandstone and chalk being deprived of their support, must of necessity sink down. The subsidence, if thus brought about, might be gradual and scarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate results; but the sea was at the same time beating with violence against the lower strata, and washing out the sand and marl, which were already loosened by the springs. This double process would go on till the superincumbent mass became unable to sustain itself by mere adhesion to the parent rock, when it must necessarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced is evident, from an examination of the phenomena it presents, and what may be observed still going on, though on a lesser scale. The great change in the level must have occurred at a very distant period: churches and houses of ancient date, which stand on different parts of the Undercliff show that no very considerable alteration can have taken place for centuries. But there have been many sudden convulsions within confined limits. One, which occurred in 1810, at East End, destroyed thirty acres of ground; another, in 1818, above fifty acres; and there have since been several of more or less severity. The debris of many may be seen—especially of one that happened in the last winter, when a mass of rock fell from above, sufficient to provide stone for building the walls and repairing the roads along here for some time, without quarrying. The most extensive of the comparatively recent slips occurred at Niton, in February, 1799, when a small farm-house and above 100 acres of land were destroyed. As described in a contemporary letter, "the whole of the ground from the cliff above was in motion, which motion was directed to the sea, nearly in a straight line. . . . The ground above, beginning with a great founder from the base of the cliff, immediately under St. Catherine's, kept gliding down, and at last rushed on with violence, and totally changed the surface of all the ground to the west of the brook that runs into the sea; so that now the whole is convulsed and scattered about, as if it had been done by an earthquake: of all the rough ground, from the cottage upwards to the cliff, there is scarcely a foot of land but what has changed its situation. . . As far as the fence from the Chale side, the whole may be called one grand and awful ruin . . there are everywhere chasms that a horse or a cow might sink into and disappear." The evidences of this severe convulsion are

still very observable in the unusually wild and chaotic character of the surface thereabouts. But these disturbances were, as we said, local, and of comparatively small importance; nor is any further great movement at all to be dreaded within this district. The Undercliff is, in fact, an immense breakwater, which perfectly shields the main cliff from the action of the waves. If any great change should take place, it would be beyond the limits of the Undercliff; and there, both east and west, the nature of the shore, and the manner in which the lower and softer strata are situated, render such an event very improbable.

The Undercliff is in its general appearance as wild and strange as would be expected from what has been said of the way in which it was produced. The main body of the Undercliff is a sort of terrace, or a series of terraces, of very unequal elevation and irregular contorted surface, rising from the beach in rugged slopes or abrupt cliffs, and resting against a lofty and precipitous wall of rock. The lower cliffs rise from the beach to a height of from twenty or thirty to a hundred feet; then comes the broad platform of a quarter to half a mile in width, from which rises to a further elevation of some 200 or 300 feet, the second or inner cliff—steep, strangely riven, its deep vertical fissures contrasting boldly with the regular horizontal bands of stratification. But the Undercliff is far from preserving uniformity even of irregularity. At this eastern end, where we now are, Nature has clad the wildling in a garment of loveliness. The chasms and dells, the slopes and the precipices, are all alike adorned with trees and shrubs, and ferns, and wild flowers in exquisite profusion: at the western extremity there is almost as forbidding rudeness about the whole; the rocks are bare, or only thinly spotted with hungry lichens, about the slopes, the coarser grasses and whin only seem to thrive, while scarcely bush or tree can gain a footing.

The Undercliff has a climate as well as scenery of its own. Lying under the vast cliffs, yet at a tolerable height above the sea, it is at once sheltered from the keener blasts, and free from humidity. Fully open to the direct influence of the sun, and also to its reflected rays,—completely sheltered from the northern and western winds,—the general temperature is much above that of almost every other part of the English coast; and it is said to be much less variable. When Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke published his celebrated work on 'The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases,' he called particular attention to the Undercliff, as a most suitable residence for invalids, especially for persons of a tendency to pulmonary diseases. Torquay, in Devonshire, is the only place in England which, in the opinion of the Doctor, will bear a comparison with it in warmth of temperature; but then "Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing." And as a climax to all other commendations, he declares it to be "a matter of surprise" to him, "after having fully examined this favoured spot, that the advantages it possesses in so eminent a degree in point of shelter and exposition, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants, during the last century, have been traversing half the globe in search of climate."

In a word, Sir James proposed that it should henceforth receive the designation of the "British Madeira." His advice was not sown in barren soil. Invalids have come here in flocks. Its advantages "in point of shelter and exposition" have been fully appreciated. Indeed we fancy a good many, both of the residents and visitors, would be glad to find "shelter" from its "exposition." The name too is adopted—at least by the natives—the "travelled" folk make loud protestation against it—perhaps too loud. Where, they ask, are its groves of green and gold, those delicious avenues wherein

> "Blossoms and fruits, at once of golden hue,
> Appear, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;"

where the long vistas of rich purple grapes; where those valleys that make one dream of Paradise; where the mountains sending their spiry pinnacles far into that deep blue sky; where, above all, that wondrous Corral? Perhaps there are none of these things, nor anything exactly comparable with them. But there are plenty of apple-trees, with a blossom, in its season, that might cause even that of the orange to blush, and a fruit that is not unworthy of the blossom; and if the brilliant datura will not, many another exotic plant will thrive here: myrtles and hydrangeas abound in every garden, and the geranium and the rose, both cultivated and wild, and every other flower, whether of the greenhouse or the field, grow here in the open air with a lavish beauty that is perfectly delightful. Instead of bare mountains, there are broad, softly-swelling downs for those who will seek them, and the whole Undercliff is a fair set-off against the stern grandeur of the lonely Corral.

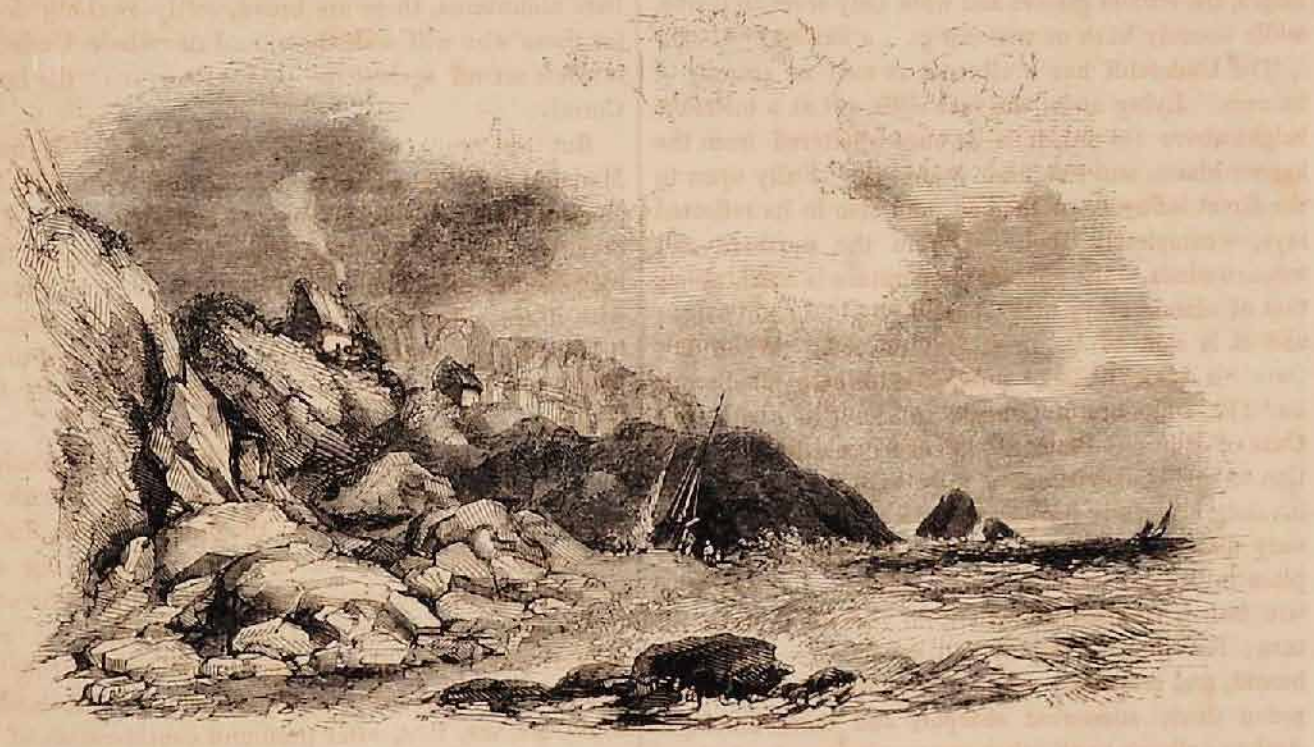
But we wont quarrel about a name. If not a Madeira, it is a good, honest English Undercliff. The famous Peyresc—one of the most erudite men of the seventeenth century—was saved from a desperate fever by eating musk-melons; and whenever he was attacked with illness afterwards, musk-melons were his remedy. "If I can but reach the melon season!" he used to say when his health was shaken: and he died at last, because he could not reach it.

A grave countryman of ours writing a memoir of Peyresc, a century or so back, was so struck with the benefit his hero derived from the musk-melons, and so impressed with the circumstance of his not being able to hold out till the season returned; and, on the other hand, was so grieved that in this country no such remedy was at any time attainable, and recollecting that a sick man might die in the journey to the land of musk-melons, that, after profound consideration of the matter, he is led to suggest that "perhaps boiled cucumbers will have as good an effect." And if so, why not? or why go toiling after musk-melons at all?

The application is plain. Though our Undercliff were to Madeira only as boiled cucumbers are to musk-melons—that is to say, if one will do almost as well as the other, why not thankfully accept the substitute, and make the most of it, and not complain if the name be not so musical, nor the thing so romantic. And in all seriousness, who that remembers the discomfort and misery that have been added to the last days of many a stricken soul,—it may be among those we have loved or honoured,—by being sent to die in that region of loveliness,—does not wish that this place had been chosen, rather than the stormy road to the grander country been tempted? We have quoted, in the early part of this paper, one or two scraps from Fielding—how much is it to be lamented that he could not be told of such a place as this when he lay wind-bound off Ryde? And who that remembers the cheerful spirit that yet burnt hopefully in him, does not feel a vain wish that, instead of having it tossed out in Biscay Bay, he had brought it unquenched round here, to light him whilst he made some of those rich studies of character which this place could not have then failed to afford? But we are running into strange digressions: we must return, and try to plod more soberly over the rest of the Undercliff.

Nearly all the peculiar features of the Undercliff are concentred around Bonchurch, the first village, if it may be called a village, on the eastern side of the district. Perhaps there is not another spot all along these seven miles so full of wild loveliness. The walk from East-End is an admirable introduction to the scenery of the Undercliff. Like the overture to an opera, it is a *rifaciamento* in brief of all that is to be set before us in larger proportions presently. The prospects too, especially forwards, are extensive and very striking. The stranger should not content himself with viewing this tract from the road, nor from the foot-way merely. Both ways present charming and peculiar features, and both should be traversed. An hour or two spent here will be no loss of time. The village itself calls for no special remark. The very pretty new church which will be noticed, supplies the place of a rude but ancient one. Of the private residences (and though the houses are some of them large, and the grounds extensive as well as very beautiful, they are strictly private) we have no occasion to speak. Boniface Down, which rises to a great height behind the village, is a continuation of Shanklin Down, and affords views as extensive, as varied, and as grand.

Ventnor has been most affected by the sudden popularity of the Undercliff. Forty years ago it contained about half-a-dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Dr. Clarke's work, its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was the most picturesque spot along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad, smooth beach the ground ran in rough slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea: and the few fishermen's huts give a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle, and other tender plants, flourished abundantly and without need of protection even in winter: snow hardly ever lies on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abound; and the beach is excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once



3.—THE UNDERCLIFF—BOCKEN END.

caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church. Ventnor became the little capital of the Undercliff. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, "The plague of building lighted upon it:" and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings. The variety of odd forms is most edifying. We have hotels, churches, shops, cottages, and villas, in every conceivable style, and every outrageous shape — Strawberry-hill Gothic, Sea-side Swiss, and carpenter's palazzo, each has its representatives; and, as Spenser says,

——————"each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured."

From Ventnor to Niton the whole way is delightful. The tourist is ordinarily confined to the main road, but even that affords a continuous pleasure. It rises and falls in constant change, yet is never steep enough to make the way toilsome to the feeblest pedestrian, and no feeling of weariness can ever creep over any one—unless it be while shut in between some of the provoking walls and edges which guard the often extensive private grounds attached to the mansions that are pretty closely spread along where the stranger has been reckoning on "having a fine view." But else these few miles are worth lingering over. In parts, lying under the huge rocky barrier which ever towers far up on your right, you see a pretty pastoral district, where broad hanging meadows, with a cow or two and a few sheep grazing quietly about them, and a farm-house or lonely homestead, and a few good sized trees dotted here and there make the picture; presently a long tract is spread before you, and all is a medley of patches of cultivated land and park-like enclosures, and stately mansions, and humble cottages, of soft sunny fertile slopes, and rocky banks, where the bright green verdure climbs furtively over their rugged sides, and a wide and deep bay, shut in by a bold promontory, through which the sea appears to have forced a passage and left a part standing firm among the billows that shatter into clouds of spray against it; and anon you pass through delicious bits of wood or copse, where the glancing sun piercing the deep canopy works on your path a diaper of exquisitely mingled gray and gold, and every moment the glorious ocean, with the merry white sails flashing hither and thither, breaks in upon the view—or if unseen, the murmuring surge makes you aware of its vicinity and adds that strange tone of elevation to the mind which it alone among all the works of nature can excite. But few who walk over these five miles will care to keep to the road, and there are by-roads on the one hand that lead to the heights above, and on the other to the beach. Either, or both, will reward him who trusts their guidance. The prospects above are of course most admirable; and the sea-side is very refreshing. Some of the small bays or coves, as they are called, are remarkably picturesque—as the many sketches that are annually made along them will testify.

The little church of St. Lawrence is one of the show places of the Undercliff. Many of the churches in the Isle of Wight are very small, but this was, with one exception, the smallest in England. That exception, we suppose, was the church at Buttermere, which has given place to a larger: but if our memory does not mislead us, the curious church at Wastdale head, also in Cumberland, and in one of the grandest spots in that region of grandeur, is also smaller. Be this as it may, this was a curiosity. Its dimensions were: length 20 feet, width 12 feet, and height, to the tops of the walls, 6 feet: the roof, of course, was some feet higher; but, as will have been guessed by our manner of speaking, it is altered now. The Earl of Yarborough, to whom much of the property here belongs, was, a while back, at the expense of enlarging and repairing the little edifice—to the small gain of any one. It is now neither one thing nor another. Despite its present smartness the proportions show it to have been patched. It is too large to be noteworthy as a monument of the ancient state of this district, and it is far too small to serve for the requirements of the present population. Formerly it used to stand open all day, and the stranger seldom failed to turn aside to inspect the miniature structure; and those who were not quite strangers felt a singular attraction in looking over the tombs in the churchyard, which tell how many lie there of the young and the lovely who had come to this land of promise from many a distant corner of the country in vain hope of averting their early doom. There was a train of engaging though melancholy reflection aroused in thinking of so many gathered into this narrow enclosure far from the home of their fathers. It was sentimentalism perhaps—but it is done with now. The church and the churchyard are both locked up, and if you would learn the lessons they might teach, you must pay for them. But you must pay for everything here now-a-days. Not very far from the church is a rather celebrated well, over which a neat stone shelter, with seats along the sides, was built a few years back. The water from St. Lawrence's Well rises clear and sparkling, and is almost as pleasant to the sight, as it bubbles over the fount, as it is refreshing to the palate. On a summer's day it was quite a temptation to turn aside from the dry road and sit a few minutes in that cool shady grot. You can't do so now. There is an iron gate in the doorway and a strong lock to it. Through the grating you may see the well, but you must pay to reach it. In the hot days, a few weeks ago, we saw two or three poor wayfarers turn aside from the entrance, after a useless attempt to open it, with something like a malediction on those who thus mocked their thirst. In these cases it is probably carefulness rather than cupidity, that leads to these precautions; and of course 'respectable' tourists can obtain the key on application—but the whole system is

a vile one: and to lock up a country churchyard by the main road; or a way-side well that is constantly overflowing within view of the passenger—and refuse to permit the wayfarer—wearied and poverty-stricken it may be—to taste of that which is running useless to the sea, is indefensible.

Niton is a convenient centre to stay at for a day or two. The seaward walks are bold and fine, and there are several of much beauty inland. On the Undercliff is the favourite Sandrock Hotel, a neat villa-like house standing in its own very handsome grounds and affording the most luxurious accommodation. Everybody who stays at it is pleased with the attention, the fare, and the situation. For those who desire a less costly hostel there is, too, a plain comfortable inn, the White Lion, in the village of Niton, which lies above the Undercliff at the foot of Niton Down. Niton is a quiet rustic village, which has changed little of its old-fashioned look in consequence of the influx of strangers to the neighbourhood. But only a few plain folks come here, and the place and the people remain tolerably primitive in habit. There are a couple or three streets of stone cottages—many of them thatched—and a shop or two. There are also a church and school-house, but it is rather curious that there is not a butcher's shop in the village, and the inhabitants have to send to one a mile or more off, somewhere on the Undercliff, even for a chop. The church is a building of considerable antiquity and will repay a visit. It stands by a farm-yard, in a lane just on the west of the village and, with its accompaniments, is more than commonly picturesque.

We mentioned that this will serve as a good centre for the tourist, for a day or two. We have already pointed out the kind of walks that he may explore along the Undercliff, east of the village; we shall continue our course westward presently: but we must just notice here that the immediate vicinity of Niton is full of quiet beauty. The walk to Whitwell is also a very agreeable one, and the village itself, with the old church, is an object to ramble after; the walk may be prolonged across the fields and downs to Appuldurcombe, or you may wander round by Nettlecombe and Southford to Whitcombe, and thence return to Niton: a stroll which will afford a pleasant change from the scenery that has hitherto engaged attention.

But there is one spot that must be visited, and Niton is a very convenient place to reach it from. This is St. Catherine's Down, the highest ground in the island. The path by the church leads direct to the old beacon, which is on the summit of the hill, and which is an effectual guide all the way. The summit of St. Catherine's Hill is 830 feet above the sea. Here, at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, was a hermitage; for there is a record existing of the admission of one Walter Langstrell to it in 1312. A few years later, Walter de Godyton built a chapel here, and dedicated it to St. Catherine, whence it is believed the hill derives its present name. Godyton also added to his chapel an endowment for a chanting priest, whose duty it should be to sing masses, and to provide lights at night for the guidance of ships. Both duties were regularly performed till the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, when, of course, both ceased together. The beacon which is now here stands on the site of the original one, if it is not itself, as some fancy, the original. Sir Richard Worsley says that when it was repaired, half a century ago, the foundation of the chapel was also cleared, and that not only was its form discovered, "but also the floor and stone hearth of the priest's little cell." The beacon is an octagonal structure, thirty-five feet high: it is now dismantled, but its thick walls appear capable of braving for another century the fierce winds that always seem to blow here. It is generally believed that the lower part of the building served as the belfry of the chapel, the upper part being employed as a lighthouse. A new lighthouse was erected close by, some years back, but it was abandoned, it being found on trial to be rather misleading than otherwise, owing to the mists and clouds which so frequently envelope the top of the hill, especially in stormy weather—rendering it seldom visible from the sea when most needed. The view from the hill is of wondrous extent—reaching over by far the larger part of the island, and including the New Forest and the hills of Hampshire, and the south coast as far as Beachy Head. In the opposite direction, the high lands about Cherbourg are said to have been occasionally seen; but it is a very rare occurrence. On a calm clear day, when the better part of the island lies spread like a map at your feet; its bare hills, and its long valleys dusky with the thick foliage that everywhere crowds them; the villages and the towns, marked by the lighter or denser smoky vapour that hangs above them; the winding streams growing sometimes into lakes ere they fall into the sea, and the silver ocean that encircles it, alive with mighty ships of war and every kind of smaller craft; and beyond that, again, the far distant hills losing themselves in a soft purple haze—you may dream away hours in gazing over the scene of entrancement.

The coast off here is a very dangerous one; whence, on the failure of the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Hill, it became necessary to provide another. The new one has been built on a point of land close down on the beach. It lies in our way on resuming our journey along the coast. The new lighthouse is named St. Catherine's; it has only been two or three years completed, and the whole arrangements are on the most approved principles. Externally it is rather an ornamental building—certainly the best-looking lighthouse we have seen: it is said to be found very serviceable. Here the rocks begin to assume a very wild character. Soon after passing the lighthouse we lose sight of cultivation; the beach is strewed with huge blocks of chalk and sandstone; the surf is very heavy; and the whole scene wears an air of savage grandeur. At Rocken-End (Cut, No. 8,) this is especially the case. A long ledge of rocks stretches far into the sea; only one or two masses are visible at high water, and against these the sea breaks in vast sheets of spray, while it

rushes roaring and foaming over those that are below the surface. The spot where the sea makes this mighty turmoil—and it ought to be seen as the tide is setting in—is called Rocken End Race. The black cliffs, too, are torn and riven into rudest confusion; only the lofty wall of rock that rises behind the Undercliff seems stable. It is altogether a wild spot. Beyond this the scenery grows rather less savage, and presently we come upon a sheltered nook, where is a fisherman's hut, and perhaps a boat or two may be seen on the beach. It is quite a place for the sketcher to delight in. The broken heights between Niton and this spot afford a series of grand views over the sea and coast. Chale Bay, with the sun sinking among crimson and gold behind the distant headland, is a glorious prospect.

We are now approaching the termination of the Undercliff—a very different kind of place to its commencement. Just where it ends we have another of the Chines, and one scarcely less famous than the first we saw. Some there are who have described Black Gang Chine as the finest sight in the island. Guide-books give very hyperbolical accounts of its "savage sublimity." To one who has read these accounts the first view is disappointing, especially if he has already seen the magnificent falls of Scotland or Wales, or the north of England. The ravine is bare of tree or shrub, but it does not retreat far,—there is not depth enough for solemnity of gloom, at least in ordinary weather. A sort of semicircular coomb has been hollowed out in the dark marl, over the top of which a thin line of water falls lazily, from a height of about seventy feet, and is dissipated before it reaches the "gloomy vault" below. The rocks, instead of the deep black he is led to anticipate, are of a dingy brown, banded with lines of red sandy strata. The banks on either side are of but mean height and lumpish form. Far above, indeed, soars to a height of some 300 or 400 feet the lofty wall of cliff that has been our companion all along this district; but it is partly hidden here, and appears diminished by distance. Nine out of ten who see the Chine are disappointed; though perhaps they will hardly confess it. From the sea, indeed, the surrounding cliffs stand out majestically, and St. Catherine's Hill forms a noble back-ground; but then the Chine is a very inferior feature in the landscape. The first time we saw Black Gang was in a terrific storm: the sea beat with a tremendous fury right into the Chine, over which a goodly stream poured; but so fierce was the south-westerly wind that it was driven back and beat into spray against the rocks. The Chine deserved its name: the deep hollow was of intensest blackness. The scene was one of the grandest we ever witnessed. We have since visited the Chine again and again, and hardly could fancy it ever appeared as we then saw it. But Black Gang is essentially dependent upon the accidental circumstances of weather. When 'clouds

4.—BLACK-GANG CHINE.

ride royally about the sky,' flinging their deep shadows over one and another feature of the landscape, it may appear grand and impressive, even on a bright sunny day: during a storm it may become sublime. By moonlight it is always a remarkable sight. Of course every one who visits the back of the island will visit Black Gang: in forming an estimate of it, let its subjection to the skyey influences be borne in mind by those whose test of scenery is its picture-making capacity. They who can be interested in every object in nature that is unusual, will be sure to be satisfied with this. (Cut, No. 4.)

There is a "rude path"—a good deal ruder than that at Shanklin—formed down the side of the Chine, by means of which it may be seen quite at ease: the key is kept close at hand. Above the Chine a neat hotel has been erected, and a little collection of houses has grown up around it, also chiefly for the accommodation of visitors.

Freshwater.

Over the next few miles we need not linger. To one who is staying in the neighbourhood, and has time to stroll about, the coast all along here will be found full of interest, and so will the villages above: here we need only mention their character. Chale Bay, in which Black Gang Chine is situated, is a wide and noble-looking bay; the cliffs are bold, precipitous, and deeply cloven; they are of the iron-stained sand and blue marl, crowned by chalk and sand-stone. Huge masses impend over head; and numerous shattered fragments are strewed along the beach. Both here and in Brixton Bay, which immediately succeeds to Chale, the cliffs are broken by a number of chines. Some six or seven of them occur in as many miles, and all of them have some differences of character. Some, as Whale and Brixton Chines, stretch far inland, without any positive waterfalls; others, as Brook and Chilton, would be thought sufficiently striking elsewhere to be sought after by strangers. The shore here is shallow and rocky, and the sea sets in, in rough weather, with a heavy ground-swell, which nothing can brave with impunity. Along Brixton Bay the cliffs are lower, but the beach is more rocky, and the bay itself no less dangerous than Chale Bay. At Barnes there is a cavern of considerable height, known as Barnes Hole; and at Grange, not far from Grange Chine, is another, called Dutchman's Hole, from a Dutch ship having run into it. Several of the ledges of rock along here have received trivial names from a fancied resemblance to some object, and sometimes from ships to which they have proved fatal. This is the most dangerous part of the island, and many a spot in both these bays is pointed out by the old fishermen, as that where some vessel has been wrecked. The inhabitants of the villages along this iron-bound shore had in olden time a bad reputation as wreckers; in more modern days they were no less notorious as smugglers. Their wrecking and smuggling propensities are both pretty well subdued now.

Walking along this rough beach is rather tiring; and as the tide is rising, it, in parts, becomes rather dangerous. Yet he who is here has sometimes a long way to traverse before he can find a slope which he can climb. We, however, are not so tied down:

> "Without and or if,
> We can leap from the shore to the top of the cliff."

The villages along the summit have some attractions in point of beauty, and are full of interest to the antiquary. Chale, that nighest Black Gang, is a very pretty place; its scattered houses straggling irregularly for a mile along both sides of the road. The church is a good-sized, a very good-looking, and a very old one. It is now being thoroughly repaired. Chale farm-house is also an old building worth looking at: it has some windows, and other details of a strictly ecclesiastical character; a peculiarity the rambler will notice in a good many of the oldest cottages and small farm-houses about the island. They were evidently built by church masons, and may probably have been the property of some of the religious establishments. Mottestone church is worth turning aside to see: it is of different dates, and has the peculiar picturesqueness that so many of these old churches possess, which have thus grown into their present form by the addition of new limbs in different ages. The old manor-house just by it was the birthplace of Sir John Cheke, the tutor to Edward VI., and one of the revivers of Greek learning in our universities. The little secluded village of Brooke, lying in a hollow betwixt the hills, close by the chine of the same name, and looking upon a rough rock-strewn beach, might also be seen; but it will be well to ascend the Downs, at Mottestone, and proceed along them to Freshwater. The views from these grounds are of vast extent, and are hardly surpassed in the island in any respect. The prospects from Afton Down have always been famous: the view over Freshwater is especially striking. Freshwater Bay stretches round in a splendid curve, the chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly to a height of some five or six hundred feet from the sea, which rages constantly against their base, and crowned by the Needles lighthouse. Beyond is the broad belt of ocean, along which ships of all sizes are constantly passing to and fro. In the extreme distance lies the coast of Dorset, which is visible from Poole Harbour to Portland Bill, while the foreground obtains boldness and strength from the shattered and detached masses of rock that lift their heads far above the waters at Freshwater Gate. Nor, though less grand, is that inland view less pleasing where the Yar wends "its silver-winding way" along the rich valley to which it gives its name, enlarging rapidly from a scarcely traceable rivulet, till, in a mile or two, it has become a goodly estuary.

The village of Freshwater is about a mile from the beach, and on the river Yar, where it begins to expand into a broad stream. The village itself is but a little gathering of cottages, with one or two houses of a better class on its outskirts. The church is old, but

has been a good deal altered; it is, however, a noticeable pile: in the interior there are two or three curious monuments. A bridge crosses the river near the church; and a good-sized mill is worked by the stream. From various points of view these several objects combine in a very picturesque manner, and often find a place in sketch-books. From the village there is a pleasant walk over the fields to Freshwater Gate: it leads by the source of the Yar, which is only a very short distance from the beach. This little river thus rises close by the coast on the opposite side of the island to that in which it enters the sea, and thus nearly insulates the western extremity of the island. In rough weather the ocean waves frequently beat over the narrow barrier, and mingle with the fresh water of this spring.

Freshwater Gate lies in a deep narrow valley between the Downs, whence it is thought to owe its name—it serving as a gate, or opening, from the village of Freshwater to the sea. It is a very favourite resort of the tourist, and is in considerable repute as a bathing-place. There are a couple of large hotels here, as well as a few small houses; and there is a wooden box, which styles itself the Royal Museum, and contains a collection of sea-weeds, and shells, and bits of rock, and fossil remains. To one who should come down this little dale without knowing what he was to expect, the bay would be perfectly startling. On the one hand is a long ridge of chalk cliffs of enormous altitude with huge fragments scattered far into the sea; on the other are lower, though still high cliffs, of sandstone and chalk, with several huge detached masses of strange forms rising boldly out of the waves; and on both sides the heavy billowy sea is beating furiously over the outlying fragments, and against the bases of the cliffs, which it has worn into grim-looking black-mouthed caverns. Both the caverns and the rocks are among the curiosities of the place. What is called Freshwater Cavern may be entered at low tide: it reaches to a considerable depth into the chalk cliff. The entrance is by a curious arch, some thirty feet high; the interior is rough and rugged. From the roof large pieces of chalk hang in a way that seems most unstable, and the many blocks that cover the floor show that they are little more stable than they appear. The look-out over the sea from the gloom of the cave is very singular: just outside, the waves are breaking over the rocky beach in spray of dazzling whiteness, while farther off the sea is of the most brilliant emerald. Another of the curiosities is the Arched Rock which stands on the eastern side of the bay. It is a very large mass of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff, but now stands isolated in the sea, some six hundred feet from it. The same power that destroyed the intervening cliff has beaten a way through this rock, in the shape of a rude gothic arch; the surface of the rock is strangely worn and shattered: it has altogether a curious appearance, which is considerably increased if the sea-fowl be disturbed that roost about its ledges in vast numbers. There is another but more lumpish mass rising out of the sea at a little distance from the Arched Rock.

Alum Bay, The Needles, etc.

At Freshwater you mount the cliffs, and continue along their summit to the Needles lighthouse. The walk is a most exhilarating one. The view across the sea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing sheep; you may therefore make your own path over them: the lighthouse is a sufficient landmark. The cliffs here rise precipitously from the sea; and they are the highest chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above six hundred feet. The rambler may here perceive

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

Shakspere's lines have been often applied to these cliffs, and it is almost impossible to look over them without their recurring to the memory. Almost every word is applicable here; there is something almost of fascination in looking down upon the murmuring surge that is hardly heard, and watching the countless sea-birds that in ceaseless noisy motion "wing the midway air." But the stranger should not approach the brink of these cliffs heedlessly: not only is there danger "lest the brain turn," and he "topple down headlong," but the sudden gusts of wind that are almost constantly happening, together with the slippery footing and the friable nature of the chalk, renders it very needful to be careful. Many instances have occurred of loss of life even among those daily used to be about the cliffs. The "dreadful trade" of gathering samphire is still practised here. Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes. But the main inducement to practise the perilous craft, is the profit arising from the sale of the eggs and feathers of the various sea-birds which build in amazing numbers on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs. In order to get at these eggs the men fasten a rope to an iron bar which they have driven firmly into the ground, and then placing themselves on a rude seat formed of two pieces of wood placed across, they lower themselves by means of a second rope down the face of the precipice. The practice is almost as dangerous as it appears to be: many a bold man has lost his life in pursuing it. Only last May a young man, named Lane, the son of a boatman in Alum Bay, and esteemed one of the skilfullest of the cliffmen, perished thus: he had gone out egg-gathering, and not returning all night his father and brother went in the morning to search for him—and they found his crushed corpse lying at the foot of one of the highest cliffs. He had his rope hanging over, but it seemed as though, trusting to his skill in climbing, he had disengaged himself from it, and gone along one of the ledges "half-way down," the more readily to come at the nests.

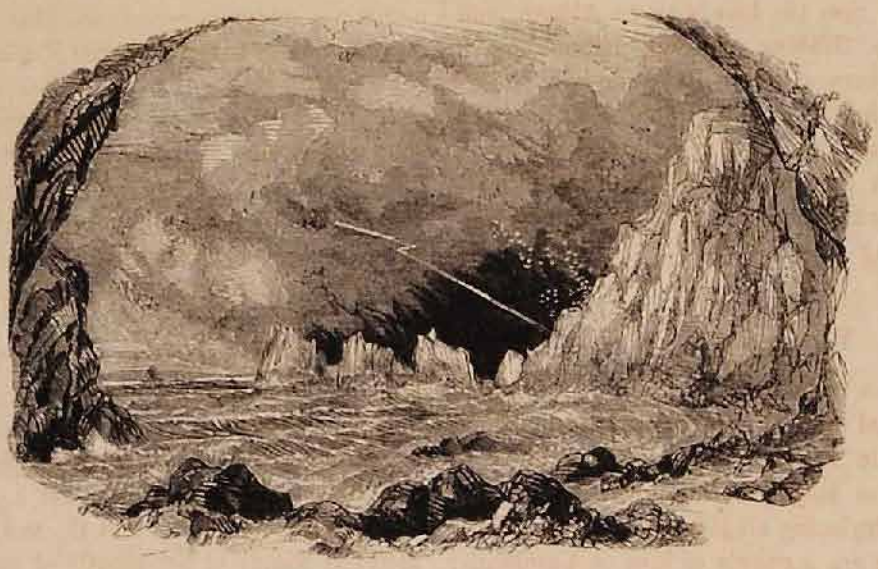
The lighthouse stands on the brow of the hill, immediately above the Needles, to give notice of whose presence it is placed there. It is one of the show-places of the island: the prospect from it is, as will be imagined, of wide extent; and the lightmen have a good telescope, the use of which they proffer to the visitor. The inside of the lighthouse is worth seeing for the neat arrangements of the lights, and the perfect order and cleanliness in which everything is kept. It is a low building, but very substantial, as is indeed necessary, for the tremendous force of the wind just on this narrow tongue of land is hardly conceivable. It is said that the lighthouse people often dare not venture out of doors for days together. A somewhat lower point of land, a little eastward of the lighthouse, is the best place for seeing the Needles from the land: but it is from the water they are seen to most advantage. A boat may be hired at Alum Bay, the path to which from the lighthouse will be pointed out by the keeper; and a row or sail round to Freshwater Gate will afford a series of views of a far more remarkable kind than any others in the Isle of Wight—and that are as fine of their kind as any in England.

Alum Bay itself will not be readily forgotten. You reach the shore by a deep and ragged ravine, which prevents you from seeing anything of the bay till you find yourself on the beach in the centre of it. On looking around, you perceive that the two sides of the bay present the most strange and striking contrast to each other: on one side the vast cliffs are of chalk of the purest whiteness; on the other they are of sand and clay of the most varied and brilliant colours. But Alum Bay is best seen from a boat, and as so seen Sir Henry Englefield has described the appearance of the opposite sides of the bay with exceeding truth and beauty. He says,—"The chalk forms an unbroken face, everywhere nearly perpendicular, and, in some parts, formidably projecting; and the tenderest stains of ochreous yellow, and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is hardly less than 400 feet in height; its termination is a thin edge, not perpendicular, but of a bold broken outline; and the wedge-like Needle rocks, arising out of the blue waters, seem to continue the cliff beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The chalk rising from the sea nearly perpendicular, being totally in shadow, while opposed to the blue sky above, and the pellucid green of the sea at its foot, it has a sort of aërial tint, as if it were semitransparent; while here and there a projecting point of the edge of the cliff, catching the sunshine, is of a whiteness so transplendent that it seems to shine by its own native white.

"The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not present rounded headlands, covered with turf and shrubs, as in some other parts of the coast, but offer a series of points, which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part. The tints of the cliff are so bright and so varied, that they have not the appearance of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, gray and black, succeed one another as sharply defined as the stripes in silk." As Sir Henry presently observes, the colours appear much brighter after rain: but the cliffs are liable to continual slips, generally of only a small slice, as it were, of the surface, when the freshly-exposed part is singularly brilliant, and the mingling of colours in the debris at the base is very curious.

These various coloured sands are collected by the cottagers' children, and are arranged fancifully in phials, or made into little ornamental articles, and sold to visitors. The white sand is of more importance, it being, on account of its purity, in considerable request among the manufacturers of the finer kinds of glass and china. The late Mr. Wedgwood fancied that the coloured clays would be found equally serviceable for some kinds of porcelain, and he caused pits to be opened, but they did not bear the process of firing well. The visitor will notice several door-like openings in the cliffs, and be curious to know their use. They are the entrances to some shafts that have recently been commenced here, in the expectation of finding coal. The works are placed under the management of a person from one of the northern coal districts, who is said to be quite sanguine as to the result. Coal has already been found, which, though not fit for fuel, resembles the imperfect coal which is met with on opening a vein. There are, in fact, several beds of an imperfectly carbonized wood here,—and the same occur at the opposite end of the formation at Whitecliff Bay; but it is not the coal which is useful for fuel, nor is there any chance whatever of real coal being found. These beds are what geologists term *lignite*, which occurs in several of the upper formations, while serviceable coal is only found in that group of strata which is known as the carboniferous. Many such experiments have been made, and always without success, in other places; as for example in a similar geological formation at Bexhill, in Sussex, where a large sum of money was expended; of course fruitlessly.

As soon as the stranger has satisfied himself with looking at these extraordinary cliffs,—and no engraving he may have seen of the bay will have prepared him for its strange appearance,—he will direct his attention to the Needles, which now rise into importance before him. The Needles consist of three vast masses of chalk, that originally formed part of the sharp point of land in which the western end of the island terminates, but now stand far out in the sea detached from it and from each other. There are also two or three other blocks, but they are not ordinarily observable. The Needles resemble anything rather than the little implement whose name they bear: from some points they appear like a huge fortress, standing there to guard the



5.—SCRATCHELL'S BAY AND THE NEEDLES.

island; from the sea they exactly resemble a fleet under full sail. But there was formerly another rock, —Lot's Wife, the sailors called it,—which stood out alone, rising from the waves like a spire to a height of a hundred-and-twenty feet, which is said to have given the name to the group;—it fell in 1764. Their appearance from a boat is very striking. The sea rolls in here with great impetuosity, and the rocks are in constant course of disintegration: from being exposed on all sides the waves have full play upon them; the entire surface is deeply serrated, and the ledges and sharp spiry pinnacles, as well as the fragments that lie about the hollowed bases or hang ready to fall, proclaim the change that is going surely forwards. In fine weather the most timid may sail, or be rowed, between the Needles: when there is a little wind abroad it seems rather fearful to those not used to the water; but the visitor may always trust to the boatmen, (whether of Freshwater Gate, Alum Bay, or Yarmouth,) who will not advise the excursion to be made if there is any real danger. They who are not afraid of a roughish sea, nor mind a little spray or a whiff of salt water, will not need to be told that the run round this wild point in a bit of a breeze is a rare treat.

Scratchell's Bay, as the cove is called in which you find yourself on passing the Needles, is one of the most magnificent things in the island, and one which you must travel many miles to match. Precipitous and beetling rocks of from four or five hundred feet in height circle the little bay, which is bounded at one extremity by the rugged Needles and at the other by a stern wave-worn promontory, called Sun Corner. The rocks are of chalk, divided into nearly perpendicular strata by bands of flint nodules. Towards the eastern end of the bay the cliff is hollowed into a circular arch, perhaps two hundred feet high; and further still the waves have wrought a low gloomy cavern which penetrates far into the cliff, and the neighbouring rocks have been pierced and torn in a most strange fashion by the angry elements. If there is not a heavy ground-swell the stranger should land on the little strip of beach near the middle of the bay: if he does, he should go forward to the extremity of the great arch, looking out from which he will be amazed by the grand aspect of the bay; the surrounding rocks and the vast overhanging arch assume almost a terrible majesty, especially if a stormy sky is gathering its forces over the distant horizon. (Cut, No. 5.)

In a smooth sea the boat can run into the cavern, and it may be worth while to go into it, or one of the seven or eight others that occur between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater Gate. The boatmen from Alum Bay do not proceed beyond Scratchell's Bay unless they are ordered; if their advice be asked, they generally suggest that it is not worth while; the best is already seen, or something of the sort: but the visitor should go on to Freshwater. The cliffs between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater are those lofty ones we spoke of above as being the highest chalk cliffs in the country. They rise, as we said, precipitously from the sea some six hundred feet. Like those we have passed the strata is nearly vertical, the dazzling white chalk being banded by lines of black flint. The base of this enormous wall is all along worn into caverns, and arches, and columns, in a fantastic manner; and the ledges and crevices are crowded with sea-fowl: this is indeed their chief haunt, and it is worth while to carry a gun,—a bugle will do as well if the tourist likes not villanous gunpowder,—to see what prodigious flocks start, when the report is heard, from every side, though not a feather was discoverable by an unpractised eye. It is over this tremendous precipice that the cliffmen lower themselves when searching for the birds' eggs.

The tourist may land at Freshwater Gate, or return to Alum Bay; at either there is a good hotel, which after such a sail he will be prepared to appreciate. The Needles Hotel, at Alum Bay, is a favourite one, and very convenient for examining the scenery of this end of the island. And if, as is quite likely, he be weather-bound there, the tourist may while away an

idle hour in turning over the leaves of the Album, and reading how "Miss Gibbins and her mamma much approved of the scenery of Alum Bay," or how Alderman S. "thought the dinner very good—particularly the mutton;" or if the day be very long and very wet, he may even reach the middle of the interminable verses which a serjeant learned in the law spent a rainy week here in inditing.

Yarmouth.

But if he be of an economic turn, and do not mind walking an additional mile or two, he will find cheaper and very respectable inns at Yarmouth—a place at which tourists seldom stay, but which is not an inconvenient centre for exploring all this western end of the island from. There are a couple of inns at Yarmouth: the principal—a noticeable old high-roofed red-brick edifice—was once the mansion of the Governor of the island, and has had a King as its guest. It was built by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, who entertained Charles II. here, in 1671. Now in its plebeian condition, it is known as the 'George,' and has a very creditable fame. The other inn, 'the Bugle,' is also a respectable one; and the host, Master Butler, being an excellent shot, very knowing in birds, and filling up his leisure hours in stuffing the best specimens his gun brings down, his guests may generally see such a collection of the various birds that frequent the island—whether common, rare, or rarest—as they will probably not find anywhere else. Butler is well known to naturalists and collectors of sea-fowl; and many a bird of his shooting and preserving has found a perch in foreign as well as home museums.

Yarmouth itself is but a poor place. Although a corporate town, with its mayor and burgesses, and all municipal addenda,—and one that used to send two representatives to the Imperial Parliament; and though it has a town-hall and market-place, a steam-boat pier, a church, and two or three chapels, it yet has only a single shop of any size or pretension: but that is sufficient—it being one of the 'general' order only met with in country towns, wherein everything is kept, from drugs and grocery, down to door-mats and letter-paper; and everything prepared, from physicians' prescriptions to British wines. Half an hour will suffice to examine all that the town has to show. The church is old, but has been repaired and modernised; the exterior may be called ugly, and the interior is anything but handsome. The town-hall is nought. The 'castle' is one of the 'blockhouses' built by Henry VIII., and of the plainest kind. But the town is pleasantly situated: it stands at the mouth of the Yar, which forms a convenient harbour for small vessels; while there is excellent anchorage for those of larger size in the Solent. From the opposite side of the Yar—to which there is a ferry—the town, lying along the side of the broad estuary, with the Solent before and beyond it, seems as though built on a tongue of land, which projects into the sea, and has a very picturesque air. (Cut, No. 6.) As we spoke of some of its conveniences as a centre for the hardy tourist, we may add to these that the watermen are skilful, and moderate in their charges,—which cannot always be said of the island watermen; and there are good sailing as well as row-boats, for a run along the coast. Moreover there are steamers plying daily to Lymington and Gosport, which also call at Cowes and Ryde. The neighbourhood around Yarmouth is pretty, but not such as to call for further notice here.

Before however we proceed onwards, we must turn back a little way, in order to glance at the coast be-

6.—YARMOUTH.

tween Alum Bay and Yarmouth. After crossing the ferry we pass Scone Point, and soon reach Cliff End, where the island approaches nighest to the mainland; the distance from Cliff End to Hurst Castle, which stands on the shingle bank known as Hurst Point, being only three-quarters of a mile. Geologists have little doubt that the Isle of Wight was once united to the mainland; and there has always been a tradition among the islanders to the same effect. Etymologists, too, fancy they perceive confirmation of it in the name of the strait which divides the island from the coast of Hampshire—Solent (which they remind us Bede wrote *Solvente*), pointing plainly to the manner in which it has eaten away the channel between the coasts. Colwell Bay, and Totlands Bay, which we come to in succession, both deserve to be visited. Their banks are bold for some way from the beach, and are tossed about as though by an earthquake. The roughness is doubtless the effect of a long series of land-slips. Headon Hill, the noble headland which divides Totland Bay from Alum Bay, is one of the objects for which the geologist visits the Isle of Wight—it affording a good type of the vertical strata of chalk which we have already mentioned more than once: and we ought perhaps to remind the reader that we here quit the chalk and sand-stone cliffs along which we have hitherto travelled. The chalk extends in a range of lofty Downs, so as to form a sort of spine, or long axis, to the island, and terminates at the opposite extremities in the steep Culver and Needles cliffs. This elevated ridge rises to its greatest height towards the centre of the island, and, as we have seen, forms the cliffs along its southern side. The northern side of the island is of the tertiary formation, and nowhere rises into hills of any great height; the northern coast is for the most part low and shelving.

Cowes.

Beyond Yarmouth the stranger will not care to pursue the coast, which has nothing very characteristic about it, merely consisting for the greater part of the way of a sandy beach, with low sandy banks beyond. The best plan will be to take the steamer at once to Cowes. The only town that occurs near the coast between Yarmouth and Cowes is Newtown, which lies some distance up the river of the same name. It was once a place of some importance, but is now quite decayed, and though it still retains its corporate privileges, has altogether not a hundred inhabitants, and only about five-and-twenty mean houses and the ruins of a church. Till the passing of the Parliamentary Reform Bill it returned two members to the House of Commons. Along the banks of the river there are some salterns, but they are not much used. The river allows vessels of 500 tons burden to reach the town, but they do not ascend it. Newtown is rather prettily situated, and is worth going to see, if within a mile or two of it.

Cowes lies along both sides of the estuary of the Medina; that part of it which is on the west bank being called West Cowes, while that on the opposite side is called East Cowes: they are connected by a ferry. West Cowes is the principal town, the other being little more than an adjunct to it, though it contains the Custom-house. The appearance of Cowes from the Solent is very fine. (Cut, No. 7.) The mouth of the Medina is half a mile across, but it contracts rapidly, so that the town seems to lie round a good-sized harbour; and West Cowes being built on a steep hill, whose summit is crowned by a number of gentlemen's villas, it assumes a consequence far beyond its due. To add to its dignity, too, there are generally numerous vessels lying along the banks, and not a few of the handsome craft belonging to the Royal Yacht moored off the mouth of the river; with perhaps one or more ships of war in the Solent. For the last three or four months a large fleet of Prussian and other German ships have been lying here, in consequence of the blockade of the German ports. While they were here Cowes harbour displayed such a forest of masts as had not been seen in it since the war.

Cowes has a good deal of traffic; it being the port of the island, and the point of communication with the mainland by way of Southampton. It carries on also a large internal trade; and it is famous for its shipbuilding: the craft which are constructed here being celebrated for good sailing—those built for the Royal Yacht Squadron indeed have few rivals. West Cowes, notwithstanding its appearance from the river, is a most irregular ungainly-looking place when you are inside it. The narrow streets run crookedly and awkwardly along the hill side, and there is no public building to engage the attention. Just outside the town there is an old church, and in the other direction there is a new one—but neither is very remarkable. Along the river, and on the parade, there are some buildings that the stranger will look at; but they are not eminent for any architectural merits. One of these is the castle; a rather unformidable-looking building despite the battery in front of it. Another is the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. To this body Cowes owes a fair share of its prosperity: the influx of summer residents must be very materially increased by the members of the Squadron and their connections; and the annual sailing-match brings many strangers; while the presence of so many vessels and the constant trials of skill that take place, add to the general attraction of the town, by adding so much to its cheerfulness. The number of large hotels on both sides of the river speaks aloud for the demands for temporary accommodation. On the hill above West Cowes, and in the neighbourhood around, there are a great many gentlemen's seats, villas, and cottages, and some of them are of rather a superior character: the walks, too, around West Cowes are very pleasing. East Cowes is an agreeable little place; about it there are many very good private residences, but it has no very distinguishing features. What is most commonly pointed out as its lion is East Cowes Castle,—a so-called gothic

mansion which Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, built for himself, in a commanding position on the brow of the hill just above the village. It looks best at a distance—but the view from it is very fine. East Cowes is much in repute as a quiet watering-place; indeed both West and East Cowes are very lively agreeable summer resorts.

From Cowes, steamers are in frequent communication with Ryde; and perhaps the ordinary tourist will be content with seeing as much of the coast between these places as he can from the deck of one of them. Indeed, if he wishes to see more of it, he can only do so from the roads some way inland—and they are not particularly tempting. But we must look a little more closely at one or two spots. On rounding the point, the lofty towers and long battlemented front of Norris Castle will catch the attention. From the Solent it is a striking object—appearing like some grim relic of ruder times; but it is in reality a modern mansion, having been erected by Wyattville for Sir Henry Seymour. It is said to be less imposing close at hand than at a distance—which is very likely, for on looking steadily at it incongruities become sufficiently visible even from the steamer. According to Sir Henry Englefield, it commands the finest view of the Solent and the opposite shore of any spot in the island. Somewhat farther we see Osborne, the seat of Her Majesty, which shows very well from the sea, and we should fancy has a nobler view over the strait, as it has in every other direction, than Norris. We shall visit Osborne from Newport. The coast along rises into gentle well-wooded uplands, and wears a very cheerful air. At King's Quay we pass a river that enters the sea between banks covered with foliage to the edge of the water. A little further is Fishbourne Creek, the estuary of the Wootton river—in parts one of the most beautiful rivers in the island. The scenery about Wootton Bridge is celebrated, but the river is finer towards the sea—we mean of course at high water, for these tidal streams are little better than a mud-swamp when the tide is out.

At Quarr Abbey we must stay a while. These remains, small though they be, are the most important left of the several conventual establishments that once flourished in the island. This was a monastery founded by the Earl of Devon in 1132, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks were of the Cistercian order. It was dissolved along with all the other religious houses by Henry VIII. A merchant of Southampton bought the building and speedily dismantled it. Nothing now remains but some of the outer walls, and the fragment that is represented in the engraving (Cut, No. 8.) This was converted into, and long used as a farm building, and is so altered that it is not easy to say what was its original purpose. Although but a very poor ruin compared with the relics of ecclesiastical edifices in other parts of the country, it is the best hereabouts, and it is worth walking over from Ryde to see—especially as in the large open space which surrounds it, there are magnificent spreading elms, as old almost as the building; and the walk itself whether by the sea-side or through Binstead would alone amply repay the exertion. Quarr Abbey is believed to owe its name to a quarry close by, which supplied the stone for many of the ecclesiastical buildings in the southern counties. Wykeham's restoration of Winchester Cathedral was made with stone obtained from the Abbot of Quarr, and of course from this quarry. Stone is still procured from it, but it is now chiefly employed for the cottages in the neighbourhood. Quarr Copse reaches down to the beach, and the rich hanging wood dipping into the sea at high water is a very handsome object from the boat. As we mentioned, there is a footway along the beach from Quarr to Ryde, but it is only practicable when the tide is out. The path through the copse and by Binstead is a delightful one.

8.—QUARR ABBEY.

The famous anchorage of the Motherbank stretches along this part of the Solent, and there are generally riding in it a goodly number of our magnificent ships of war, as well as other large vessels; while craft of every description are continually sailing to and fro. The high ground about Binstead commands the whole of this portion of the strait, the town and harbour of Portsmouth, and the Hampshire hills beyond: it is not easy to conceive a nobler prospect of its kind. Binstead itself is a pretty secluded village of genteel residences. It has a new church, which, though small, is of unusual gracefulness. By it is preserved a doorway of the old church, with a rather curious piece of sculpture built in the wall above the arch, which has been long known among the peasantry of the neighbourhood as "the Idol." Binstead is about a mile from Ryde.

Newport.

We have thus made the circuit of this island; it now remains for us to visit Newport, its capital; and from thence we may glance hastily over one or two places in the interior.

Newport stands nearly in the centre of the island, in a spot apparently marked out by Nature for the site of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle slope rising from the west bank of the Medina, which is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to the town; and the nature of the surrounding hills allows of easy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the island. The town itself is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flourishing. It contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a corporate borough, and returns two members to the House of Commons, being the only place in the island that was permitted by the Reform Bill to retain Parliamentary representatives. The streets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good well-stored shops. The public buildings are mostly modern; the town-hall, and one or two other of the largest and showiest, were erected some thirty or forty years ago, from the designs of Nash, and are about on a level with what would be expected from the specimens of his genius which the metropolis possesses. The old church is very large, but plain and low, and far from pleasing in its external appearance; while the interior is blocked up and darkened by huge pews and galleries, and every kind of ungainly obstruction, till it would require a laborious search to discover any beauties there, if any there be. Among the monuments one or two are noticeable. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., lies here under a plain slab; she died the year after the execution of her father, at the age of fourteen, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. There are now a couple of new churches in the town, and it would be no discredit to the inhabitants if they were to remove some of the rubbish from the old one. Dissenting chapels abound, there being already some six or seven in existence, and one larger and smarter than any of them is in course of erection. There is a literary society in Newport, which has one of the best buildings in the place. There is also a factory, wherein some hundred hands are employed in making the Isle of Wight lace, so much admired by ladies. There is, too, a theatre for the delectation of the towns-people, but it does not fill; and just by it there is a jail, of which no such complaint is heard. North of the town are extensive barracks; and not far from them is a House of Industry, or in other words a Union workhouse, for the poor of the island. With its grounds, which are laid out in fields, and cultivated by the inmates, it occupies an area of eighty acres, and it has accommodation (happily never required) for a thousand persons; it is praised for the excellency of its arrangements, which are said to have suggested some of those adopted by the new Poor-law Commission. The Reformatory for juvenile offenders, or, as it is more commonly called, Parkhurst prison, is also in the same neighbourhood,—all these three buildings being within the precincts of Parkhurst Forest.

Newport is not much dependent on summer visitors, who generally merely pass through it. The population is a fixed, and not a fluctuating one, like that of Ryde and Cowes, and the town wears altogether less of a holiday look. But it is a convenient place to stay at for one who wants to see the island and its inhabitants. The stranger ought to turn out early on Saturday morning to see the market, which is of the most miscellaneous character possible. Every household requisite or luxury, from beef and bedsteads to prawns and pine-apples, is collected in it; and the market folks and market vehicles are almost as miscellaneous as the commodities they have brought together, and very much better worth seeing. There is also an annual fair; and there are two or three Michaelmas hiring or 'bargain-fairs,' which afford rare opportunities for seeing the country folk.

Newport is the oldest existing town in the island. Newtown was indeed an old town when this was founded; but it began to decay as this grew up, and, as we have seen, it long since died off altogether, leaving only a few rude cottages and a ruined church as its *siste viator*. But Newport has nothing modern in its look, nor any antiquities to reward the archæological inquirer. The only building of any antiquity besides the church is the Grammar-school, which was erected in 1617, and is noteworthy only on account of the school-room being the place where Charles the First and the Parliamentary Commissioners met to negotiate the public 'Treaty of Newport,' as it was called.

The walks in the immediate vicinity of Newport are many of them very beautiful; but there is one spot in particular which affords so splendid a prospect, that it should on no account be left unvisited. We refer, of course, to Mountjoy, the lofty hill on the south of the town. From the summit of this hill you see, on a clear day, the whole lower valley of the Medina and the surrounding country,—a rich undulating tract, where shining meadows alternate with dusky lines of

sombre foliage, and the broad Medina, winding through the midst, leads the eye along the curves of the valley to its union with the sea, where a forest of small craft and a light hazy vapour mark the sight of Cowes. Bounding the valley on the right is a range of low hills, from the highest of which the tower of Osborne rises out of a dense mass of trees. On the left, another range of uplands terminates near you in the brown heathy tract of Parkhurst Forest. In the extreme distance are the purple hills of Hampshire; between which and the northern side of the island the Solent breaks upon the sight at intervals, between the depressions in the uplands, gleaming in the sunshine like a number of small lakes. And at the foot of the hill on which you stand lies the town of Newport; its regular rows of plain houses and dark red roofs, partly concealed by noble trees, which, with the gray tower of the old church and the masts of the ships that are lying by the town quay, not only break the uniformity and homeliness of the buildings, but render the little town a bold and striking relief to the open country beyond, and assist it in throwing the whole landscape into exquisite harmony. Our steel engraving will enable the reader to form a somewhat clearer conception of this noble scene than our feeble description can do.

Our first stroll from Newport shall be down the Medina to Osborne. The Medina rises on the south side of the island, and falls into the sea on the north,—as do all the streams in the island with the exception of those little ones that fall over the chines. Its source is at the north-eastern foot of St. Catharine's Hill, not far from Chale; at Newport it becomes a tidal river, and expands to a considerable width, and it continues of course to widen to its confluence with the sea five miles lower. It thus divides the island, as will be seen on referring to the map, into two nearly equal portions, which have been adopted as the legal divisions of the island, the eastern half being called East, and the other West Medina.

The Medina has a good deal of very pretty scenery along its upper course, but it altogether changes its character when it becomes a tidal river. At low water indeed it is but a narrow stream running through the centre of a wide bed of mud but when the tide is up it is a broad and noble river, and that is the time to stroll along it. Both the banks are hilly, and the slopes are well wooded, but it is on the right bank only that a foot path lies all the way along the water's edge —and it is on the right bank that Osborne is situated. The rambler may very well keep beside the river to Whippingham, occasionally ascending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river scenery he will not regret the devious course it has led him. The broad sweep of the stream stretches before you in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly along; on either side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of "glad light green;" in front the view is bounded by softly swelling uplands, or, when a turn in the path brings into sight the broad opening where the river falls into the sea, by the silver Solent and the hazy coast beyond. Looking back, Newport for some way forms the chief feature; but as it diminishes, the high mound with the gray ruins of Carisbrooke Castle on its summit rises into importance, and from many a spot you have a landscape of a high order. There are a couple of mills on the river's banks called respectively East and West Medina Mills, but they add nothing to the beauty of the scenery.

Whippingham has no such a collection of houses as could be called a village. The church, which is the chief attraction, stands quite apart, not far from a farmyard, on an eminence just above the river. Its spire has served as a landmark, visible at intervals above the trees, from East Medina Mill, but the church itself is hidden by the wood till you are close to it. Since Osborne has been the property of her Majesty, Whippingham church has been her ordinary place of worship while residing there, and tourists are now accustomed to mark it in their list of visiting places; else it would draw few aside. The church is of a moderate size, and more complete in its equipments than many of the island churches; having nave, chancel, transepts, tower, and spire; but it is as plain and unadorned as village church can be. The only possible thing to notice inside would be its scrupulous cleanness. Now of course the royal pews are looked at by the stranger, but they too are quiet and unassuming, only distinguished from the rest by a rather richer lining. On the Sunday, we are told, there is no appearance of state, and the only thing that jars upon the simple solemnity of the service is the eager rudeness of those who crowd here to stare, who surely might leave the queen—though she be the queen—undisturbed in her hours of public worship.

Osborne House is about three-quarters of a mile from the church. It stands in the midst of its grounds, and cannot be seen from the road. The grounds are rather extensive, and from their elevated site afford fine views in many directions; but they are *strictly private,* and neither house nor grounds can be entered by the stranger. It would be useless, therefore, to describe them, if even the very hasty glance we have had of them enabled us to do so. It may be enough to state that the house has been much enlarged and altered since it was purchased for Her Majesty, and the alterations are still far from completed. It now presents an extended façade with a very lofty campanile on one side, of the Italian palazzo style, very sparingly enriched. Perhaps the house is seen to most advantage from the Solent, but it may also be very well seen from the high grounds on the opposite side of the Medina (Cut, No. 9.) The campanile is a noticeable object from the higher hills all over the island, and the views from it are said to be of the most splendid description.

The tourist may take the road beyond the principal entrance to Osborne, which will lead him to the gates of Norris Castle, the grounds of which are open to him,

and whose noble prospect across the Solent has been already spoken of. The road through the park will bring him out by East Cowes, where he may be ferried over, and return to Newport along the road above the west bank of the river; or, if he does not wish to proceed to Norris Castle, he will find a ferry below Whippingham Church, kept by the person who rents the oyster-beds, by which he may cross, when the tide is up, to Werror Farm, whence he may make his way through the copse to the road, or by the river to West Medina Mill. He will find the lonely old farm-house, and some other places on his way, very picturesque. But it will be well to view the scenery of the Medina from the water, and the tourist can do so very readily. There are good boats always to be hired at Newport; and there is a passage-boat which sails daily between Newport and Cowes as the tide serves; the fare by the passage-boat is very trifling. The traveller can take whichever his fancy or his pocket prefers. We would suggest that the best way to see the Medina, and the places spoken of above, is to sail to Cowes, and thence to return by Norris and Whippingham, where he can descend to the river side and continue along it to Newport. If he like river scenery half as much as we do, and have a fair day, and a flowing tide, he will thank us for the suggestion. We ought however in fairness to apprise him that we have heard artists and other competent judges who have made the round declare, "there is nothing in it."

But about the place we are next to visit there can be no difference of opinion. Whoever has the slightest feeling for the beauties of Nature, or the venerable relics of antiquity, must be interested and impressed at Carisbrooke. Strangers ordinarily, and in flys always, proceed there from Newport by the Mall, a pleasant road, but not the most pleasant, nor that by which the very picturesque features of the village and castle open most advantageously as you draw near. It is better to go over Mountjoy, from which you have the view already described, or along the fields and the river by West Mill.

William the Conqueror gave the Isle of Wight to his kinsman William Fitz-Osborne, and created him Lord of Wight. Fitz-Osborne, after overcoming the resistance of the islanders, took up his abode at Carisbrooke, which was already a fortified place. He is believed to have erected the oldest part of the present castle on the site of a much more ancient one; be that as it may, the castle became the residence of the Lords of Wight, and the town of Carisbrooke was the capital of the island. The Lords of Wight retained their insular sovereignty till the reign of Edward I., who purchased the regalities, and appointed a Warden of the island, with the old title, subject to removal at his pleasure. This arrangement was continued till 1445, when that feeblest of monarchs, Henry VI., created the Earl of Warwick 'King' of the Isle of Wight, and crowned the new sovereign with his own hands. But this title was of course never renewed, and the old one was dropped in the reign of Henry VII., who appointed a 'Captain' of the Island: the title was changed to that of Governor in the seventeenth century; and that title and office are still continued. While the Lords of Wight resided in the castle, the French made many descents upon the island, which they more than once ravaged; and they frequently attacked the castle, but do not appear to have ever taken it. One of their last descents upon the island was in the reign of Richard II., when, after plundering it, they laid siege to the castle. Many of the besiegers were slain during the siege, especially on one fatal occasion, when a large party of them were drawn very close to the walls, and fell into an ambush which had been prepared for them. There is a tradition that one of the lanes leading to the castle owes its name of Deadman's Lane to having been the scene of the slaughter; and that Node Hill, on the way to Newport, was formerly called Noddies Hill, on account of its having served as the burial-place of the *Noddies*, who suffered themselves to be thus entrapped. This is the country etymology—we are not responsible for it.

But the chief historical interest attaching to the Castle arises from the confinement within it of the unfortunate Charles I. Charles, it will be remembered, on escaping from Hampton Court, repaired to the coast of Hampshire, and after some hesitation resolved to place himself under the protection of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. He was lodged in Carisbrooke Castle. At first he was treated with courtesy, and even permitted to ride out with a small escort; but stricter measures were soon enforced, and the king became a close prisoner. Some wild projects were started for his release; but Carisbrooke Castle was too strong a place, and too well garrisoned to allow of hope from any plan which the Royalists were then capable of executing. His son, Prince Charles, indeed, had at one time a good fleet in the Downs; but though urged by the king, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to attempt to liberate his father. Charles himself made two efforts to escape. The first time he tried to force his body between the bars of his window; but they were too close together, and he had difficulty in drawing himself back again. Then his followers succeeded in conveying to him acids for corroding the bars, and a rope, by which to lower himself; and a night was fixed for the attempt. When it came, he was made aware that his window was watched from below, and it was believed that if he had appeared outside he would have been shot. Charles was a prisoner here rather more than a year; and from hence he was removed to that miserable 'castle' we saw from Cliff-end awhile ago; and soon after, where strife and sorrow are unknown.

Carisbrooke Castle is now a mere ruin, but it is a very fine one. It stands on a lofty eminence, and the keep is raised still higher, by being placed on an artificial mound. It thus presents a commanding aspect from every side: The castle is of very different dates: some parts of it are probably as old as William Fitz-

Osborne; but the castle was rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., and probably most of the older parts of the present remains are of that time. The grand gateway, represented in our engraving, (Cut, No. 10,) was erected in the reign of Edward IV., by Lord Woodville, whose arms are sculptured upon the front. Woodville sold the castle to the king, and it has ever since remained an appanage to the crown. It was repaired by Elizabeth, who built the outer walls and the gateway outside the bridge, and also some domestic offices yet remaining, and now used as the residence of the keeper. The defensive part of the castle was permitted to go to ruin after the Restoration, though it was used for some time longer as a state-prison.

The walls of the castle enclose an area of about twenty acres; and the whole is surrounded by a broad moat, long since drained. The entrance from the road is by Queen Elizabeth's Gate, a not unpicturesque little building in its present mouldering state, with the dark green ivy climbing over it; but the grand entrance is Woodville's Gateway, on the other side of the bridge. This is the finest feature left of the old castle. The gateway is strengthened by a portcullis and bold machicolations, and flanked by round towers of noble proportions: it is altogether a very handsome specimen of its class of architecture. On passing through it, the person who shows the castle calls your attention to some ruinous walls on your left hand as the prison wherein Charles was confined: the window, still preserved, is said to be that from which he attempted to escape. You are then directed to the 'Saxon' keep, and left to ascend, if you please, "the wearisome but necessary height." There are said to be some seventy-odd steps to this steep 'flight,' which leads to the keep, and there are some more from thence to the parapet. But no one will complain who ascends them. The prospect would be worth climbing for were there no steps to assist the ascent: it embraces as wide a range of country as the summit of Mountjoy, and is perhaps more varied. The view of the lower valley of the Medina is not comparable to that from Mountjoy; but those on the south, over the rich undulations of cultivated and wooded country, are much finer. The ramparts also afford very pleasing views; and on Wednesday evenings in summer, when the band of the regiment stationed at Parkhurst plays in the meadow below, they form a favourite promenade for the Newport fair.

One of the most curious things in the castle is the well, which is above 300 feet deep. The visitor is shown into the well-house, and while he is noticing the singular appearance of the room, one side of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel—a small lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapses before a glass of water that is thrown down strikes against the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a small windlass, making, as he watches its descent, a circle of light continually lessening till the lamp is seen to float on the surface of the water at a depth that makes him almost dizzy. A grave old ass is then introduced who quietly walks into the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as curs in days of yore turned spits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again: which feat being accomplished, Jacob very soberly walks out again. This well has from time out of mind served the castle with water, and still serves it—and, as the visitor will find if he tastes it, serves it well. The same method of drawing the water has always been in practice; and the drawers have lived long in the exercise of their vocation. Fame tells of one who drew water here for fifty odd years, and might perchance have drawn as many more; but becoming weary of so long treading the same dull round, he threw himself from the ramparts. The books, and the gentle guide, do indeed say that the ancient drawer fell over the ramparts by accident—but who will credit that of a donkey? His successor was not of quite such Macrobian habit, but he lived to enjoy for some thirty years a pension of a penny loaf a day conferred on him by an ass-loving governor.

Before leaving the castle you are shown the chapel; but it is much more modern than any other part of the building, having been erected by George II. on the site of a very old one that had become unserviceable, and it has nothing remarkable in its appearance. In it the Mayor of Newport used to be sworn in upon entering on office and on the annual renewal of his term: but the present mayor, being a Dissenter, chose to display his independency by refusing to conform to the established order of things, and the point having been yielded by the Governor it will no doubt fall into abeyance—as a good many better and some worse customs have fallen. The village of Carisbrooke is built along the side of an eminence, which is separated from the castle hill by a narrow dell, through which flows a small streamlet. Carisbrooke is a pretty rustic village, but showing few signs, apart from the castle and the church, of its antiquity. The church is still large and handsome, but it was once much larger—the chancel and one of the aisles having been pulled down to save the cost of repairing them. The tower, which has an enriched turret and pinnacles, is the most elaborate and handsomest, and it contains the most musical peal of bells in the island. The church, with several other of the island churches, formerly belonged to the Cistercian Priory, which was founded here by Fitz-Osborne, and so it remained till the spoliation of religious houses by the dragon "To whom houses and churches were but geese and turkeys"—when the church was made parochial and the priory tithes leased for a yearly rent of 200 marks. The only fragment left of the priory is an ivy-covered gate. Carisbrooke Castle has a majestic appearance from these lower grounds; the village too, with its church, looks very picturesque; but they should be seen in combination from the neighbouring fields, when they display a union of grandeur and picturesqueness that is exceedingly impressive.

The country around Carisbrooke is very lovely. There are delicious green lanes where the trees interlace over head and form an exquisite roof to the

informal avenue; there are again lone farm-houses shadowed by lofty spreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder-spotted meadows; and downy heights with wide-spread prospects; and shadowy copses peopled only by the merry song-birds. You might roam about here for weeks and not exhaust the affluence of gentle pastoral loveliness.

Something of this loveliness may be seen by varying the homeward route a little. Take any of the narrow lanes at the back of the castle, that for example which leads to Watergate, and you have some new feature of beauty opening upon you at every turn. The lanes will display those irregular avenues we spoke of. At Watergate there is the pretty brook, with the few scattered houses about it. A little farther and you come upon Marwell Copse, the very striking entrance to which, as the shades of evening are casting their sombre tone over it, might tempt a Salvator's pencil; while on the other side, as you look back into the copse you see the road dropping down a dell overarched by a dark mass of tangled trees and leading to a gleam of sunlit foliage that seems to illumine the whole picture. Marwell Copse is worth a visit—though we have never seen it mentioned. But the stranger should proceed to Gatcombe, whose park is famous and deservedly so. On all sides is an intermingling of whatever is beautiful in park scenery, although, excepting the trees, on a small scale. The little church stands in a pretty part of the park, half buried among massy foliage. The Parsonage, wearing a charming air of "refined rusticity," is placed by a little lake not far from it. A water-mill, too, fixed on a picturesque bend of the Medina, is included within the pale. The mansion is modern and stately. Gatcombe village, too, is a study for a painter.

And all round Gatcombe the leisurely traveller may find lanes and passages of quiet rural verdant landscape, such as only England can show, and only its more favoured spots can show in perfection. Especially as he wanders about here will he find himself involuntarily staying to admire the uncommon gracefulness of form and rich full foliage of the trees. The soil is fitting, the climate mild and balmy, and their growth is answerable. Then they stand in an ample space, and are left unclipped by the pruning-knife of science, and they send out their free arms with that buoyant vigour only seen in such circumstances. Many of them are as grand and symmetrical in form as any Claude ever painted, and they have a free sweeping play of branches and spray such as he never had a glimpse of. As they stand alone or in a grove on a grassy slope, or beside a dark pond, or a glancing streamlet, they make pictures that the eye cannot choose but rest upon.

Gatcombe may be taken on the route to Appuldurcombe, which must be visited from Newport, if it were not seen when at Shanklin or Ventnor. We may mention here that the interior of the mansion can only be seen by tickets, which must have been previously obtained at Newport. There are two or three ways to Appuldurcombe, but there is little choice between them. Godshill is in any case the mark to aim at: it is a curious unformed place. The church is set up on the top of a broken hill, upon whose rough sides the houses are scrambling. The inhabitants tell the old story, common to so many of these hill churches, how the building was commenced in the valley, but the emissaries of the evil one undid at night all that was accomplished in the day; and how, at last, it was only suffered to be erected on condition of its being placed on this rugged hill-top, out of the reach of the old, the feeble, and the indolent. Such traditions as we said are common, but then they have the three essentials of a perfect tradition, and therefore we do not question this: at most we only venture to hint that there was a strange want of tact in a certain quarter. "The tower lights all the country round," at once a guide and a monitor. It was wiser done at Hollington (see vol. i. 286) to insist on the church being built in a lonely hollow, and then causing a thick wood to spring up and hide it—where "out of sight out of mind." By the way, if the tradition be authentic, is not the name a misnomer?—ought it not rather to bear a far less euphonious title than that of Godshill? Or was it so named on the same principle as names are sometimes given in the mining districts, where, if there be a fellow of unmatchable ugliness, he is sure to be called Beauty?

But whoever caused the church to be placed where it stands did a benefit to the scenery of the neighbourhood, and deserves a good word therefore—if only upon the principle of giving "every one his due." To many a charming spot around the fine old tower gives a graceful finish, and it serves to render the humble village one of the most picturesque in the island. The church itself is rather a superior one: it is partly of the decorated period, and partly perpendicular; and in addition to its architectural value, it contains a long series of monuments of the Worsley family—one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the island, and who for a long series of years were the lords of Appuldurcombe. Many of these monuments are interesting as specimens of the art, or as affording examples of the costume of their respective periods. Another monument of the Worsley's, which the village possesses, is a free grammar-school, which Sir Richard Worsley founded and endowed for its benefit in 1614.

Appuldurcombe is little more than a mile from Godshill. The mansion stands in the midst of an extensive park, and both house and park are considered to be among the most attractive of the island lions. Appuldurcombe House was begun in 1710, by Sir Robert Worsley; but remained unfinished until the succession of his grandson, Richard, to the title and estates. It is a large square building, with projecting wings to the principal front. The style is the so-called classic which prevailed in the last century, and the general effect is stately and imposing. The hall and principal apartments are of handsome proportions, and it is altogether an eminently splendid pile. But the chief attraction

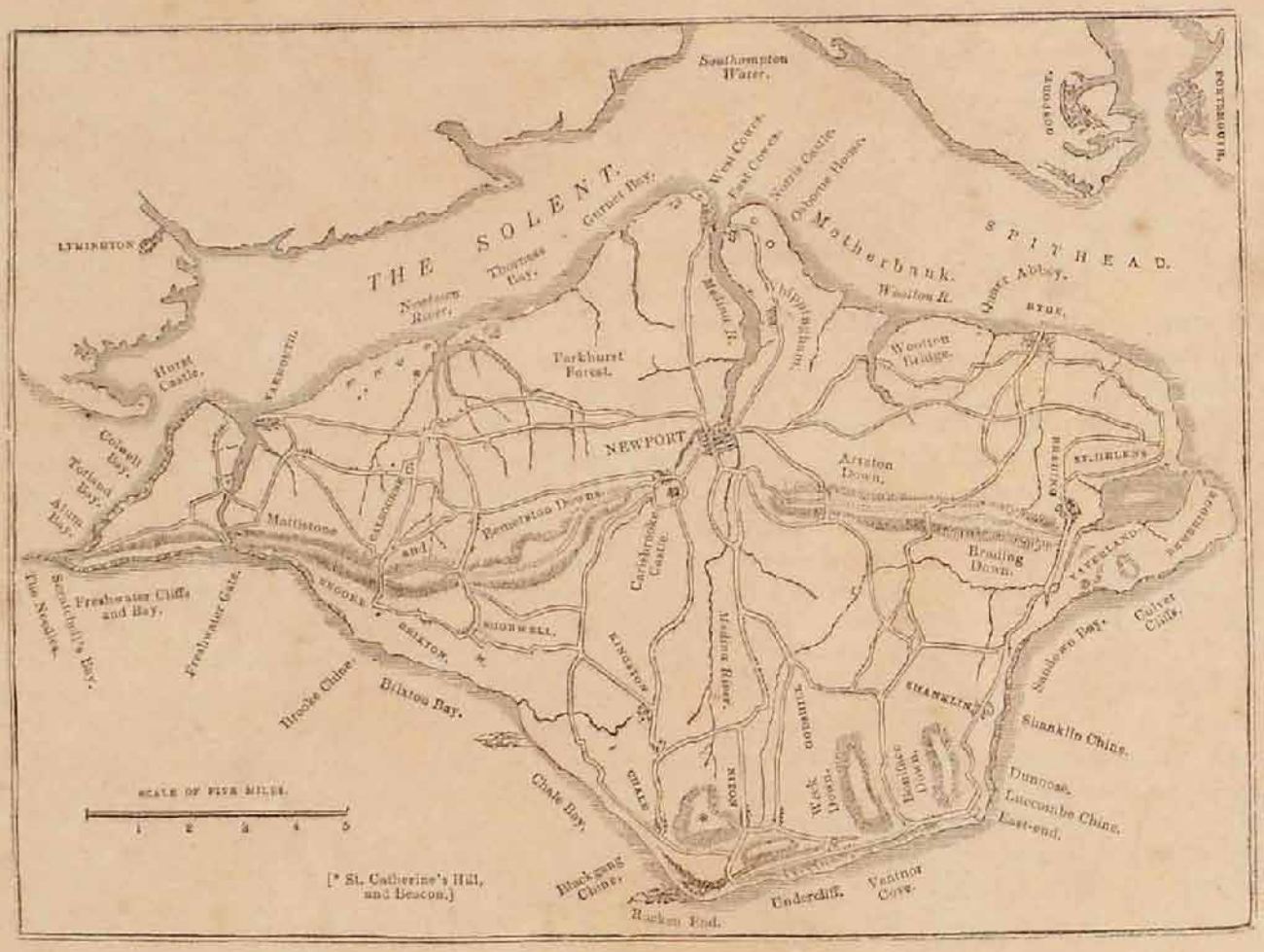
is the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, so famous as the Worsley Museum. The most interesting, perhaps, of the pictures, are the historical portraits, many of which have been in the possession of the family for a very long period; some, as the portraits of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having been presented to them by those sovereigns. The bassi-relievi, statues, gems, and other antiquities, were collected by Sir Richard Worsley, at a vast expense, during a tour made for the purpose in Italy and the Levant. The collection was, at the time it was made, considered to be one of the finest in England. Sir Richard, with the assistance of the younger Visconti, the celebrated Italian antiquary and writer on art, drew up a full description of his collection, which was published in two folio volumes in 1794—1803, under the title of 'Musæum Worsleianum:' the descriptions are in English and Italian, and it is largely illustrated with engravings. The preparation of this work, which was one of the most splendid that had then issued from the English press, cost Sir Richard, it is said, upwards of £27,000. Very few copies of it were printed, and it is now one of the 'rare' books of the bibliopolists. The collection itself, as will be supposed, noble as it is, is chiefly interesting to the classic scholar and the archæologist; and requires more careful examination than is possible in the hasty survey of a 'show-house.' But it is worth seeing, though it can only be seen cursorily—and the house and park ought to be visited.

The park deserves its celebrity. It is very extensive, for the island, and the ground is considerably diversified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech trees, of stately size abound; the plantations are well arranged, and it is well stocked with deer: the park and the house are, in short, on a correspondent style of grandeur. On the most elevated spot in the park a column, seventy feet high, has been erected to the memory of Sir Richard Worsley, and is a conspicuous object for many miles in every direction. Sir Richard Worsley, among many other obligations which he conferred on the island, completed and published the 'History of the Isle of Wight,' which his grandfather had commenced but left, like the house, unfinished. The 'History' is in every sense a heavy work; but the large collection of materials it contains must be the basis of every succeeding history. Sir Richard Worsley was Governor of the Island, and held some other honourable employments. Appuldurcombe is no longer the property of a Worsley,—the name is now extinct; and the property has passed by marriage to the Earls of Yarborough, whose seat it now is.

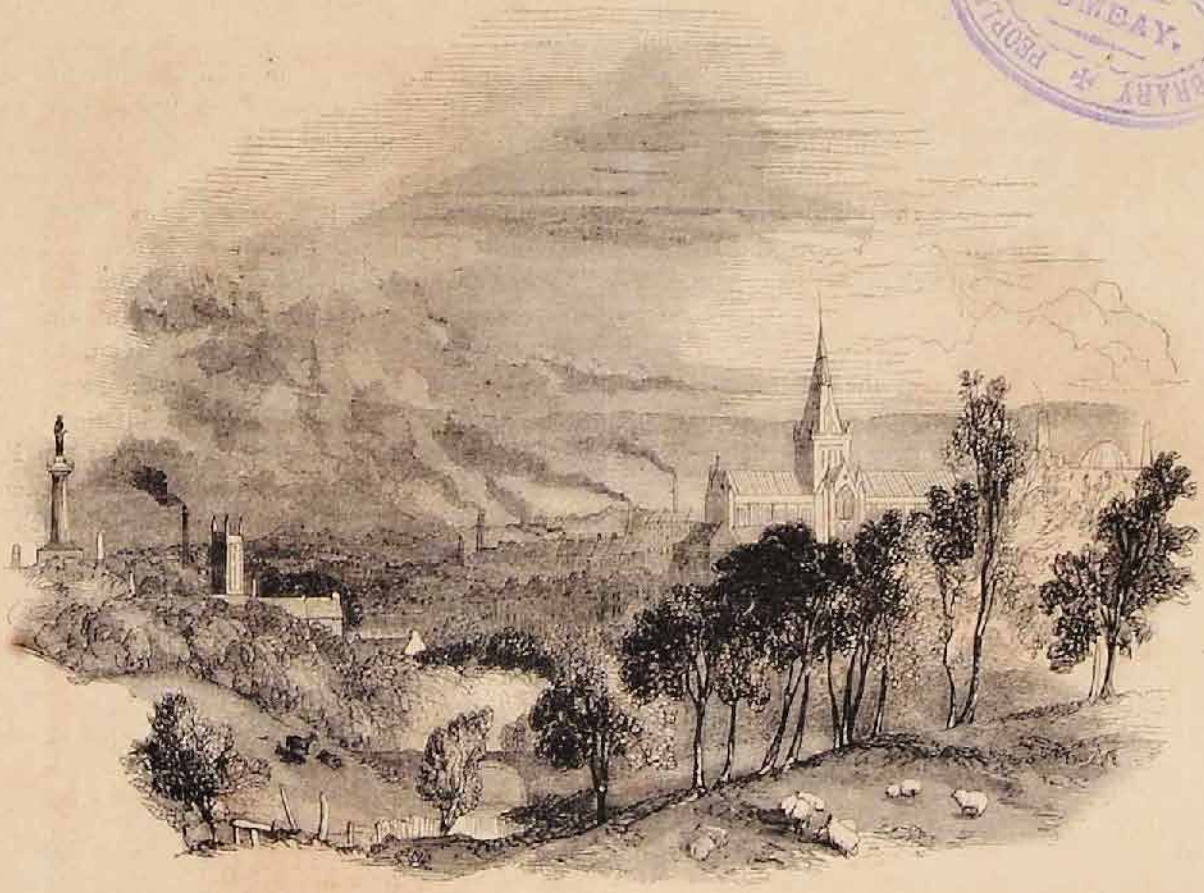
We have hardly space to indicate any more of the pleasant jaunts from Newport. We may select, as one that will very well illustrate the nature of the quiet out-of-the-way districts that are to be found in these parts that lie away from the ordinary routes, a stroll to Newtown by way of Parkhurst Forest, returning by Calbourne. Parkhurst Forest was once a Royal hunting forest of some four thousand acres area, and so thickly wooded that, according to the popular saying, a squirrel might have leaped from one end of it to the other without touching the ground. But it is now circumscribed within very much narrower limits, and the whole of the ancient timber has been long felled: it now is most unforest-like in its appearance, being in good part a heathy tract of waste land, and its wood mere brushwood. This is one of the tracts that was enforested by the Conqueror, and was a favourite hunting-ground of the Norman Nimrod. There are some rather pretty heathy spots about, with some good prospects from them; but it is hardly a place the stranger will care to linger over, though he will enjoy the sharp sea-breeze on a clear morning. He may turn aside to look at or examine the House of Industry and the Reformatory, if he pleases. Crossing the forest, he will pass through the copse by White House, and then by some wooded lanes, past Clamerkins, keeping the river on his right, to Newtown. This Newtown river we have mentioned before; and here we shall only add, that it is very curiously broken into several branches, all of which are tidal, and at their confluence form a wide estuary. The decayed old Newtown and this estuary, or even the separate branches, are certainly worth visiting, and this is a good way of reaching them. Having satisfied himself with them, and examined if he pleases the salt-ponds, or salterns, he should proceed to Shalfleet, a curious rude village with a remarkable church. This odd-looking edifice is in part, at least, of Norman date, and has some undecipherable (or as the phrase goes symbolic) sculpture about it. The tower is Norman, of rude construction, and has the singular characteristic of being wider than the nave to which it is attached. There are some noticeable Norman carvings about it, as well as the doorways. There are other peculiarities about it, and it is altogether perhaps the most singular church in the island. On the way are two or three scattered hamlets, as well as some outlying farm-houses, that might be spoken of as noteworthy, were it necessary. Calbourne is quite a specimen of a secluded country village: it lies out of any main road, and seems to have altogether escaped the notice of the 'progress' people. It is no more modern than it was a quarter of a century ago—which is something difficult to say of a country village now. Calbourne is a very tolerable example of a village church of the early English period: it has a strong stern look, as though it might be made a temporary place of refuge for the villagers in case of sudden attack by marauders. The windows in the body of the church are the narrow lancet; the walls are strong, and the whole not easily assailable: while the tower is still more grim-looking, and stronger —evidently the keep of the temporary castle. The cottages are as primitive as the church; and as the whole is screened by magnificent trees, from almost every field around, you have a new picture. Somewhat further is Swainstone, a charming neighbourhood, full of good trees, golden corn-fields,—everywhere the substantial signs of a rich, fertile, and well-tilled soil. There are some roads about Swainstone, along which lofty elms are ranged, forming delicious shady avenues,

and yielding at every opening exquisite peeps across the country and over the glittering sea beyond. There is a large mansion here which occupies the site of a palace belonging to the Bishops of Winchester, and some fragments of a palace chapel still remain. From Swainstone there are charming walks through by-lanes and across fields by the back of Carisbrooke to Newport. Great Park, New Park, Park Cross, and the like, are all relics of the ancient Royal Forest of Parkhurst, though lying some distance from the tract now so called: about them one might wander for hours.

The very finest ramble that can be had upon the central range of Downs is from Newport to Ashey Sea Mark. You reach Arreton Down by Long Lane (and a very long lane it is); when, the moment you attain the summit, there bursts on the view upon either hand a wide and most brilliant prospect, which never loses its attractiveness till you reach the Sea Mark upon Ashey Down, where it is by far the finest. Ashey Sea Mark is a stout triangular obelisk of stone, which was erected by the Government for the guidance of vessels entering Spithead and St. Helen's Roads: the views from it are indeed most splendid. On every side you see for miles across a tract of richly cultivated country, where broad pastures alternate with fields of waving corn, or the purple-headed rye grass, which bends in sweeping billows under the lightest wind, sombre wooded districts, and scattered villages marked by the clustered roofs or the light blue vapour; while everywhere the county is spotted over with cottage, or farm-house, or mansion, sending up the curling smoke from among sheltering trees: and beyond this inland tract is the circling sea. Northwards the Solent, with its fleets of war-ships and crowded sails, and the distant fortifications by Portsmouth Harbour, and the faint hills beyond, form the distance. To the east the wide Brading Harbour, backed by the Bembridge heights, catches the eye. While southward is the majestic curve of Sandown Bay, bordered by wide sheep Downs, whereon the wild thyme loves to dwell, and the gentle ocean-breezes make their play-fields!



GLASGOW.



1.—GLASGOW FROM ST. ROLLOX.

NEVER perhaps did the two chief cities of any one country differ in a greater number of circumstances than Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two busy centres of population in Scotland. They have had different careers marked out for them, and there are two groups of sympathies and attractions by which they are known and estimated. Neither one could fill the social place of the other. We think of them, and visit them, and read about them, with different expectations; and if chance were to throw us among the predominant classes in each city, we should find that Edinburgh thoughts and Glasgow thoughts take widely different directions.

Let us compare them in a topographical and picturesque point of view. Nothing can compensate, at Glasgow, for the absence of those hills and valleys which give such a commanding aspect to Edinburgh. The Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the Castle Hill, the gentle eminences on which the new north and south towns are built—all afford so many standing points, from many of which the busily-thronged valleys appear as if spread out on a map beneath the eye. In Glasgow we have little of this; there is a gradual ascent from the Clyde towards St. Rollox and Port Dundas; but there are few abrupt alternations of hill and valley. Transferring our attention to the houses on these hills and valleys: in Edinburgh we have the picturesque old town—Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh, we may almost term it; with its lofty houses, its odd-looking wynds, its Castle, its Holyrood, its Heriot's Hospital, its Parliament House; and in the new town, we have a group of stone buildings of a totally different character and as sumptuous as anything of the kind in England. Then, directing the glance beyond all these houses, we have a fine open agricultural country encircling the city; to the north we have the Firth of Forth, with its steamers and white sails; and backing the whole on nearly all sides are the blue outlines of hills—the Fifeshire hills on one side, the Corstorphine on another, the Braid and Blackford hills on another, the North Berwick Law on another. We miss most of these elements of a landscape at Glasgow. The lower parts of the town are old, it is true; but they want the picturesque antiquity of Edinburgh. The new parts of the town have rows of good stone-built houses; but they cannot be seen from such a glorious point of view as Calton Hill; and the blue hills and the green fields do not catch the eye until we fairly get out of the great city.

But change the phase of inquiry, and look out for the *industrial* rather than the *picturesque*. Here the difference between the two cities is as great as in the former comparison, but the supremacy is reversed. Edinburgh is supported by wealth procured elsewhere: Glasgow supports itself. Edinburgh does not make a

tithe of what it daily requires: Glasgow, besides serving itself, is busily occupied in serving half the known world with many articles of produce. Edinburgh is full of judges, advocates, doctors, professors, artists, authors, schoolmasters, students, printers, booksellers, men whose professional labours are paid for by funds which flow into the city from every corner of Scotland: Glasgow is full of coal-men, iron-men, cotton-men, and ship-men, who give tangible results of their labour, and who keep a sharp look-out for customers in every port and city in the world. In Edinburgh the rivals to the steeples are the hills: in Glasgow the rivals to the steeples are the factory chimneys, which far outnumber them. In Edinburgh almost the only smoke is from the houses (except the gas-works, which stand so provokingly in the centre of the city): in Glasgow the clouds of smoke are chiefly from the factories. In Edinburgh the shops are mostly for retail traffic: in Glasgow there are some of the largest warehouses and store-houses in the kingdom. At Edinburgh the population, and the buildings, and the revenues increase at a slow pace: at Glasgow the increase of the population has been so vast as to be paralleled only at London and Liverpool: it increased from 14,000 in 1651, to 200,000 in 1831; 250,000 in 1841, and upwards of 300,000 at the present time!—In short, we must prepare ourselves, whether on a bodily or a mental ramble to Glasgow, to look out for a state of things very different from that observable at the ancient capital.

The Approaches to Glasgow.

Before we conduct the reader through and around this bustling city, it may be well to glance at the varied modes in which modern improvement has enabled us to reach it from England and from Edinburgh.

Glasgow, in past times, held communication much more frequently with Edinburgh than with any English town. This, indeed, might reasonably have been expected. Edinburgh, as the centre of law, of education, of medical skill, of fashion, for Scotland, necessarily gave a tone to all the other towns, even to the western metropolis (as the Glasgow people not unreasonably designate their city): consequently the means of communication between those two cities have long been of an excellent kind. No doubt the Glasgow lieges thought they were taking a bold step, when they developed the following arrangement:—"At Glasgow, the saxt day of August, 1678, the foresaid parties finally agreed, that the said William Hume should, with all diligence, have in readiness ane sufficient strong coach, to run betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, to be drawn by six able horses; to leave Edinburgh ilk Monday morning, and return again (God willing) ilk Saturday night: the passengers to have the liberty of taking a cloak-bag for receiving their clothes, linens, and sicklike: the Burgesses of Glasgow always to have a preference to the coach." By the year 1833 there were twelve coaches per day from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

There are now four post-roads from the one town to the other; and numerous roads to connect Glasgow with all the other Scottish towns. In 1763, there was one coach per month from Scotland to London, and this took from 12 to 16 days on the road! A Glasgow mail was afterwards established, and finely-appointed stage-coaches began to run from Glasgow to Carlisle.

But here, as eleswhere, water by degrees began to compete with land—the boat with the coach, the steam-engine with horses. The two estuaries or firths of the Clyde and the Forth; the one bearing on its banks the city of Glasgow, and the other the city of Edinburgh (or rather its port of Leith) so nearly intersect Scotland, that the project was early formed of making a canal from the one to the other. The Union Canal commences in Edinburgh, and follows a very circuitous route to Falkirk; near which it joins the Forth and Clyde Canal: this latter, commencing at the Firth of Forth at Grangemouth, extends to the Clyde ten miles west of Glasgow, throwing off a short branch to the latter city. On these canals a system of very cheap passenger transit was commenced many years ago, and has greatly influenced the charges made by all other conveyances. To these canals we owe many improvements and valuable experiments in steam navigation and its relative sciences. In the attempts to determine whether canal-boats could safely attain a speed of eight or ten miles an hour, experiments were made by Sir John Macneil, and afterwards by Mr. Scott Russell, which have led to important results concerning the forms of ships and boats, the forms and movements of waves, and the power of traction along the banks of a canal. These scientific and engineering results we are not to discuss here: suffice it to say that swift packet-boats were established, which conveyed the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Falkirk, and other towns, to Glasgow at very low rates.

Meanwhile the sea-going steamers were not idle. The Leith smacks of former days, the "slow coaches" of the last generation, gave way to the fine steamers which now place Leith (and consequently Edinburgh) in easy connection with London, Hull, Newcastle, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness; and this in fact has constituted a new route to Glasgow, from places whose inhabitants are glad to avoid the wearisome task of a long inland journey. Then, again, in the west, steam has been doing wonders. Those magnificent floating castles—the Liverpool and Glasgow steamers—opened up an entirely new route. A railway from London to Liverpool paved the way for a line of steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow; and this line became one of the most popular and best-conducted modes of reaching Scotland. As one project trod on the heels of another—as additional lines of railway became established—so did new routes to Glasgow become developed. The extension of the English railways to Fleetwood, and of the Scottish railways to Ardrossan, led to the establishment of steam-boats between the two last-mentioned towns: and this gave the quickest route obtained up to that time between London and Glasgow. With the

north of Ireland, too, a steady steam-ship traffic became gradually established.

But now a revolution has occurred. The year 1848 will have much to answer for in respect to revolutions generally; and among the rest is a revolution in Anglo-Scottish transit. Long before it was determined to place Glasgow in railway communication with England, many minor railways had been formed in the rich mineral district eastward of Glasgow—about Monkland, Airdrie, Coatbridge, Calder, Gartsherrie, &c.: the object being to open a rapid and easy outlet for that traffic to Glasgow and the Clyde. Passenger railways were, as a next stage in the process, established from Glasgow to Edinburgh in one direction, to Greenock in another, and to Ayr in a third. But it was left for the struggling period of 1844 and 1845 to contest for the Anglo-Scottish traffic. Railway folks went mad in Scotland as well as in England at that time: deserts, bogs, moors, downs, and forests—no matter what: everybody wished to make railways everywhere. The desirability of establishing a railway-route from England to Scotland having once been conceded, then came the battle between contending Companies. Should it be from Newcastle by Berwick to Edinburgh; or from Haltwhistle by Carter Fell to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Hawick to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Moffat to Edinburgh and Glasgow; or from Carlisle by Dumfries and Nithsdale to Glasgow? All these plans were in the field; and the result of the contest is that we find no fewer than three out of the five plans in actual operation; while a fourth is to half its extent in progress. The last three or four years have witnessed various stages in this important struggle; but it remained for 1848, to show what really are the tendencies of this mighty system.

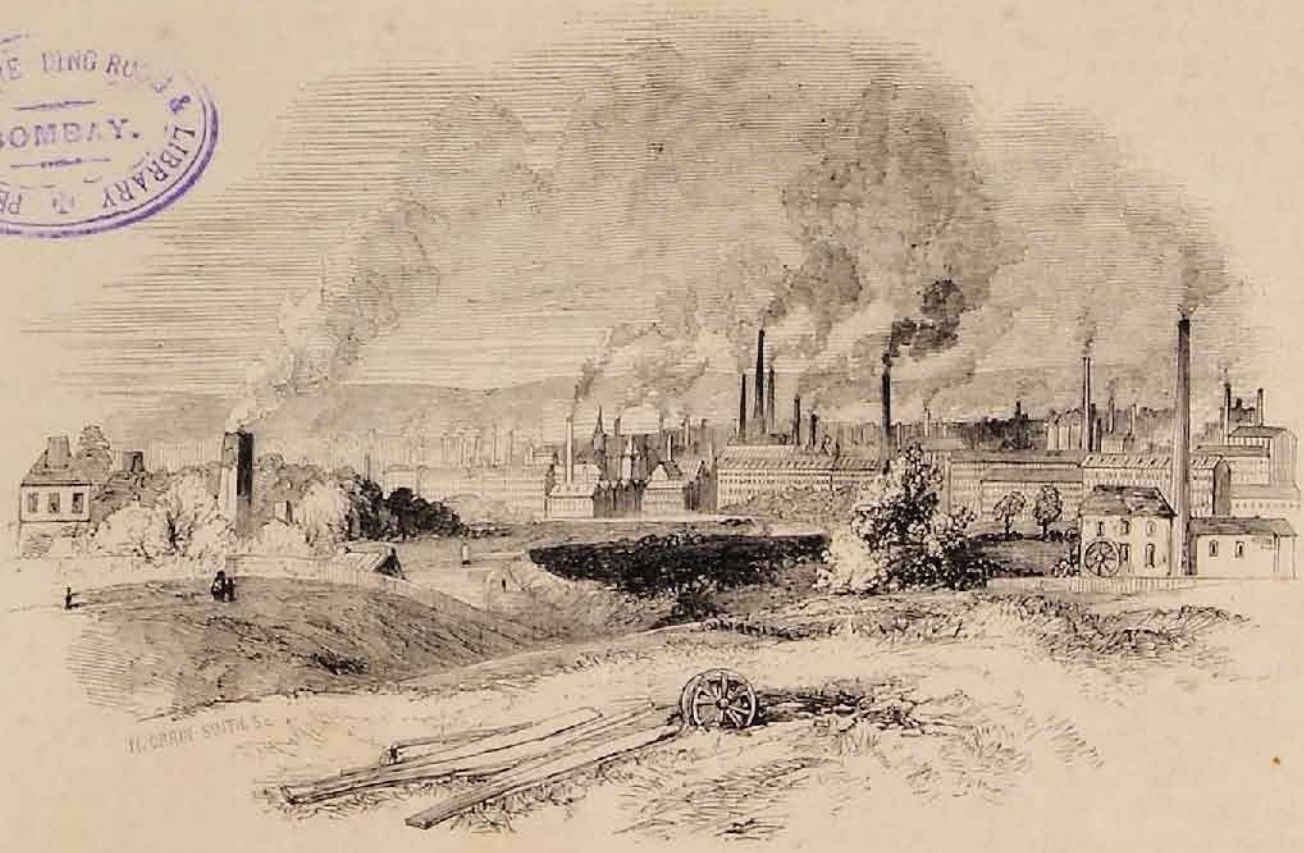
What do we find at Glasgow, in respect to railways? Spreading along the northern shore of the Clyde, towards Dumbarton and the foot of Loch Lomond, will ere long be a short line, which will facilitate intercourse with the remarkable lochs and firths in that quarter. Crossing the Clyde to the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, we find a very net-work of railways, belonging principally to the Ayrshire Company, and placing Glasgow in rapid communication with all the south-west of Scotland. Eastward of this is the gigantic Caledonian Railway, by far the largest commercial enterprize ever undertaken in Scotland. Boldly confronting the difficulties of the sterile region about the Beattock summit, Mr. Locke has carried a line right over the hills from Carlisle to Glasgow; surmounting by well-planned gradients and stupendous cuttings an ascent which might well have deterred a less confident engineer. Not only to Glasgow does this railway extend: it sends off a branch near Lanark to Edinburgh; it sends off another branch from near the same point along the southern side of the Clyde to Glasgow; it sends off a third branch (or rather continues its general northern course) from Coatbridge to Castle-Cary, where it joins the Scottish Central line, which goes on to Stirling and Perth; and it sends off many minor branches to the mineral districts. Spreading out far and wide to the east of this great Caledonian system is what we may term the North British system, with its main line from Edinburgh to Berwick; its central line from Edinburgh to Hawick (destined one day, probably, to be extended to Carlisle); and its numerous minor branches. But as this line is not immediately connected with Glasgow, we pass it without further notice, and name, lastly, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, which, with many branches and connecting links, gives Glasgow an admirable means of access to the eastern parts of Scotland.

In short, to sum up our survey, there are few great towns more completely invested with railways than Glasgow will be, by the time the works now in progress are completed. We can breakfast in London, and sup in Glasgow the same night! We can now go from Glasgow to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Montrose, in a very few hours; we can reach Newcastle, viâ Edinburgh and Berwick (170 miles), by a five hours' express. If Glasgow men have a wish to wander from home, they have great temptations now to do so; and if Englishmen desire a ramble, they cannot do better than to run up to the north forthwith: they will get money's worth for their money. In the space of four years (1844 to 1847), there were the enormous number of more than fifty Acts of Parliament passed, relating to the various railways which radiate from Glasgow! The works sanctioned by those Acts will involve an expenditure of *seventeen millions* sterling, at the least; besides the works which were sanctioned before that time; besides those which have been sanctioned in the present session; and besides the works of those Scottish Companies whose lines do not run into Glasgow! The mind becomes almost bewildered at the contemplation of the absorption of so much capital in so limited a portion of country.

The Glasgow stations for these railways will by-and-by be of great magnitude. South of the Clyde is the large station of the Glasgow, Ayrshire, and Greenock Companies; and there will also be stations belonging to the Caledonian, the General Harbour, and other Companies. North of the Clyde is the station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway; east of this is the temporary station of the Caledonian, to be replaced by a magnificent structure at the north-west margin of the city. The Caledonian Company will also cross the Clyde, and have another fine station in the centre of the city; in addition to which the Airdrie Company are planning a station in the eastern part of the town. The only thing which the various Companies have *not* yet brought to bear is a line to intersect the whole city, and connect the various stations: this is left for the future to accomplish.

A General Glance at the City.

Glasgow lies on both banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles above the junction of this river with its firth, or estuary. The Clyde rises among the Crawford



2.—GLASGOW, FROM RUTHERGLEN.

Hills, near the borders of Dumfriesshire, and flows by Symington, Lanark, Hamilton, and Bothwell, to Glasgow, whence it extends by Dumbarton and Greenock to the Firth of Clyde. That portion of the river which is near Glasgow, does not afford any very elevated banks. On the southern side, which forms the suburbs of Hutchesontown, Gorbals, Tradeston, Kingston, and Govan, the land is almost entirely flat; but on the north it gradually rises to Blythswood and St. Rollox.

Mr. Robert Chambers has recently put forth some interesting conjectures respecting the past geological history of this spot. In a work, entitled 'Ancient Sea Margins,' he adduces evidence to show that the relative levels of land and sea in Scotland have shifted many times; that parts which are now dry land were once covered with water; and that the parts so laid dry exhibit evidence of their former state. He has met with horizontal beaches or terraces, in many parts of Scotland, just of such a kind as we might expect to be formed by the margin of a sea or lake, although they are now many feet above the level of the water. Glasgow is one of the places where these observations have been made. Mr. Chambers thinks that previous to the last or most recent of these changes the water-level at Glasgow was about twenty-five feet higher than it now is; and that a belt of land northward of the river, now busily filled with streets and wynds, was at that time covered with water. This narrow belt or plain is composed mainly of sand, deposited on laminated clays which contain several species of marine shells. The most curious part of this inquiry is, whether or not evidence is afforded that this last change occurred since the island of Britain became a seat of human population? Mr. Chambers thinks this an extremely probable supposition. In 1780, when workmen were digging a foundation for St. Enoch's Church (a few hundred feet northward of the Clyde), they found an ancient canoe at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface: it lay horizontally, filled with sand and gravel; and within it was found a *celt*, or war-hammer, made of stone. In 1781 a canoe was found, when digging for the foundation of the Tontine Hotel, in the Trongate, about a thousand yards north-east of St. Enoch's Church. In 1825, in digging a sewer at the head of the Saltmarket, a canoe was found, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and twenty feet above high-water mark; the canoe lay in a vertical position, about nine feet below the surface, covered and surrounded by fine sand, presenting traces of lamination, as if laid down in thin layers in a quiet sea. A few months ago the Glasgow newspapers announced the discovery of an ancient canoe deeply imbedded, in the neighbourhood of the Clyde, at Springfield, near Glasgow.

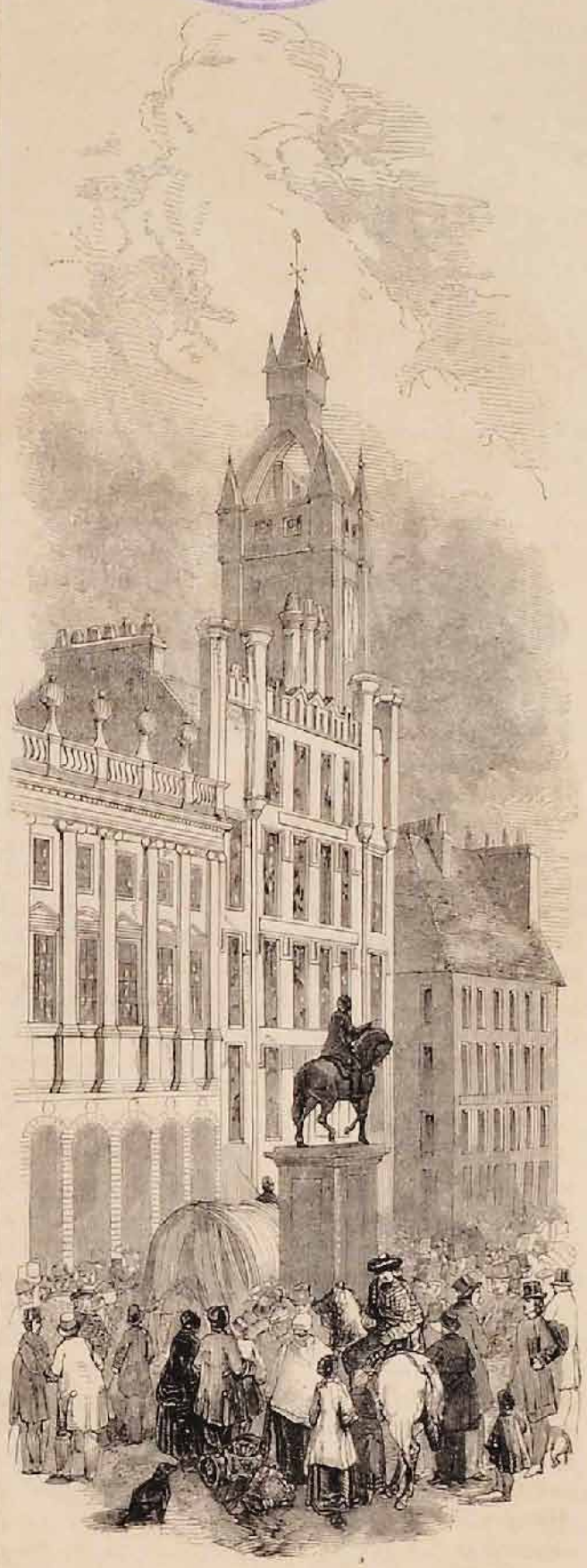
Mr. Chambers, after noticing these remarkable discoveries, asks whether the sandy deposits, in which the canoes were discovered, are such as the river, while pursuing in general its present level, could have laid down? Three of these canoes were found within half a mile of each other, at an average distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and where the ground is

twenty-one feet above tide-mark. No river flood in the Clyde has ever been known to reach within many feet of such a height; and the laminated sands do not appear to be such a deposit as a river flood could bring to the spot. From all the evidence combined, Mr. Chambers comes to a conclusion that, at one period, the Firth of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the present lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river not lower than Bothwell Bridge; and moreover that the banks were at that time inhabited by men to whom the fashioning of canoes from the trunks of trees was familiar. How many ages may have rolled by since that remote period, we cannot even guess.

Whether or not Mr. Chambers's ingenious speculation may be borne out by future researches, it is certain that this belt of flat ground close to the river has been an important adjunct to Glasgow. The formation of quays, wharfs, and basins; the construction of bridges across the river; the maintenance of easy communication between ships and warehouses,—all are aided by the level character of the ground at this spot.

Taking Glasgow in its extreme limits, it extends about three miles from east to west; while the north and south distance from St. Rollox to Eglinton is about two miles. We can follow both banks of the river almost uninterruptedly, from Rutherglen Bridge to below the harbour, a distance of three or four miles. There is scarcely another instance in the kingdom of such a wide extent of fine river frontage. General views of the town are given from St. Rollox (Cut, No. 1), and from Rutherglen Bridge. (Cut, No. 2.)

Gentility travels westward. Whether there is some occult charm in the west, we cannot say; but certain it is that the "west-end" of most of our towns is literally the west end. As the merchant and the manufacturer and the shopkeeper get on in life, and have their suburban villas as a reward for their labours, so do we find them, more frequently than otherwise, turning the face westward from their "place of business." It is so in London; it is so at Birmingham; it is so at Newcastle and at Leeds; it is so at Bristol; it is so at Glasgow and at Edinburgh. If we follow the history of past events at Glasgow, we find that the germ of the town was in the line of street leading southward from the Cathedral to the river, by way of the High Street and the Saltmarket. In and contiguous to this line are all the oldest buildings of Glasgow: every year diminishes the number, for "improvements" are sad destructives of the old and time-worn; but still there is enough left to show what was the heart of Glasgow in by-gone times—in the times of the Nicol Jarvies and the Rob Roys. At the point of junction between the Saltmarket and High Street (Cut, No. 3), we may place the centre of the town, from whence proceeds eastward the long street of Gallowgate, and westward the Trongate, which is continued by the fine long Argyle Street to the western extremity of the city. The further these streets are westward of the Saltmarket, the more recent do we find the period of their erection to have been.



3.—THE CROSS.

When we go northward of the main artery, through Trongate and Argyle Street, we find the same fact still more observable. The streets which originally formed the "west-end" for the old town are now given up to the merchants and bankers and warehousemen; while the old town has become of humbler note, and the private dwellings of the merchants and manufacturers stretch out far westward, over the districts of Blythswood, Woodside, and Garnett Hill, which were thirty years ago entirely market-gardens and cornfields. Eastward of the original High Street, or old town, the streets are almost invariably of a humble character, whether old or new; so that we find the Glasgow men, like the Americans, "go a-head" by going westward.

South of the river the streets present fewer materials for making such comparisons. The south side is altogether an appendage to the north: it is much smaller, much newer, and for the most part has only of late been brought within municipal connection with Glasgow. It consists of streets, branching out from the south bank of the Clyde, and extending as far into the open country as people can be found to inhabit the houses; and of a few streets crossing these pretty much at right angles. The streets are for the most part devoid of interesting buildings, unassociated with historical events, and (with a few fine exceptions) of a humble character. The greater part of what we shall have to say concerning Glasgow, therefore, will relate to the district northward of the river.

The streets of Glasgow are many enough, and long enough, to make a Londoner wish that omnibuses and such like appliances were more numerous. This is a kind of luxury that Scottish townsfolk do not much indulge in. There are the conveyances which go out of the town at certain hours of the day, to neighbouring villages; and there are railway omnibuses to meet the trains; but the extraordinary amount of accommodation which is afforded in London by the passage of conveyances every minute in the day in so many directions, almost spoils one for the less gigantic arrangements of other towns. In the main arteries of London the omnibuses form a notable proportion of all the vehicles seen; in other towns they form but a small proportion. Omnibuses apart, however, the streets of Glasgow are full of liveliness and activity. An incessant stream is passing through the fine east and west artery formed by the Trongate and Argyle Street; and a stream little less dense, though of a somewhat different grade, flows along the older route of Saltmarket and High Street. Many of the streets which branch out of Argyle Street towards the north are fine and noble avenues, lined with stone buildings of considerable elegance. Queen Street and Buchanan Street are especially notable in this respect. The quadrangle—bounded by George Street and George Square, on the north; Candleriggs Street on the east; Hope Street on the west; and the Trongate and Argyle Street on the south,—contains within it a large proportion of the best buildings and of the most important commercial establishments of Glasgow. There is one street—Ingram Street—stretching across part of this quadrangle from east to west, with the noble Exchange terminating the vista at its western end, which has but few parallels in the country for the architectural character exhibited by it. George Square—with its lofty Doric column surmounted by a statue of Sir Walter Scott (whose plaid is unfortunately placed on the wrong arm), its bronze statue of Sir John Moore, by Flaxman, and its bronze statue of James Watt, by Chantrey—is a noble quadrangle.

There is one feature that distinguishes the houses of Glasgow, as well as of Edinburgh, from those of most English towns. They are nearly all built of stone. Near Edinburgh are the abundant quarries of Craigleith, from which was procured nearly all the stone for the new town; while in Glasgow there was a quarry still nearer to the centre of the town, and others have recently been opened in its neighbourhood. This material gives a cleaner and more cheerful effect to the fronts of the houses, than can belong to the dusky brown of London bricks; and future centuries may perhaps tell us that it is also more durable.

We do not say much about the lofty chimneys of Glasgow, until the factories come to be noticed; but it is impossible even to think of a bird's-eye view of this emporium, without having the magnificent St. Rollox chimney in our thoughts. It is hard work to be poetical upon such subjects as smoke, and soda, and sulphur, and salt, and soap; yet is the chimney of this vast chemical establishment something beyond the prose of street-walking mortals. It is the land-mark of Glasgow, as St. Paul's is of London; and being placed nearly on the highest point of the city, its altitude is still more enhanced. It is the first thing seen from a distance—(no: the smoke of it and its brother chimneys is the first); and it is from a distance that it is best viewed; for so fine are its proportions, that few spectators can conceive its real height when within a moderate distance from it. What then is this height? If a Londoner could conceive a building as lofty as St. Pancras Church steeple placed upon another building as high as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, the united height of both would scarcely equal that of this wonderful brick structure! And all for what?—to carry off the smoke and gaseous residue incident to the manufacture of chemical substances, in order that the atmosphere may not be deteriorated by admixture at a lower altitude! Among those classes of society who are not to be deterred by difficulties, certainly our manufacturers are not the least conspicuous.

The Rise and Progress of Glasgow.

Let us now, having seen how to get to Glasgow, and having taken a hasty glance at it as a whole, consider what are the steps by which it has risen to its present eminence: we shall thus be better able to understand its notabilities afterwards.

There is very little need to go back beyond the times of St. Mungo, in the records of Glasgow; for

even those times are dim and obscure enough. This St. Mungo, or Kentigern, is said to have been a grandson of Loth, king of the Picts, and to have been born about the year 516. He has the credit of having founded a church and see at Glasgow; but for a period of five hundred years afterwards the history of this see is a perfect blank: it is supposed that the Danes demolished both church and see. Soon after the Norman conquest of England the see was re-founded, and the cathedral or church rebuilt; and we read from time to time, in the succeeding centuries, of the power and influence of the bishops. One of them, a fine old patriot in Edward the First's time, steadily and boldly resisted all the encroachments of that ambitious monarch; for which he was thrown into prison, "where he was allowed only sixpence per day for his own table, threepence for his upper servant, one penny for his boy, and three-halfpence for his chaplain, who celebrated mass for him during his confinement." A battle between Wallace and Percy in the streets of Glasgow, in 1300; the destruction of the spire of the cathedral by lightning in 1387; the rebuilding of the great tower in 1408; and the raising of the see of Glasgow into an archbishopric about the end of the same century,—are among the events chronicled in the history of Glasgow before the time of the Reformation. When the creation of the archbishopric took place, the pope's nuncio examined all the relics and treasures deposited in the cathedral, among which we are told were—"the image of our Saviour in gold; the images of the Twelve Apostles in silver; a silver cross adorned with precious stones, and a small piece of the wood of the cross of our Saviour; a silver casket, containing some of the hairs of the blessed Virgin; in a square silver coffer, part of the scourges of St. Kentigern, our patron; in a crystal case, a bone of some unknown saint, and of St. Magdalene; in a small phial of crystal, part of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary, and part of the manger of Our Lord!" The see of Glasgow appears to have been in those days one of extraordinary splendour.

At the Reformation the fine old cathedral was saved from destruction; but the temporal power of the prelates gradually diminished. Splendid as had been the see of the bishop, the town itself contained no more than 1,500 inhabitants down to the middle of the fifteenth century; but after the founding of the university, which took place about that period, "the population began to creep slowly down the hill upon which the cathedral stands; and having reached the position of the present cross, it branched slightly east and west, forming portions of the streets now called Gallowgate and Trongate; and as the craft of fishermen had sprung up among the people, Saltmarket-street was laid out for the means of easy access to the river." The townsmen gained municipal power by slow steps. Previous to the reign of James I. of Scotland, the town was a burgh of barony, and governed by bailies nominated by the bishop: in 1450, James II. gave a charter, by which the town and patrimonies of the bishopric were erected into a regality. When the University was founded, the privileges granted to it greatly curtailed those of the townsmen; but at the Reformation the independent power of the townsmen became much increased.

It was at Glasgow that the great meeting of the ecclesiastical Synod of 1638 was held; at which the Scottish clergy boldly threw off the Episcopal yoke of England, refused to accept the Liturgy sent to them by Archbishop Laud, and commenced that struggle between the Episcopalians and the Covenanters which led to so many stirring events. Very soon after this a fire occurred, which almost consumed the city: but this, after the first pressure of the calamity was past, proved more an advantage than an injury; for the wooden houses and narrow streets were replaced by stone buildings and wide thoroughfares. Towards the close of the same century, in 1693, Slezer spoke thus of Glasgow, in his 'Theatrum Scotiæ:'—"Glasgow is the most famous empory of all the west of Scotland. Notwithstanding that it is inferior to many in antiquity, yet if we respect the largeness of the city, the number and stateliness of its public and private buildings, its commerce with foreign nations, and the opulency of its inhabitants, it is the chief of all the cities in the kingdom [of Scotland] next to Edinburgh." The period of the Union of the two kingdoms, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is that to which we must trace the modern history of Glasgow; for it was about that time that the vast commercial enterprizes of its citizens began to assume a national importance. What those enterprizes were, will come under our notice in a later page.

With regard to the state and appearance of Glasgow in the last century, we may content ourselves with an extract from Sir Walter Scott, who, in his tale of 'Rob Roy,' gives the following as a picture of Glasgow at the time which he has chosen for the period of that story:—"The dusky mountains of the Western Highlands," he says, "often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent the marts of St. Mungo's favourite city. Hoardes of wild, shaggy, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with surprise on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and dissonant sounds of their language; while the mountaineers, armed, even while engaged in this peaceful occupation, with musket and pistol, sword, dagger, and target, stared with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew not the use, and with an avidity which seemed somewhat alarming on the articles which they knew and valued. It is always with unwillingness that the Highlander quits his deserts; and at this early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock, to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain-glens were over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants strayed down to Glasgow—there formed settlements, there

sought and found employment, although different indeed from that of their native hills. This supply of a hardy and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, furnished the means of carrying on the few manufactures which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity. The exterior of the city corresponded with these promising circumstances. The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses, built of stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work—a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed."

The Cathedral, and other Ecclesiastical Buildings.

The Cathedral is the kernel from whence Glasgow has sprung; and to the cathedral must be given the first share of our attention in describing the Glasgow of present times. Both spiritually and tangibly, the town spread from that hilly spot on which the cathedral stands.

It is in truth a commanding position for a cathedral. The streets leading up to it from Hutcheson Bridge are no longer the most prominent and mercantile in the city; but they furnish a gradual ascent to the spot on which the cathedral is built. All around this venerable structure the appearance of things is such as would make an archæologist very dissatisfied: nearly everything is gone that tells of past ages. We learn that Bishop Cameron built his palace adjacent to the cathedral, and that he caused each of his thirty-two rectors to build a manse near it, in which he was to reside. If we now look for the palace, or for the thirty-two houses, or for the numerous other buildings which must have environed such a spot, we shall have but little return for our search. It is true that there are in Rotten-row, in Drygate, and in two or three other neighbouring streets, a few houses whose history evidently dates back three or four centuries; yet they are too few, and the history of them too uncertain, to tell us much of Glasgow in its archiepiscopal times.

The old cathedral has maintained its integrity wonderfully well, considering the stormy scenes which church matters have witnessed in Scotland. If Mc Ure, the historian of Glasgow, is correct in placing the time of its erection in 1136, it is a monument well worthy of our attention; but it is at the same time evident, from the prevailing character of the architecture, that repeated additions and alterations were made in subsequent centuries. The original plan does not seem to have been fully carried out; for notwithstanding the successive additions made to it, the building still wants some of the elements of a complete cathedral. (Cut, No. 4.)

The "High Church" (the Glasgow inhabitants more frequently use this appellation than "Cathedral") is built upon a plot of ground about a hundred feet above the level of the Clyde. The greatest internal length of the building is about 320 feet; the breadth 63; the height of the nave 85 feet, and of the choir 90. It is supported by 147 pillars, and is lighted by 157 windows; many of which, in the decorated style of pointed architecture, are of great beauty. There are indications that the building was intended to have had the form of a cross; but such is not its present form. It has no transepts; or rather, there is on the south side a projection which was long used as a place of sepulture, but which is now conceived to have been intended as a transept: there is no such projection on the north side. From the centre of the roof, where in most cathedrals the "crossing" would be, rises a beautiful tower, the spire of which has an altitude of 225 feet above the floor of the choir. There is another tower rising to a much less height than the central or proper tower. After the Reformation, when the form of Divine service no longer required the magnificent vistas of the old cathedrals, the choir, or eastern division, was alone used as a church; but as the wants of the Protestants increased, the western division, or nave, was also fitted up as a distinct church. The two churches thus formed obtained the names of the Inner and the Outer High Churches. By the erection of a new church in another part of Glasgow, this employment of the nave of the cathedral was afterwards dispensed with; and there seems reason to hope that the venerable nave—arches and groined vaults of the interior will once again present something like their former appearance.

Glasgow Cathedral is the only existing specimen of that kind of sacred structure, still used, and in good condition, in Scotland, excepting that of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys: all the others were more or less mutilated or destroyed at the Reformation. Scott puts into the mouth of the shrewd old Andrew Fairservice, who accompanied Francis Osbaldistone to the cathedral, a speech on this subject, which has as much truth as oddity about it. "Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliwurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the Kirks of St. Andrew's and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Popery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane was na braid enough for her auld hinder end. Sae the Commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands, wi' tock o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o'

Guild that year; (and a good mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging;) and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the Commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Paperies—na, na! nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues o' sants (sorrow be on them) out o' the neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molindinar burn, and the old kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform would just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks." Worthy Andrew then makes a very disrespectful allusion to the churches which existed in Scotland in his day; but if he could see things as they now are, he would find that a surprising number of fine churches have been built within the last few years.

One of the most interesting portions of Glasgow Cathedral is the crypt, which runs in solemn grandeur beneath the choir. As the body of the building itself had been cut up into two churches to meet the wants of the inhabitants, so was this crypt brought into requisition for a similar purpose. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a portion of Glasgow was erected into a separate and distinct parish, to which the name of the Barony was given; and as there was no church belonging to this parish, the crypt of the Cathedral was fitted up as a church, which bore the name of the Barony Church. The readers of 'Rob Roy' will recollect that one of the incidents of that tale was made to occur in this subterraneous church, and that Sir Walter Scott describes the place in the following way:—"Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusty banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'Princes in Israel.' Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath." The crypt was thus appropriated down to so late a period as 1801, when a new church was built for the congregation elsewhere. This curious underground place consists of a dense colonnade of short pillars, which support low arches; and is as unthankful a place for a preacher to pour forth his voice in as can well be conceived. The length is 108 feet, the breadth 72 feet; it is supported by 65 pillars, many of which measure as much in circumference as in height—viz., 18 feet. A dim light enters in from about forty small windows. Mr. Rickman estimates the architectural merits of this crypt very highly: he says that it "is not equalled by any other in the kingdom; the piers and groins are all of the most intricate character, the most beautiful design, and excellent execution." (Cut, No. 5.)

Though the over-zealous Reformers of the sixteenth century did not seriously despoil the Cathedral, yet the mutations of later taste and the slow but surely-working hand of time, have greatly disfigured it in many parts; and it has been an object of solicitude to restore this fine old building to something like its former appearance. The matter is thus noticed in Black's excellent 'Guide through Glasgow' (1847): "Having fallen of late years much into decay, the Government, as custodien of the Cathedral, has agreed to repair and renew certain parts of the structure. The corporation of Glasgow has granted £1000 towards this object; other public bodies are also expected to contribute, and a private subscription is in progress for the same laudable purpose. The repairs and restorations have been entrusted to Edward Blore, Esq., an eminent architect and antiquarian; and, from the skill and judgment with which they are conducted, there can be no doubt that this noble structure will shortly appear as perfect in all its details as when left by the last of the original workmen. The general character and style of the ornamental work are maintained with the most scrupulous fidelity, no deviation in the most minute particular being allowed." It is to Archibald Maclellan, Esq., that Glasgow owes the main efforts which have led to the present restoration of the Cathedral.

There is just now a paper war going on concerning the western tower, as to whether or not it harmonizes with the rest of the building; and before this warfare is concluded, the tower itself will be no more. While we write (Sept. 1848,) its walls have been pulled down to within twenty feet of their foundations.

The Bishop's palace, or castle, which for ages stood near the Cathedral, was pulled down fifty years ago. The other churches of the city, with one exception, are not old enough to be venerable, and too much like other modern churches to claim any particular attention. The Barony Church, situated near the Cathedral, and built to accommodate the congregation which before occupied the crypt, is a very tasteless affair. The larger among the modern churches, such as St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, St. George's, St. John's, St. Enoch's, &c., are for the most part handsome and good-looking structures. The steeple of the Tron Church, or, as it is often called, the "Laigh," or Low Kirk, in contradistinction to the Cathedral, or "High" Kirk, is one of the most conspicuous objects in the Trongate; this was one of those Scottish churches whose altars were pulled down in 1592, in conformity with the council-order to "pure the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye." It was burnt down by accident and immediately rebuilt, about fifty years ago. The Roman Catholic Church,

on the north bank of the Clyde, is one of the largest and finest modern churches in Scotland. Eight years ago, before the "Free Church" agitation commenced, there were no fewer than eighty-six churches and chapels in Glasgow, containing sitting accommodation for nearly a hundred thousand persons. The number must now be greatly increased, as will be evident to any one who is familiar with the recent course of church discussions in Scotland. In 1778 a Gaelic chapel was opened in Glasgow, where the Highlanders might hear service in their own language. There are now three Gaelic chapels.

The University, and other Educational Buildings.

Next to the Cathedral, the University is, on many accounts, the most noteworthy building in the city. It was about the year 1450 that an application was made to the Pope for a bull to establish a University; and eight years afterwards a member of the house of Hamilton bequeathed four acres of ground and some houses, to aid in this object. The establishment was in the first instance possessed of very humble means; the buildings were at first situated on the south side of a still existing street, called Rotten Row; and the 'University purse,' consisted only of some small perquisites payable on conferring degrees, and the patronage of a few chaplaincies. The bequest of Lord Hamilton laid the foundation for a career of much greater prosperity. At the time of the Reformation, however, the University received a shock which almost beggared it; and it was not till 1577 that, under the auspices of King James VI., it regained its former position. A new and valuable charter, new estates granted by the Crown, and repeated bequests from private individuals, gradually made it an establishment of great importance. A temporary depression occurred at the time of the religious disputes in Scotland, soon after the Restoration of Charles II.; but in 1693, a new disposition of its revenues laid the foundation of a career of prosperity which has never since suffered any material reverse. (Cuts, Nos. 6 & 7.)

The buildings belonging to the University, like the privileges and emoluments of the establishment, have grown up to their present importance by degrees: they occupy a large area of ground near the upper end of the east side of High Street. Whatever may have been the state of things in past times, the locality seems very little in harmony with such a structure at the present day. Nearly all the better class of inhabitants have left the vicinity for places farther west; and the most striking social feature near the gates of the University is the frightful number of "Whiskey shops" that meet the eye. Without the gates are poverty and drink; within are quiet and learning. The buildings comprise five quadrangles or open courts, bounded by the various rooms and offices belonging to the Institution. The hall, the class-rooms, the library, the museum, and the houses of the professors, occupy a large area of ground. The library was founded almost as early as the University itself, and now contains a valuable collection of 60,000 or 70,000 volumes. The Hunterian Museum is a highly interesting feature. In the year 1781 Dr. William Hunter, a celebrated Scottish physician, and brother to the still more celebrated John Hunter, bequeathed to the University a collection which had cost him £60,000 to amass, or which at least was valued at that amount. It consisted of books, coins, paintings, and anatomical preparations. He also gave £8000 for the erection of a building to contain the treasures. Many additions have been since made; and the public are admitted on payment of a small fee. The Museum is an isolated building on one side of one of the quadrangles, and is a handsome addition to the rest. On the upper floor is an octagonal saloon with four recesses. This is occupied in a very miscellaneous way, with minerals, books, shells, Hindoo paintings, illuminated breviaries of the eleventh and subsequent centuries, copies of the earliest printed books by Caxton, and other curiosities. It contains statues and busts of Watt, by Chantrey; of Gavin Hamilton, by Hewetson; and of Thomas Campbell, by Baily. The autographs deposited there are curious; one of them is a certificate, signed by Messrs. Constable, Fothergill, and Price, in 1779, whereby they undertake to provide £25 a year for three years to Dr. Priestley, to enable him to conduct his experiments on air. On the ground floor of the Museum is a collection of minerals, fossils, coins, stuffed birds, and animal tusks; a model of the Cathedral, ten feet long; and a few nick-nacks, among which is a shirt woven in one piece by a Paisley weaver, without seam, sewing, or joining of any kind. Beneath is the anatomical museum, the most valuable part of the collection, and the one to which Hunter had directed his chief attention.

The University consists in effect of two corporate bodies, or establishments, one within another—the University and the College. The first is vested with the power of granting degrees; the second is an educational establishment. The University, as a separate body, consists of a lord chancellor, a lord rector, a dean, a principal, the professors, and lecturers. The office of lord-chancellor is almost wholly an honorary one; it is for life, and has been long held by the Dukes of Montrose: almost the only active duty performed by this high official is to confer degrees on persons found qualified by the senate. The lord-rector is an officer of much more active powers; he is the guardian of the statutes, privileges, and discipline of the University: he is elected annually by the dean, principal professors, and matriculated students. These students are classified in a curious way, not observable in any of our other Universities. They are classed into four Nations, called respectively, *Natio Glottiana sive Clydesdaliæ*, *Natio Albaniæ*, *Natio Londoniana sive Thevidaliæ*, and *Natio Rothseiana*. Each *Natio* consists of the students who were born in a particular part of the country, strictly defined in the books of the University. In voting for a lord-rector, each Nation first decides

among its own body, and the majority then constitutes one vote in a second election: if in this second election the four votes are equally divided, the former lord-rector has the casting-vote. This office has oddly enough become almost a test of political party in the University; for the candidates and the election have often borne quite as much relation to Whiggism and Toryism as to literature and science. Since 1820, the lord-rectorship has been filled by Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Macintosh, Lord Brougham, Thomas Campbell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Cockburn, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Rutherford, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Mure, who at present holds that office. The Principal superintends in person the whole internal arrangements of the University. The Professors are classed into four Faculties —Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine: they comprise *College* Professors, whose office is of ancient standing, and constitutes them members of the faculty; and *Regius* Professors, whose office has been more recently founded and endowed by the Crown, and constitutes them members of the Senate. The Faculty has the management of the estates and revenues of the University; the Senate superintends all other matters. There are twenty-two Professors, who are paid partly by salary, and partly by fees from students. The students are divided into *togati* and *non-togati*: the *togati* wear a scarlet gown, and are required to attend the College Chapel on Sundays; the *non-togati* are restricted neither in their dress nor in their attendance on worship.

At one period there was a botanic garden attached to and situated behind the University; and there was also an astronomical observatory at the service of the Professor of Natural Philosophy; but these were affected by the prevailing westward tendency: both are removed, and both are now to be found beyond the westernmost verge of the city. The position of the new observatory is a very fine one, commanding an extensive and uninterrupted view, and undisturbed by the noise of a busy town; and the new botanic garden is in its immediate vicinity.

In the publications of the Maitland Club there is a curious paper respecting the establishment of a printing-press and bookseller's shop in connexion with the University. It was a proposal, printed in 1713; and it gives a curious insight into the literary condition of Glasgow at that time. The writer of the proposal says:—"It is needless to shew how necessary and advantageous a well-furnished shop, with books, paper, pens, ink, &c., or a printing-press within the University, will be, or to observe that no Learned Society has ever flourished to any pitch without those helps. The common practice of all famous Seminaries of Learning makes this matter of fact evident; and our own experience here sufficiently confirms whatever can be said in its favour: every day teaches us what difficulty there is to get the books that are absolutely necessary for the scholars of all sorts, *and how much we are imposed upon when we gett y^m*. And as to a printing-press, the single consideration of our being obliged to go to Ed. [Edinburgh] in order to gett one sheet right printed, makes out the absolute necessity of one. In order to have the University well accommodated with books, and a printing-press, it is proposed that before the next session of the College there shall be a well-furnish'd shop erected, with books of all sorts, paper, paper-books, pens, ink, ink-horns, sealing wax, and all other things sold either in a bookseller's or stationer's shop: as also, that some time within four years after Whitsunday next there shall be a printing-press erected, with necessary founts and other materials for printing Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." Then follows an enumeration of the terms and conditions on which the University should make a bargain with any one who should fill the office of bookseller and printer. The time was not yet come when Robert and Andrew Foulis produced their beautiful and far-famed specimens of typography; nor was the time arrived when Glasgow could boast its newspaper.

We had occasion in a former page to speak of the bold railway proceedings around Glasgow; and we have now to speak of railway audacity that rises almost to the sublime. Will the reader believe that a Company proposed to buy up the entire University, to pull every vestige to the ground, to build another and finer structure far out in the west, and to appropriate the present site as a railway-station? Among the huge number of bills which received Parliamentary sanction in 1846 was one for the 'Glasgow, Airdrie, and Monkland Railway;' the object of which is to establish several points of connexion between the Caledonian, Clydesdale, and Edinburgh Railways; to connect Glasgow with the iron and coal district near Airdrie; and to form a railway-terminus near the High Street of Glasgow. One of the features of the plan was to appropriate the site of the University, as above noticed, and negotiations were entered into with that view; but the ardour which marked all these matters has considerably cooled: a 'wet blanket' has been thrown over many a project; and it is not yet certain whether this gigantic plan will be carried out.

Glasgow is not ill-supplied with educational establishments of a high character, besides its venerable University. The High School, or Grammar School owes its origin to a date even more remote than the University. The present building is situated in Montrose Street. The kind of education imparted, the sort of funds by which the school is supported, and the mode of managing those funds, is pretty similar to what is observable in most of the English Grammar Schools.

The Andersonian Institution or University was founded by Mr. John Anderson, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in 1795. The object was chiefly the promotion of physical science; and the founder so made his arrangements, that the citizens of Glasgow generally have an excellent control over the institution. Class-rooms, a lecture-room, a library, a museum, and a collection

of apparatus, are provided; and the Institution has done much during half a century to spread scientific knowledge at Glasgow. Dr. Garnet, Dr. Birkbeck, and Dr. Ure were in succession the chief teachers or lecturers. The present building, situated in George Street, was formerly the Grammar School; it was purchased for Anderson's University, and considerably enlarged and improved in 1828; within its walls a most extensive routine of scientific and literary tuition is given, which, being available to the citizens at a very low fee, is well attended. The Mechanics' Institution, in Hanover Street, is an establishment of a somewhat similar, but less important kind.

Before the Free Kirk rupture of 1843, there was a Normal School at Glasgow: now there are two. Glasgow had, we believe, the honour of establishing the first Normal seminary in Scotland. It was established in 1837, by the Glasgow Educational Society, for the education of schoolmasters and teachers; and it has always been conducted on a highly liberal and beneficial system. When the Free Kirk became established, a separate Normal School for that section of the Church was determined on; and both Schools now exist within a short distance of each other, at the north-west part of the town.

The Blind Asylum, situated near the Cathedral, is one of the most admirably managed of the benevolent institutions of Glasgow. Due in the first instance to Mr. Leitch, who bequeathed a sum of money necessary for its foundation, it owes nearly all its efficiency to the indefatigable exertions of the late Mr. John Alston, who devoted the almost undivided labours of twenty years to the advancement of the object he had so much at heart. In 1836, he succeeded in producing a specimen of raised printing in Roman characters, for the use of the blind; he next printed the New Testament and several smaller works, in the same manner; and at last, in 1840, he completed his gigantic enterprise of printing an entire Bible in this manner. This remarkable work consists of fifteen large quarto volumes: the letters are about a quarter of an inch high, and are all of them capitals; they are stamped, without ink, on one side of the paper, so as to leave an impression on the other side sufficiently protuberant to be felt by the finger. The Institution printed 200 copies of the Old Testament, and 250 copies of the New: making nearly 3,300 volumes in the whole edition. The Bible contains rather more than 3000 pages, with 37 lines to a page; and nearly 14,000lbs. of paper were used in the edition. The composing, the printing, the correcting—all were done within the Asylum. There is also adopted an excellent system of teaching geography, writing, arithmetic, and music—all by raised characters. The inmates, whose clean and intelligent but sightless countenances, show how actively their thoughts are kept in exercise, are industriously employed on small articles of manufacture, the sale of which assists in providing funds for the institution. Baskets, mats, twine, mattresses, rugs, sacks, netting, knitting, and various other articles, are made within the Institution. The buildings are plain and unpretending: the revenues admit of no luxuries; and something better than luxury reigns throughout—kindness.

The literary and scientific and educational establishments of Glasgow, besides those we have enumerated, are very numerous: they do not present themselves to the eye with architectural adornment, but they carry their influence down pretty deeply into society,—perhaps more so than in most of our English towns.

The Court House, and other Municipal Buildings.

The buildings connected with the municipal and county affairs of Glasgow are such as generally meet the eye in our principal cities. Glasgow has consolidated its powers in these matters by slow steps. It was made what is called a "burgh of barony" so early as 1180. It was made a "royal burgh" in 1611; and in 1691 it was placed on a level with Edinburgh in respect to the privilege of electing its own provost and officers. The executive consisted of the lord provost, three baillies, the dean of guild, the deacon convener, and the treasurer; but in 1801 the number of baillies was increased to five. The council had much of the leaven of a self-elected body till the Municipal Reform arrangements were made; but since then it has been an openly elected assembly. The three suburbs of Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston had, until a few years ago, a kind of semi-municipal existence: they were independent of Glasgow in some matters, and dependent in others. Gorbals, comprising the whole of Glasgow south of the Clyde, was divided for police purposes into the five districts of Gorbals, Hutchesontown, Laurieston, Tradeston, and Kingston. Calton, forming the eastern suburb of Glasgow, was a burgh of barony; but the various names of High Calton, Low Calton, Barrowfield, Bridgeton, and Camlachie, have long been given to the widely scattered districts lying east and south-east of the old city. Anderston lies westward of the city: as a burgh of barony it had defined limits; but the various districts and estates of Anderston, Stobcross, Lancefield, Brownfield, and Finnieston make up the wide and still-extending line of buildings contiguous to the north bank of the Clyde, and advancing farther and farther west. Towards the north and north-west, in like manner, villages and manors are gradually being absorbed into the huge vortex. Blythswood, Woodside, and Port Dundas, all now form contiguous parts of Glasgow. In 1846 a step was made towards consolidating and simplifying these varied burghal privileges. An Act of Parliament was passed, which abrogated most of the separate burghal privileges of the suburbs, and united those suburbs more intimately and advantageously with Glasgow itself.

Most of the official municipal buildings were grouped into one large spot, at the point where the Saltmarket joins East Clyde Street, on the north bank of the river.

They comprised a Council Chamber, the Town Clerks' Offices, the Justiciary Court House, and the Gaol. The ancient gaol of the burgh—that to which we are introduced by Rob Roy and Baillie Nicol Jarvie and the 'Dougal creature,'—was situated at the corner of the Trongate and the High Street; and in front of it criminals used to be executed. Such was the state of things from 1627 to 1814; but in the latter year the old 'Tolbooth,' as it was called, was taken down, and the new buildings erected at the foot of the Saltmarket. There is indeed one relic still left of the Tolbooth, viz., the steeple, or tower, with its oddly-shaped square battlements and pyramidal pinnacles: it is not remarkable for architectural beauty; but it is worth preserving as a curiosity, especially in a city where the old is so rapidly giving way to the new.

The new buildings to which we have alluded have a façade and portico modelled after the Parthenon at Athens; but, as in many other similar cases, the classical correctness of the exterior was not accompanied by an adequate degree of convenience within; for the internal arrangements were found to be small and incommodious: and the gaol is not in accordance with the improved modern ideas of prison discipline. These circumstances, and the enormous increase of the population, led to the construction of a fine large body of buildings in the heart of the city, in Wilson Street. Here the arrangements are planned for a wide extent both of county and municipal business; and the structure in the Saltmarket is now appropriated as the Supreme Criminal Court, or, as it is called, Justiciary Court, and Local Court House.

The City and County Bridewell is one of the largest if not the most beautiful public building in Glasgow. It is situated between the College and the Cathedral, and consists of a group of buildings in a sort of Norman style, comprising a rotunda and four radiating wings. The plan embraces the modern system of supervision: and the institution is said to be one of the best managed in the kingdom. The prisoners average from 300 to 400 at all times; their education is attended to; and so well are the industrial arrangements managed, that the prisoners pay very nearly for the whole of their maintenance.

Some of the charitable institutions of Glasgow are worthy of especial notice. The Lunatic Asylum is one of these. About the year 1810 the foundation-stone of a fine large building was laid for this purpose, at the northern margin of the city, near the spot where the principal station of the Caledonian Railway will shortly be. The building consists of an octagonal centre, whence spring four wings of three stories each; and over the octagon is a fine dome. The building, taken as a whole, is one of the most imposing and conspicuous in Glasgow; but the streets and factories approached by degrees so close to it, that the "busy hum of men" began to interfere with the quiet necessary for such an institution. Hence arose a new arrangement, whereby the Town's Hospital was to come into possession of this building; and a new Lunatic Asylum was to be built about three miles to the west of Glasgow. This arrangement has been carried out within the last few years: the former Lunatic Asylum is now the Town's Hospital; and the new Asylum in the west is one of the most splendid public buildings in and around Glasgow: it contains upwards of 500 patients, not one of whom has been for years under any personal restraint. The former Town's Hospital, close to the Clyde, was built rather more than a century ago, under the designation of the Charity Workhouse; and was originally intended as an asylum both for the aged and infirm, and for destitute children. It afterwards ceased to be occupied as an Orphan Asylum; and under the designation of the Town's Hospital, and supported by an assessment on the inhabitants, it became wholly an asylum for the aged and infirm. This building was purchased by the Caledonian Railway Company, and its site will form a portion of their terminus when their line crosses the Clyde, as noticed in a preceding page.

Glasgow is not wanting in those numberless institutions whose object is a kind solicitude for the welfare of the erring, the sick, and the poor. The House of Refuge, situated in the eastern part of the town, is a receptacle for juvenile offenders, who are sent thither to avoid the contamination of a gaol. The Royal Infirmary, occupying part of the site of the old Bishop's Palace, is another fine institution: an ornament to the town in respect to its external architecture, and well-managed in respect to its defined object. Hutcheson's Hospital, (it is a curious coincidence that the finest hospital in Edinburgh—excepting, perhaps, Heriot's—and the finest hospital in Glasgow have the same name; both were founded by the private purse of persons having the name of Hutcheson,) situated in Ingram Street, is a handsome modern building: the original and plainer structure having been superseded as the funds of the charity improved. It was founded by two brothers about a century ago; and having been well managed, the estates have become valuable. The revenues are applied to the support of a number of old men and women, and to the clothing and educating of the sons of decayed citizens.

Many of the other institutions of the city, partly supported by municipal funds, and partly by individual subscriptions, partake of that general character which is observable in most of our large towns: a few are architectural ornaments to the town; while others are noticeable only for the good which passes within. The Sick Hospital, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Highland Society of Glasgow, and the various minor charities, would all call for a meed of praise if the present object were to give in detail a picture of Glasgow.

The Exchange, and other Commercial Buildings.

The reader may well expect that in such a vast industrial city as Glasgow the buildings connected with commercial matters are not among the least deserving of notice. The rise of colonial trade in the last century, the rise of the cotton manufacture, of the iron manufacture, of ship-building, and engineering—all have

rendered necessary a large and well-conducted system of commercial establishments. It is this feature which mainly distinguishes the present central part of the town. If we take Queen Street as a centre (and it is nearly so both topographically and virtually) we shall find that the principal commercial establishments are grouped around it, and within a short distance from it.

There are but very few British towns that can boast of so sumptuous a Commercial Exchange as Glasgow. The building itself, and the whole of the structures immediately surrounding it, are, both in their external architecture and general arrangement, a most creditable ornament to the city. The Exchange is an isolated building. Its principal front is in Queen Street, opposite the end of Ingram Street; it has a western front visible from Buchanan Street, and its north and south fronts open into paved avenues. There is a fine portico in Queen Street, over which is a beautiful lantern-tower; and in front is a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington—somewhat misplaced, both architecturally and commercially. The portico gives entrance to the great room of the Exchange, which is 130 feet long, 60 in width, and 30 high. This serves both as an Exchange and a News Room, and is abundantly supplied with newspapers from all parts of the world. The first place of this kind in Glasgow was the Tontine Hotel, which was built in 1781, on the tontine system, in the Trongate: it was intended partly as a hotel, and partly as a news and coffee-room; and it has ever since been occupied as such; but as the wealth of Glasgow increased, the merchants required more ample accommodation; and a sum of no less than £60,000 was subscribed, about twenty years ago, for the erection of the present magnificent Exchange and News Room. The whole structure is in the Corinthian style. The portico at the east front is octostyle, and three columns in depth, giving it a very noble character. Half way along each side of the building the windows are separated by pilasters; but in the remaining half there is a row of Corinthian columns standing out detached from the walls. The whole building is placed in the midst of a splendid open area, lined on the north and south with uniform ranges of stone buildings, occupied as ware-rooms, offices, and shops. Two Doric arches, betwixt which is placed the Royal Bank of Scotland, give access to this open area from Buchanan Street. (Cut, No. 8.)

There are two clubs in Glasgow, partaking somewhat of the character of the London clubs—the Western Club and the Union Club. Both have handsome stone buildings for their club-houses, and both consist of several hundred members, who pay entrance-fees and annual subscriptions, and both have an internal economy corresponding with the generality of buildings of this description.

Some of the most superb buildings in Glasgow are the Banks. Here, as in Edinburgh, nearly all the banking establishments are joint-stock undertakings; and it has become almost a matter of pride and emulation to have their banking-houses not only commodious within but architectural without. The Bank of Scotland, the British Linen Company's Bank, the City of Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank, the Clydesdale Banking Company, the Union Bank of Scotland, the Western Bank, the National Bank of Scotland—these, and many others, are mostly fine stone buildings, situated in the principal streets, and aiding to give a sumptuous character to the district which contains them. The Union Bank of Scotland, in Ingram Street, is built after the model of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome. The Royal Bank is the institution in Exchange Square, alluded to above.

The markets of Glasgow, like those of Edinburgh, are below the standard of those now possessed by the chief English towns: whether they are efficient or not, the buyers and sellers must determine; but they are not externally ornamental or architectural. Glasgow possesses two or three good bazaars, in which the usual knick-knacks of such places are kept, and the usual arcade-strollers are met with. As for the shops in the principal streets, they follow the same barometer which indicates wealth in other matters. Where the wealthy purchasers resort, there the shops are elegant and the display attractive; where pence prevail more than pounds, there less show, less costliness, and we may add less cleanliness, are visible. Some of the shops in Trongate, Argyle, Queen, and Buchanan Streets, rival all except the very first class of our London shops. For the character of the houses in Saltmarket, see Cut, No. 9.

In the north-west part of Glasgow, near the forthcoming station of the Caledonian Railway, is a group of buildings which it is pleasant to notice, whether we call it commercial, or civic, or honorary. It is the 'Cleland Testimonial.' One of the most active men in Glasgow during the present century, for everything that could contribute to the moral and material welfare of the town, was Dr. Cleland; and the citizens, in 1834, subscribed £5,000, to be expended in the construction of a handsome group of houses, which should descend as an heir-loom to the family of Dr. Cleland. It was an idea at once graceful and generous.

There are one or two points of discomfort that meet us in the poorer streets of Glasgow. We do not mean merely the discomforts that meet the eye (and the nose) in the narrow wynds of the city; but the disheartening thoughts that are likely to be engendered by the state of society. The extent to which spirit-drinking has spread among the working-classes of Glasgow, is beyond all reason and moderation. Leaving tee-totalism and temperance pledges, and so forth, wholly out of the question, the example of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and the other large English towns, is wholly overborne by the state of things at Glasgow. It is impossible to walk up the Saltmarket and the High Street without a feeling of astonishment at the facilities afforded for pouring pennyworths of whiskey down the throats of the densely-packed inhabitants of that neighbourhood. The "stores" and "cellars" are frightfully numerous.

They are seldom, it is true, indued with the gin-palace splendour of the London houses; nor is the liquor there sold such a villanous compound of drugs as too often goes by the name of English gin; but it is difficult to conceive that such an immense mass of strong spirit can be taken, without the body, mind, and purse of the drinkers being deteriorated. In the High Street, near the University, there were a few months ago four spirit-houses in a row, without any others intervening; and from thence down to the Clyde they occur much more thickly than in any part of London. In the Saltmarket alone, out of less than two hundred houses, there are no fewer than fifty spirit-dealers and vintners! The consumption of malt liquor is by no means excessive; and a stranger can hardly avoid remarking how few are the butchers' or "fleshers'" shops in the humbler neighbourhoods, and how poor is the quality of the meat there exposed. A little more beef, and a little less whiskey, would not make the Glasgow operatives any the poorer in pocket: would not the change be advantageous in some other respects?

Of course every large commercial and manufacturing town, such as Glasgow, must have extensive wholesale establishments, where either shopkeepers make their purchases, or export orders are provided for. In so far as they involve all the machinery of clerks and porters and shopmen, of offices and ware-rooms and shops, we need not say much about them. But there is one establishment at Glasgow too remarkable and too celebrated to pass without a little notice. We allude to the warehouse of Messrs. Campbell, in Candleriggs Street. In Scotland they have a very significant name—"soft goods"—for all those articles which we in England can designate only by the roundabout terms of "linen drapery," "silk mercery," and "haberdashery." Campbell's warehouse, then, is an emporium of "soft goods," in the most complete sense of the term. It was about thirty years ago that the operations of the firm commenced, on a humble scale in Saltmarket; but they have by degrees grown to such a vast extent that the annual business is said to have reached the amount of three quarters of a million sterling! It is the combination of wholesale and retail trade that most strikes one in this place. Externally there is no shop; but a large open doorway leads to a flight of steps, which ascends to what we may perhaps term the retail shop on the first floor. From this successive flights of stairs reach both upwards and downwards to separate "flats," every one of which, from the cellars to the roof, is crammed with goods, leaving only just room enough for those who have to transact business there. The classification is most admirable. Almost every imaginable kind of goods, in silk, woollen, linen, and cotton, is kept; and everything has a department of its own, superintended by a foreman or manager. And it is not simply a wholesale store-room, in which goods are packed away in gloomy-looking bales, but a series of show-rooms, in which the show is often very gorgeous. Everything beautiful and everything cheap is alike to be looked for here, according to the wants of the purchaser. In the tartan department we find the tartan plaids of all the Highland clans (each of which has its own) in many kinds of material; the woollen department, the handkerchief and shawl department, the lace department, the linen department, the printed muslin department—indeed all the departments are, each one in itself, complete establishments. It matters little what are the wants or the means of the purchaser. There may be, at the same time, a ragged little urchin buying a penny ball of cotton or a hap'orth of pins on one "flat;" while on another a foreign merchant is buying goods enough almost to freight a ship. It is not merely in buying and selling that this monster establishment is remarkable. Besides the two or three hundred persons who are employed in this daily traffic, there are upwards of two thousand persons, mostly women and children, always in the employ of the firm; in lace-running, embroidering, tambouring, making up caps and collars, and numerous other minor employments of a similar kind. These females live in all the villages many miles around Glasgow; so that the warehouse is the centre of a very extensive series of operations.

The Rise of Glasgow Commerce.

In looking at the vast industrial arrangements which now distinguish Glasgow, it is interesting to watch the steps by which they have arisen. Glasgow is not, like some of our large towns, a place which has been distinguished age after age by the same kind of enterprizes: its deeds have changed amid other changes. Sheffield has always been the steel metropolis, since it attained anything like importance; Birmingham from its earliest history, has been the head quarters of numerous metal trades; Halifax and Leeds have known no other commercial fame than that which is connected with woollen manufactures. But this is not the case with Glasgow. Before iron, and cotton, and steam had given eminence to this city, the merchants of Glasgow were men whose commercial operations embraced a wide range, and placed them in communication with distant climes.

Scarcely anything is known of the commerce or industry of Glasgow till about the middle of the 16th century, when we learn that small Glasgow vessels were engaged in the transport of cured salmon to England and France. Even a century later than this date, nothing is said about manufactures. In 1651 the government employed a Mr. Tucker, as Commissioner, to report on the revenue and excise of Scotland; and his report concerning Glasgow is remarkable, for the very humble commercial position which it indicates. He says:—"With the exception of the colliginors [college-men?] all the inhabitants are traders; some to Ireland with small smiddy-coals in open boats, from four to ten tons, from whence they bring hoops, rungs, barrel staves, meal, oats, and butter; some to France, with plaiding, coals, and herrings, from which the return is salt, pepper, raisins, and prunes; some to

Norway for timber. There hath likewise been some who ventured as far as Barbadoes; but the loss which they sustained by being obliged to come home late in the year, has made them discontinue going there any more. The mercantile genius of the people is strong, if they were not checked and kept under by the shallowness of their river, every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unlade and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats, of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat." The remarkable allusion to the "mercantile genius of the people," and the "shallowness of the river," points to a matter which we shall see became afterwards an important one.

Nothing noticeable occurred to develope the resources of Glasgow until after the Union with England in 1707. This measure was violently opposed at Glasgow as well as at other towns in Scotland; but an advantage followed which the Glasgow people had apparently not anticipated. They became entitled to trade with the British colonies: a privilege which till then had not been permitted to them. In the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland,' the Glasgow portion of which was prepared by Dr. Cleland and Principal Macfarlane, there is given a very interesting extract from the private diary of Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, a gentleman who for more than half a century was closely connected with the mercantile enterprizes of Glasgow. His picture of the commercial system of that city, in the first half of the last century, is as follows:—"Up to the middle of the century, commercial concerns, whether for manufactures or foreign trade, were in general carried on by what might be termed Joint Stock Companies of credit. Six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever further capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till commercial capital, at a later period, had grown up in the country, that individuals, or even companies trading exclusively on their own capital, were to be found. The first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia, after the trade had been opened to the Scotch by the Union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain of the vessel, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked by his employers, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were its proceeds, and threw down upon the table a large 'hoggar,' (stocking) stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated and untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. Under this impression they immediately despatched a second venture, with a supercargo highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts; who produced to them on his return a beautifully made-out statement of his transactions, but no 'hoggar.' The Virginia trade continued for a considerable time to be carried on by companies formed as has been described. One of the partners acted as manager; the others did not interfere. The transactions consisted in purchasing goods for the shipments made twice a year, and making sales of the tobacco which they received in return. The goods were bought upon twelve months' credit; and when a shipment came to be paid off, the manager sent notice to the different furnishers, to meet him on such a day, at such a wine shop, with their accounts discharged [receipted]. They then received the payment of their accounts, and along with it a glass of wine each, for which they paid. This curious mode of paying off their shipments was contrived with a view to furnish aid to some well-born young women, whose parents had fallen into bad circumstances, and whom it was customary to place in one of those shops: in the same way that, at an after period, such a person would have been put into a milliner's shop. These wine shops were opposite the Tontine Exchange."

A Glasgow vessel of 60 tons first crossed the Atlantic in 1718. The trade in tobacco became gradually so large, that the English merchants took the alarm, and they entered into a very wide-spread conspiracy, which had the effect of crippling the exertions of the energetic men of the north; but about 1735 the latter recovered themselves, and extended their operations in a vast degree. A new mode of conducting the commerce was adopted: instead of the *supercargo* system the *factor* system was followed. Factors were employed as residents in the colonies; and they were always at hand to make purchases and sales on account of the Glasgow houses, so as to acquire a much greater command over the market. So vast did the trade become in the course of years, that in the year 1772 it was estimated that "out of 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco imported into Britain, Glasgow alone imported 49,000." And about that time one Glasgow merchant, John Glassford (whose name is perpetuated in one of the streets of the city) owned 25 ships with their cargoes, and traded to the extent of half a million sterling annually.—In short, almost the whole capital of Glasgow was invested in the tobacco-trade.

The state of society took its tone from the state of commerce. The tobacco-merchants were the magnates, the great people of Glasgow, in the last century. Before the Union, the social condition of the city was very low; but increased intercourse with the world rubbed off the rust by degrees. One portion of Mr. Bannatyne's Diary tells us that at the beginning of the century, "the dwelling-houses of the highest class of citizens in general contained only one public room, a dining-room; and even that was used only when they had company—the family at other times usually eating in a bed-room. After dinner the husband went to his

place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands returned to their families. The wife gave tea at home in her own bedroom, receiving there the visits of her 'cummers;' a great deal of intercourse of this kind was kept up—the gentlemen seldom making their appearance at these parties. This meal was termed the 'four hours.' Families occasionally supped with one another." By the middle of the century, matters had become more stylish. "The intercourse of society was by evening parties, never exceeding twelve or fourteen persons, invited to tea and supper. They met at four, and after tea played cards till nine, when they supped. Their games were whist and quadrille. The gentlemen attended these parties, and did not go away with the ladies after supper, but continued to sit with the landlord, drinking punch, to a very late hour. The gentlemen frequently had dinner parties in their own houses; but it was not till a much later period that the great business of visiting was attempted to be carried on by dinner parties."

By about the year 1770, when the tobacco-lords had greatly enriched Glasgow, they had also introduced a more luxurious style of living. The dinner hour became later. The houses, the apparel, the furniture, the style of living—all were improved; wheel carriages were set up; a theatre and an assembly-room were built; the old wooden tenements with thatched roofs were pulled down, to be replaced by stone mansions; and the "gentilities" of life became momentous affairs. "Jamaica" Street, and "Virginia" Street, and other colonial names given to the principal streets, indicated the direction in which the thoughts of the Glasgow men tended; and the colonial merchants seem to have carried matters with a high hand over their less wealthy townsmen. It is said that the tobacco merchants were accustomed to promenade the Trongate, in the vicinity of the Cross, in long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs.

The American Revolution gave a heavy and irreparable blow to the tobacco trade of Glasgow. The tobacco-producing colonies, by gaining their independence, threw the trade in that commodity into new channels: and Glasgow was enabled to retain only a small portion of it. Had no other sources of commercial enterprise sprung into notoriety at that time, Glasgow might have fallen to a third-rate city; but Watt and Arkwright gave an impetus which the capitalists promptly obeyed, and an era of astonishing vigour and progress commenced. New branches of commerce sprang up with foreign countries, and some of these attained a condition of vast magnitude. When Dr. Cleland wrote his 'Annals of Glasgow,' about thirty years ago, there was a commercial firm, Messrs. Pollock and Gilmour, which carried on a timber trade scarcely equalled, perhaps, in Europe. They had eight establishments in America, for felling and shipping timber, which in various ways employed 15,000 men, and 600 horses and oxen; they had 21 large ships of their own, navigated by 500 seamen, to bring over the timber, which averaged 6,000,000 cubic feet annually!

The Clyde; the Broomielaw; the Shipping; and the Bridges.

So much of the well-being of Glasgow depends on the Clyde, that if the river had not been improved, the city could not have advanced. Never surely was a river more important to a town; and never did townsmen labour more untiringly to make their river a great highway for shipping. The commercial history of the Clyde is more remarkable, for great results from small beginnings, than any other river in Britain.

At a distance of a few miles from the village of Elvanfoot, on the confines of the shires of Lanark and Dumfries, is a small group of hills which give birth to the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan. The triad of streams soon separates into its component parts; and the Clyde, receiving a number of small mountain streams, grows from a rivulet into a river. It passes among the Tinto Hills towards Lanark, near which town it forms the three beautiful and far-famed Falls of Clyde. These falls are termed Bonnington Linn, Corra Linn, and Stonebyres Linn, and are occasioned by the river having to sweep through a narrow rugged channel between rocky hills on its way to the sea; and the descent is 430 feet in about five miles. The river pursues a peaceful course from the falls to Glasgow. Opposite the city the river is about 400 feet in width; at this spot the vast operations of the Clyde trustees have commenced.

If the Clyde had been deeper, Glasgow might have had a great shipping trade at an early period; but the shallowness of the river below Glasgow caused Greenock to be made an emporium of trade, at the expense of Glasgow. We have quoted above the remark of Commissioner Tucker, concerning the insufficiency of the Clyde for large ships in the seventeenth century: fords, shoals, and projecting banks, occurred at many points. As early as the year 1556 there is said to have been an agreement made, whereby the inhabitants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, undertook to labour on the river for six weeks alternately, to improve the communication from one town to another. The Glasgow merchants had their shipping port as far off as Cunningham in Ayrshire; but in order to lessen the distance to their port, they negotiated with the magistrates of Dumbarton, in 1653, for the purchase of ground for a harbour and docks. Dumbarton and Troon both rejected the advances of Glasgow, apparently from a timorous and niggardly policy. The Glasgow merchants were not to be foiled. They purchased 13 acres of ground a little above Greenock, and formed a town and harbour to which they gave the name of Port Glasgow; this occurred in 1662. Before the end of the same century a small landing quay was formed at Glasgow itself, being the first approach toward a harbour.

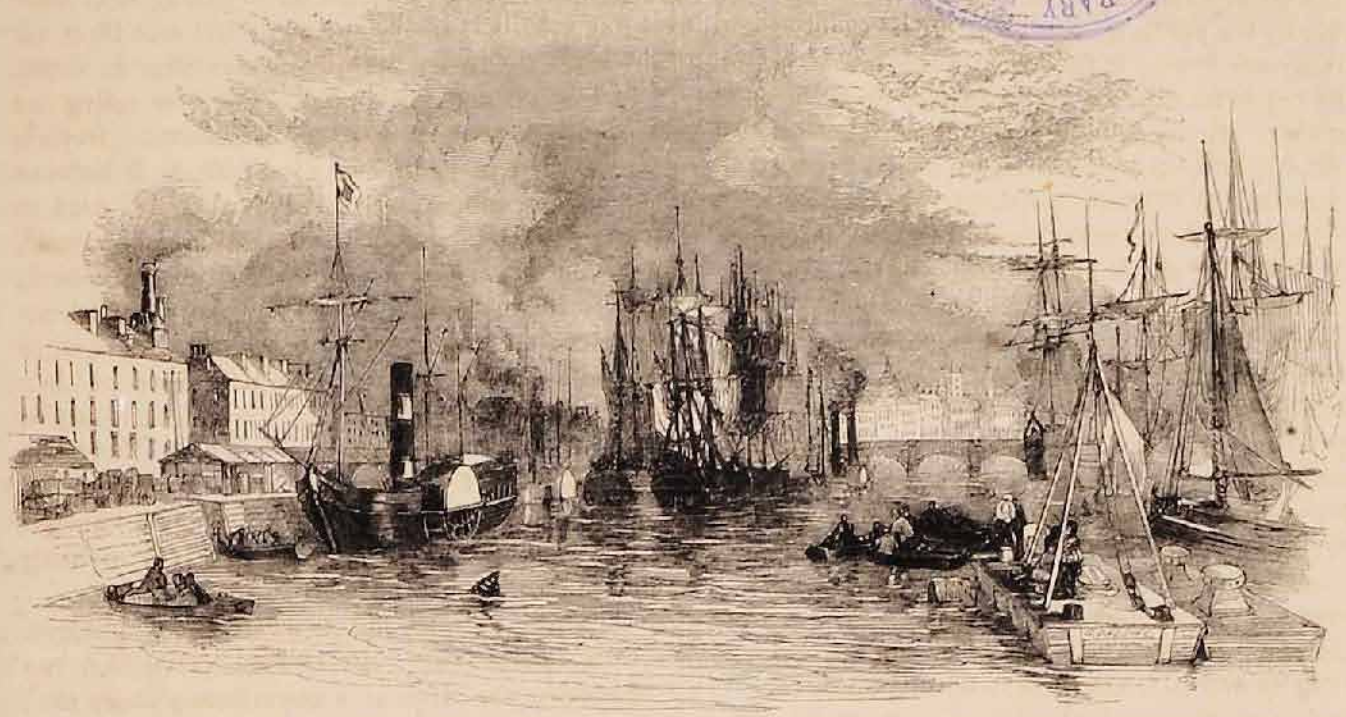
The eighteenth century witnessed a sort of contest for superiority between Greenock and Glasgow. The former town was only a mean fishing-village in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it gradually advanced as a shipping town during that century. In 1707, by the public spirit of some of its inhabitants, a harbour was formed at Greenock, which was larger and more important than any constructed in Scotland up to that time. Greenock is admirably situated with regard to the sea, being close to the mouth of the Clyde; and as soon as the Glasgow merchants had embarked in the Virginia tobacco-trade, the Greenock ship-owners took their full share in the proceedings. Had the Clyde been allowed to remain in its original state, Greenock would have continued in the supremacy as regards foreign trade; but the people of Glasgow naturally wished to make their town not merely commercial but maritime. Having received the advice of Smeaton and other engineers, they constructed, in 1775, upwards of a hundred jetties, at different parts of the river, whereby the effective width was lessened, the rapidity of the stream increased, and the bottom scoured out to a greater depth. The quay which had formed the "Broomielaw" or harbour was lengthened in 1792 by 360 feet, and in 1811 by 900 feet.

Still, notwithstanding these works, Glasgow could only receive small vessels called "gabberts," of 35 to 45 tons, up to the Broomielaw, by the beginning of the present century; and there are still living a few persons who remember seeing the harbour without a single vessel or boat in it of any description. The Clyde Trustees, however, kept steadily in view the progressive improvement of their harbour; and the result has been wonderful. The trustees consist of some of the most influential men in the city, in part *ex officio* and in part elected. By deepening and deepening year after year, the bed of the river had been so far changed that by the year 1821 vessels drawing 13 feet of water could come up to the Broomielaw or quay of Glasgow. Still this did not suffice: it was desirable that vessels of 700 or 800 tons burden should be able to load and unload at the quay; and to effect this it was necessary to carry the depth still greater. By 1841 the quay space had reached a length of 3,340 feet on the north shore, and 1,200 feet on the south. At the present time the depth of the river close to the bridge has actually reached 18 feet at high-water; the north quay now extends to a length of 4,900 feet, and the south quay to nearly as great a length; while further additions are contemplated to both; and the whole way down the Clyde, from Glasgow to Dumbarton, the bed and banks of the river are as carefully attended to as in a ship-canal. For the first seven miles of this distance the sloping banks are actually formed artificially of blocks or slabs of whinstone, placed almost as regularly as in ashlar-work.

It is impossible to walk along the banks of the Clyde without being struck with the disproportion between its width and the magnitude of the traffic on it. The river is certainly not a broad one, but rarely has there been seen one more busily occupied. The large vessels anchor at Greenock till a favourable time of the tide arrives, when they ascend the river up to Glasgow bridge. For the first mile or two below the bridge, the shipping is wedged in so closely as to leave room only for a passage up and down; and there are times when the vessels are ranged nine tiers in depth, off both south and north quays. An ever active and exciting scene presents itself in this harbour. Imports and exports, passengers and goods, divide it between them. The eastern part of the north quay, next to Glasgow bridge, is occupied by the small river steamers, which run up and down to Dumbarton, Greenock, Rothsay, &c.; the next, or central part of the same quay, is mainly appropriated to sailing-vessels which arrive with import goods, and which discharge their cargoes at the quay; while the western extremity is left for the large steamers, which ply to Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, &c. The southern quay is almost wholly occupied by vessels loading with export goods: seven-eighths of the export trade of Glasgow being conducted on this quay. (Cut, No. 10.)

Each portion of quay has its own series of pictures. The little steamers are swift rattling craft, which run up and down the river at a marvellously cheap rate, and carry their loads of human beings all day long. The import ships, and sheds placed along the quay in front of them, exhibit a countless array of the treasures of foreign climes, brought from every part of the world. Cotton in one ship, tea in another, sugar, indigo, drugs, silk, timber, sulphur, guano,—all are brought up on the open quay; and there is perhaps no place in the kingdom where the modes of packing and unlading and stowage are more easily observable than here. Then, farther down, we come to the large steamers: the extremes of splendour and of wretchedness: the gorgeous floating palaces which go to Liverpool, and the huge black-looking receptacles that bring over the destitute Irish. It is one of the saddest sights in Glasgow to stand on this quay, and witness the disembarkation of a ship-load of miserable homeless beings, who, driven from their own country by want of work or want of food, scrape up two or three shillings a piece for a passage to Glasgow, and there swell the already too numerous population of the wynds and narrow streets. Fathers with hands in their pockets and short pipes in their mouths; mothers with infants at their breasts, and a scanty bundle of ragged clothes at their backs; and troops of dirty, half-naked, and scarcely civilized children—all pour out of the vessel, and all wend their way along the Broomielaw towards that den of filthy buildings which lies within pistol-shot of the flourishing Trongate, and which forms the Ireland of Glasgow; bringing with them disease and poverty. It is indeed a painful spectacle.

The trade of the Clyde has in every point of view increased in a wonderful degree within the last few years. It is calculated that the accommodation for traffic in the river is now seven times as much as it was in 1810; and the traffic has increased still more than



10.—THE BROOMIELAW.

the accommodation. The shippers are always treading on the heels of the quay builders. Even within the last few years the Clyde Trustees have purchased many thousand square yards of ground on the south side of the river, for the formation of basins and docks. When it is stated that 80,000 tons of iron, and 130,000 tons of coal, on an average of the last four or five years, are exported from the Broomielaw annually, it will be obvious that a very busy scene of traffic must be presented by these two commodities alone. The river trustees had spent considerably more than a million sterling in improving the river, down to the year 1846! The revenue derived from the river and harbour, which in 1820 amounted to £6,000, had in 1847 reached more than nine times that sum. The Customs' Duty, which in 1812 was only £3,154, amounted to thirty times that sum in 1833, and to nearly two hundred times that sum in 1845. The ships which were owned by Glasgow houses in 1820 amounted to 77, with a tonnage of 6,000 tons; by the year 1846 they had reached the number of 512, with a tonnage of 135,000 tons. The burden of the vessels which arrived and departed at Glasgow in 1820 was 160,000 tons; in 1846 it was 1,120,000 tons. These comparisons will tell more than can be told by long details, of the commercial advancement of the Clyde.

The bridges which cross this busy river at Glasgow are four in number—Jamaica, Stockwell, Hutcheson, and Rutherglen bridges. *The* bridge, *par excellence*, is Jamaica or Broomielaw or Glasgow Bridge (for it is known by all these names), on account of its fine proportions and construction, and of its contiguity to the harbour, it being the lowest bridge on the Clyde. But it is not the most ancient. Stockwell Bridge, or the "old bridge," dates from the fourteenth century; but it was then only twelve feet wide; and it is curious to see the mode in which increased width has been given to it: ten feet of additional width was given to it about seventy years ago; and about thirty years ago Telford suspended two ornamental iron foot-paths at the sides, overhanging the water in a very ingenious manner. This was the only bridge at Glasgow for more than four hundred years. In 1768 the Jamaica Street bridge was built; but in 1833 it was replaced by Telford's fine bridge, which is 60 feet wide, and one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. As the principal part of Glasgow is north of the river, while the export quays are almost wholly on the south, the traffic across this bridge is scarcely equalled by anything in Britain, out of London. Hutcheson Bridge is a plain structure in a line with the High Street and the Saltmarket. The fourth bridge we have named, Rutherglen Bridge, is so far to the east as scarcely to come within the limits of Glasgow.

Iron-ships; Steam-engines; Machine-works; Iron-works.

If we look at the industrial occupations which now give life and wealth to Glasgow, we find that ships and steam-engines, iron and coal, are among the most notable of her elements. For many ages, as we have before said, Glasgow had no ships of her own; she hired vessels belonging to Dumbarton, Greenock, and else-

where. And even when her merchants did purchase vessels for their own use, these vessels were generally built lower down the Clyde, and not at Glasgow. It was not until iron vessels came into use, that any considerable number of ships were built at Glasgow. The name of Napier, which is so closely connected with the engineering celebrity of Glasgow, points out to us the rapid rise of the use of iron in ship-building. At the iron ship-yard of this firm, on the south bank of the river, one of the most interesting of mechanical operations is carried on; we see the keel and the ribs of a ship made of bar iron, and the covering made of sheet iron; and we can hardly fail to be astonished at the slightness of a fabric which is found afterwards to be capable of withstanding the fiercest storms of the ocean.

But the use of iron in ship-building would have been a small affair, were it not for the invention of the steam-engine. This was the great work, and Glasgow has worthily acted her part in it. The historians of the steam-engine tell us that James Watt, while a mathematical-instrument-maker to the University of Glasgow, was required by Professor Anderson to repair a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine; that Watt was dissatisfied with the working of the model, and turned his thoughts to the principles on which all steam-engines must act; that he gradually elaborated the idea of the condenser, the parallel motion, and numerous other important adjuncts to the steam-engine; that his new steam-engines were used first at the Soho works, near Birmingham, and then in the various mining districts; and that finally every purpose to which windmills, and water-wheels could be applied, and almost every purpose for which horse-power is fitted, have been brought within the mighty range of this motive power. Glasgow, both in the manufacture of such engines, and in the use of them when manufactured, occupies a conspicuous place among the busy industrial spots of our kingdom.

Meanwhile the application of steam-power to water transit advanced step by step; and here Glasgow has been even more distinguished than in respect to the steam-engine *per se*. It was in 1787 that Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, employed Mr. Symington, the Scotch engineer, to try whether the steam-engine might not be applied to the propulsion of a boat; and in the following year he had the pleasure of seeing a tiny steam-boat traverse a lake in his own park at the rate of five miles an hour. He next tried the boats of the Forth and Clyde canal, to which he fitted engines and paddles, and with which he attained a speed of six or seven miles an hour. The subject then slept for a time; until Fulton of America, after making himself acquainted with what Miller and Symington had done, succeeded in establishing a regular passenger steam-boat on the river Hudson, from New York to Albany, in 1806. Meanwhile Mr. Henry Bell was carrying on similar attempts in Scotland. He employed Messrs. Wood, of Port Glasgow, to build a little vessel called the 'Comet,' in which he put a steam-engine; and with this vessel he made repeated trips along the Firth of Clyde in 1813. The problem was now effectually solved, of the possibility of moving vessels by steam-power along rivers; and the Clyde towns became busy in the matter. But it was not till 1818 that David Napier put in operation the bold principle of tracking the broad sea by steam. He built engines which enabled a steam vessel (the 'Rob Roy') to go from Greenock to Belfast; then another (the 'Talbot') from Holyhead to Dublin; then the 'Robert Bruce,' the 'Superb,' and the 'Eclipse,' from Glasgow to Liverpool. There was one steamer, however, which was navigated from the Clyde to the Thames, in 1815: a most adventurous voyage, of which a capital description is given in Weld's recent 'History of the Royal Society.' The year 1822 witnessed the complete attainment of the object in view by all these means; and from that time a scene of endless bustle and activity has been presented by the steam-vessel arrangements of the Clyde—a river more connected than any other with the history of this important system.

Marine steam-engines are among the most important pieces of mechanism now made at Glasgow. At the celebrated Vulcan and Lancefield Works of Robert Napier, and at the works of other eminent firms, such engines are made on a vast scale. The beams and boilers, the cylinders and pistons, are at once among the most ponderous and the most carefully executed works in metal. Most of the engine-factories are within a few yards distance of the Clyde; so that, in addition to the bustle on the river and its quays, there are always steamers lying at the Broomielaw to receive their engines and boilers. Some of these steamers are truly magnificent: those on the Glasgow and Liverpool route have cost £40,000 each! The 'Arcadia,' the 'Britannia,' the 'Caledonia,' the 'Cambria,' the 'Berenice,' the 'Niagara,' the 'America,' the 'Europa,' the 'Canada,' and a host of other ocean steamers, whose fame is more than European, had their engines from Robert Napier's works.

A worthy compeer of ships and steam-engines is *Iron*, in respect to the prosperity of Glasgow and its vicinity. The district which borders on Glasgow on the east and south-east is wonderfully rich in iron ore; and this ore happens to be so nearly associated with the coal, and lime, and clay, necessary for its smelting, as to be more than usually profitable to its owners. As the discovery and working of this ore have been comparatively recent, Glasgow as an iron metropolis is still more modern than as a steam-engine metropolis. There were only 7,000 tons of iron produced in the whole county of Lanark in 1809; in 1846 the quantity of pig-iron alone sold in Glasgow exceeded 600,000 tons! With the exception of the immense and finely arranged works of Mr. Dixon, in the southern suburbs, nearly all the great iron-works are at some distance from Glasgow; but almost the entire produce of the county is sent to Glasgow for sale or shipment. This is the secret which explains the

otherwise incomprehensible extent to which the railway companies are carrying their works: they are endeavouring to connect every colliery and every iron-work with the great western metropolis. In the year 1846 there were, in the portion of Lanark eastward of Glasgow, 83 smelting-furnaces, and 14 proposed new ones; while in the western part of the county there were 15 furnaces, and 29 proposed new ones; making a total of 141. There were twice as many erected in Lanarkshire as in all other parts of Scotland taken together. The whole number of furnaces was not only six times as large as in 1825, but the produce of each furnace was about three times as great, owing to improved modes of procedure. Mr. Neilson's beautiful adaptation of the hot-blast to the purposes of smelting has undoubtedly been one of the causes of this advancement.

Coal, too, is not less noticeable than iron, as an element in the commercial activity of Glasgow. The same districts which are so rich in iron are for the most part well supplied also with coal. The domestic consumption of Glasgow is supplied at a cheap rate; the whole county for miles round is equally supplied; the steamers receive all that they require; the smelting-furnaces swallow up their vast masses; and yet the coal of the district is plentiful enough to admit of a large exportation. The arrangements respecting the shipment of iron and coal render the southern quay of Glasgow still more busy than it would otherwise be; for nearly all these commodities are sent from thence. Hence the works now in progress to bring the various southern railways close to the southern quay.

Cotton Factories; Print Works; Chemical Works, etc.

It might appear strange that two such opposite materials as soft delicate cotton and rough hard iron should combine to form the staple of Glasgow industry; but when we consider how closely the steam-engine links them, one with another, we may readily understand the matter. A steam-engine is the child of iron; cotton-spinning is a child of the steam-engine.

Glasgow is now one of the first seats of the cotton-manufacture; not only in respect to the factories therein located, but as a commercial centre for the whole of the cotton manufactures of Scotland. As in all similar cases, the beginnings were humble enough. Down to the time of the Union, the Glasgow folks made linens and woollens for their own use, by the simple spinning-wheel or hand-loom; but there is no evidence that they made more than enough for themselves. Very soon after the Union, however, the prospect of trade with America gave rise to hopes that Glasgow might manufacture for foreign markets as well as for home consumption.

When the spinning of cotton became, by the successive inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and others, an important branch of manufacture in England, the capitalists of Glasgow lost no time in embarking in the enterprize. In the first instance, and before the steam-engine had become uniformly used as a moving power, the spinning factories were built at a distance from Glasgow, in order to obtain the advantage of some running stream as a motive force. Hence were founded the Ballindalloch and Doune Mills in Stirlingshire, the Catrine Mills in Ayrshire, the Lanark Mills in Lanarkshire, and the Rothesay Mills in Buteshire—all in connexion with Glasgow houses. The first steam-engine employed at a Glasgow cotton-work was put up in 1792 by Messrs. Scott and Stevenson, on the south bank of the Broomielaw. It was in 1773 that the first attempt was made at Glasgow to use something different from human power in moving the various parts of a weaving-loom—a *Newfoundland dog*, working in a sort of drum or tread-wheel, was the first power-loom weaver. No sooner, however, did Dr. Cartwright and others bring the steam-loom to perfection, than Glasgow entered with full spirit into this department of the art; and from that moment Glasgow has followed close upon the heels of Manchester in every branch of the cotton-manufacture, though always to a much smaller extent. The muslin trade early attained a high notoriety, which it has never since lost.

At the present day Glasgow is the centre of considerably more than a hundred cotton factories. It is not that any great number of these factories are situated within Glasgow itself, for ground is much more cheaply obtained for this purpose in country districts; but it is Glasgow capital that has set them to work, and Glasgow enterprize and ingenuity that find a market for the manufactured produce and mechanical appliances for effecting the work to be done. Nearly all the cotton spun and woven in the whole of Scotland is sent to Glasgow to be warehoused and sold and shipped: and it is thus that Glasgow becomes at once the Manchester and the Liverpool of Scotland.

Many of the cotton factories now existing within or immediately contiguous to Glasgow are among the finest specimens of such establishments. Some are spinning factories only; some are weaving factories only; some combine both; while there are a few which carry the operations even still farther, to the imparting of colour and pattern to the woven goods. There is one immense establishment, in the south-east part of Glasgow, which perhaps is not excelled by anything of the kind in the kingdom, in respect to the number and completeness of the operations carried on. The raw cotton is carried in in bags; it is opened and disentangled and carded into a regular state; it is roved into a loose cord and spun to a fine yarn; this yarn is woven into a cotton cloth; the cloth is cleansed and bleached, and it is finally dyed and printed. The organization of such an establishment is complete and instructive: the mental, the mechanical, the chemical, the artistic—all are combined.

Some of the calico-printing establishments in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are of a very high order. Indeed calico-printing received some of its greatest advancements at Glasgow. The Bandana Works at

Barrowfield, in the south-east part of Glasgow, are not only the first in their particular line, but were the first also in point of time, on anything like a considerable scale. Not only the Bandana-handkerchief work, but the bleaching and the printing of muslins and calicoes, have been closely dependent on the progress of chemical discovery. A century ago, months were required to bleach a piece of linen or cotton cloth: the cloth was often sent to Holland, where it was exposed on level grassy plains for several months. The problem then presented itself to chemists—how to effect the bleaching process without such an expenditure of time. Home, Scheele, Berthollet, Henry—all made steps in this direction; but it was Glasgow that put the matter on the high road to success: Mr. Tennant discovered the action of chloride of lime, or "bleaching-powder," and he also devised the mode of manufacturing this substance on a scale so vast as to meet any possible demand for it. In that peculiar kind of work, intermediate between dyeing and calico-printing, to which the name of bandana-work has been often given, Glasgow equally holds the place of honour; and it was here, also, that the first successful attempts were made in this country to produce the beautiful Turkey-red dye which was so much admired in the last century. It is upwards of sixty years since M. Papillon and Mr. Mackintosh successfully established the Turkey-red dye process in the still existing Barrowfield Works.

These works lie near the eastern verge of the Green: they cover a vast area of ground, and comprise drying-grounds, bleaching-grounds, cloth dye-houses, yarn dye-houses, printing-houses, and the most interesting part of all—the Bandana Gallery, in which the handkerchief work is carried on. If any one would wish to understand what is meant by "Chemistry applied to the Arts," and if he be fortunate enough to obtain admission into any one of our great Print Works or Bleach Works, either at Glasgow or in Lancashire, he would there meet with one of the best lectures on chemistry he could desire: every vat and every machine is a lecture-table, and every workman is more or less a chemist. The managers of such works are especially proficient in all that relates to the chemistry of colours.

The name of Tennant has been just mentioned: this name is connected with one of the most gigantic establishments—not merely in Glasgow—but in the world. This establishment is the St. Rollox Chemical Works, situated on the high ground in the extreme north of Glas ow, close to the temporary terminus of the Caledonian Railway. From whichever side we approach it, we are forcibly struck with its vastness: area, number, height—all are there: the area of the whole works, the number of chimneys, and the height of the giant 'stalk,' as factory people call the great chimney. From salt and sulphur, by the beautiful combinations and re-actions which modern chemistry points out, a whole series of useful substances may be produced; and it is to these substances that the operations of the St. Rollox Works are mainly directed. Common soda, carbonate of soda, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, chlorine, bleaching-powder—all are connected by a chain of affinities with these two plentiful and invaluable substances with which Nature has enriched us. When the costly metal *platina* was first used for crucibles and vessels, in the manufacture of acrid liquids which would destroy most other substances, one single apartment at the St. Rollox Works was fitted up with platina vessels which cost £7000! But it is not these products alone: soap is made on a vast scale at the St. Rollox Works; and other drugs and chemicals are also manufactured. The buildings and furnaces are perfectly bewildering: they cover ten or twelve acres of ground (as much as Barclay and Perkins's enormous brewery). They are, necessarily, black and dirty; and some of them are as infernal in appearance as we can well imagine any earthly place to be. The heaps of sulphur, lime, coal, and refuse; the intense heat of the scores of furnaces in which the processes are going on; the smoke and thick vapours which dim the air of most of the buildings; the swarthy and heated appearance of the men; the acrid fumes of sulphur, and of various acids which worry the eyes, and tickle the nose, and choke the throat; the danger which every bit of broad-cloth incurs of being bleached by something or burned by something else—all form a series of *notabilia* not soon to be forgotten. The buildings occupy an immense square, from which shoot up numerous chimneys. Many of these chimneys are equal to the largest in other towns; but they are here mere satellites to the monster of the place—*the* chimney!

There are within a short distance of Glasgow two highly interesting establishments for making alum: these are at Campsie, north of the Clyde, and at Hurlet, south of the Clyde. The alum-shale, or ore, is dug in mines in the same manner as coal and iron, and then goes through some remarkable chemical processes. Numerous other chemical manufactures are conducted in and near Glasgow.

It would be in vain to attempt an enumeration of all the manufactures which are carried on to a vast extent at Glasgow. This city is a world within itself: it can provide us with almost everything—if we have wherewithal to pay for it.

The Pleasure Spots.

Glasgow is, of course, not without its points of lighter interest; its recreative spots; its places of rendezvous for pleasure-seekers. But it must be confessed that our Scottish brethren are not distinguished in this line. The English occupy a middle position between the Irish and the Scotch in such matters: not so rattling and care-nought as the former; but more so than the latter.

Many of the English towns are trying hard to obtain parks for their people, where the smoke can be blown from their cheeks (and their hearts) by good fresh air, and where green trees and green grass may relieve the eye from brick houses and stone pavements. As long as Glasgow possesses her glorious *Green*, she will want

no other park, unless she outgrows all reasonable limits. This Green covers an area of no less than 140 acres, and borders on the north bank of the Clyde for a distance of considerably more than a mile, without a single building to intervene between them. We can wander along the bank, close to the river, as in any well laid-out park; and can look down to the forest of shipping which speckles the Broomielaw, while we have nothing but the blue and green of Nature around us. It may well be supposed that peculiar circumstances must have conspired to keep this spot free from bricks and mortar, smoke and factories, ships and steam-engines, railways and canals—in the midst of such a busy city.

It appears that, about the year 1450, Bishop Turnbull, who then filled the see of Glasgow, asked and obtained from King James IV. the grant of a piece of land called the Laigh or Low Green, just at the foot of the Saltmarket, and bordering on the river: it was to be for the use and recreation of the citizens in general. From time to time after this grant, the Corporation purchased more property further and further east, until the whole comprised a strip of land all along the north bank of the Clyde, from Hutcheson Bridge nearly to Rutherglen Bridge. All these portions collectively form the Green, which obtains in different parts the names of the Low Green, the High Green, the King's Park, and the Flesher's Haugh. Corporations are not always equally patriotic, nor equally rich. Once now and then the city has received tempting offers of purchase, for the sake of building houses or factories on the Green; and once now and then the municipal body has felt disposed to yield to the temptation; but the burghers, much to their credit, have always steadily and resolutely refused to part with their Green; and we have yet to learn that they have suffered any commercial loss through their firmness. Within the last three years the temptations have been very tantalizing: two or three different railway companies have wished to cross the Clyde; and the Green has been looked at with longing eyes, as being just the place which an engineer loves to get hold of—its gradients being *nil*, and its buildings *nil* also. But the iron-man has been repulsed, and the Green has successfully battled against the railway mania. What may be more feared, we think, is the temptation as to coal. Dr. Cleland, in 1822, with the sanction of the authorities, bored to a depth of 366 feet in the Green, and passed through seven seams of fine coal, which contain an aggregate quantity of no less than 1,500,000 tons under the Green itself. If ever the Corporation should yield to the inducement of bringing this coal to market, adieu to the fine Green.

11.—KING'S PARK, FLESHER'S-HAUGH, AND RUTHERGLEN BRIDGE.

The Green was laid out and greatly improved about thirty years ago, and two miles and a half of good carriage-road were formed around it. Time has been when the Green was the resort of the wealthy and fashionable; but the westward march of the city has produced a change in this respect, and the Green is left much more to the humbler classes of society. But the important matter is that *all* may go thither when they will: it has been paid for by all for the good of all. It is a place for rambles and gambols and reviews; and the bare-legged priestesses of the washing-tub claim a portion of it, as their drying-ground. (See the Steel Plate, and also Cut, No. 11.)

A cemetery can hardly be called a pleasure-spot; and yet such places are so prettily laid out at the present day, that they form an acceptable addition to the scanty plantations with which busy cities are provided. Glasgow, among its many cemeteries and burying-grounds, has one, to which the high-sounding and Greek-like name of 'The Necropolis,' or City of the Dead, has been given. A very happy selection has been made for a site for this Necropolis. Immediately behind the east end of the cathedral is a narrow but rapid rivulet called the Molendinar Burn, running along the bottom of a tolerably deep ravine. On the other side of this ravine rises a wooded height, far too steep for any of the ordinary purposes of building. On this wooded height the Necropolis is formed: the spot was formerly called the Fir Park: it was a thick plantation belonging to a corporate body called the Merchants' House, at Glasgow. The ground rises to a height of no less than 300 feet above the burn, and is planted and planned up to the summit. A bridge with the name of 'The Bridge of Sighs,' crosses the burn, and gives approach to a regular and elegant gateway, within which are the numerous winding walks that gradually ascend to the summit. These paths wind round very tortuously, in order to render easy the ascent of the hill; and the sepulchral monuments are placed between and among the paths, so as to be visible from below, as if they were on the slope of a hill. From above, the view of the city is very commanding. The entire east, north, and south fronts of the Cathedral are brought completely within the scope of the eye—and we may even say, beneath the level of the eye. The monuments exhibit the same mixture of good and bad taste which marks most other cemeteries. There is one to the memory of the stern reformer, John Knox; a very ambitious mausoleum for Major Monteith, more noticeable for size than for taste; and smaller productions out of number put up by the Glasgow citizens over the graves of their relatives. There are not many instances where a cemetery commands a view into four counties: such is the case from the summit of the Glasgow Necropolis (Cut, No. 12.)

If once we begin to speak of the pleasure-spots in the environs of Glasgow, where shall we stop? The antiquated Rutherglen and its church (Cut, No. 13); the beautiful Clyde and its Dale, and its Falls; the islands and water-side towns near the Firth of the same river, where the Glasgow citizens ruralize during the summer and autumn months; the little river Leven which leads so invitingly from Dumbarton to the foot of Loch Lomond; and the magnificent Loch itself with its "Rob Roy's country," and its Ben Lomond; the beautiful Loch Katrine, and the route through the Trosachs, and past Lochs Vennachar and Achray towards Stirling—all these form a belt of attractions, which steam has placed within easy distance of Glasgow.

Besides the small steamers which run up and down the Clyde all day long, at marvellously low fares, between Glasgow and the various river-side towns, there are often summer excursions made to the deeply indented bays near the mouth of the Clyde, such as Loch Long, and Loch Fyne, on the shores of which the tourists are left; and by a bold pedestrian course across a hilly country they reach the upper end of Loch Lomond, where another steamer, at an appointed time, takes them up, and conveys them entirely through that Loch to its southern termination, whence there are easy modes of reaching Glasgow. Provided we make no prophecies about rain, and do not mind it when it comes, these are right pleasant little tours. And so likewise is that in which a circuit is taken by way of Castle-Cary, Stirling, Calendar, the Trosachs, Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine, the "overland" crossing from the latter to Loch Lomond, and so by way of Dumbarton and the Clyde back to Glasgow. Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, too, have their pleasant spots, which modern locomotion have brought virtually into the vicinity of Glasgow; while Lanark, with its neighbouring "Falls," and the lovely Clyde scenery between it and Hamilton, warn us not to attack so large a subject at the end of our limited space.

In giving a farewell greeting to Glasgow, we will venture to suggest that, if her citizens should ever wish to change the civic arms, (which now comprise a fish, a bird, a tree, a ring, and a bell, and concerning the meaning of which the antiquaries have puzzled their brains for many a generation), they could not do better than to select a lump of coal, a bar of iron, a steam engine, a spinning-machine, and a ship. These have made GLASGOW what she is.

ETON.

"I REALLY think," said Arbuthnot in writing to Swift, a hundred and thirty years ago, "I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy as curiosity. Did you ever expect to live to see"—it does not much matter what—but did any one, twenty years back, as he was bowling swiftly along the straight Hounslow Road on a crack four-in-hand, expect to see the day when, instead of starting from the 'White Horse Cellar,' he would start from Paddington and make a wide circuit to the north-west, or from the Surrey side of the river, and pass through Wandsworth and Richmond, as the quickest route to Windsor and Eton?

But so it is; and perhaps in another half-century, we, or those who follow us, may have to make a still wider circuit to suit the purpose of some new propelling or tractive power, that shall come into use when the locomotive is found to be too slow.

Be that as it may, the last new way is a pleasant way, which is more than can always be affirmed of new ways. At Richmond you obtain a very pretty flying glance of the Hill and the Thames from quite a new point of view, and one you could only have expected to gain from a balloon. Farther on you get some more pleasant peeps of the river in its more sylvan parts; and you cross the half-dozen arms of the Colne—Milton's Colne—where it makes some quiet Flemish landscapes; and finally, on nearing Datchet, you have a new and remarkably good prospect of Windsor Castle, with the Thames in front.

The extension of the Richmond Railway to Datchet has attracted an unusual number of visitors to Windsor and Eton. We commenced the present volume of 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN,' with an account of Windsor, and the more celebrated or picturesque spots in its immediate vicinity: the opening of the new line of transit suggests the propriety of including in the same volume a companion notice of Eton, and two or three of the more noteworthy places in its neighbourhood.

Whenever Eton is mentioned, the College is invariably what occurs to the memory; and indeed Eton has little beside the College of general interest—certainly nothing sufficient to entitle it to a place in our Sketch-book.

"King Henry the Sixth," says the old chronicler, Edward Hall,—himself an Etonian—"was of a liberal mind, and especially to such as loved good learning; and them whom he saw profit in any virtuous science he heartily favoured and embraced; wherefore he first holpe his own young scholars to attain to discipline, and for them he founded a solemn school at Eton, a town next unto Windsor, in the which he hath stablished an honest college of sad priests, with a great number of children, which be there, of his cost, frankly and freely taught the eruditaments and rules of grammar. Beside this, he edified a princely college in the University of Cambridge, called King's College, for the further erudition of such as were brought up at Eton, which at this day so flourisheth in all kinds, as well of literature as of tongues, that, above all other, it is worthy to be called the Prince of Colleges."

"Indeed it was high time," says quaint Thomas Fuller, in a passage that reads almost like a commentary on the old chronicler,—"It was high time some school should be founded, considering how low grammar-learning ran then in the land; as may appear by the following (Latin) verses made for King Henry, the founder; as good, no doubt, as the generality of that age did afford, though scarce deserving translation; so that the worst scholar in Eton College that can make a verse can make a better." We will not bestow the tediousness of these verses upon the reader; but we may remark, by the way that, if Fuller's suggestion be correct, it may help to account for the attention that has always been paid here to Latin verse-making, and the consequent superiority of the collegians in the art of longs and shorts; for as every Etonian well knows, they as far surpass the Westminster boys in this craft as they do those of all other schools: Latin versification is, indeed, and always has been, the Etonian's crowning accomplishment.

It was in 1440 that King Henry granted the first charter of foundation for "the College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor"—a document which is yet carefully preserved and duly prized. A subsequent charter was granted in the following year. The original foundation consisted of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar-scholars, a master to instruct them, and twenty-five poor infirm men. "The king made provision for the completion of his magnificent design from his own demesne lands, and the estates of some of the alien priories, which, though founded in England, were appropriated to religious houses abroad."

The college buildings were commenced in 1441: the first stone of the chapel being laid on the 3rd of July in that year. For the construction of his college the royal founder gave the most definite directions. He says, "Laying apart all superfluity of too curious work of entayle [*i.e.* carving] and busy mouldings, I will that both my colleges, of Eton and Cambridge, be edified of the most substantial and best abiding stuff, of stone, lead, glass, and iron, that may goodly be had and provided thereto; and that the walls of the said college of Eton, of the outer court, and of the walls of the garden about the precinct be made of hard stone of Kent." In little more than two years from laying the foundation-stone the buildings were so far advanced that, on the feast of St. Thomas, (Dec. 21,) 1443, the provost, clerks, and scholars received formal possession of them from the hands of the royal commissioners;

and a solemn service was performed on the occasion. But the buildings were yet far from finished, and they remained in an unfinished condition for a long period, —a circumstance readily accounted for, by the troubles attending the later years of Henry's reign: it was not, in fact, till about 1523, that they were entirely completed. Waynfleete, the munificent founder of Magdalene College, Oxford, was the first head master, and second provost of Eton; and, according to Leland, "a good part of the buildings of Eton College accrued by means, and at the expense of Waynfleete, for he was a very great favourer of the work begun by Henry VI., but left very imperfect and rawly." Waynfleete was undoubtedly a considerable benefactor to the College; and there is little doubt that the statutes for the government of the College were drawn and the whole of its primary arrangements suggested by him. He was head master of Winchester College before the foundation of Eton, and Henry appears to have been in frequent communication with him from the time of his first resolving upon establishing a new college. When Eton was ready, the king succeeded in inducing Waynfleete to remove thither, with five fellows and thirty-five of the scholars of Winchester school.

Edward IV. looked with little affection on the colleges formed and endowed by his unfortunate predecessor. He not only seized on some of the estates which Henry had conferred on King's College and Eton, and curtailed their foundations, but he also despoiled them of "moveables of great value." Eton appeared to be especially distasteful to him. From its possessions he took to the value of a thousand pounds a year, and in 1463 obtained a bull from Pope Pius II., empowering him to "dissolve the College of Eton, and unite it with that of Windsor." But in this project he met with resolute opposition from Westbury, who had succeeded Waynfleete as provost of Eton. Westbury earnestly and prudently defended the rights and privileges of his College; and his efforts were so far successful that Edward thought proper to direct that the two Colleges should send representatives to plead their respective causes before the Archbishop of Canterbury. Westbury urged the claims of his College so forcibly, that Edward applied to the successor of Pius for a fresh bull, revoking the former, and permitting him to dissolve the union. This is the official statement: but there is a college tradition that it was not merely to the eloquence of Westbury that the College owed its restoration. Henry Bost—who afterwards succeeded Westbury as provost—was confessor, it is said, to Jane Shore, and induced that fair lady to use her influence with Edward on behalf of the College. At the dissolution of religious houses the revenues of Eton College were estimated at £1100. The College was specially exempted in the Act for the dissolution of colleges and chantries in the reign of Edward VI. It also escaped with little injury in the civil war between Charles and the Parliament, and during the Commonwealth. This time it owed its impunity to its having the good fortune to fall to the lot of Francis Rous, who was appointed provost of Eton on the resignation of Richard Stuart. Rous is noted by Walker in his 'History of Independency,' as among the more prominent of the Independents who obtained preferments: he received, Walker observes, the provostship of Eton, worth £800 a year, and a lease from the College worth £600 a year more. He had, therefore, substantial reasons for endeavouring to preserve the College; and happily, he had influence enough to preserve it. He was in the confidence of Cromwell, who nominated him a member of the Barebones Parliament, of which he was elected speaker. He was also appointed one of Cromwell's council, and placed at the head of the board of 'Tryers.' When Cromwell created an 'Upper House,' Rous was one of those he called to a seat in it. Rous was greatly disliked by the royalists, by whom he was styled—as Wood mentions—the 'Illiterate Jew of Eton.' But the reproach was hardly deserved; for, though not an elegant scholar, he was certainly far from illiterate. His numerous works—for he was a most prolific writer —are all strongly puritanic, as the titles, which are such as 'Oil of Scorpions,' 'Balm of Love,' 'Mella Patrum,' and the like, would indicate. From the Restoration, Eton College has continued in a course of steady prosperity to the present time, when it is perhaps in as flourishing a condition as at any previous date.

In our accounts of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge we spoke of Royal visits with which they had been honoured. We might do the same here; for Eton has received both kings and queens. But we shall content ourselves with a note of the visit made by a very different sort of person. It will afford us a glimpse of the College as it appeared a hundred and eighty years ago. That prince of diary-keepers, Pepys, visited Eton, on the 26th of February, 1665-6. He had been looking over Windsor Castle that same morning with his wife and Dr. Child, the organist of St. George's Chapel, "and so," he says, "giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern, and there dined, the Doctor with us: and so took coach and away to Eton and the Doctor with me.

"At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself a provost and fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the hall, and there find the boys verses, 'De Peste;' it being their custom to make verses at Shrovetide. I read several, and very good they were—better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole hall by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, and in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good: and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And to the chapel, and there saw, among other things, Sir H. Wotton's stone, with this epitaph—

"Hic jacet primus hujus sententiæ Author:
Disputandi prurities fit ecclesiæ scabies.

But unfortunately the word 'Author' was wrong writ, and now so basely altered that it disgraces the stone."

The present foundation of Eton College consists of a provost, seven fellows (one of whom is vice-provost,) two conducts, seven clerks, ten lay-clerks, seventy scholars, ten choristers, besides officers and servants. The only qualification necessary for scholarship, in addition to having received sufficient elementary instruction to enable him to take his place in the school, is that the candidate must have been born in England of parents lawfully married. The scholars are admissible between the ages of eight and fifteen. At seventeen they must be elected to King's College, Cambridge, or they are superannuated in the following year. The election of scholars to King's College takes place annually, about the end of July; when the provost, vice-provost, and head master of Eton, with the provost of King's College, and two 'posers' chosen from the fellows, examine the upper class (or 'sixth form') and elect the King's scholars from it. Generally about twelve are, as it is termed, placed on the indenture, and they proceed to Cambridge as vacancies occur there. There are ordinarily about four vacancies, or "resignations," at King's College in the course of the year, but it has occasionally happened that there is not one. The Eton scholars succeed to the vacancies at King's in the order in which their names stand on the indenture. It of course always happens that the number of elected scholars is greater than the number of vacancies. Those who proceed to King's College are admitted at once to a participation in its endowments; and after remaining there three years as scholars, they succeed to fellowships and the degree of B.A. There are two scholarships at Merton College, Oxford, for the foundation scholars who are not elected to King's College, Cambridge. The Merton scholars are called Postmasters. Beside these there are other exhibitions of various value. Among the more important of recent foundation, are three of £50 a year each, tenable for three years, which were endowed by the Duke of Newcastle in 1829; and an annual prize of £50 established by Prince Albert in 1842 for the promotion of the study of modern languages.

The scholars on the foundation of Eton College are lodged within the College walls; but besides these there are always a great many scholars not on the foundation—known as *oppidans*—who either board and lodge with the masters, or in houses in the town duly licensed for the purpose, and subject to the supervision of the College authorities. The number of oppidans, has for some years exceeded six hundred. They belong chiefly to the higher ranks of society; but in school there is no distinction between the oppidans and collegers, as the foundation scholars are generally called. The College consists of an upper and a lower school, and is managed by a head and a lower master, with fourteen assistant masters: there are also teachers of the modern languages, drawing, and the other branches of a complete education.

It would be out of place here to speak otherwise than briefly and generally of the system of education adopted at Eton. By its fruits it must be judged: and the results of Eton teaching are manifested in a noble series of great names. Education cannot impart ability: it can only at best develope and train the capacity that already exists. A good education will fit a man to perform well the duties of a citizen; will prepare him to pursue with success the particular profession or path of life to which he shall devote himself. Thus estimated, Eton teaching will hardly be adjudged other than successful by any one who is competent to pass judgment, and who impartially considers the old and honoured list of Eton names, and recalls those of contemporary date, who by public fame or private observation are known to him. The Eton system was originally based on that already in use at Winchester, and which is more or less that of all our principal grammar schools. It has only been so modified or extended as the changes in the state of learning and of society rendered necessary. It has pursued the even tenor of its way, unallured by the glitter of the thousand schemes that have risen and flourished for awhile on every side of it. But it has not refused to adopt any improvement that has borne successfully the fiery trial of experience: and the scholar who shall have passed through its curriculum an uneducated man will only have his own indolence or incapacity to blame therefore. The system of Eton is eminently a manly one: taking the boy as one who will have to fight his way through a rough and selfish world, it fits him for the struggle by cultivating all his powers, and early inducing habits of self-control and self-dependence. A large share of the public men of England whose names have become famous, have issued from Eton College; and perhaps few schools of any class have had scholars who, as a general rule, look back in after life with more respect and affection upon the place of their education: and we cannot but think that the eminence of the select few of the scholars, the general character of the majority, and the feeling with which the great body when advanced in life regard their old school, afford very fair tests of the educational system of any school.

The principal buildings of Eton College consist of two quadrangles, which contain the chapel, hall, library, schools, provost's and master's apartments, and the lodgings of the fellows: the New Buildings, in which are the boys' library, and sleeping apartments, are attached to the northern side of the older buildings.

King Henry, as we have seen, directed that his college should be built of the "hard stone of Kent"—but the building was left to be effected by other than royal hands, and without the aid of a royal purse. By far the greater part of the buildings are of brick: the chapel being almost the only important part that is of stone. As a whole the buildings have a venerable and appropriate appearance. From a distance they form

a conspicuous and striking group: the massive but graceful chapel rising boldly and proudly above the dark mass of buildings that surround it, destroys the heavy uniformity which they would else exhibit, and imparts a picturesque and pleasing finish, while it stamps dignity and character upon the whole. Our steel engraving represents the college buildings as they appear from the meadows by what is still called Fifteen-arch Bridge, though the bridge to which that name was applicable has been some years replaced by a more substantial one of only three arches. The engraving will convey a better idea of the general appearance of the buildings in that direction than words can, but we may mention that a more favourite view of them with Etonians is from the bridge itself. Our cuts, Nos. 8 and 9, will abundantly illustrate the "distant prospect of Eton College:" they have been selected mainly with a view to show it from opposite points, and in situations that have been least often depicted—though, from the interminable succession of sketches that have been made of the college, it is no easy matter to conceive what are the least known points of view.

But we must look at the buildings close at hand before we speak further of their distant appearance. Let us turn to the well-known elm-walk and enter the central gateway. We are now in the chief quadrangle or school-yard, as it is familiarly called. (Cut, No. 1.) We have chosen a school hour, and the quadrangle is solitary and silent. The sombre edifices that surround us wear a grave academic air. There is a propriety, a suitableness, about their unassuming simplicity that makes itself felt, where the flutter and affectation of a more ambitious pile, would only offend. Three sides of the quadrangle at once announce their domestic or scholastic character; the fourth side is occupied by the chapel. In the centre of the quadrangle is a bronze statue of the royal founder. Directly in front, as you enter, the eye rests on the lofty gate-house or clock-tower—a handsome and characteristic specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. It is built of dark red brick, with stone dressings. In its general style it reminds the visitor of the gate-houses at St. James's or Hampton Court palaces; but the great central bay-window is of a richer kind than in them. The building on the left hand contains the lower school, and the long-chamber: like that we have just noticed it is of red brick, with stone dressings and battlements. On the right hand is the chapel. The arcade under which we are standing supports the upper school.

The chapel is the most generally attractive of the college buildings; and it can usually be viewed by the stranger on application to the porter. It is also the oldest part of the college—unless there be an exception in what we are presently to notice. When Henry founded his college, he purchased for it the advowson of the parish of Eton. The college buildings are believed to have been erected close by, and on the site of the parish church, which, however, was used as the college chapel, till the new one was ready. When Beckyngton, Keeper of the Seals to Henry VI., was raised to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, he received (Oct. 13th, 1443,) episcopal ordination in the old church of Eton; he then proceeded to the college chapel, which was still incomplete and unroofed, and performed his first mass in it,—a pavilion being placed by the high altar for the occasion: the prelates and other of the dignified company were afterwards entertained in the buildings on the north side of the square. The works seem to have advanced very slowly, and often not at all. When Edward IV. applied to the Pope for a bull empowering him to dissolve the college, he urged in support of the application that the college buildings were unfinished and the chapel only just begun: but when Westbury received the royal command for the immediate completion of the works, a roof was hastily raised, and the chapel declared ready for solemn consecration. After the completion of the chapel, the old church of Eton was either pulled down, or suffered to go to decay;* and the parishioners were permitted to attend divine service in the college chapel: a practice that was continued till a recent period, when the increase of the school rendered it extremely inconvenient, and the present parish church—or rather chapel-of-ease—was erected.

In form and general appearance, the chapel of Eton College bears a considerable resemblance to the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, (see vol. I. p. 121;) but it is smaller in its dimensions, and much less elaborate in construction and ornament. There is about it, as its founder wished there to be, "no superfluity of curious work of entail and busy mouldings;" but it is very far from being all that he intended. In his directions he ordered that it should be "in length within-side 207 feet," whereas it is really only 175 feet long, including the ante-chapel. But there is much in the building itself that would suggest that it was finished in a hasty manner. The general construction of the walls, and the form of the massive solid buttresses, appear as though they were intended to support a groined stone roof, similar to that at King's, instead of the flat wooden one that was finally adopted. The windows, too, were evidently finished with arches of a flatter kind than at first proposed,—though that may partly have arisen from the change in architectural taste and style during the period that had elapsed from the commencement of the works. Whatever was the cause, it is plain that the arches were originally meant to be sharper, as may be seen by the outside of the great east window, where the awkward buckling of the voussoirs, and the irregular curve, show that the stones were originally cut for an arch much less depressed than that they now form.

* We have heard it suggested, however, that the building on the east of the chapel, the vault of which serves as the college cellars, may be a relic of the old church. The fragments of windows and some other details certainly appear of an earlier date than the chapel; and lead to the supposition that it is a portion of an old building that was adapted to another purpose.

The chapel was doubtless, when completed, a far less splendid structure than it would have been had the times been more favourable; but it was yet not unworthy of the institution to which it belonged, and subsequent benefactors added something to its grandeur and its beauty. As it was left by the old church architects, it was a stately and impressive pile. But it did not come down so to our times. In 1700, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to repair and adorn it. His alterations were extensive and costly, but were most unfortunate in the result. Sir Christopher—however much it may be the fashion of classical pedants on the one hand, and of mediæval purists on the other, to decry him—was a man of real architectural genius. But unhappily he early formed a prejudice against Gothic architecture, and never took the trouble to acquaint himself with its principles: and still more unhappily, those who should have been the conservators of our Gothic buildings placed them too often in his hands to decorate, or to despoil. Eton College chapel he entirely transmogrified. The carved altar he hid by a huge Corinthian screen: the walls he covered with wainscoting: the roof with a plaster ceiling; and every other part somehow he made conformable. Thus it remained a strange incongruous medley—cheerless, unimpressive—till within these few years, when the authorities resolved to atone for the barbaric deed of their predecessors, by sweeping away all this modern trumpery, and restoring the sacred edifice to something like its primal state. They have steadily prosecuted their work, and brought it nearly to a successful termination. To those who have only seen the Chapel before the restoration, it is really worth a visit to Eton merely to see it as it now is. The work has been well done and thoroughly. The screen, the ceiling, the wainscoting, the mean reading desks, even the seats and forms, have been removed. The walls once more look as they did originally, excepting that there is no colouring or pictures visible. A new and very good open timber roof has been erected. The great east window has been filled with a fine painting of the crucifixion. Handsome seats of dark oak, with well carved poppy-head terminations, occupy the body of the chapel: along the sides, a commencement has been made towards a series of richly carved stalls, with tabernacles of exquisite and very costly workmanship. In the chancel is laid a tesselated pavement of uncommon brilliancy, —we cannot help thinking of too great brilliancy as compared with the sobriety of colour in every other part: it was designed, as well as the painted glass above, by Mr. Willement.

The works are not yet completed, and they can only be completed, if carried out in their integrity, slowly and by degrees. But they have been so far judiciously conducted, and the result is most satisfactory. There has been no straining after archæological trifles: the building is just what the chapel of a great protestant school ought to be. It has at present, of course, too much freshness of appearance to be as impressive as some of those antique piles which have happily escaped desecration, but it will gain yearly in that respect; and the restoration has been so substantially performed, that there is little reason to dread, for some generations, the interference of less tasteful repairers.

Besides the chapel itself, there is much in it that deserves notice. The little chantry chapel, erected in the reign of Henry VII., by provost Lupton, whose rebus, a tun with the word Lup above it, is carved over the door, has many architectural features that will interest the antiquary; who will, of course, not overlook his monument in the interior. Several of the monuments in the body of the chapel are note-worthy: besides the provosts and fellows, a great many eminent men have been buried here, from Grey, Earl of Wilton, henchman to Henry VIII., down to the late Marquis of Wellesley; and most of them have monuments of more or less value. There are also several very good brasses on the floor: and there is a marble statue, by Bacon, of King Henry VI. All these, however, we must be content merely to refer to: but another monument, though no longer visible, we must speak of a little more fully.

On clearing away the wainscoting and lime-wash from the chapel walls, a series of paintings was discovered beneath the windows on each side of the chapel. The paintings were arranged in a double row, one above the other; each picture being divided from its neighbours by niches, in which were female figures. The paintings were at first supposed to be executed in fresco; but on a more careful inspection, it was evident that oil was the vehicle used; it was then suggested that they might have been painted in fresco, and afterwards saturated with oil; but the ultimate and most probable conclusion was that they were painted in oil at first. The composition and drawing prove them to have been painted near the end of the fifteenth century; and the moulding of the walls renders it probable that they formed a part of the original design of the architect. The subject of the pictures was the pretended miracles of the Virgin Mary, (to whom, it will be recollected, the College was dedicated,) taken from her legendary life. There was considerable grace and beauty about parts of the pictures, but the subjects rendered them manifestly inadmissible in a Protestant place of worship: indeed, the treatment of some of the subjects would have rendered them inadmissible in any English place of worship in the present day. They were therefore necessarily removed from the walls, with the exception of a portion on the north wall, which has been covered over with canvass. But before being destroyed, two or three sets of very careful drawings were made of the whole; so that a tolerably faithful record of them has been preserved. They are of considerable importance in the history of art in England, especially as an evidence of the patronage of this branch of art in our country, at a time when it could hardly have been looked for. Perhaps we ought to add that they are not supposed to have been painted by native artists: they were probably the work of pupils of the school of Florence or of Siena.

The other buildings of this chief quadrangle need not detain us long. On the north side is the Lower School, above which is the old dormitory,—the well-known Long Chamber of Etonians. But the long chamber is now divided, and it has not been used as a dormitory since the erection of the new buildings. Only a few of the juniors now sleep in a common room. The long chamber is still rather a singular-looking room: but its old appearance is matter of history: of the queer old well-hacked chest-like bedsteads only a model is left. The long chamber sports are denied to the present and all future generations.

The Upper School, which forms the western side, is more modern than the other portions of the quadrangle. It was erected early in the last century by Dr. Allstree, the head-master, at a cost of £1500; the architect was Sir Christopher Wren. It is a capacious room, and well adapted for its purpose, but has in itself no very striking or characteristic feature. But the collection of busts of Etonians which was commenced a few years ago, and has advanced so rapidly, is already a great attraction. Gray, Fox, Canning, Wellesley, Morpeth, are a few of the noble heads that seem here to urge those who now occupy their places in the school to follow them in the career of honour.

Passing through the gateway of the clock-tower, we enter the second, or Inner Quadrangle—a much smaller square than the former, and differing from it considerably in appearance. It is a small open court, surrounded by cloisters. The buildings around consist of the hall, the library, and the provost's apartments. The hall resembles generally the halls of the colleges at the two Universities, but it is plainer than most of them, and has lost something of the venerable air of antiquity by eighteenth century alterations. It of course serves as the refectory for the members on the foundation; and though vastly less imposing than Trinity or Christ's, with their three or four hundred robed students and college dons, it yet presents a very respectable and interesting spectacle at the dinner-hour. Collegiate state is of course maintained: the dignitaries sit on the elevated dais at the further end; the 'boys' occupy the body of the hall; a cheerful fire blazes in the centre of the room, abundant viands smoke upon the tables; over all bends the dark umbrous roof;—in truth a picture one who loves a comfortable scene will rejoice to look upon.

A visitor to a college, whether at Oxford or Cambridge, would think his examination very incomplete if he did not peep into the kitchen. Good living seems naturally and necessarily associated with good learning. Eton is quite orthodox in this matter. The kitchen is not made a show of; but it is well used: it is the round funnel-like building noticed from the river, and, like a good many other kitchens of the olden time, shows that the old architects, whether churchmen or freemasons, perfectly well understood and provided for the requirements of this very important part of a monastic establishment. At first sight the kitchen of Eton recalls to the memory that at Glastonbury, or Stanton Harcourt—but it is more modern than either, and more convenient—a Soyer or a Ude might be satisfied with its capabilities. If the archæological visitor desires to push his inquiries farther, he may enter—if he have a sufficient guide—the vaults, and satisfy himself whether they are a part of the ancient church; and then satisfy himself also that our college has not lost the art of brewing that

"joly goode ale and olde"

which Master Pepys so emphatically pronounced to be "very good." He will find that the college ale is as potent as its scholarship, and does it equal credit.

But we must away to the Library. This is a very hadsome suite of rooms, and contains a noble collection of manuscripts and printed books. It is especially rich in oriental manuscripts, but it has also some choice ones of European penning. We cannot stay to mention even the most remarkable of the treasures, but we may just name two or three that recur to our memory. A service book which belonged to Queen Mary of England, and bears her autograph, with a few words addressed to some 'lord' to whom it appears to have been sent with a request for his prayers, is particularly interesting. It is vellum, about duodecimo size, beautifully written and richly emblazoned: almost every leaf of writing has an illumination opposite to it; and these are designed with considerable spirit, and executed with elaborate delicacy. Another of the more curious MSS. is an heraldic history of the world: it is a folio of two or three volumes, full of pictures the size of the page, representing such subjects as the destruction of Babel, or the siege of Troy, each with an infinity of figures; undoubtedly correct views of Jerusalem, and Jericho, Tyre and Carthage, and other cities renowned in sacred or profane history; with equally correct portraits of Adam and Noah:

"And all the heathen gods most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,"

but not "standing naked in the open air," for they are not only every one of them provided with ample clothing, but surcoated each with a full coat—of arms! The author of the book was a German, and we are content to receive it as a proof that in the fifteenth century German writers could dive as deeply into unexpected fields of research as in the nineteenth, and find as unexpected treasures. We should rather like, however, to know in what Herald's College the arms of old Methuselah, father Adam, and some other of the ancient worthies, were discovered: perhaps it was in that library on the hill Amara, wherein was preserved (if the Frere Luys may be credited) a copy of the 'Lectures on Philosophy and Mathematics' which the patriarch Abraham was wont to read in the valley of Mamre. But the work is really an extraordinary example of patient (and misapplied) industry. As a specimen of mediæval art it is of much value. The description is beautifully written in the old German character. The illuminations are well drawn, and have strongly marked the characteristics of the Albert Durer school: the colours are remarkably vivid.

Of printed books the collection is large and valuable. The choicest of the recent treasures is a copy of the Niebelungen Lied, perhaps one of the most beautiful specimens of typography that has issued from the press of Germany. It was presented to the College a year or two back by the King of Prussia, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from a visit to Eton. It is printed on vellum, of the folio size, and is splendidly bound in green velvet and gold. The type is very large, and by far the handsomest specimen of the German character we ever saw: it is said that only two copies of this kind were struck off, one being for the king of Prussia, and the other for the queen: this one is the king's copy. Among other of the more valuable works is 'Granger's Biographical History of England,'—thought to be one of the most fully illustrated copies of that work in any collection: it is bound in many volumes of the largest folio, and contains a vast number of portraits; but it has suffered a good deal from the eagerness of unscrupulous collectors. The collection of Grecian and Roman authors is of a very high character; and in most other respects the library is well stored both with what is excellent and what is rare. Among the choice manuscript volumes we ought not to have passed unnoticed the 'Album,' which contains a singularly interesting series of autographs of distinguished visitors. Turning over but a few pages, you have 'Victoria,' boldly dashed off, with a more delicate 'Albert,' and a firm 'Wellington' beneath it; 'Frederick William' in a graceful flowing scrawl, and close by, 'Bunsen;' poor Louis Philippe, too, is there with his suite—and by the way his autograph has an interesting addition. The French king visited Eton College when in England, two or three years before the last revolution. He had gone over the college, and was about to leave it, evidently much pleased with his reception. When he descended to the quadrangle the boys, who had mustered in it, gave him so hearty a greeting—such a greeting as only English collegians can give—that the old man was quite overcome: after an effort he asked for the Album, and gave vent to his feelings in two or three simple impromptu verses, expressive of gratitude and esteem.

Of all the odd things which an Englishman meets with in looking over a French newspaper—and he generally finds there a good many things that appear very odd to him—the oddest are the statements respecting English institutions and English customs; and the quiet confidence with which the most extravagant absurdities are jotted down. The strangest things—such as, it would seem, the slightest inquiry would show the impossibility of being as is represented—are stated with a simple unsuspicious gravity that is quite irresistible. The visit of Louis Philippe to Eton was of course duly recorded in the Parisian journals; and of course it appeared a very proper occasion for giving a short notice of this obscure college, and of some of its peculiarities. One of these brief sketches may impart some novel information about Eton College to our readers: we hope at any rate it will a little relieve our dryer details of it; and we beg their gravest attention to those choice passages which we print in italics for their particular delectation:

"After the ceremony of the investiture, the King of the French received the corporation of the city of London, who presented their address to his Majesty. Then the king went to visit the college of Eaton [Eton], as he had promised. This college, one of the most ancient in England, and a *dependence on the University of Oxford*, is situated in the vicinity of Windsor. Built not far from the Thames, and on the old road which led from Windsor to London, its old walls are *seated half-way up the hill*, on the summit of which stand the slender turrets of the Royal Residence. The visit was, therefore, only a short and agreeable walk for their Majesties and their attendants, for Eaton is contiguous to the park of the Castle.

"Their Majesties were received by the *Honourable Dean*, who did the honours of his college, celebrated, among those of Great Britain, for the numerous and brilliant assemblage of youths who congregate thither to study, as well as for certain privileges and immunities which the pupils enjoy at the periods of the examinations. It is at the college of Eaton that almost all the young men who belong to opulent families of England are instructed. *It is also in this college that some of the sons of noble but poor families are gratuitously admitted.*

"In order to meet the expenses incurred for the maintenance of these indigent youths, a custom of a singular nature has been introduced. At certain periods all the scholars of the college *take a bag and go to the neighbouring highways* to beg of the passengers and travellers, who always answer the demands graciously and generously, and *thus supply the necessary means for the support of the college*. Every year, it is said, large sums are collected by this affecting (*touchante*) custom, *and new exhibitions* (*bourses*) *thus founded* for the advantage of those youths without fortune who bear honourable names.

"As to the privileges (*immunités*) of the scholars of the college of Eaton, they extend widely at the time of the examinations. Thus, for instance, at that happy period, *they may abandon themselves, in the city of London, to all the eccentric vagaries of youth, without any fear of the constable's forming an obstacle. They may break furniture and smash windows without the police interfering. If a police agent happens to come in the middle of this havoc* (*dégât*), *the Eaton scholar has but to show his card, and immediately the constable drops his staff respectfully, which he had raised to interpose between the rioters.*"

We might gossip over Eton Library a good while; and perhaps should have been tempted to run on a little longer, if that French story had not led us far aside from it. However, it is too late to return now; and perhaps it is best as it is. Our companions, we fear, are already growing impatient: we must not try their powers of endurance further by turning again to musty old folios. We will on.

"The provostship of Eton," says Thomas Fuller, "is accounted one of the genteelest and entirest preferments in England." And one of the genteelest preferments we hope it is, as assuredly it ought to be. The superior of the most important school in Britain —the school in which a large portion of the youths from whom we are to expect the future legislators and public instructors of the country are trained — is an office of great responsibility, and ought to be one of emolument as well as of honour. Men of the first eminence in their generation have held it; and it has as often received dignity from those who have been appointed to it, as it has conferred dignity upon them. But this by the way;—we are not to look at the provost, but only, by permission, at the provost's house. All the necessary accompaniments supposed, a man might make himself very comfortable here. The rooms are stately, as for the official residence of the head of such an institution is necessary, and they are pleasant as well as stately. From the windows there are some charming though not very extensive prospects of the Thames and adjacent country: the rooms themselves are crowded with a fine assemblage of paintings. It is for these, indeed, we have come to the provost's apartments. The pictures are mostly portraits; they include those of nearly all the provosts; many of the most distinguished scholars of Eton; and some of its benefactors. Among the provosts, Sir Thomas Smith, the able statesman and scholar of the time of Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth—a fine speaking portrait in the manner of Holbein; Sir Henry Saville; Sir Henry Wotton, deserving all honour on his own account, but immortalized by Isaak Walton; the puritan Rous, and one or two of later date, are especially noteworthy; Bishop Pearson, Sir Robert Walpole, Canning, Wellington, Wellesley, Hallam, may stand as samples of the scholars; and their portraits are generally deserving attention as pictures, as well as on account of the men they represent. Besides these, there are the pinched face of the Seventh Henry, and the prim one of stout Queen Bess. But it would be idle to pretend to enumerate a few where most are famous. A good many of the pictures are attractive as works of art: several are chiefly interesting as examples of portrait painting in England before the regeneration of the art by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Several are by Sir Joshua himself. Some of them are in excellent preservation; others, painted evidently when he was trying experiments, are strangely faded. The portrait of Wellington is a choice specimen of Lawrence's powers in manly portraiture. Of Romney, and more recent portrait painters, there are also some very fair examples. Here and in the library there are also a few busts, and a great number of engraved portraits. A small room contains, among other antique pictures, two portraits said to be of Jane Shore. The larger has little claim of any kind to the title: the smaller has for many generations borne its present designation, and the College tradition is constant that it was painted for her confessor, Bost, and given by him to the College. But this tradition may have grown out of the story we mentioned before of her interference on behalf of the college—or that (which is just as probable) may have been contrived to account for the College possessing the portrait of a lady with whom grave College chiefs could hardly be expected to be connected. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a very old picture, and represents a lady of no very great beauty in very uncanonical costume, or lack of costume. In the head master's-rooms there is another considerable collection of portraits, chiefly of scholars—some who have achieved fame, and some who are labouring for it. Many of these are the offerings of the old pupils. The few pictures which are not portraits are of no particular value as works of art; some are, however, rather interesting in other respects. Among others are some views of Eton College, and of King's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge. The most curious is a large bird's-eye view of Venice, which was painted for Sir Henry Wotton during his residence at Venice as ambassador from James I.

Before we quit the College we must cast a hasty glance over the New Buildings, which have only been completed within this year or two. They form a handsome pile, having a frontage of about 120 feet. The style is what is commonly called the Tudor; they are constructed of red brick with stone dressings. Their uniformity is broken by a tall tower of pleasing design, which stands at one angle; and further relief is imparted by the well grouped carved chimney shafts. The New Buildings are wholly appropriated to the scholars. Until they were erected, the boys all lodged, as has been stated, in a common dormitory: a practice well enough perhaps in the early establishments where, as in a monastery, every one was under constant superintendence and control, and where a rigid and unhesitating obedience was continually enforced; but which in these freer days, while susceptible of mischief in many a form, has scarcely a counteracting benefit. Now each of the forty-nine senior collegers has a convenient and cheerful apartment allotted to him. These rooms are lofty and airy, and well ventilated, strict attention having been paid by the architect to the purposes for which they were required: they are altogether as pleasant comfortable little cells as young students could desire. The younger boys on the foundation still sleep in a portion of the old dormitory, but separate studies, and also breakfast-rooms and lavatories, are provided for them. "Rooms are annexed for the servants whom the College now hires and employs to attend to the buildings, and to perform all those offices of domestic service which the boys formerly had to do for themselves. And that which is the greatest improvement of all has been also attended to: apartments for one of the assistant masters have been built in communication with those occupied by the boys. One of these gentlemen now permanently resides there. And although the upper boys still are vicegerents of authority, and are responsible for the preservation of order, the prompt superintendence of a higher power is insured

at all hours, and every desirable guarantee of discipline and quiet provided."—*Creasy*.

The gain in opportunities for quiet study and privacy, in cherishing habits of steady industry,—and we may add in permitting habits of cleanliness, an almost impossible point in the old Long Chamber—is admitted on all hands. The only loss on the part of the boys is of that wild mirth which old Etonians used to indulge in so heartily, and sometimes so obstreperously.

Part of the New Building is devoted to the Boys' Library, a room of ample size, good proportions, and luminous, as a library always should be. It is very lofty, and a neat gallery is carried round it. Altogether it is a very handsome room, and it is handsomely fitted up. There is a goodly number of books, in great part the gifts of old Etonians. Among them are of course the ordinary classics,—a royal copy of the 'Regent Delphin' was the gift of George IV.; and there is a fair sprinkling of works in the modern languages; but the staple of the library may be said to be English. The collection is a good one, embracing the best works in general literature. The books are allowed to be taken by the boys to their own rooms, under proper regulations; and they are well read. This, as well as the College library, boasts its jewels. One of these is a translation into French of Gray's 'Bard,' in Gray's own handwriting. It is written, with his customary neatness, on a sheet of letter-paper, and he has added some remarks from a French review. This relic is carefully inserted between two plates of glass, and mounted on a revolving stand, which is placed in the middle of the room. Another of these literary relics is Gifford's own interleaved copy of his translation of 'Juvenal,' which contains multifarious and most minute emendations of the text. The handsome or scarce copies of books it is not worth while to mention. Some good casts of antique statues serve to adorn the room, and guide the taste of the students. Adjoining the library is a sort of museum, or model-room. It contains a choice collection of casts of Greek and Roman cameos; a series of the French papier mâché relievo maps, or models of celebrated districts, and other objects suitable to a school museum. We may add, that along the corridors in this New Building are hung numerous large maps. On the whole, we are disposed to regard this New Building as one of the most valuable improvements that could have been made at Eton: and along with the recent alterations in the course of instruction, and in the 'Election Trials,' as going very far towards remedying the evils which a few years back were so frequently and in many respects so properly complained of, as attendant on an Eton education.

Come with us now—however tired you may be of the College—to the Playing Fields—(sometimes called 'The Shooting Fields.')

"And feel the gales that from them blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

Very delightful are these Playing Fields. One needs not be an Etonian to enjoy them. Broad sunny meadows dotted over with noble old elms spreading wide their arms in solitary grandeur, or ranged in cheerful groves; the "silver Thames" watering these pleasant meadows; the spires and antique towers of the neighbouring college rising from amidst the stately elms; "the proud keep of Windsor," with its lesser turrets lifting itself royally aloft, on the opposite bank of the noble river—it hardly requires the recollection that

"Here once our careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!"

to derive exquisite gratification from contemplating them; but that gratification must, in a genial mind, be both deepened and extended in no trifling measure, on witnessing

"The sprightly race
Disporting on the margent green
The paths of pleasure trace."

There is hardly a happier sight than a field of schoolboys in their full swing of enjoyment; and it is impossible to look on these Eton boys, and fancy for a moment that theirs is not enjoyment:

"Though some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty.
. . . . . .
Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly the approach of morn."

One is half ashamed to quote like this from a poem so well known as the 'Distant Prospect,' but what other words could so exquisitely portray the Eton scholars as this last stanza from the pride of Etonians? And in truth he must be a very dull man, or have a sad memory, who does not recall these lines of the Eton bard as he strolls through the Playing Fields.

Well, let "the little victims play"—we need not anticipate, more than they do, the cares and the disappointments that are in store for them. They do well to use the present hour, and draw from it as much of wholesome enjoyment as it is capable of affording them: we, too, should do well not to hasten forward to meet care half-way. There is real philosophy in the practice of a schoolboy. The tasks of the day—the "cold business of life," let us do zealously and thoroughly; but let us not regard them as the only objects of life. "Live pleasant," was the maxim Burke urged on his

friends who were toiling amid the weighty duties of public life, and struggling with the anxieties and acerbities of party politics: and "Live pleasant" is a good maxim for each of us—if we only understand it aright.

But we must not get philosophising in these Playing Fields,—though it is a very proper place for the purpose, and one in which our predecessors have set us the example of so doing; we must proceed on our way. And now whither shall we go next? Shall we stroll up that favourite haunt of the contemplative scholar—the 'Poets' Walk;' or across the fields to Datchet, or Upton; or try for a jack at Black Pots, or return to the 'Christopher?'—Stay: we must see those wherries start, and admire the steady pull and easy sweep of the lads' oars.

And can we leave the Playing Fields with only this slight reference to the most famous of Eton games? The cricketing may pass unnamed, because it may be equalled elsewhere; but what school will attempt to compete with Eton in rowing? We shall, however, only mention when it may be seen in its most brilliant display. If the reader wishes to behold the glories of Eton boating he should come here on 'Election Saturday'—the last in July—when the 'half' is wound up by a grand aquatic procession and regatta, and a good supper. It is one of the most famous of Etona's festivals. Every Etonian feels, as one of the choicest of her youthful poets has sung, that,

"In our Calendar of Bliss
We have no hour so gay as this,
When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes
Of those we know, and love, and prize,
Are come to cheer the captive's thrall
And smile upon his festival."

Then

"An interdict is laid on Latin,
And scholars smirk in silk and satin.
. . . . . .
And there is nought beneath the sun
But dash and splash, and falls and fun."
But what would be the Cynic's mirth,
If Fate would lift him to the earth,
And set his tub, with magic jump,
Squat down beside the Brocas clump!
What scoffs the sage would utter there,
From his unpolish'd elbow-chair,
To see the sempstress' handy work,
The Greek confounded with the Turk,
Parisian mixed with Piedmontese,
And Persian joined to Portuguese;
And mantles short, and mantles long,
And mantles right, and mantles wrong,
Misshaped, miscolour'd, and misplaced,
With what the tailor calls—a *taste!*
And then the badges, and the boats,
The flags, the drums, the paint, the coats;
But more than these, and more than all,—
The puller's intermitted call,
'Easy!'—'Hard all!'—'Now pick her up!'
'Upon my life how I shall sup!'"

The start is from the Brocas, a broad meadow above Windsor Bridge; the procession extends to Surly

2—SURLY HALL.

Hall, just above Clewer (Cut, No. 2)—a favourite place with fishermen as well as Etonians.

> "Pray, reader, were you ever here
> Just at this season of the year?
> No?—then the end of next July
> Should bring you, with admiring eye,
> To hear us *row*, and see us row,
> And cry—'How fast them boys *does* go!'"*

The supper at Surly Hall and the procession on the return, have been famous for half a century.

And this reminds us of another festival—the pride of every Etonian of every age and degree—which, though now, alas! among the things that were, we fear we should hardly be forgiven if we passed unnoticed. We are not sure, indeed, whether we are not the more bound to notice it on the very account of its having ceased to be. The Montem abolished! how every Etonian would have been horrified by the bare suggestion of such a catastrophe twenty years ago! But so it is; and the Montem must henceforth repose on the page of history, as *un fait accompli*. Its work is done: it has played its part in the great drama.

Is there one of our readers who asks what was the Montem? if one there be, we must satisfy him. We will for him give in our own dull prose a plain account of the thing; and then by means of a few extracts from a vigorous sketch, published some five and twenty years ago in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine,' help all who have not had the good fortune to be there to realize the scene:

The Eton Montem, then, was a ceremony celebrated, from time immemorial, every third year. Originally the Montem day was the first Tuesday in Hilary term, which commenced on the 23rd of January; but somewhat less than a century back it was changed to Whit-Tuesday. On that day the scholars assembled in fancy dresses — each being habited as his inclination led him—and proceeded in procession to a barrow known as Salt Hill, situated just beyond Slough, on the Bath road. The procession marched in military array, commanded by a marshal, a colonel, &c.; the ensign bearing a large flag; while two 'salt-bearers,' assisted by a number of 'scouts,' or 'servitors,' levied contributions on the spectators, under the name of 'salt-money,' and gave in return a card bearing some quaint motto, as, '*mos pro lege*,' or, as on the last occasion, (1844) '*pro more et monte*.'† On reaching Salt Hill the ensign waved his flag thrice with much formality. Vast numbers of spectators were always present on these occasions. Old Etonians of all ranks and professions liked to be there; the friends of the present generation of scholars were there also; the noble and beautiful, too, honoured it with their presence; and generally royalty also was graciously pleased to smile upon the festival. The sum raised under the name of 'salt' was usually above £1000; on the last occasion it amounted to nearly £1400: and, after deducting the expenses, the surplus was given to the Captain, or senior scholar at the time of the Montem.

Antiquaries have laboured hard to discover the origin of the custom. It has been traced to the festival of the Boy Bishop; to a monkish procession in honour of the Virgin:—what says our guide? "Out upon your eternal hunting for causes and reasons. I love the no-meaning of Montem. I love to be asked for 'salt' by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called 'something between begging and robbing.' I love the apologetical '*Mos pro Lege*,' which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a captain taking precedence of a marshal; and a marshal bearing a gilt bâton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer; and sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent polemen in blue jackets and white trowsers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity;—the provost, in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the ensign make his bow; or the head master gravely dispensing his leave till nine, to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, and Grand Signors. I love the crush in the cloisters and the mob on the mount—I love the clatter of carriages, and the plunging of horsemen—I love the universal gaiety from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked-hats and real swords. Give me a Montem with all its tom-foolery—I had almost said before a coronation—and even without the aids of a Perigord pie and a bottle of claret at the 'Windmill.'"

Gentle reader do you begin to feel something of the right Montem spirit? Look a little closer with our trusty guide at the gathering, and the ceremonial—and lament over the lack of taste or of opportunity which kept you from witnessing the reality. "The breakfast done, we take our station in the college quadrangle. The captain with his retinue retires to offer his respects to the provost at his levée; and Dr. Keate [then head master] gathers round him in his study a few of those

* 'Surly Hall,' by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, in the 'Etonian.'

† From the following lines, quoted in 'Brande's Popular Antiquities' from 'The Favourites—a Simile' 1712, it appears to have then been the practice to give salt in return for the money:

> "When boys at Eton, once a year,
> In military pomp appear,
> . . . . . .
> The little legion all assail,
> Arrest without release or bail:
> Each passing traveller must halt,
> Must pay the tax, and *eat the salt*,
> You don't love salt, you say; and storm—
> Look o' these staves, sir,—and conform."

Towards the end of the century the salt-bearers were a little less exacting: they merely insisted on the passengers taking a pinch of salt in return for his contribution, without compelling him to eat it.

who, in their greatness of birth or station, in the pride of their wealth or the splendour of their talents, have not forgotten their obligations to Eton. Twelve o'clock strikes and the procession is not yet formed. The call of the roll is not an affair of such despatch as the eating of the rolls; and the gathering of salt is not so easily accomplished as the spilling. Blue coats and red coats, white wands and gilt scabbards, velvet caps and silk turbans, are flitting about in wild confusion. * * * We will ride to Salt Hill . . . and see a banner flourished with all the elegance and strength that three months' practice of six hours a day can accomplish. . . . We have at length reached the foot of the mount—a very respectable barrow, which never dreamt in its Druidical age of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed by mechanics in their holiday clothes, and happy dairymaids in their Sunday gear; at its base sit peeresses in their barouches, and earls in all the honours of four-in-hand. The flag is again waived; the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes again float amongst us—'the boys carry it away, Hercules and his load too,'—and the whole earth seems made for the enjoyment of one universal holiday.

"It is a right English scene; there is the stay-maker's wife from Thames Street elbowing a Cavendish, and a gentleman-commoner of Cambridge playing the agreeable to the farmer's pretty daughter from Cippenham-green. . . . 'The peasant's toe doth gall the courtier's kibe,' with a glorious freedom. Beneath that elm stands one of our great Etonians; he is evidently pleased. There is a smile of pensive joy playing about his lips, and his eyes are lighted up with a fond recollection of happiness that has passed away. I dare be sworn that George Canning, the first of living orators, the statesman whose genius is piercing its way through the dark clouds of Europe's destiny, is even now looking back with more real pleasure to the triumphs of Gregory Griffin, than to the honours of the most successful policy; and is feeling with a true philosophy, that the swords and plumes of Montem are worth as much, perhaps much more, than the ribbons and stars of a riper age—'a little louder, but as empty quite.' And there stands his acute and sarcastic rival; —and he, too, is pleased. I see no frown gathering like a whirlwind about the brows of Henry Brougham. He is chatting with a happy little hero of buckles and silk stockings, as delighted himself as if he were perfectly unconscious of briefs and Brookes's."

But the *Cui bono?* "I will not attempt to reason about the pleasures of Montem;—but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness, and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come upon us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty fellows of whom I remember only the nicknames; —they are now degenerated into scheming M.P's., or clever lawyers, or portly doctors; but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians."

And why, do you ask, was this pleasant festival abolished then? It was necessary. There was a good deal in the thing itself that was vulnerable to the shafts of the sage scoffers of our day—though their arrows were hardly keen enough to cause a mortal wound. But in truth a great change had come over the character of the affair. The railway was formed; had its station at Slough; and brought down on every returning Montem increasing shoals of undesirable visitors. The merriment lost its harmlessness. Quarrelling, drunkenness, and mischief grew more and more coarse and violent. Eton on that day was nearly as bad as Smithfield on St. Bartholomew's. The authorities of Eton felt that it was time to put an end to it. They knew that it would be an unpopular step; their own feelings were in favour of the festival: but they saw that matters would continue to grow worse: the character and discipline of the school were endangered: and they issued the fiat. And pleasant and harmless in itself as was the old custom, the most recusant Etonians will come to acknowledge that they did well. Education is a serious thing—and it would be worse than childish to chafe about the giving up a mere piece of mirthful folly when *it* is imperilled. Those who regret the suppression of the festival mainly on the ground of the loss to the captain, may be comforted by knowing, that after deducting the cost of broken fences, and other damage by trespass, and of "the substantial enjoyments that their liberal captain provided for the six hundred lads," and the dinners and feastings to select friends—and the other needful outlays—the sum which the captain actually received was reduced to a very inconsiderable figure.

Another and very strange custom, called 'The Hunting of the Ram,' was for a long course of years celebrated annually at Eton, and only laid aside about a century back. The following account is given of it in the very accurate 'History of Eton College,' in Ackerman's Series of Collegiate Histories. It is taken from Huggett's manuscript 'Collections for the History of Windsor and Eton Colleges,' preserved in the British Museum:

"The Hunting of the Ram was an immemorial custom, which has since been more honoured in the breach than it had been in the observance. The college had an ancient claim on its butcher, to provide a ram on the election Saturday, to be hunted by the scholars: but the animal having, on one occasion, been so pressed as to swim across the Thames, it ran into Windsor Market, with the boys after it, and much mischief was caused by this unexpected accident. The health of the scholars had also suffered at times from the length of the chase, and the heat of the season. The character of the sport was therefore changed, about the year 1740, when the ram was hamstrung, and after the speech, was knocked on the head with large twisted clubs, which are now considered as Etonian curiosities.

But the barbarity of the amusement caused it to be altogether laid aside at the election in 1747, and the flesh of the ram given to be prepared in pasties. Browne Willis derives this custom from one of a similar nature then known in the manor of East Wrotham, in Norfolk, [the rectory of which belongs to Eton College,] where the lord of the manor, after harvest, gave an acre of barley and a ram to the tenants; which, if caught, was theirs, but if not, remained with the lord." Whatever the custom may have been derived from, there can be no question about its successor, the Surly Hall procession, being one much more worthy of retention. It is rather curious that so late as 1740, it should have been thought an improvement in a sport to hamstring a helpless ram, and then beat it to death with clubs! But to every age its own amusements: it is easy enough in any century to see the inconsistencies and absurdities in the sports as well as the serious occupations of a preceding century. "The gradual change of manners," as Johnson very truly observes, "though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared."

We have dwelt longer on the lighter matters connected with Eton College than on the more serious; but ours is a book of sketches, not of elaborate pictures. The history of Eton College, and a more minute description of its buildings and their contents, together with a fuller account of its system of education, must be sought for in bulkier and more formal volumes.

The history of Eton College remains to be adequately written: but since the preceding pages were in type, we have seen a little volume just published entitled 'Some Account of Eton College,' by Professor Creasy, of University College, London, that will supply ample details of the state of education in the College as well now as before the recent improvements. Although it is too late for us to embody in the proper place the result of the author's recollections and observations, we may venture to make two or three extracts here, which will let the reader see what is the opinion of so competent an authority on the present condition of Eton—and add powerful support to what we have said on the subject. The sketch of the career of an Eton student we fancy will be not the least interesting to a reader who is unacquainted with the routine of a great public school.

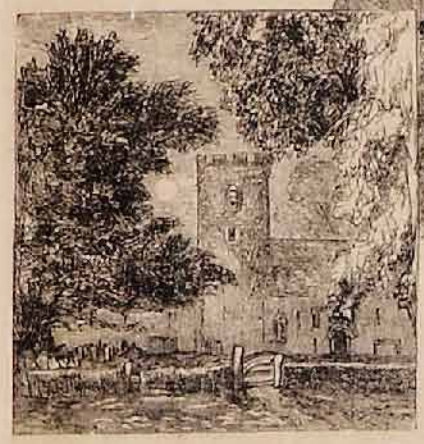
"When a boy is entered at Eton he is examined by the assistant-master who is to be his tutor, and according to the report made of his proficiency he is placed, at first provisionally, and soon afterwards permanently, in the part of the school for which he is considered fit. No boy is however allowed to be placed at first so high as on the fifth form. Each boy is on first coming placed on the list as last of the remove to which he is attached; so that precedency in each remove depends primarily on comparative long-standing at the school. But this is very much modified by the examinations and trials which a boy passes through in most of the forms, and the changes of place among the students which are their results. * * * * The fourth form is the proper part of the school for a boy of eleven or twelve years old, the age at which most lads are sent to Eton. We will suppose a boy of eleven to have entered there, and to be found on examination not grossly deficient in the average standard of acquirements of boys of that age. That is to say, he must not exactly be like Shakespeare, 'knowing little Latin and less Greek,' but he ought to have received instruction for four or five years in the former language, and to have read one or two easy books in the latter. He must know thoroughly the Latin grammar, and be able to apply its rules, and must have made some progress in acquiring a similar familiarity with the Greek grammar. He should be able to do exercises in Latin prose, and also to turn translations from easy Latin elegiacs back into the language and metre of the original by the help of dictionary and gradus, and with the occasional suggestion of a more recondite word or particular idiom. We will suppose a boy thus qualified, and of corresponding acquirements in other respects, to be sent to Eton at eleven years old and to be entered in the lower remove fourth form. Here he will most likely find himself placed the last of a batch of thirty or forty boys, some of whom have come up from the Lower School at the last yearly remove, while others, like our supposed new-comer, have been enrolled in the little company after it emerged into the Upper School. Our tyro will find that every day at Eton has its fixed duties, every school-time its appointed lessons, and every week its fixed exercises in composition, which he will have to prepare under the superintendence of his tutor, in whose pupil-room every lesson is rehearsed and every exercise revised before it is construed or shown up in school. He will remain under the care of the same tutor all the time that he is at Eton, but as he passes through the different ranks of the school he will come under different masters in school-time, each assistant-master presiding exclusively over one particular part of the school, and the sixth form, with ten or twelve of the fifth form, being under the personal authority and teaching of the Head-master. * * * * Supposing our imaginary student to have gone to Eton soon after Easter, he would obtain a step in the following June, and rise with those around him into the middle remove fourth form; in December he would similarly rise into the upper remove fourth form; but neither of these advances would be accompanied by any trials or material alteration in his studies, though of course longer and better exercises, and a better style of construing his lessons, would be gradually required of him. But when he comes to the next step, the step by which he is to advance out of the fourth form into the remove, he undergoes a strict examination together with his companions, and the order in which they pass into the remove is materially regulated by the way in which each passes these trials." We cannot, with the professor, follow the boy through every stage; suffice it that, "after passing into the upper remove of the lower division of the fifth form, a

boy (unless he be a Colleger) has no more trials, but his progress in each department of his studies is carefully recorded, and a report of it, as also of his moral and general character, is half-yearly sent to his parents. This excellent system is, indeed, pursued with respect to every student in every part of the school. By the regular operation of the two half-yearly removes, the student passes into and through the middle division, remaining in it, as in the lower, a year. On reaching the upper division all classification into removes ceases. Many boys leave the school at some part of that period of an Eton career. Others gradually rise higher and higher, by the departure of those above them, till they come to the top of the division, when they are in turn nominated by the Head-master as sixth form boys. * * * * The sixth form boys now receive, separately from the rest of the school, a large amount of valuable instruction from the Head-master in person. They read in the course of a year two or more books of Thucydides, and a similar proportion of Herodotus consecutively through, two or more of the Greek tragedies, some of the orations of Demosthenes, and selections from Lucretius, and also portions of the works of Pindar. Essays are composed by them on subjects of ancient and modern history, for the best of which the Head-master gives prizes: and a very large amount of composition in Greek, including the dramatic, epic, lyric, and elegiac metres, as well as Greek prose, is expected in the sixth form, and is also attended to by the superior boys in the fifth form."

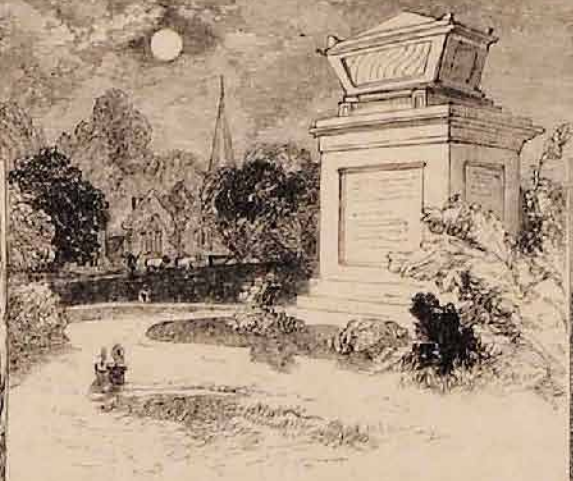
Then come the election trials for the Cambridge Scholarships; of these Mr. Creasy says: "The general result of the old system was to make long-standing more valuable than scholarship, and the boy whose parents had hurried him to Eton as soon as he could scrawl his name, was far more likely to become a Fellow of King's than the boy of the same age who had gone to the school a year or two afterwards, though the latter might be a Porson, a Lloyd, or a Milman, and the former be of very ordinary capacity and acquirements indeed. The whole system of the election trials has now been thoroughly reformed. Gradually during the last ten or twelve years the nature and extent of the examination have been improved; and a far wiser and more just spirit in acting upon the results of that examination has also been gradually introduced. The election-trials, to which the Upper Collegers are subjected, now last several days, and are conducted by the electors with the greatest care, so as fully to exhibit the comparative scholarship of the boys. Strict inquiry is also made (as always was the case) respecting their characters; and the merits of each boy, as to character and scholarship, now mainly regulate the order in which the names are inscribed on the list for King's. The benefit of this change of system is immense both to Eton and to the sister foundation. At Eton it greatly augments a spirit of steady industry in all the Collegers; who now all know for certain that, in order to enable them to have any chance of King's, they must pass through two or three searching and severe annual examinations, and that their prospects of a Fellowship at the Cambridge College will be almost entirely dependent on the manner in which they acquit themselves in those examinations, and on the character for general conduct which they acquire and maintain. And thus also, King's College finds its ranks recruited exclusively by the *élite* of the foundation-scholars at Eton, whom other changes and improvements are tending more and more to make the *élite* of the whole school. * * * * Grossly erroneous is the assertion sometimes hazarded by the disparagers of our public schools, that, 'a boy may pass through Eton with distinction, and yet remain ignorant of the commonest facts of modern history, and unacquainted with the very rudiments of geography.' On the contrary, no boy of ordinary capacity and industry can remain any number of years at Eton without becoming thoroughly well-grounded in these sciences, in addition to the excellent classical and religious education which he receives." To what we before said of the practical equality among the scholars, we are glad to be able to add the following excellent passage: "There is no respect of persons shown at Eton. The son of the proudest peer is on a fair level with the boy of humblest birth in the school. They are on equal terms, not only in school but out of school. The young nobleman, if he is a brilliant scholar, or if he is a good cricketer, a crack oar, or a tough foot-ball player, will be looked up to by his schoolfellows; if he is of a frank and kind nature, he will be liked. But no exemption or pretensions on the score of purse or pedigree are admitted in this admirable youthful democracy. And while the children of the highest and wealthiest in the land thus work their way fairly through the school, the boy of humble rank, if he be right-minded and honourable, finds his industry encouraged, his talents justly rewarded, and no impediment against his becoming foremost among his youthful comrades in study or in sport, save that which arises from fair and friendly competition."

And now we bid Eton College heartily farewell. We have promised to stroll to a few of the more celebrated or picturesque places in the vicinity of the College. It is not worth while to turn back to the town of Eton—it has no lions to exhibit. The College is the only attraction it can boast of. We may as well proceed on our jaunt, therefore, directly from the Playing Fields. We might saunter along the river side, and find abundant amusement; or we might step into one of these skiffs, and row gently up or down the stream, enjoying the rich variety of scenery Old Father Thames can here display, and push ashore from time to time where there is a scene, or a building, or a village of more than common attractiveness. But we prefer rather to lead the stranger a day's ramble over the ground which the Bard of Eton has made classic.

It is an enjoyable ramble we are to have. The country generally is upland, and pleasantly undulated. The scenery for the outward journey is nowhere very



3.—UPTON CHURCH.



4.—GRAY'S MONUMENT.

5.—STOKE CHURCH.

striking, or grand; perhaps not even what is commonly termed picturesque. But then it is of that quiet rural description which every one who escapes into the country for a day or two enjoys so much. Green lanes there are, with their humble but cheerful-looking cottages, substantial farm-houses, still hamlets, and lonely rustic churches; broad fields whereon the plough is busy, and over which the "numerous rooks" are soaring in continuous motion and with never-ceasing noise; and all those other rural sights and sounds that are so refreshing to the eye and the ear of

> "One who long in populous cities pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issues on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoined."

For those who like statelier things there are some noble parks and lordly mansions; and for all who have hearts to admit those generous feelings which the recollections springing up in places which the pen or the presence of genius have made memorable are calculated to excite, there are spots that are for ever connected with our literature, and that few can visit without more than ordinary interest. We are to visit the every-day haunts, and the cherished solitudes, the home, and the grave of Gray. On our return we shall see some localities which other poets have rendered memorable: and scenes which need no associations to render them attractive.

We turn northward. A short and very pleasant walk across the fields brings us within sight of a venerable and very picturesque church. It looks neglected, desolate. We enter the church-yard, and find that the ancient edifice is indeed desolate; and from the

> ——————"ivy-mantled tower
> The moping owl may to the moon complain,
> Of such as wand'ring near her secret bower
> Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Upton Church (Cut, No. 3,) has been confidently affirmed to have suggested the imagery of Gray's famous 'Elegy.' Something might easily be said on behalf of the assertion. The appearance of the church, the yew trees, the turf that heaves in many a mouldering heap, all might be adduced; but in truth to little purpose: it is at best a gratuitous fancy. The church, or church-yard, which Gray had especially present to his mind, if indeed he had any particular church in his mind, is undoubtedly that which we are to see presently. Yet, though the honour of having inspired Gray has been unduly claimed for them, the venerable church, and quiet church-yard of Upton, might well in their solemn beauty impress the imagination and the heart of a poet. They do not, however, appear to have very deeply impressed the hearts of the parishioners. The church is very ancient; parts of it are of Norman construction: perhaps it was too old to admit of reparation. It is at any rate cast-off—forsaken—dismantled—well nigh made a ruin of. The parishioners have built for them-

selves in the place of it, and some distance from it, a new brick church. We will not quarrel with the architecture: enough for us, it has not the impressive character of the old church.

Quitting the church-yard that has been claimed for Gray's, let us direct our steps to that which is in so many ways associated with his memory. We must cross a corner of Slough,—a place too well known, and having too little in it, to stay our feet. The only thing at Slough that is rememberable, is the house in which the elder Herschel dwelt so long, and where he effected so many of his important discoveries. The frame that supported his great telescope is yet standing: the telescope itself has long been dismounted.

"Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form:
Now prone he lies where once he stood high,
And search'd the deep Heavens with his broad bright eye,"

as the present Sir John Herschel tells, in his 'Requiem of the Forty-feet Reflector at Slough,' which he composed "to be sung on the New Year's Eve, 1839-40, by Papa, Mamma, Madame, and all the Little Bodies in the tube thereof assembled;" and which song and family festival Mr. Wild has made known to the world in his 'History of the Royal Society,' recently published.

The distance from Slough to Stoke, the place of our pilgrimage, is little more than a couple of miles. The direct way lies along green shady lanes; it is perhaps a little nearer to take some field paths, but the difference, whether in point of distance or pleasantness, is not sufficient to make the choice a matter of any consequence. The fields show a little more of the surrounding country, but that is not very striking: the lanes, on a sunny day, afford the agreeable company of a succession of hedgerow elms, and the view of two or three picturesque country cottages.

A white spire serves as the landmark of our journey. We have chosen the lane that leads us to the eastern side of Stoke Park. We continue alongside the park railings till we reach the church-way path, which we are about to turn into, when a large stone cenotaph catches our eye. It stands within a neat enclosure, laid out like a pleasure-garden, with gravel walks, and planted with shrubs and flowers. No jealous locks bar our way; we enter, and read on one side of the memorial the following inscription:

This Monument,
In honour of THOMAS GRAY,
was erected A.D., 1799. Among
the scenes celebrated by that
great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died July 30th, 1771, and
lies unnoticed in the churchyard
adjoining, under the tomb-stone on
which he piously and pathetically
recorded the interment of his
Aunt and lamented Mother.

On the other side of the monument are inscribed passages from the 'Elegy,' and from the 'Distant Prospect of Eton College.' The monument was erected by the late John Penn, Esq., the proprietor of the neighbouring mansion. It is at once creditable to his own good feeling, and a handsome testimonial to the memory of the poet who has conferred an undying fame on the surrounding objects. (Cut, No. 4.)

Gray was accustomed to spend his college vacations at Stoke in the house of his aunt. A few years later his connection with the place was rendered more intimate. On the death of his father in 1741, his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, "with a small fortune, which her husband's imprudence had impaired, and a maiden sister (Mrs. Antrobus), retired to the house of Mrs. Rogers, another sister, at Stoke." It appears to have been soon after his mother's removal thither that Gray commenced the composition of the 'Elegy;' it remained long unfinished, but the death of his aunt Antrobus, whom—as he says in writing to his mother on the occasion—he "loved very much, and had been used to from his infancy," seems to have excited a state of feeling that rendered the completion of his poem a congenial employment.

Several churchyards have been confidently named as the scene of the 'Elegy;' to Grantchester, about two miles from Cambridge, Mr. Mitford, in his edition of Gray's Poems, has assigned the honour. Upton we have already mentioned. Tradition has always been most decided for Stoke, and in this instance tradition seems to be very strongly supported by distinct testimony. The church and churchyard agree with Gray's description as closely as it is possible for any place to agree with the language of a poet like Gray, who describes in such poetic generalities. The scenery of the neighbourhood—'yon wood,' the 'nodding beech,' the 'heath,'—all are accordant with the verses. The residence of Gray here in the most susceptible periods of his life adds greatly to the probability. And then we have his own direct statement that the poem was *finished* here. Writing to Horace Walpole on the 12th of June, 1750, he says—"I have been here at Stoke a few days (where I shall continue a good part of the summer); and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it you. You will, I hope, look on it in the light of a *thing with an end to it*; a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want." That this "thing" was the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' no one ever pretended to doubt; and we do not see what occasion there is to go beyond Stoke churchyard in search of its birth-place—if it be at all needful to give to it a local habitation as well as a name.

Stoke church is within sight of the monument. It stands alone in a still secluded spot, and being surrounded by pines and other trees of sombre hue, seems when you are within the churchyard to be even more secluded than it really is. (Cut, No. 5.) A serene solemn place it is, such as might well befit the more pensive hours of a contemplative mind:

"Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

How must we regret that the poet thought it necessary, in revising his poem, to leave out these fine lines, and some others equally beautiful, though not attuned to the same grave yet lofty melody.

Gray possessed not the vigorous vehement genius that impels the poet to give utterance to a full stream of

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

"Poetry," says Milton, in one of his mighty parentheses, "is simple, sensuous, passionate." Of such poetry there is little in Gray. In him will seldom be found the fervid expression of joy or sorrow, of love or hatred. His most impassioned effusions appear the result of labour and effort. Even the 'Bard,' notwithstanding the glowing commencement, wants the fierce rush of accumulated ire, the turbulent torrent of invective that would flow from such a spirit. But poetry is not to be confined within the limits of any definition. All poetry is not passionate: the Muse delights to breathe "the still sad music of humanity" in strains of gentle melody, no less than the swelling notes that clarion forth the deeds of "giants of mighty bone and proud emprise," or the vivid imagery that gushes from a heart swayed by some overpowering influence. Sir James Mackintosh declares that "Gray was of all English poets the most finished artist. He attained," he says, "the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable." But it is the finish of the schools, the delicate polish of the well-trained academic scholar, rather than the graceful freedom that distinguishes the perfected work of the original master. The art that conceals art is not reached: the original spark is dimmed, the genuine natural feeling obscured by the artificial atmosphere through which they are beheld. Gray drew too much of his poetic fuel from the classical library. The splendour, if it be "the highest degree of which the poetical style is capable," is too often but a reflection from a distant and foregone luminary; the light is tinged with a colour that belongs to another and inharmonious sphere. Had Gray trusted more to "the light within," he would have been a greater and more original poet. If his verses had lacked somewhat of the mellifluous flow which they have gained from the contributions of foreign affluents, and the lustre which they owe to borrowed gems, they would have come more home to the imaginations and the hearts of ordinary men.

The 'Elegy' is least overlaid with these extraneous graces. It is his truest and most natural poem, and hence it is that which has most deeply impressed itself on the mind of his countrymen: and it will live for ever in their memory. It is such poetry as time does not render obsolete. It appeals to the common feelings of mankind, clothing thoughts that find a response in every heart in words that delight every ear. Breathing throughout the serene meditative spirit best befitting such a composition, it seems alike in the reflective as in the descriptive parts, the sublime utterance of one who has

"learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hours
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of amplest power
To chasten and subdue."

The church and churchyard of Stoke, we have said, answer to the description in the 'Elegy.' The church is a venerable timeworn edifice. The massive ivy-mantled tower now supports a wooden spire, but it is of modern date. A huge old wooden porch stands on the south side, and serves as the entrance to the church. Not far from it are a couple of yew-trees: they are of vast girth, and the boughs overshadow a broad space; but though evidently of great antiquity, they are yet vigorous. From the hackings of the prosaic and the vulgar, however, they have suffered somewhat. Elsewhere the architectural and monumental antiquities of the church might claim a passing notice; but here they must be left unregistered. One simple, modern, monument outside the church alone demands our attention.

In the churchyard, near the chancel of the church, is a plain tomb which Gray erected over the vault that contains the remains of his mother and his aunt: and in the same grave, in accordance with his last will, the poet himself was laid. The inscription which he placed upon the blue slab (now broken) that forms the top of the tomb, is so impressive in its simple pathos, that we think it claims insertion in this brief notice of Gray's resting-place:

In the vault beneath are deposited,
in hope of a joyful resurrection,
the remains of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. V. M.DCC.XLIX.

In the same pious confidence,
beside her friend and sister,
Here sleep the remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow; the careful tender Mother
of many children, one of whom alone
had the misfortune to survive her.

When Gray himself was laid in the same vault, no epitaph recorded the circumstance. A plain slab has, however, within these few years, been affixed on the church wall, immediately under the east window, which points out his burial-place.

But it is not the churchyard alone that here recalls the memory of Gray. The manor-house of Stoke-Poges was the scene of his 'Long Story.' The old house, independent of the attraction our poet threw around it, had a history and associations of more than ordinary interest. Lysons, in his account of Buckinghamshire in the 'Magna Britannia,' thus gives its history:

"Amicia de Stoke brought the manor of this place in marriage to Robert Poges, who was chosen one of the knights of the shire in the year 1300; his grand-daughter and heir, Egidia, married Sir John Molins, knight-baronet and treasurer of the chamber to King Edward III. In 1331 he had the royal licence for fortifying and embattling his mansion at Stoke; and in 1346 he procured a charter that Stoke and Ditton, where also he had a seat, should be exempt from the authority of the king's marshal. From Sir John Molins this manor descended by female heirs to the families of Hungerford and Hastings. Henry Hastings, earl of Huntingdon, rebuilt the manor-house in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The estate was soon afterwards seized by the crown for a debt. King James the First, about the year 1621, granted the manor in fee to Lord Chief Justice Coke, who appears to have held it many years before as lessee under the crown. In 1601, being then Attorney-General, he entertained Queen Elizabeth very sumptuously at this place, and presented her Majesty with jewels to the value of 1000*l.*, or 1200*l.* In 1625, this celebrated lawyer, having quitted his high station, and being out of favour with the court, was obliged, much against his will, to serve the office of sheriff for the county; and it was thought by his friends a great degradation that he, who had filled one of the highest situations on the bench, should attend on the judges at the assizes. Sir John Villiers, elder brother of the Duke of Buckingham, married Sir Edward Coke's only daughter, and this manor (then held by lease) having been settled on him at the time of his marriage, he was, in 1619, created a peer by the title of Baron Villiers of Stoke-Poges, and Viscount Purbeck. Lord Purbeck succeeded to this estate after the death of Sir Edward Coke, which happened in 1634, at his seat at Stoke-Poges. The house, it appears, was settled on his lady, who was a relict of Sir William Hatton.

"In 1647, Stoke House was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate King Charles, when he was a prisoner in the power of the army. Not long after the death of Lord Purbeck, which happened in 1656, the manor of Stoke was sold by his heirs to John Gayer, Esq., elder brother of Sir Robert Gayer, K.B., who afterwards possessed it. It was purchased of the Gayers, about the year 1720, by Edward Halsay, Esq., one of the representatives of the town of Buckingham, whose daughter Anne married Lord Cobham. Stoke House and the manor were sold by her heirs to William Penn, Esq., chief proprietor of Pennslyvania."

Gray supposed that the Lord Chancellor was once its owner, and he has told in oft-quoted lines how

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

But Sir Harris Nicolas showed, in his recent 'Life of Hatton,' that the Lord Keeper never resided at Stoke.

When Gray wrote his 'Long Story,' Lady Cobham was the owner of the manor-house. The 'Elegy' was then in the full current of its popularity; and Lady Cobham wished to become acquainted with the author. Her niece and Lady Schaub called in consequence at the cottage where Gray resided; he was not at home, and they left a note of invitation. He in return called at the great house, and, the parties being mutually pleased with each other, the acquaintance continued. "And as the beginning of this acquaintance," says one of his commentators, "bore some appearance of romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it in the copy of verses which he entitled 'A Long Story.'" The humour is not very sparkling nor very original; but there are some spirited verses among many more of a common-place character; sufficient, certainly, to preserve the poem, even though it had not been the production of the author of the 'Bard:' Gray, it will be recollected, omitted the 'Long Story' from the collection of his poems published by himself.

The 'Ancient Pile' no longer stands to receive the homage of the poet's admirers. The

"Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing,"

are gone. About sixty years ago, the old house was, with the exception of one of the wings, pulled down. It was a fine brick mansion, with those projecting wings and pointed gables, sunny bays and oriels, which allowed of so rich a play of light and shadow; and it displayed the tall roofs and quaintly arranged stacks of carved brick chimney-shafts, and the other characteristic features of an Elizabethan manor-house of the better class, which, with the deep colour of the bricks, always form so picturesque and striking an object, especially when, as here, set in a noble park and surrounded by stately old trees.

Not far from the churchyard may be seen the wing that was left standing when the greater part of the old house was demolished. As you approach it, the quaint old gable, half covered with ivy, and the handsome chimney-shafts rising above it, make quite a picture, standing out from the back-ground of dark foliage. The interior retains some evidence of its original splendour and ancient hospitality. There may yet be seen a kitchen "capacious enough for the hospitality of an attorney-general who had a queen for his guest; and the wide fireplace is still remaining with its heraldic sculptures."

"In a small room on the second-floor there are some rude paintings, also heraldic, on the plastered walls, with the initials E. R.; on another side are some quaint inscriptions, amongst which may be deciphered—

'FEARE THE LORDE.
OBEY THE PRINCE.
LOVE THINE ENMIS.

BEWARE OF PRIDE.
SPEKE THE TRUETH.
BEWARE OF MALLIS.'"

The present mansion has no architectural merits: it is one of Wyatt's so-called classic structures, but it has been considerably altered since Wyatt's time. The old house, like most of the old manor-houses, was placed in a rather low sheltered situation: the new one stands on a more commanding site. In such matters, as in most others, the change in point of taste has widely varied. Stoke Park is extensive, and well wooded. It was carefully laid out in accordance with the prevalent style of the latter part of the last century; but, like the house, it has been a good deal changed since then. Among other of the works of art that adorn it is a lofty fluted column, having on the summit a statue of Sir Edward Coke.

The house in which Gray's mother lived, and where he wrote, yet remains: it is called West-end Cottage, and will be found about half a mile from the churchyard. It has, however, been so much enlarged and modernized, as to bear little resemblance to its original appearance. What it was when Gray lived in it he describes in a letter dated Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758, which he addressed to Mr. Palgrave, who was making a tour in Scotland:—"I do not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice near me to send you: they do not grow in the south; but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick, with sash-windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a basin of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach." The neat box of red brick is now a handsome villa, the basin of gold-fishes has become a good-sized piece of ornamental water, and so far from being within the compass of the Edinburgh coach, it would be found too bulky for the Great Western Railway. The grotto and the walnut-tree are still standing.

We once more take to the lanes. "I have," said Gray, in writing to Horace Walpole, September, 1737, "I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest, (the vulgar call it a common) all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no living thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:

'And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate:
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'

"At the foot of one of these squats me I, (*il penseroso*)

6.—BURNHAM BEECHES.

and there grows to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read 'Virgil,' as I commonly do there." This common is Burnham Common, the wooded part is known as Burnham Beeches.

If the Londoner were to see nothing else, it would be worth his while to come hither for the sake of seeing this place. He would hardly believe, if he had never been here, that such a wild spot could be found within an hour's ride of the smoky city. It is still all that Gray described a hundred and eleven years ago. While all around has been, or is being, enclosed or 'improved,' it remains unvitiated, and scarcely at all encroached upon.

The way to this pleasant place lies, as Gray says, along one of those green, shady, unfrequented lanes, that are so common in our pleasant land, but always so delightful. We have chosen an autumn day; a few women gossipping here and there at a field-gate remind us that the harvest is nearly got in; a few children busy about the hedges tell us that the nuts are ripening. These we notice without stopping; and nothing else is met to tempt us to stay, till we reach the end of the lanes and find ourselves suddenly on a broad, open, breezy heath, which is glowing under a clear sky in all the splendour of the purple heather,—yet in full flower, and the fern that is varying its hue from a light cheerful verdure into an orange-yellow that seems to kindle in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun; while the deep sombre brown of the furze enriches yet subdues by its contrast their vivid tints. The ground too is broken into very picturesque roughness, here and there a tree relieves the level, and towards the opposite extremity is a good-sized sheet of water, while a low mass of dark foliage bounds the view. Around the skirts of this common may be seen numerous rude cottages and humble tenements, that have grown by successive additions of sheds and lean-to's into combinations of quite indescribable forms; and which, with the noisy geese, rough donkeys, and wild colts about them,—and children rougher, wilder, and noisier than all the geese, donkeys, and colts put together—make pictures such as painters stay to copy, townsmen to wonder at, and political economists to philosophise over:

> "A common overgrown with fern, and rough
> With prickly gorse, that shapeless and deform'd,
> And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
> And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
> Yields no unpleasant ramble,"

as Cowper has said. But the common is not the remarkable thing here. Cross the common, and you find yourself at once in a forest—of no very great extent indeed, but of very respectable wildness. The hills, as Gray very truly observes, do not pierce the clouds, nor do the declivities rival the chalky cliffs of the southern coast; but the beeches are such as will bear comparison with those in the most famous of our forests. When Gray wrote they were of "most venerable" antiquity, and since then that

> "hoary
> Old aged sire, with hour-glass in hand,
> Hight Time."

has been for above a century enlarging their girth, and scoring their bark, and gnarling their roots, and covering their trunks with gray lichens, and otherwise adding to their reverend character. In truth it would be hard to say where else we might look for such trees. In Windsor Forest there are some that are, if not of larger bole, of more magnificent proportions; and so there are in many of our parks—but there they mostly stand apart and throw out their arms freely in an open area. The New Forest has beeches of noble size; and, growing in a soil well adapted for them, they form pictures that dwell in the memory as the ideal of the scenery of beechen woods. No one will readily forget them who has wandered among those gloomy avenues just at the hour when the last streak of sunset is hanging on the horizon, and the heavy masses of foliage overhead are deepening into a solemnity of shadow that is felt to be sublime; or when the full moon is working its magic among the interwoven tracery. Sherwood, too, boasts of its beeches, though sadly thinned. But there is a character about the Burnham beeches that is distinct from all of these. They are not lofty, for they appear to have been headed down at some time or other; but they are of enormous size, and the pruning of the heads seems to have thrown a superfluous amount of vigour into the trunks. Nowhere else do the trunks of beeches, as a rule, burst into such strange forms, or so "wreath their old fantastic roots on high"—though they everywhere do so to some extent. Every second beech trunk here, is a study for a painter. The long knotted roots, and the base of the huge twisted and contorted trunks, are covered with vivid dark green and brown mosses, which again are contrasted with bright white lichens. And then what splendid bits of forest scenery do they make in combination!—Now you are shut in on every side by these gray old sylvan giants, and the sky is barred out by the thick foliage over head; anon there opens a glade of living verdure which the rugged boles and interlacing branches enclose as in a wild frame; and then you see a quiet scrap of irregular avenue along which a narrow beaten path winds deviously, or a rough and deep-rutted cart-track with a sturdy peasant strolling idly down it. (Cut, No. 6.)

You might loiter away hours, about the perplexing labyrinth of paths, admiring one and another of those varying scenes, noting how some magnificent old bole stands grandly out from the light sky; or like Gray "grow to the trunk for a whole morning, watching the timorous hare and sportive squirrel," and listening to the harmony of the feathered minstrels, for

> "Every tree impeopled is with birds of softest note:"—
> *Wyatt*

or make acquaintance with the old keeper of the forest,

—a good-natured chatty sort of person, who will be found very willing to tell all he knows, and a good deal more, about the wood and its traditions.

This is indeed a delightful place to ramble about either on a summer's day, when the deep green leafy woods form thick impenetrable canopies, and gloomy recesses, into which hardly a ray of the mid-day sun can struggle; or in autumn, when the beech leaves are changing into brilliant yellow and red, and the sunlight works a flickering pattern over every foot of rough path, and softly swelling glade. And when you are tired of the beeches, you may find around the borders of the wood some of those fine large old farm-houses which always look at once so picturesque, and so suggestive of comfort and prosperity, with their huge array of barns and out-houses, and stables, and corn-stacks, and ricks; their live stock about the yards, the pigeons about the roofs, the ducks about the ponds, and rosy maids and sturdy labourers everywhere. In one of the farm-houses by Burnham are some remains of Burnham Abbey—a monastery for Augustine nuns; but the remains are of little importance.

Burnham was once a market town. In ancient days it was a place of considerable importance: part of it was the property of the crown, and the kings of Mercia are said to have had a palace there. But it appears to have been a Royal dwelling-place at a much later period: for in the thirteenth century it contained a palace, in which Henry III. must have occasionally resided, as he dated the charter for the foundation of Burnham Abbey from it. Burnham Church contains some old monuments worth looking at, if the visitor have a spare half-hour. The old market-town has dwindled into a long straggling village, wearing the drowsy picturesque sort of air that seems proper to a decayed town. The houses have a worn-out look. The people are idling about the street. Nought is active. And yet it is a place that you regard with more curiosity and interest than the busier every-day market-town.

Jacob Bryant—the learned and paradoxical—spent the last years of his life at Cippenham, in Burnham; where he died, when verging on ninety, from an accident he met with whilst reaching a book down from an upper shelf—a death, which, as has been well remarked, "was for a literary man to expire on the field of honour."

A sturdy pedestrian, if he were here early in the day, might proceed on his literary pilgrimage to Beaconsfield, the residence and the resting-place of two very different men, and of very different intellectual rank, but both eminent alike in the annals of English politics and literature—Edmund Burke and Edmund Waller. The house in which Waller dwelt, Hall Barn, a stately-looking red-brick mansion, is still standing. Gregories, the residence of Burke, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1813. Waller's remains were deposited in the church-yard, where a large showy monument is erected to his memory. The monument is overshadowed by a walnut-tree, a very unusual object in a church-yard, but in this instance accounted for by a walnut-tree being the family crest. Burke lies in the church, in the same grave with his wife, his son, and his brother. A plain mural monument marks the spot. The inhabitants of the village still carefully cherish the memory of Burke; and many traditional anecdotes are related of him. Beaconsfield is a place worth making a pilgrimage to; but it is too far for us to-day; we merely mention it, that the reader may remember it if he be in the neighbourhood. We will now make a circuit back to our starting-place: we may just glance at one or two of the more notable places on our road, but we cannot stay long anywhere.

Yonder is Dropmore—a very pretty place, which the late Lord Grenville found little better than a cottage, and left a noble house and romantic domain. One of his feats was almost oriental in its boldness: the view from the house was bounded by a hill, which excluded a fine prospect of Windsor Castle: his lordship had the hill pared down till the castle was seen rising grandly above it. Dropmore is one of the most celebrated of the 'show-places' in this neighbourhood. It is worth visiting. The views from both the mansion and the grounds are of great extent and variety. The grounds of Dropmore are very beautiful, and they are open to those who make application at the lodge. Dropmore is one of the places especially famous among horticulturalists. The fruits and the flowers are in high repute; and the collection of pine-trees is said to be one of the finest in the kingdom. The arrangements of the garden, and the designs of the rustic ornaments, are the result of the taste of Lady Grenville.

A little further is Hedsor, a village chiefly notable for the very picturesque situation of its little rustic Church, and the many pleasant walks and fine views there are about it. Nathaniel Hooke, the author of the 'Roman History,' is buried in the church-yard. Hedsor Lodge, the seat of Lord Boston, is celebrated for the beauty of the grounds, which are very varied in surface, well wooded, and afford some most extensive views over the valley of the Thames. But though very beautiful, they are far surpassed by those of Cliefden, which we have now arrived at.

Cliefden was the property of the too celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—one of the wittiest and most profligate of the witty and profligate courtiers of the second Charles:

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was everything by fits, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was poet, statesman, fiddler, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides a thousand freaks that died in thinking."

Dryden, 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Buckingham has come down to posterity portrayed by four of the cleverest and most eminent masters in satirical portraiture, Hamilton, Burnet, Dryden, and Pope; and it is hard to say whether he has suffered

most from the witty courtier, the Scotch bishop, 'Glorious John,' or 'Great Alexander;' or whether the quaint jottings of Master Pepys are not as severe upon his memory as either. The house he erected here will be remembered by Pope's lines—

"Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

This allusion is of course to the infamous Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband Buckingham killed in a duel, while she stood by and held his horse, disguised as a page.

Cliefden was for awhile the summer residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The only memorable circumstance connected with his abode here is of a literary nature. "He was at this time," says Johnson, in his 'Life of James Thomson,' "struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttleton professed himself the patron of wit; to him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said that 'they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;' and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year." Thomson repaid his patron with some prophetic flattery that has never been realized. He wrote, in conjunction with Mallett ("the only Scot whom Scotchmen do not commend," according to Johnson), 'The Masque of Alfred,' which was played for the first time at Cliefden in 1740; and therein it is hinted that the prince will prove another Alfred! The 'Masque' is forgotten, but one song in it has escaped oblivion: 'Rule Britannia' is not likely to perish while our wooden walls last.

Villiers' house was burnt down in 1795. The present mansion was erected on the site of the old one, some portions of which have been retained in it. Although a much less ambitious structure than the former, it is yet a spacious and imposing building. Cliefden is built on a lofty cliff that rises steeply from the Thames, and the views from the summit both up and down the river are of the most magnificent description—probably not surpassed along its banks. Awhile back the public were admitted to the grounds, and a little cottage was built by a spring of delicious cool water, mainly for the accommodation of visitors. It was the paradise of pic-nic parties. But the grounds are closed now, and the cottage is pulled down. Cliefden has lost a good deal of its charm in our eyes. Happily, however, the river cannot be locked up, and the Thames is here of exquisite beauty. "It is to Cliefden that the river here owes its chief loveliness; and whether we view the valley of the Thames from it, or float leisurely along the stream, and regard it as the principal object, we shall alike find enough to delight the eye and kindle the imagination. The path lies along the Berkshire side of the river, and Cliefden, which is on the opposite side, is a magnificent object from it: but the rambler should here by all means take a boat—and there are two or three places near Maidenhead at which one can be hired—and row gently along, if he would see this part in all its varied beauty. Cliefden runs along the summit of a lofty ridge which overhangs the river. The outline of this ridge is broken in the most agreeable way, the steep bank is clothed with luxuriant foliage, forming a hanging wood of great beauty, or in parts bare, so as to increase the gracefulness of the foliage by the contrast, and the whole bank has run into easy flowing curves at the bidding of the noble stream which washes its base. A few islands deck this part of the river, and occasionally little tongues of land run out into it, or a tree overhangs it, helping to give vigour to the foreground of the rich landscape. In the early morning, when the sun has risen just high enough to illumine the summit of the ridge and highest trees, and all the lower part rests a heavy mass of shadow on the sleeping river, the scene is one of extraordinary grandeur." ('Rambles by Rivers: the Thames.')

The heights of Taplow—the next place to Cliefden—are only less beautiful than those of that famous domain. Taplow Court, the seat of Lord Orkney, is among the more celebrated of the many princely estates that lie along the banks of the Thames. The grounds contain all that can be desired either for pleasure or retirement. The views, though not as extensive as those of Cliefden, are of exceeding loveliness—the Thames, in this its finest part, uniting easily and gracefully with the general landscape. But as these grounds are not generally open to the public, we need not say more about them.

Had we time we might find some pleasant walks about the village and by the river; but it must suffice now to point attention to the mills that connect the eyots with the shore. And very pretty they look, too. The mills themselves are not exactly the most picturesque on the Thames—whereon, to confess the truth, there are not many picturesque water-mills; but they are rendered picturesque by the willows and alders that fringe the river and half conceal the buildings. Then beyond them is the splendid hanging wood of Cliefden, forming a glorious back-ground. Add to this the foaming weir, and the clear broad stream, and "the blue sky bending over all," and you have a picture such as old Ruysdael might have imagined in one of his happiest hours of inspiration, or have painted when his hand and eye were most vigorous and sensitive.

We are at Maidenhead now. We have not time to look at the place—and if we had, there is nothing worth looking at in it;—nor to inquire whether the town owes its name to its having been made, as Camden relates, the depository of the head of one of the ten thousand maidens whom Attila caused to be slain, or to there having been in Saxon days a great wharf, or mayne-hithe, for timber here:

"The dews of eve do gently fall."

Our day is closed. We will avail ourselves of the Maidenhead Station, and return by the first train. While however we wait for the train, let us just step down to the noble bridge that carries the railway over the Thames, and look at the pretty picture that is seen through the arches. (Cut, No. 7.) How different is the

7.—RAILWAY BRIDGE, AND BRAY.

scene looking down the river through this railway bridge, to that we have when we look in the opposite direction from the stone bridge which here crosses the Thames! There we see an upland tract of richly wooded country rising boldly from the water on one side, and broad fertile meadows on the other: here the river is skirted merely by long beds of osiers, and the level line is only broken by the steeple of a church, which in the distance lifts itself above a clump of trees. We confess we should not have observed how pleasing this little bit of landscape might become, had not one with a finer artistic eye shown us it through this noble span which serves so well as a frame to display it to advantage. The tower belongs to Bray Church, whose vicar has so often been called in to sharpen the zest of a pithy sentence. We cannot now explore Bray for ourselves, and will therefore hear what is said about it in the work we have recently quoted:

"The name of Bray is sure to recal the memory of its 'vivacious vicar' who 'whatsoever king did reign would still be vicar of Bray.' Fuller, after quoting the proverb,—'the sole one of this country'—'The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still,' gives this account of both parish and parson. '*Bray*, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat, and an inconstant changeling,—"Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many, now-a-days, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.' ('Worthies—Berkshire.')

"The well-known ballad makes the vicar to have lived in later times, turning windward from the days of Charles the Second to those of the Second George. For the honour of Bray it must be added that the church records refute both: but, barring specialities, there is truth in the story, and the race is not extinct yet. Bray itself has not much in it that is of interest, but about a mile from it, at Ockwells, formerly Ockholt, there is a very curious manor-house, now used as a farm-house: it is of the time of Henry VI., and is one of the most interesting relics of the kind left. The old house is of a singularly picturesque appearance, with a number of projecting wooden gables and some curious windows. In the interior is a fine hall belonging to it, in which there is an open wooden roof, now hidden by a flat ceiling; a handsome bay-window; and a large old fire-place. In the hall windows is some painted glass. There was formerly a chapel attached; but it and some portions of the house were burnt down about sixty years ago, through the carelessness of a beggar, who having been permitted to sleep there, shook the lighted ashes from his pipe among the straw. What remains of the chapel is used as a pigeon-house." ('Rambles by Rivers: the Thames.')

For the sake of those who may be here, and be inclined to go on to Eton by the river, we may just mention that it is a very delightful route, whether they

proceed by the foot-paths, or take a boat. The scenery improves all the way to Windsor: hardly could more charming little passages of river scenery be desired. The stream winds in many a doubling turn, and every turn affords a new and pleasing prospect. The banks are generally well wooded, but of continuous variety. The river itself is diversified by the eyots that occur frequently along it, and almost always where they would add most to the beauty of the landscape. The first of these eyots is well known to those who frequent this part of the Thames. It bears the very pretty name of Monkey Island, from a "pavilion," or pleasure-house which the late Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford, erected upon it. The dining-room is decorated with representations of monkeys in every variety of attitude and occupation which the human (monkey) tribe love to indulge in. It is said that the marquis expended near £10,000 upon this 'folly.' The island is now let to a fisherman who rents the water for fishing, and this and some of the neighbouring eyots for the purpose of growing osiers; and who lives with his family in a cottage on the island. The Monkey-House is almost a ruin—and is only preserved from becoming entirely ruinous by the tenant of the island, who adds to his gains by the visitors, for whom he supplies boiling water and the like. Soon after leaving Monkey Island, the "proud keep of Windsor" becomes an important feature in the prospect; and every turn of the river shows the majestic edifice under a new aspect. Down Place, which we notice on the right bank, near Queen's Island, was originally the residence of Jacob Tonson the bookseller—a name familiar to every reader of Pope and Johnson:—it is said that the meetings of the celebrated Kit-Cat Club were at first held here. The house has been much enlarged and altered since Tonson owned it. A little further, on the left, is the village of Dorney, with its little rural church half-buried among trees; and an old mansion which once belonged to Burnham Abbey, and yet retains some traces of its ecclesiastical character. Opposite, again, is Surly Hall, of which enough has already been said: and then somewhat lower is Clewer, where is a plain country Church, and a Roman Catholic chapel, the richly decorated interior of which attracts many a visitor from Windsor. At Clewer we have a remarkably good view of Eton, and the College chapel. (Cut. No. 8.)

We must have a second day's stroll: yesterday Gray's was the shrine we sought; to-day it is Milton's we are to visit.

Our hostel is at Eton, but this time we shall consider Datchet to be the starting-place. For the present the Windsor and Eton Railway does not proceed beyond Datchet; and it may not be amiss to point out one of the new and pleasant rambles which is opened to the Londoner who avails himself of this line for "a little fresh air," even if he does not approach either Eton or Windsor. Datchet itself has little to attract or repay curiosity. A quieter, or, in truth, a duller village it would not have been easy to meet with—at least before the railway was brought to it. Then indeed, on some of the few fine days of this past summer it was for a while full enough both of noise and bustle: but even then neither the bustle nor the noise lasted long. The train came in: there was a great commotion among the 'busses' and the 'flys;' the crowd of pedestrians poured out of the station and marched towards the bridge; a few of the more curious paraded as far as the common, and, having "wondered there were no shops," turned back to seek after them; two or three straggled off to the lanes: occasionally one of an antiquarian turn insisted on his lady friend walking as far as the Church, in order that he might display his lore in discoursing on cusps and transoms, and stoups and piscinas, and his taste by railing at modern Vandalism: and then in ten minutes the village was as quiet as ever, and the last ancient dame had dismounted her spectacles and gone back from the street door to which the unwonted crowd had brought her, and the last rosy damsel had withdrawn from the window. And soon even this occasional bustle will be at an end. The railway will be extended to Windsor, and Datchet will be only disturbed by the shrill whistle of the locomotive flying through it.

But if Datchet has but few sights, it has some associations. Ah! Falstaff and Datchet Mead. Not exactly. The "muddy ditch at Datchet Mead, close by the Thames side," into which the fat knight who has added so much to the world's stock of enjoyment was plunged "hissing hot," and having "a kind of alacrity in sinking, had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow"—that place was on the other side of the river, near the end of Datchet Lane.

If the reader be a lover of the angle, he will not need to be told that its associations are for him. Within the whole extent of angling memory, or the reach of tradition, has the Thames about Datchet been the favourite haunt of Thames anglers. Honest Izaak himself was wont here to fish for "a little samlet or skegger trout, and catch twenty or forty of them at a standing:" and along with him used often to be seen his famous friend, "that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton . . . a most dear lover and frequent practiser of the art of angling." And here, on one of these occasions, did Sir Henry, "when he was beyond seventy years of age, make that description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening a fishing:

> "While stood his friend, with patient skill,
> Attending of his trembling quill."

"It is a description of the spring," says the inimitable old gossip, "which glided as softly and sweetly from his pen, as the river does at this time by which it was then made."

The place where Walton and his friend used to fish was about a mile above Datchet. Wotton, who found, as Master Izaak tells, that "angling was, after tedious study, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a

calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderater of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it;" ('Complete Angler,' c. i.)—built himself a fishing-box about midway between Eton and Datchet; and there it was that Walton annually spent some days with him in the fishing season. The site is still occupied by a fishing-house, though not of course the same as Wotton built. Black Pots and its owner are both well known to Thames anglers: its fame is no way dimmed in our day. Black Pots is situated by one of the pleasantest bends of the river; and from the grounds which are connected with the neighbouring eyot, we have a fine view of the College buildings. (Cut, No. 9.)

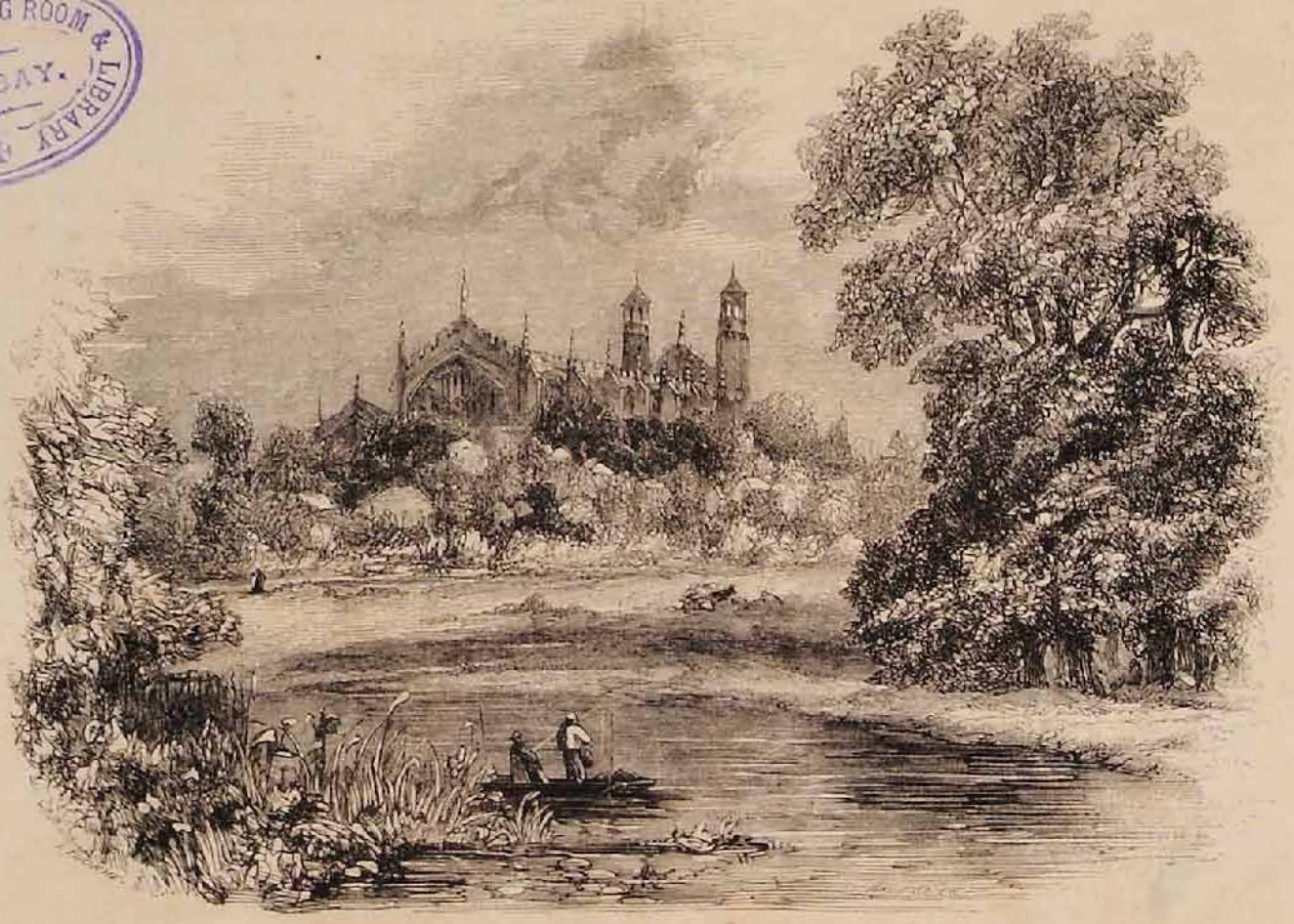
But Datchet was the resort of a more important fisherman than either Walton or the Provost: the 'Merry Monarch' used sometimes to angle here, as is told in some rather bitter verses, which have been attributed, perhaps unduly, to the Earl of Rochester:

"Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant rod now trembling in his hand;
Pleased with the sport, good man, nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative, indeed, of God!
Whose sceptre 's dwindled to a fishing-rod!
Such was Domitian in his Roman's eyes,
When his great godship stoop'd to catching flies:—
Bless us, what pretty sport have deities!
But see: he now does up from Datchet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons, home;
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every kingfisher of state."

Here is matter for cogitation on the part of the contemplative angler, while trolling along the pleasant meadows between Datchet and Eton, or as his punt is being pushed along the willowy bank or while watching the trembling quill. Did Charles come to angle at Datchet with any such hope of "the world of blessings attending it," as Wotton expected and found? Charles, it will have been noticed, was a fly-fisher: he must not be classed with the honourable and patient fraternity of quill-bobbers.

But to our ramble. We will continue eastward. We shall soon find a path that will carry us at no great distance from the river. It is a right pleasant one. After the first half-mile or so, we come upon delicious quiet closed-in bits of river scenery, that it is quite refreshing to linger by. The river, here, is neither grand nor strictly beautiful; but it has a tranquil, companionable loveliness that is no less agreeable. It is just the place to delight the angler who with the proper taste for his craft, cares less for the fish than the recreation, and enjoys far more than either the pleasant scenery which the pursuit opens to him. At every curve in our river we see, on looking back the lofty keep of Windsor adding a finishing grace to the landscape. Following the path, we come to a very noticeable house—something in character between a farmhouse and a mansion, or the parsonage of some widespread glebe. We have only seen it as we now see it from the outside: we will borrow, therefore, the account which Mr. Jesse gives of it in his 'Favourite Haunts, and Rural Studies:'

"On the right-hand side of the road in going from Datchet to Wraysbury, and about a mile from it, some high trees may be seen, across two fields, and a farmhouse near, or rather amongst, them. This is called King John's Hunting Lodge. The lands around the neighbourhood are rich and well cultivated, and the meadows smile with beautiful verdure; but in former times I cannot imagine a country better suited for the purposes of the chase. Here the hawk might be followed as it pursued the heron or bittern, when started from the reeds of the adjoining rivers. The hare might be followed by the fleet greyhounds, and the stag chased by the staunch sleuth-hound. On approaching the house it is impossible not to be struck with its very ancient appearance. There was the rude porch, the primitive windows, the curious gables, all betokening the architecture of bygone times. In the inside were the huge oaken timbers, the low roofs, and the grotesque carvings. Two of the windows of the bedrooms contained some stained glass of the arms of a king of England of an early period; but I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to determine which of them. It is, however, evidently of great antiquity. But what struck me most were two enormous walnut-trees at the back of the house, measuring at three feet from the ground twenty-four feet in circumference, and still flourishing. If King John held a Parliament under the Tetsworth chesnut in Gloucestershire, he might well have done the same under the trees in question. They are, indeed, noble trees, and I believe the largest of the species in England. It is evident, from the old foundations and the appearance of the adjoining ground, that this was a very considerable place in former times. It is also curious that an underground passage has been traced for some distance from the house leading directly towards Windsor Castle. In this passage some very early specimens of English pottery have been found, and which are now in the possession of Mrs. Buckland, the tenant of the farm. Similar specimens were discovered in the foundation of the oldest house at Kingston-on-Thames, one of which I now have. With reference to the underground passage, I recollect the late Sir Jeffery Wyatville informing me that he had discovered, and traced for a short distance, an underground passage at the lower part of the round tower at Windsor Castle leading in the direction of the one already mentioned, and that there was an old tradition of such a one existing. Should this ever prove to be the case, the projector of the celebrated Thames Tunnel cannot claim the merit of originality. I must not forget the huge oak-beams and rafters in the garrets of this house. Their size is quite enormous, and they appear perfectly sound, although they must be of a very ancient date. Mrs. Buckland, who showed us everything, and entertained us hospitably, informed me that her family had



8.—ETON COLLEGE, FROM CLEWER.

resided on the farm some two or three hundred years."

A little further we come upon the secluded village of Wraysbury (or, as it used to be spelled, Wyrardisbury), where there is a church that is a very respectable sample of a small village church: it has lately been carefully repaired and restored. Wraysbury is opposite to Runnimede (described in our account of Windsor), and a footpath by the church leads down to the ferry by which Magna Charta Island, as it is called, is reached. This used to be always open to the visitor; but now, as a board informs you, "in consequence of the increasing annoyance experienced from visitors straying into the private walks, the island can only be visited twice a week." It is perhaps hardly worth going to at all.

Magna Charta Island is said to have been fortified by the Barons; but the popular tradition makes the Charter to have been signed upon it, and it is in consequence much visited by the curious. The little stone building that peeps out from among the willows with which the island is covered, was erected about fourteen years ago by S. Harcourt, Esq., to whom the manor belongs. It is neatly fitted up, has windows of stained-glass with appropriate emblems, and contains a stone, upon which—as an inscription testifies—the Charter was there signed. Recent investigations have brought to light the treaty by which Louis of France agreed to evacuate the country with his foreign followers, after John had made peace with the Barons: and that treaty *was* signed on this island as the attestation records: from which circumstance, no doubt, arose the tradition that the Great Charter was there signed.

Ankerwyke-house, the lion of Wraysbury, stands on the site of a priory for Benedictine nuns, founded by Sir Gilbert Montfichet, the owner of the manor in the reign of Henry II. Soon after the suppression of religious houses, a mansion was erected where the monastery stood; but with the exception of the hall which still remains, it has given place to a more modern structure. A yew-tree, of vast size and great fame, stands near the house. It stood there when the Barons met in the opposite mead, and it is still vigorous. At three feet from the ground the trunk is twenty-eight feet in girth, and the branches overshadow a circle of above two hundred feet in circumference.

And now by cross-roads, and green lanes

"Where blending elms dispense a checkered day,"

we journey towards Horton: a place dear to every lover of poetry—to every one who honours genius. The poet of 'Paradise Lost' and 'L'Allegro' has described the scenery as it opens itself to one who wanders trustfully about it:

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns and fallows gray
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.
. . . . . .

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks."

The mountains he speaks of are of course not to be seen here, but all else may be. It is pretty plain that the young poet described from what he saw. In a Latin poetical epistle he wrote at this time to Charles Diodati many of these touches occur in describing his place of residence;—even the 'Beauty' is not left out. His residence at Horton had no little influence on the poet's future career.

In the seclusion of this lowly spot did John Milton prepare himself for the labour of his life. Milton's father had a house at Horton, and thither the young poet retired when he left the University. Five years he spent there; and in that time, as he himself has told us, he read through all the Greek and Roman classics —an amount of labour that has excited some questioning. That the time he spent at Horton was emphatically a time of preparation we know. He who would be a poet, he said, his own life must be a poem. The discipline necessary to be undergone by him who would "build the *lofty* rhyme," the youth Milton was not disposed to regard as a light one: and he already contemplated a flight into the highest regions of poetry. "I had," he says ('Reasons of Church Government'), "an inward prompting, which grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written as they should not willingly let it die." It was no trifling task, he knew, to add one more poem fit to rank with those of the mighty men of old, and he was not inclined to underrate the exertion necessary, or shrink from the labour of preparation. The enterprise he sought to accomplish he regarded as one requiring the severest exercise of a well-trained, as well as a strong intellect. "He meant not to write" (as Warburton says of Virgil) "for the amusement of women and children over a fire, but for the use of men and citizens." He felt, as he had already written, that

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

"You ask me of what I am thinking," he wrote to his friend Diodati about the termination of his abode here. "As God shall help me, of immortality! But how shall I attain it? My wings are fledging, and I meditate a flight." He added, that his "Pegasus as yet soars on but feeble pinions,"—but they were flights heavenward. The choicest of his lighter pieces were all written here. That most poetical of masques, the enchanting 'Comus,' in which, as Johnson as truly as finely observes, "may very plainly be discovered the dawn or twilight of 'Paradise Lost;'" the classic dirge, 'Lycidas,' and those most exquisite companions, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' all were the divine fruit of his residence at Horton; and never did youthful poet breathe sweeter melody: in all of them the exuberant richness of a young imagination appears chastened by recent reverential intercourse with the great masters of Greece and Rome, while his lyre is tuned to richest harmony by the softer genius of modern Italy.

A house is still shown as Milton's, but that in which he resided was destroyed near the close of the last century. The only relic of him that remains, and that of but doubtful authority, is the bole of an old apple-tree, under whose shade, there is a tradition, he was accustomed to compose.

Horton is a beautiful neighbourhood, and must have been in those days a most fitting place for the rural studies of a youthful poet. Just the place was it that would seem to have been most suitable for such a mind to undergo its initiation into the arcana of the mysteries of nature, and to prepare it for its intercourse with the stern world of human action. What a contrast must the quiet of these happy days have been to the fearful turmoil of his following years. And doubtless, in those evil days, while "In darkness, and with danger compass'd round," he often thought of the time when

"He knew each lane, and every valley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
His daily walks, and ancient neighbourhood."
Comus.

Horton Church will be visited by the tourist. One cannot but connect Milton with it, as we look upon its venerable ivy-mantled tower, and the two yews in the church-yard that were goodly trees when he walked under their shadow. A marble slab to the memory of the mother of Milton is the only inscription that reminds the visitor of the connection of our great poet with the place. The church itself is a very good specimen of a village church, but it has suffered somewhat from recent repairs.

The river Colne, which adds so much to the beauty of Horton, is itself a stream of more than usual interest: every part of it is more or less connected with the memories of famous men. But it is especially the river of Milton. A dozen miles above Horton is Harefield, where dwelt the Countess Dowager of Derby, at whose house Milton was a frequent visitor; and it will be recollected that his 'Arcades' was written as the poetic part of an entertainment to be presented before the countess "at Harefield by some noble persons of her family." But Harefield is also associated with the memory of a greater than Milton. Shakspere was here, and his 'Othello' was performed by his company, perhaps for the first time, before Queen Elizabeth in 1602. The grounds that may have inspired Milton remain, but the house which had been thus doubly honoured was burnt down in 1665: according to a tradition preserved by Lysons the fire was "occasioned by the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was amusing himself by reading

in bed." A little below Harefield, the Colne receives the Mishbourn, which little affluent passes by Chalfont St. Giles, where still remains the cottage to which Milton retired in the year of the great plague, 1665; and wherein he wrote the greater part, if not the whole, of the 'Paradise Regained.' The Colne in its upper course (under the name of the Verlam) flows by St. Albans and Gorhambury, the famous seat of Lord Bacon; and in its lower by Denham, where Sir Humphrey Davy found good fishing and excellent cheer.

Again we renew our journey. Along by-lanes and field-paths—from which we have occasional glimpses of the Colne, and always pretty peeps over the neighbouring country—we reach Colnbrook: but there we need not stay. That respectable-looking but apparently not very flourishing town, with its four bridges, is too well known to travellers on the western road—how few are they now!—to need description. We are to visit Richings, which also has a place in our literature. It once belonged to Lord Bathurst, the patron and friend of Pope, Swift, Addison, and the other most eminent men of their day, and who outlived them long enough to hail Sterne as their successor. While Ritchings was the property of Lord Bathurst its fame was sounded by Pope: when it passed into the hands of Lord Hertford, Shenstone sang its praises. A pleasant story is told by Johnson of Thomson's visit here. He had dedicated his poem of 'Spring' to Lady Hertford, and celebrated in sonorous verse her "unaffected grace,"

> "With innocence and meditation join'd
> In soft assemblage;"

and he entreats her to "listen to his song,"

> "Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent, like thee:

but he did not play the courtier as well in deeds as in verse. Lady Hertford was herself of a literary turn as well as the patron of literary men. It was her practice, says Johnson, "to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than in assisting her Ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." The bard's insensibility to the lady's poetry was sufficiently provoking, but considering in what an elegant strain of flattery he had addressed her, her wrath does seem a little excessive. Shenstone managed matters better. He went, listened patiently to her rhymes, and then on his return home, in a poem entitled 'Rural Elegance,' celebrated her "genius graced with rank," and the place

> "Where from gay throngs and gilded spires
> Her philosophic step retires."

We, too, will give place to the lady. She shall tell in her own way the character of her country house: and repeat one of her verses—(she is writing to the Countess of Pomfret.) "We have just now taken a house by Colnbrook. It belonged to my Lord Bathurst, and is what Mr. Pope calls in his 'Letters' his *extravagante bergerie*. The environs perfectly answer that title, and come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw. The house is old, but convenient, and when you are got within the little paddock it stands in you would think yourself a hundred miles from London, which I think a great addition to its beauty. * * * *

"I cannot discover who were the first builders of this place. My Lady Bathurst brought it in marriage to my Lord. Sir Peter Apsley, their common grandfather—for they were cousin germans—purchased it of an ancestor of Mr. Britton, but the family had not long been in possession of it. On the spot where the green-house now stands, there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Leonard, who was certainly esteemed a tutelar saint of Windsor Forest and its purlieus: for the place we left (St. Leonard's Hill) was originally a hermitage founded in honour of him. We have no relics of the saint, but we have an old carved bench with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and, what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectations from such authors; we have, however, all resolved to follow the fashion, and to add some of our own to the collection. That you may not be surprised at our courage for daring to write after such great names, I will transcribe one of the old ones, which I think as good as any of them:

> 'Who set the trees, shall he remember
> That is in haste to fell the timber?
> What then shall of thy woods remain,
> Except the box that threw the *main*.'

There has been only one as yet added by our company, which is tolerably numerous at present. I scarcely know whether it is worth reading or not:

> 'By Bathurst planted, first these shades arose,
> Prior and Pope have sung beneath these boughs.
> Here Addison his moral theme pursued,
> And social Gay has cheered the solitude.'"

Exit Madam. What think you of the lady's rhyme? Do you wonder at poor Thomson preferring his lordship's claret?

There have been several places we have been obliged to pass unnoticed in this second day's stroll, but we hope that we have pointed out enough to show that it will make a very pleasant holiday walk.

THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

"Our writings," says old Burton, "are so many dishes, our readers the guests:" wherefore, as he very reasonably lucubrates, it is only becoming that we should endeavour to have them in some measure suitable to the time and the occasion. For this winter season, a culling from the old Baronial mansions of England, seems a not unseasonable dish to set before our friendly guests,—the readers of 'The Land we Live in.' Those stately halls are beyond almost every object provocative of recollections of that large and hearty Christmas hospitality which was so eminently characteristic of England in the olden time. The very shadow of it has fled away long since; but even to recal to our memory that such things were, is neither without profit nor pleasure.

Yet in truth it needs no apology of the season for introducing such a subject in our work. We should have a very incomplete series of sketches of our noble land, either pictorial or literary, if we had none of those old mansions which form so noticeable a feature in it. Nor is the subject merely an ornamental one: a history of our chief country mansions would form a theme of rich and various interest. Even to trace the history of some one at sufficient length, and in a genial spirit, would afford abundant information as well as amusement: the weather-beaten walls, and the dusty family records, would alike furnish matter which the wand of fancy might transform into vivid and speaking realities. The different parts of the building would recal and illustrate the varying phases of public and domestic life: the embattled towers would tell of those ruder times when the feudal chief might have to call around him his retainers and tenants, and prepare against the approach of some hostile band; the huge halls and capacious kitchens of ancient state and hospitality; the graceful bay-windows of the growth of elegance and security; while all would display the progress of architectural skill and taste. How distinctly, too, would the apartments and their garniture record the shifting habits of social life—changing slowly and almost imperceptibly from year to year, but showing so vast a difference between the present time and that when the foundations of the house were laid, it may be some four or five centuries ago! And then in the fortunes of its owners—often the mighty, the famous, the unhappy—how impressive a story might be read! To most who visit these ancient halls some such thoughts occur; and some such history of them might, without extraordinary labour, be written. Of course that cannot be attempted here. We are to look lightly over two or three of these old buildings which lie at a few miles distance from each other, and in one county: and whilst strolling through the rooms we shall, without much regard to order, speak of such matters as we meet with, or as the objects we see may recal to the memory.

Hever Castle.

Kent is a beautiful county, and one full of all kinds of interest. Few counties can display so ample a variety of pleasing scenery, and few possess more objects that will repay the examination of the curious tourist. In old baronial and manorial residences it is especially rich; and they, with the fine parks that generally appertain to them, contribute in no small measure to the beauty and interest of the county. From them we select a few that have more than the ordinary amount of historical or other value, and that may serve at the same time as examples of the several kinds of structures that are characteristic of ancient baronial domestic architecture.

We may begin with the rudest-looking and oldest. Hever Castle is a tolerably perfect example of a castellated mansion of the earliest date. Though called a castle, that is an improper designation: it retains in part the form and character of a castle, but it was erected in an age when comfort as well as security was sought after; when, though it was deemed needful to build so as to be secure from a sudden attack, defence was no longer the first thing thought of and provided for. During the sway of the Norman monarchs, castles were raised all over the land. It is affirmed that above eleven hundred were erected in England, in the reign of Stephen. In the strong language of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' "Every rich man built his castles and defended them, and they filled the land full of castles. And they greatly oppressed the wretched people, by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men." Henry II., however, put a stop to the mischief by making it unlawful to erect a castle without the Royal licence—which he but seldom granted.

The Norman castle was a large and enormously strong building. The walls, which were of immense thickness, were surmounted with battlements, and usually further fortified by small projecting towers or bastions. Where the nature of the ground did not render the approach nearly inaccessible, a moat encompassed the walls, and across it was thrown a drawbridge. The entrance gateway was flanked by towers: there were several thick doors; and portcullises were fitted into grooves, so as to be easily dropped in case of surprisal, and to prevent the danger which might arise from the application of fire. There was also near the centre of the castle a great keep, to which the garrison might retreat if the castle itself should be forced. No more efficient stronghold than the Norman castle could well have been contrived for withstanding the assaults of an army in the then state of warfare: but it made at best but a gloomy and uncomfortable abode,—every external aperture was of the smallest size, the rooms were confined and inconvenient, the whole wore a stern and forbidding air. It

was not, however, till the splendid victories of Edward III. had ensured peace and safety in the land, that the English nobility thought of erecting for themselves dwellings of a more homely character. It was in the reign of Edward III. that domestic architecture may be said to have arisen in England; but even then, as has been mentioned, although comfort and elegance were sought after, security was not neglected. The result was the construction of that class of buildings which has received the name of castellated mansions.

Hever Castle is of this kind, and of this date. William de Hever, lord of the manor, obtained a license of Edward III. to erect his manor-house at Hever, '*more castelli*,' with towers, battlements, and machicolations; and in virtue of this grant he built the castle we are now to examine. Hever Castle does not remain as it was originally erected; alterations, additions, and modernizations have been made at different times, but in its general form and character it is pretty much as he left it.

It is situated about three miles south-east of the Edenbridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. There is a pleasant walk to it from the village of Edenbridge, along by-lanes and field-paths. Little is seen of the castle till you come close upon it, owing to its lying in so low a spot. The site was chosen, no doubt, from its proximity to the river Eden, affording so much facility for surrounding the building by a moat. When fairly seen the appearance of the castle is rather striking, as well as picturesque. (Cut No. 1.) The building is quadrangular, enclosing a court-yard. The place of the original draw-bridge is supplied by a fixed wooden one; but the moat remains undrained. The principal front, which presents itself to the view on approaching the castle, is the fortified part. It consists of a large and lofty gate-house, flanked by two square towers. It is built of stone, and is evidently of great strength, answering in some measure to the keep of the Norman castle. As this was the only entrance to the castle, the architect has expended upon its defences all his skill. Over the gateway impend bold machicolations from which missiles might be poured on the heads of assailants. The towers are pierced with oilets and loop-holes, through which arrows might be discharged, without chance of reprisal. Three stout gates and as many portcullises are arranged one behind the other, within the gateway. In the gate-house are guard-rooms: the chambers above were provided with furnaces for melting lead and pitch; and all other defensive appliances were carefully provided. The strength of the castle, however, does not appear to have been tested. It owes its celebrity to other than warlike recollections. It has been the abode of two of the many wives of Henry VIII. It was the birth-place and the residence of Anne Boleyn; and here it was that she dwelt a part of the tedious six years, during which, to borrow the words of Mr. Sharon Turner, she patiently listened, "to the solicitations and aspirations of a Royal and interesting admirer." Several of this "interesting admirer's" still-existing love-letters (or as Mr. Turner prefers to call them, "congenial billets,") were addressed to her here, and her answers are dated from hence; and hither that "interesting admirer" used often to come whilst she "was in patient waiting for the nuptial tie."

Poor Anne! hers was indeed a hard lot. The sorrow and wrong she had brought upon another were with fearful interest returned into her own bosom. Hardly is the lofty eminence she had so long panted for attained, ere clouds gather around, and she sees darkness and danger on every hand. The "interesting admirer" is changed into a brutal tyrant; in place of love and hope, come alienation and misery. Then follows that hideous mockery of a trial, where the womanly ear is outraged by every insult which the depraved imaginations of coarse old men can, at the bidding of a reckless master, shape out of the vile tales of shameless attendants: and then that graceful form is, without trace of compassion, consigned to the blood-stained hands of the common executioner. But her husband was not her only—hardly her worst—persecutor. Even in the grave she has not been suffered to rest at peace. Her miserable doom has failed to excite a merciful consideration of her failings. It has been her fate to be the object of more and angrier controversy, and more bitter vituperation; than ever was any other Englishwoman,—except her daughter. Down to our own day she has been subjected to the grossest accusations which even theological rancour could inspire; and only in the case of her daughter, where to theological rancour national enmity is superadded, has the persecution been as long continued and as unrelenting.

Hever Castle was purchased by William Bullen, the great-grandfather of Anne. He was a wealthy silk-mercer in London,—of which city he was, in 1459, elected lord-mayor: but the Bullens (for so they spelled their name) were an ancient and honourable Norfolk family. Upon the death of the father of Anne Boleyn "without male issue," the manor accrued to the crown. After his divorce from Anne of Cleves, Henry granted Hever Castle and manor to her for life, or as long as she should remain in England: and in Hever Castle were spent the remaining days of that most fortunate of the tyrant's unhappy wives. She died here in 1556, after a quiet sojourn of sixteen years. Shortly after her death the estate was sold by Royal commission. It has since passed through many hands; but nothing of interest has occurred in connection with it. It is now the property of a family named Medley. Hever Castle has become a farm-house.

The gate-house by which you enter is the original stronghold. It is in capital preservation, and retains to a great degree its primitive appearance. The only alteration of any consequence is the insertion of some windows of Tudor date. On the front is some rather elegant tracery; but as you enter the gateway, the bold impending machicolations and triple portcullises, render it a sufficiently formidable-looking structure. The rooms inside this building are also in tolerable preservation. The principal is the great hall, the original state-room of the castle: this is a noble apart-

ment, and very handsomely fitted up. The room is large and lofty; and is provided with a music-gallery, withdrawing-room, and the other appurtenances of an old hall. The walls are covered with carved oak panels; the roof is also panelled. The fire-place has some good carving of the arms of the Boleyns and their alliances, supported by well-designed figures of angels: on one of the shields the arms of Henry VIII. are empanelled. This hall seems to have been remodelled after the castle became the property of the Boleyns. A few years back it was carefully repaired and refitted, and is now the most completely-furnished room in the whole edifice. When it was 'restored' what remained of the old Boleyn furniture was collected and placed here, and contributes not a little to the general effect. The chairs and sofas are not only of antique form, but retain their original covering of that needle-work for which the English ladies of Anne Boleyn's day were so famous. There is a feebly supported tradition that some of these covers are of Anne's own embroidery. At one time the furniture of Hever must have been of rare value, but the costlier articles were scattered by the auctioneer. Some of the curious fire-dogs, with other relics, are now at Knole. We must not quit the hall without mentioning that there are several portraits on the walls. One is pointed out as the family portrait of Anne Boleyn, and it is added that it was painted shortly before her execution. To us it seems to bear little resemblance to the authentic portraits of her: we do not believe it is even a copy of her portrait—we need hardly add, that it is not an original. The other portraits are worthless as pictures—but they help the general effect of the room.

We might be led to repeople the old hall with its early tenants; to fancy the Hevers or the Boleyns sitting here in their dignity, at a court-baron, or as sheriffs of Kent, or presiding at the banquet, or listening to some goodly interlude and merry: or place the bluff monarch in the chair of state to receive the homage of the surrounding 'squires:—but our guide spoils the fancy, if we venture to utter it aloud, by the assurance that the old dining-room was on the other side of the court-yard; and that as for the king, he always saw company up in the long gallery. We cannot say nay to this, and so we will pass on, only intimating that this hall was probably the state dining-room of the Hevers, as the other may have been the ordinary one of the Boleyns. This hall is reached by a winding staircase in one of the towers: the visitor may, if he pleases, ascend by it to the battlements on the summit of the tower, but owing to the lowness of the site there is little prospect; he must not, however, descend the stairs without stepping into some one of the little chambers in order to see the way in which they were contrived for the annoyance of an enemy. The loop-holes he will observe were well-adapted for discharging arrows through. The guard-rooms are also worth looking into; and on returning to the gateway, it will be well just to notice the portcullises, and some other of the original fittings which yet remain in their proper places. Altogether, this gatehouse affords a very good idea of the stronghold of a baronial mansion.

On emerging from the gateway we find ourselves in a stately quadrangular court-yard, surrounded by buildings, evidently not all of equal antiquity, but yet having all somewhat of an antique aspect. The whole is in good repair, but not in its ancient state. The fronts were once fancifully painted; but no trace of painting is now visible. We cross the court-yard (which in passing, we notice, retains the old red-brick pavement) and enter the gateway directly opposite to that we have just quitted. On the left is the dining-hall: this is a room fit for the ordinary refectory of a noble family before ancient hospitality was given up. Not so stately as the older hall we have recently come from, it is yet a goodly room; and while the master of the house with his family and his guests have places apart, there is ample room for the numerous domestics, and also for the humble dependent or stranger who may be a casual participant at the plenteous board. The room is large, and of proportionate height: the ceiling is rather elaborately ornamented. On one side is a huge fire-place. The long tables may have served when the Earl of Wiltshire was lord of Hever Castle. But the ancient hangings are gone; no banners float over head; neither arms, nor helmets, nor broad antlers hang upon the walls. As the old castle is degraded into a farm-house, so the old hall is made to serve as the farm-house kitchen. Yet there is some good even in this use of it: a bright fire is ever burning in the huge fire-place, and its cheerful blaze lights up the old walls in a way that contrasts quite gratefully in comparison with the ungenial chill that pervades the ancient halls which are kept merely for show in so many a lordly dwelling.

Passing through the hall, we proceed up what is called the 'Grand Staircase,' to the Long Gallery, or ball-room. This is a noticeable apartment: it is very long, but narrow, and the ceiling is low. The sides are of panelled oak; the ceiling is also divided into panels. The floor is of oak, rather too rudely put together, we should fancy, to be pleasant to ladies' 'twinkling feet.' On one side, at equal distances apart, are three recesses: one of them is a large bay window, the middle one is for the fire. Altogether the room will probably remind the visitor of the Long Gallery at Haddon, to which it bears a very marked resemblance. The three recesses there, however, are all bay windows. The long gallery at Hever is in its present state evidently of the Tudor period. It was doubtless the construction of a Boleyn,—perhaps of Anne's father. In her day it was at any rate in its greatest splendour; and, filled with such a company as sometimes were assembled in it, must have presented a striking spectacle. We might be sure, if tradition were silent respecting it, that Anne's lover—the great master of revels—would have

> "A noble and a fair assembly
> Some night to meet here—he could do no less,
> Out of the great respect he bore to beauty—
> . . . . and entreat
> An hour of revels with them."

I.—HEVER CASTLE.

And we can easily fancy how the little maiden's heart would flutter when the king "took her out" to lead the brawls.

Tradition has fixed chiefly on the bay window for the scene of its tales of Anne and her lover. Here, it relates, she sat and watched, when she anticipated his coming. A lattice is shown, from which she used to wave her handkerchief what time her royal admirer sounded his bugle when he had reached the summit of the hill, some half-mile off, where first the towers of Hever become visible from the road; or when sorrowing over his departure she caught the last glimpse of his portly form. It hardly needs tradition to tell that here was the fond pair's favourite seat; the seat in a sunny bay is, we know,

"For whispering lovers made."

In this bay-window, too, we are assured, was placed Henry's chair of state when the neighbouring gentry were admitted to a levée. At the end of the room a trap-door is pointed out, which opens into 'the dungeon'—a gloomy chamber which, you are told, was intended for a hiding-place in time of trouble. As if to counterbalance the bit of sentiment in which she had indulged at the bay-window, Tradition repeats another story of rather a grim character. When the king, she tells, was smitten by the charms of Jane Seymour, he became perplexed how best to rid himself of poor Anne Boleyn. To have two divorced wives living, was rather beyond what he liked to venture on. To cut off the head of one had not yet suggested itself to him. He determined to try whether starvation would not answer his purpose. Anne was sent down to Hever and consigned to the dungeon. When her keeper thought time enough had elapsed, he opened the door and brought out her body. She appeared to be dead, but after a brief space, she revived, and his heart failed him. Instead of replacing her in the cell he carried her to London; and then the king took a more legal course.

They don't repeat this legend at Hever now. Visitors are grown critical, and guides taciturn.

Another room will be shown the stranger:—Anne Boleyn's bed-room. It is worth seeing: it is but scantily furnished, but what furniture it has is ancient. The bed is affirmed to be the veritable one she slept in. It is an antique-looking one, with heavy yellow hangings. The chairs and tables, and a strong carved oak chest, are said to have belonged to the Boleyns.

Write your name in the visitor's book,—and let us away.

There is nothing to attract the visitor in the village of Hever, which is, in fact, merely a gathering on a hillside of a few very sad-looking cottages; but he should remember that by every old baronial hall, as by every

old abbey, the neighbouring church is almost sure to deserve inspection. The keys can always be easily attained, and he should spend a quarter of an hour in looking over it. Hever Church is but a humble one, yet some few features that will repay the search for them, and a few monuments of the lords of Hever, will be found there. The altar tomb, to the memory of Anne's father, the Earl of Wiltshire, has upon the top of it a brass, representing the earl in the full costume of a knight of the garter, which is a very superior example of the incised work of the sixteenth century.

In front of the little village inn hangs a dismal portraiture of King Harry's head. Why he should be chosen to 'predominate' over a hostel here is rather hard to guess. Was it made to swing here from admiration or abhorrence?—or, as we heard suggested, as a warning to the wives of Hever?

Penshurst Place.

We are now to visit a place of more pleasing associations, and in every sense of greater interest. Penshurst is one of the most cherished spots all over our land:

> "For Sidney here was born;
> Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man,
> His own delightful genius ever feigned,
> Illustrating the vales of Arcady
> With courteous courage and with loyal loves."—
> *(Southey.)*

Other associations it has of rare worth, but Sidney's is the ruling memory. His name recurs to the recollection whenever Penshurst is spoken of; and when we visit the place, everything there serves to deepen the impression. It is Sidney's Penshurst.

Very difficult would it be to select a more pleasant spot for a day's holiday. The railway carries you within a couple of miles of the house and village; the rooms occupy an hour or two in the best manner; the park is full of beauty, and not devoid of special attractions; and there are charming walks about the surrounding country. You may find enough to occupy without satiety or weariness, the longest summer's day; and after a day spent as delightfully as profitably, you can return by the evening train speedily, and without fatigue. Penshurst is only three or four miles distant from Hever, and they may both be easily examined on the same day.

Come with us now and spend a day at Penshurst. Tempting are the lanes we pass through, and more tempting the peeps we get from them. But we linger not till we arrive at a somewhat elevated spot, from which we see stretched before us the long front of the mansion, and the divided stream of the Medway lying just below it. We enter the park by an avenue of noble elms, and behold the mansion just before us. (Cut, No. 2.) As we look more closely at it, we notice that its several parts are plainly of very different ages and architectural character. The older portions, which we see at the sides, are broken into not unpleasing irregularity: the chief front, with its central entrance-tower and corresponding wings, is more recent though still old; in appearance it is stately from its extent, but very formal. We remember what Ben Jonson says of it, and are satisfied:

> "Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
> Of touch or marble; nor can boast a row
> Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
> Thou hast no lanthern whereof tales are told;
> Or stair or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
> And, these grudg'd at, art reverenced the while.
> Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
> Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair."

The early owners of Penshurst would supply an entertaining history. Not here, however, can it be told. It must be enough to say that shortly after the Conquest it belonged to a family named Pencestre. Great men dwelt here before the Sidneys. The Duke of Bedford, who was regent during the long minority of Henry VI., one of the bravest and best men of his age; and his brother, the "good duke Humphrey" of Shakspere, and rendered illustrious by his patronage of literature and its followers, both resided at Penshurst. How it came into the possession of the Sidney family is told by the inscription we read over the gateway of the entrance-tower: "The most religious and renowned Prince, Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this House of Pencester, with its manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging unto his trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir William Sydney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of chamberlain and steward of his household. In commemoration of which most worthy and famous king, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heir of the aforenamed Sir William, caused this Tower to be builded, and that most excellent prince's arms to be erected, Anno Domini, 1585."

Penshurst has long ceased to be the property of a Sidney. The direct line became extinct on the decease of the last Earl of Leicester, who bore that name. Upon his death, arose protracted and expensive litigation among the several branches of the family. It was at length settled by a compromise, but a good part of the estate was consumed in the strife. The daughter of the person to whose share Penshurst fell, a lady named Parry, carried it by marriage to one of the Shelleys of Sussex, who assumed the name of Sidney. Sir John Sidney (the uncle of the poet Shelley) laid claim to the barony of L'isle, which had formerly been held with the earldom of Leicester by the Sidneys: but the House of Lords decided against his claim. His son, the present owner of Penshurst, however, had the title of De Lisle conferred upon him on his marriage with the daughter of William IV. The earldom is altogether lost to the family, having been, as will be recollected, conferred some few years since, on Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

It is yet too early to enter the mansion. We will

avail ourselves of the morning air for a stroll through the park. Ben Jonson, in the lines immediately following those we have already quoted, has sounded in sonorous strains its most celebrated attractions as well as its beauty. He says—

"Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport:
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut's shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met;
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fawns to reach thy Lady's oak;
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends."

These things may be seen here still: Sidney's oak—

"That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met;"

the most attractive of all these objects, there is indeed some doubt concerning. Gifford says it was cut down by mistake, in 1768; and is properly indignant that such a *mistake* should have been possible. The oak which was felled was one known among the peasantry as 'The Bare Oak;' and the belief is constant at Penshurst that it was not 'that taller tree,' but the other, which Jonson has celebrated as the 'Lady's Oak.' Indeed, it hardly seems possible that, even in 1768—although any Vandalic deed may be credited of that period—Sidney's Oak could have been destroyed by mistake: at any rate, there is no doubt at Penshurst that it is yet standing; and the tree so named agrees well with the accounts published previously to 1768 of the Sidney Oak. We accept the tradition.

Let us walk first to Sidney's Oak. It stands apart in a bottom, close by Lancup Well, a fine sheet of water, which might almost be called a lake. The oak is a very large one, and has yet abundant leaves, though the trunk has long been quite hollow. At three feet from the ground the trunk measures 26 feet in girth: a century ago, it measured 22 feet. The engraving (Cut, No. 3,) will, better than words, show its form. Though not to be compared with the Panshanger Oak, nor with some others known to fame, it is yet a handsome tree, and would be noticeable apart from its associations. The tree has other poetical celebrity besides that which the verse of Jonson has conferred. Waller has tried to impress his love to Saccharissa upon it:

"Go boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands, the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth."

He was thinking of Jonson's lines, and forgot that the bark of a full-grown oak is hardly fit for such an inscription. The tree has gained nothing by this association. It is hardly worth while to recal lesser poets'

3.—SIDNEY'S OAK.

4.—FIRST COURT-YARD, PENSHURST.

musings here. As long as it lasts, the oak will continue to be visited by those who are drawn by the fine affinities which the poetic mind no less than the prosaic, recognizes in those sensible objects that are associated with the personal being of the gifted of foregone days: and when the tree shall have perished, the spot itself will be visited; the feeling will remain, which led Southey to speak thus of it, believing that the oak was destroyed:

> "Upon his natal day the acorn here
> Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
> And in the beauty of its strength it stood
> And flourish'd, when its perishable part
> Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
> Itself hath moulder'd now; but Sidney's name
> Endureth in his own immortal works."

The 'Lady's Oak,' as we said, is gone. The 'copse, too, named of Gamage,' remains, or rather three or four shattered trees remain, which are pointed to as 'Barbara Gamage's Copse:' but it has for a long while failed 'to serve the seasoned deer.' The copse is said to have received its name from Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, taking great delight in feeding the deer there. At no great distance was a beech grove that had won the name of 'Saccharissa's Walk,' from being the place where the lady whom Waller celebrated under that most unpoetical of poet's names, used to walk, and Waller to woo her. Of it only a very few trees are left standing. To our thinking one of the most noteworthy groups of trees in the park is the fine avenue which stands on the eastern side of the mansion. The visitor to London picture-galleries will remember the noble picture which Mr. Lee painted of it a few years since.

Penshurst Park is of considerable extent, but was formerly of much greater. The surface gently undulates, and it is richly wooded. Several of the oaks are of large size and noble form. Beeches abound, and many of them are also very large; but the soil does not seem to be so well adapted for them. Some are very lofty and handsome trees, but they begin to decay rather early. From the higher parts of the park the views are very extensive and very beautiful. In the more thickly-wooded parts there are as delicious shady spots as on a summer's day could be desired. It is a place full of delights for the poet and the painter, and for the lover of nature.

But it is noon; we must return to the mansion. The door of the entrance-tower swings open, and the attendant is summoned. While we wait for her, we pass through to the 'First Court-yard,' (Cut No. 4). We are here by the oldest part of the building. The First Court-yard presents one of the most picturesque architectural combinations at Penshurst. Directly before us is the original chief entrance: with its battlements, its bold buttresses, and the handsome window over the door, and the turret at the angle, in itself a fine object. Behind it is the hall, its high roof rising far up against the dark blue of the sky. On the right, lying in deep shadow, are some of the Tudor buildings. A few roots of ivy have affixed themselves to the walls in front; a good-sized tree casts its branches before the wall, on our

left. The whole is rich in effect, yet wearing the sobriety of character that is proper to age. Prout or Roberts might paint it without needing to alter a feature —unless it were to replace the louvre on the hall-roof, and thereby complete the play of outline, and add the crowning finish to the composition.

We enter the old porch, and are led at once to the Hall; it is an admirable and almost perfect specimen of a great hall of the fourteenth century, when the hall was the chief room in the mansion, and was not only the audience-chamber on occasions of state and ceremony, but the ordinary refectory wherein the lord at the head of his family, and perhaps a hundred retainers, with as many guests as chance had brought together, assembled daily at the dinner hour. Though not so large as some other ancient halls still remaining in lordly mansions, it is a really noble room, and sufficiently spacious for all the requirements of old hospitality in its best days; and it is one of the least injured. The lofty walls support a remarkably fine high-pitched open roof of dark oak, having well moulded arched braces, resting on boldly carved corbel figures. At the farther end of the hall is the dais—a platform that is carried across the room, and raised a step above the rest of the floor; here the master and mistress of the house sat with their chief guests, as Chaucer tells in his 'Marriage of January and May:'

> "And at the feste sitteth he and she
> With other worthy folk upon the deis."

The high-board, as the table at which they sat was called, still occupies its proper place on the dais: the other tables range along the sides of the hall. Across the lower end is a carved oak screen, supporting the minstrels' gallery. In the centre of the hall is the hearth, with the great fire-dog, or andiron, which supported the huge logs of wood that were burning on the hearth; but the louvre, or open lanthern, that was placed on the roof, immediately over the hearth, for the smoke to escape by, was removed many years ago. If in its present desolate condition the old hall is striking and interesting, how imposing must have been its appearance on some high festival in the good old times!

Let us try to realize a Christmas in the Penshurst Hall of Sir Henry Sidney.

We must look in on Christmas-eve, for the festivities begin on the vigil of the holy day. The hall has its ordinary decorations; the arras hangings upon the walls; arms and armour, and the spreading antlers of deer captured after some memorable huntings, are suspended around; banners glittering with many a gaudy emblazoning float overhead; but, in addition to these, every part from floor to roof is decked with bay, and rosemary, and laurel, and other evergreens, but chiefly holly: ivy is not there, though sometimes it is placed at this time in the churches:

> "Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be I wis—
> Let holly have the maistery, as the manner is:
> Holly stondeth in the Hall faire to behold,
> Ivy stond without the door; she is full sore acold."

There is little company in the hall. Sir Henry and my lady are on the dais, and a few friends are standing by them; but they are not the rulers of this night's merriment. A Lord of Misrule has been appointed (as is "the custom at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction"), whose office it is to see that all goes gaily during Christmas-tide, and he is supreme now. The ladies, and the chief part of the guests who would be entitled to a seat at the high-board, are in the music loft, where they can most conveniently witness the night's revelry. The hall-fire is not lighted yet, but a vast heap of faggot-wood, and some stout branches lie ready on the hearth; a loud noise is heard outside; presently the sound of music mingles with the boisterous shouting; there is a busy movement of expectation in the hall. The hangings are held aside from the doors under the music gallery, and the Lord of Misrule himself, clad in a quaint showy habit enters, accompanied by his band of proper officers, dressed each in a fantastic livery of green and yellow, upon which is their chief's cognizance, and further bedizened with such "scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels," as their own stores can furnish, or the almoner will trust them with, or they can "borrow of their pretty Mopsies and loving Betsies." Thus gallantly attended, the 'master of merry disport' advances with affected state into the middle of the room, when turning round he waves his staff with much ceremony, and repeats with stentorian voice the formulary, which a poet of the following century rendered into flowing verse:

> "Come, bring with a noise,
> My merry merry boys,
> The Christmas log to the firing;
> While my good lord he,
> Bids ye all be free,
> And drink to your heart's desiring."

The trumpets sound, and the yule log—the trunk of one of the largest trees of the year's felling—is dragged in, a score or more sturdy yeomen lending their arms to the ropes that are fastened around the huge tree, and as many more pushing at the sides and behind, all striving with might and main to speed its progress. Following it is a motley crowd of both sexes, including all those who are to share in the ensuing sports.

With so many willing assistants the log is soon duly poised on the andiron, and the lighter wood heaped around it; and now, at Misrule's bidding, the brand that was quenched last Candlemas, and then carefully and with a little mystery stored away, is produced, and lighted by the steward, who applies it to the heap. The dry boughs crackle and blaze, and wrap the old hall in a ruddy glow. Few among the revellers however care to notice how brilliant and sparkling is its appearance, as the flashing light glances upon the coats of mail and burnished shields, and shining weapons, and from beam to beam of the roof, gay with gilding and heraldic emblazonry, along the many-coloured banners, and plays about the shining holly bunches, and amongst the merry assembly that now fills the hall—lords and ser-

vants, fair and noble-born ladies, and humble tenants, all mingling there, gentle and simple, without restraint or envy. It is no time to think of such things, for at the cry 'the yule log is lighted,' which is raised as soon almost as master steward applies the brand, there is a fresh flourish of trumpets, and a hearty Kentish hurrah is given; the wassail-bowl is brought forth and passed briskly around, amid shouts of 'was-hael,' and 'drink-hael;' and the master of the feast bids them aloud 'be merry,' and drink 'success to the firing.' The shouts and the music are renewed, till the old hall re-echoes, and the 'rafters ring again.' 'Merry Christmas' is begun. For a moment there is a lull, while Misrule delivers a short but pithy speech, as a prelude to the toast his herald proclaims, 'of health and prosperity to the Lord of Penshurst,' a toast that is responded to with a hearty devotion, which tells, louder than the trumpets that accompany the cheering, of the affectionate regard with which this unrestrained intercourse unites the lord to his dependents.

Few and brief are the ceremonies, for the feast to-night is especially devoted to the servants and tenants, whose mirth ceremony would rather damp than enkindle. Misrule, as host, passes from table to table with continuous admonitions of 'drink, my masters; drink and be merry,' an injunction that in both its parts appears to be most loyally observed. Some of the choicer voices sing a three-part song, and one and another ballad succeeds. As a fresh brewing of the 'spicy nut-brown ale,' the strongest October, with sugar and spices and roasted apples in it—the 'Christmas lamb's-wool'—is brought in, one of the revellers leads off with the popular ditty:

> "Back and side go bare, go bare,
> Both hand and foot go cold;
> But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
> Whether it be new or old."

and all join with mirthful gravity in the chorus.

Misrule sees that the mirth will go on without him, and he has other sport to prepare. He and his followers withdraw as the song ends, taking care to repeat as he reaches the door his old 'be merry.' Master Silence, of Doubledone Grange, down by the Eden (a descendant of the Silences of Gloucestershire), who has left his wife at home sick of the ague, after having sat hitherto in quiet attendance on the bowl, catches at Misrule's parting words, and breaks forth in a rhyme that has been carefully preserved in the family from the time of his ancestor, the Justice Silence of immortal memory:

> "Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all,
> For women are shrews, both great and small:
> 'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all,
> And welcome merry Christmas."

My lord's fool sidles up at the unwonted voice, but the joke he is about to break at Master Silence's expense is interrupted by a loud smack that resounds from the lower end of the hall, followed by a sudden bustle and outburst of obstreperous laughter. A dozen young men have just returned from the wood where they had gone to 'fetch the mistletoe,' and they have slily suspended from the gallery a goodly bunch of it, directly over the heads of a group of buxom maidens who happened to be chatting together there, and upon whose rosy lips instant assault was made. The usual rushing and struggling succeeds, and it is long before the light-hearted lads and lasses tire of this frolicking. There follows a noisy round of rustic games; and before the rougher jollity begins to flag, my lord and lady and their privileged guests take their seats on the dais, the musicians appear in the gallery, the attendants call out 'room there, places, places!' while the whisper passes round, 'here be the Mummers.'

The middle of the hall is speedily cleared, and something approaching silence obtained. All eyes are directed to the door, where appears to be some little scuffling; but after several gruff repetitions of 'Stand back, stand back, I say!' the intruder makes good his entrance. He is a burly figure with along white beard, and locks of the same colour hanging down his shoulders. His dress is a robe of sheep-skins, in his hand he carries a long staff, on his head is a coronet of holly. This portly personage advances, expostulating with the door-keepers who still retain hold of him, till he reaches the fire, when he turns to the company and tells the purpose of his coming. Ben Jonson has preserved his speech for us, with some trifling alterations, which we take leave to remove. Hear his oration:

"Why Gentlemen, do you know what you do, eh? would you keep me out? Christmas, old Christmas, Christmas of Kent, and Captain Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Misrule, I 'll not be answered else: 'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all: I ha' seen the time when you 'd ha' wished for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you ha' me, they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why I 'm no dangerous person, and so I told my friends o'the gate. I 'm old Christmas still, and though I come from the Pope's Head, as good a Protestant as any i' the parish. The truth is, I ha' brought a masque here, out o'the country, o' my own making; and do present it by a set of my sons, that comes out of the lanes of Kent, good dancing boys all. Bones o'bread, his lordship! son Rowland, son Clym, be ready there in a trice."

The mummers so called upon quickly come capering in; they are the best of Misrule's jovial crew, with two or three light-heeled damsels; and all are daintily attired in accordance with their several characters. After them enters a motley crowd, who have disguised themselves under the direction of the almoner, a special master in the craft of mumming and interlude-making. Some are clad in Lincoln green, and represent Robin Hood and his merry men, not omitting friar Tuck and maid Marian; others appear as St. George and King Alexander. But the major part are content with little more than a change of clothes as complete as they can devise, and so much disguising of the face as they

can effect with burnt brands and red ochre. The chief object is to be as unlike themselves as possible: six-feet men are arrayed therefore in the gowns and kirtles of the servant-wenches, or the cast-off finery of the mistress; the women have donned retainer's jerkins, or wagoner's gaberdines; children have long beards and crutches, and old men have been forced into giant bibs, and other infantile attire, while the transformed children are holding them by leading-strings. And "the hobby-horse is *not* forgot." He is the most popular actor in the mumming, and care has been taken to find a proper person to play the part: one who knows the reins, the careers, the pranks, the ambles, both rough and smooth, the false trots, and the Canterbury paces; and can manage his pasteboard half with any player in the county. Next the hobby-horse in rank and favour is the dragon, the master 'Snap' of famous memory, who continued to make his annual appearance in the Norwich pageants till about a dozen years ago, when, after having survived him a full century, he followed the last hobby-horse to the limbo appointed for all such vanities. The chief mummers deliver some short complimentary verses to the master of the house, and dance some fanciful rounds; the hobby-horse does his best amblings, while my lord's jester adds some odd tricks and extempore jokes and rhymes to the intense relish of the not over-fastidious audience: and amid the loudest clamour of sackbuts, cornets, and kettle-drums, the mummers, after marching in purposely uncouth procession three or four times round the hall, take their departure.

"Marry now, does not Master Nimble-needle play the hobby most bravely?" asks a ruddy farmer, somewhat past the middle age, of a rather sour-looking junior who sits beside him. "Nay, forsooth," replies the person so addressed, "I like not such harlotry and ethnic antics. Your hobby-horse and dragon I cannot away with, and these baudie pipers and thundring drummers who strike up this devil's dance withal—verily they are an abhomination to me!"—borrowing, by anticipation, a portion of a most irate denunciation which good Master Philip Stubbes, some half-century or so later, uttered against what he called "this heathenish devilrie." "Now, surely, friend Thumplast," returns the other, "this dancing be none so wicked a thing: David, you know, danced; and, as Sir Tobias our good master's chaplain asked, in his sermon, only last Sunday, 'Doth not the motion and the music help to cheer the spirits, and chase away melancholy phantasies, and so comfortably recreate both body and mind?'" "Now, in troth, neighbour Snayth, this is a most profane comparison of thine, to liken this pestiferous dance about this idol calf—this Philistine Dagon—to such a dance as David danced before the ark withal. But for health's sake, I grant you, dancing may be both wholesome and profitable, so it be practised as Master New-light the silenced preacher adviseth—'privately and apart, every sex by themselves'—and then, mayhap it might be accompanied with pipe and timbrel, and there should yet be in it neither wantonness nor popish heathenry."

Three or four treble voices are heard, from behind the screen, singing one of those carols that are so impressive and even solemn, in their primitive simplicity of phrase. It is intended to recal the listeners to a remembrance of the sacredness of the season; for our forefathers had an unsuspecting habit of mingling religious thoughts with their wildest mirth, and cheerfulness with their devotion, in a way that seems very strange, and even profane, in these later and more enlightened times. Thus runs the carol:

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly King!

"'He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise
But in an ox's stall,'" &c.

There is a religious silence while the hymn is singing, but it only for that while delays the mirth, which is renewed as soon as it has ceased. The games and dances go on, and the cup passes round till midnight, when a soberer joy succeeds. A full choir ranges along the end of the hall, and that most favourite of all old English carols is chanted and listened to with a sweetness and earnest devotion which the sublime anthem often fails excite:

"God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.

. . . . .

"Now to the Lord sing praises
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface."

And all present, from the oldest to the youngest, do sing together with at least a passing feeling of love and faith, and brotherhood, joining with all their heart in the refrain:

"O! tidings of comfort and joy;
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day."

Very different is the appearance of the old hall on Christmas morning. The dinner-hour is an early one: the sun is yet high in the heavens, and his rays stream through the stained-glass windows, working a wild confusion of pattern and colour upon the tables and floor, and causing the yule log, which is yet consuming on the hearth, to burn dim. The company, which includes almost all those who were present last night, are ranged at the tables, which are placed lengthwise down the body of the hall. The lord and his friends enter and take their seats at the high-board, which stands on the dais across the hall: my lord has the chief seat, which is in the centre of the board, the arras being drawn over it so as to form a sort of canopy; the others, both ladies and

gentlemen, are seated according to their rank. All being thus ordered, the first course is brought in; the principal dish, the boar's head, being carried by the steward, while the other officers of the household follow, each bearing a dish: the music plays loudly all the time of this service, while there is chanted *ore rotundo*, the song which, with some variations, was sung in every hall in England when the first dish was brought to table on Christmas day.*

> "*Caput Apri defero*
> *Reddens laudes Domino.*
> The Boar's head in hand bring I,
> With garland's gay and rosemary;
> I pray you all sing merrily
> *Qui estis in convivio.*
>
> "The Boar's head, I understand,
> Is the chief service in this land,
> Look wherever it be fand,
> *Servite cum Cantico.*
>
> "Be glad, Lords, both more and lass,
> For this hath ordained our steward,
> To cheer you all this Christmas,
> The Boar's Head with mustard."

There is an over-abundant supply of every kind of flesh and fowl, but fish is not there, that 'being no meat for feast days.' The rarer dishes are brought to the high-board, and from thence a regular gradation may be traced down the tables, to the plainer and more ordinary but substantial meats at the lower end of the hall; but the distinction is a usual one, and no feeling of abasement is occasioned by what is considered as much a mere matter of etiquette as the arrangement of places. Every course is served like the first, with music, but no other dish calls for a carol, not even the Christmas-pie, the plum porridge, the pudding, or the mighty baron. After dinner, hippocrass and confects are served at the dais, a spiced bowl of less costly wine at the upper tables, and the plain English beverage at the lower end. All as they are bid make themselves merry as best they may. There are more and merrier Christmas sports for the young and the active than in these duller days can easily be fancied; while the seniors and the less lively take to tables and shovel-board, and other of the common games. Each end of the hall has its own amusements. At the upper part something of state is maintained, even in the wildest play. The jester there helps on the mirth, but his wit is of a caustic and comparatively polished kind. At the lower end the merriment is ruder, the jest coarser. There the wit flows from rustics, who, having gained a village celebrity, on this grand occasion put forth their mirth-moving powers with as keen a rivalry as modern wits, whose feet are under the polished mahogany; and if they have less *esprit*, they have perhaps more good-nature. One tells a tale provocative of broad laughter; another strains his powers of mimicry; while a third is so ready with a clenching quirp, that an admiring listener is tempted to exclaim, "Truly, Maister Jeremiah, an' thy wit groweth at this rate, thou mayest e'en come to be made my lord's fool—save the mark!—some day." "I dare warrant now," chimes in a second, who, by right of serving as parish clerk on Sundays, speaks as one having authority in all matters of wit and scholarship, "I dare warrant now, Maister Jeremie there thinketh he hath wit enow already to serve the turn, should he suffer such preferment; but I trow an' that is a cut above thy reach, Jeremie: 'let every man be satisfied with that God hath given him, and eschew all vain aspirings,' as sayeth the crooked letters over Maister Dominic's desk in our revestry; but come, man, speak out, dost thou not conceive thy wit would serve thee to retort all the gibes and the fleers, the quirks and the floutings, the ruffs and the mopes, and the gullings thou would'st have put upon thee at yonder high-board. Sure I think thou would'st look like a noddy, Maister Jeremie; thy little wit would'st forsake thee, and thou would'st be fain to cry out like thy namesake, in the Lesson, 'Behold, I am dumb; I cannot speak, I am like a child before thee'—eh, Jeremie, what sayest thou?" "Why, marry I say, only let my lord make me his fool, and then show me the man would dare question my wit—or folly either, Maister Leatherlungs!"

But the ears of those who sit at the dais are not shocked by the ribaldry. Only the boisterous unchecked bursts of laughter now and then ascend from the bottom of the hall, and provoke once and again a lighter laugh of sympathy. But in truth if some unrefined pleasantry should reach the high-board, it would not greatly offend:—perhaps it would hardly shock the nerves of the ladies seated there—to say nothing of the lords.

When the sports have gone on a fair space, there is a motion made to clear the hall. My lord's minstrels, with a company of players who have come by invitation to Penshurst for the occasion, are to show their skill. The dais is yielded to them, and they proceed to make their preparations behind a curtain which is drawn in front of the platform. But we have no space left to describe their doings. Suffice it that a new interlude both "goodly and merry," has been prepared for this evening; that the players go through their parts to the content of my lord and the more critical part of the assembly, and to the unbounded delight of the remainder; that after the play, the minstrels sing their ballads of "knightly deeds and ladies' love," for the edification of the gentle; and Clym of the Clough, Chevy Chase, and Robin Hood for the simple: that the joculators hold conversations with voices on the roof and under the floor; and transfer handkerchiefs and rings and purses from the hands and the pockets of their owners to the pockets or the persons of honest people in other parts of the room, and do other deeds of no less magical a character, till the rustics fancy the lights burn blue, and look with undisguised terror on the conjurors: that the tumblers throw summersaults, and poise chairs, and plates, and straws, and cast up knives and balls

* It is still sung with undiminished zeal, though with innovations, in the hall of Queen's College, at Oxford, (see vol. ii., p. 57). The version given above is printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

three or four at a time, just as the tumblers do now-a-days in the back streets of London, and to still more admiring spectators.

After players and minstrels, with their humbler brethren the joculators, have gone through their devisings, the forms are removed, the tables drawn close to the wall, and the dancing—"the damsels' delight"—commences in earnest. My lord leads off the brawls with a fair guest, or the daughter of one of his tenantry. The first dances are of a stately kind, and they grow gayer and freer as the night advances. As Selden has expressed it, in an unmatchable sentence:—"First you have the grave measures, then the corrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to French-more, and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dances,—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. . . . Omnium gatherum, tolly-polly, hoity come toity." We may drop the curtain:

"England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."
(*Scott.*)

We have tried to picture Penshurst Hall in its palmiest days. Ben Jonson, in a succeeding generation, thus sings the praises of its every-day hospitality: the lines are deserving regard on many accounts:

"Penshurst, whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know,
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine
That is his lordship's shall be also mine:
And I not fain to sit (as some this day)
At great men's tables and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by
No waiter dost my gluttony envy;
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat.
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day;
Nor when I take my lodgings need I pray
For fire, or light, or livery—all is there
As if thou then wert mine."

On the lines—

"Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat,"

Gifford observes, "This, and what follows, may appear a strange topic for praise to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times. But, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded, was almost peculiar to this noble person [Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester]. The great indeed, dined at long tables (they had no other in their vast halls), and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table. No reader of our old poets can be ignorant of the phrase, *below the salt*: it is the natural consequence of feudal manners. In England the system was breaking up when Jonson wrote, and he notices it with his usual good sense. It is to the honour of Penshurst that the observation was made there."

All this is undoubtedly true: but the innovation, excellent as it is in itself, very materially assisted in breaking up that old-fashioned hospitality which assembled the several ranks in the same Great Hall. When all partake of "the lord's own meat, of the same bread, and beer, and self-same wine," it is evident that the guests will be fewer than when each was served in accordance with his rank and place: the banquet would be too costly else; and it is probable that the guests will be of a different grade: the humble dependant and plain country tenant would hardly be served in such a fashion. The lord may sit at the head of the long table, (not at the centre, as in olden times,) and the guests below the salt may fare as well as those above it; but the 'simple folk,' who were formerly glad of a seat at the lower end of the hall, with a trencher of plain beef, or brawn, and a cup of ale, will hardly be called to a seat near the lord, and to share in his venison and claret. The change will bring others in its train: the 'vast hall' itself will seem an uncomfortable place to dine in, when the floor of it is empty, and all the company are on the dais. Accordingly, we find that at this very time, the great were beginning to dine in other rooms; in fact, a Royal proclamation was issued in 1626 against the practice:—"Whereas, sundry noblemen, gentlemen, and others, do much delight and use, to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the High Chamber, or Hall, &c." But the change was not thereby stayed; and a few years later, the old custom of dining in the great hall was as much spoken of as a bygone thing as it would be now. Selden notices the consequence of the change with his usual sagacity; but his manner of expression shows how entirely the old custom had already become a matter of tradition. "The Hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so big?) where he saw all his tenants and servants about him. He eat not in private, except in time of sickness; when once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him, and then he understood men." He is right: when there was more of social intercourse, the great did better understand men, and in return were better understood by them. Much of the mutual suspicion and ill-feeling that so unhappily exists between the different classes of society, in the country as well as in the town, may be traced to insufficient knowledge of each other,—the result of the mutual isolation in which each dwells, as far as the other is concerned.

We have made a rather long stay in this hall; and yet in good truth there are half a score more things we ought to repeat concerning it, from Jonson's description of another pleasant old custom he was here a witness to, down to the last reparation. The old hall is desolate now. No fires burn on the hearth: the damp

hangs heavily on the naked lime-washed walls. All that it contains are the long tables that are nearly rotten with age, and a few mouldering breast-plates and matchlocks that lie upon them, and two or three rusty tilting helmets; but one of these,—a very curious one too,—is said to have been worn by Sir Philip Sidney.

The state apartments, those which are open to public inspection, are not very remarkable on their own account, nor very beautiful: it is their contents that are the chief attraction. Yet with their antique furniture, and the quaintly attired family pictures on the walls, they serve to place before the visitor with uncommon distinctness, the domestic life of a former age, and to illustrate obsolete habits. The first room into which the visitor is conducted, on quitting the hall, is the ball-room, which retains to a considerable extent the furniture and fittings it was provided with on occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Penshurst. The two small odd-looking chandeliers, and the alabaster plates on the table, are said to have been presented to Sir Henry Sidney by her majesty. There are some portraits here, that as works of art will repay examination — especially those by Vandyke; and some are also valuable on account of the persons they represent. The miscellaneous pictures are of small account, though one will attract a moment's notice when it is pointed out as the work of Elizabeth's Earl of L icester. The smaller room adjoining contains objects of far greater interest. One is a portrait of himself by Rembrandt, broad, massive, forcible. There are some other pictures here by eminent painters, chiefly of the Italian schools; and there are also some more good old English portraits. On a table is a Sidney relic: Sir Phillip's two-handed sword; a sufficiently formidable weapon no doubt in skilful hands; but withal rather unwieldy. It is a rather curious example of this kind of sword, but that is a point for the antiquary. There are several other noteworthy things in this room, but we must pass on.

The next room is the most perfect and the most interesting, called Queen Elizabeth's drawing-room, on account of its having been furnished by her when about to visit Sir Henry: it still retains its furniture unaltered, save as time alters every thing, since she was its occupant. The room is very spacious, and the furniture, as may be supposed, magnificent; yet not so magnificent as perhaps would be expected. English workmen had not then attained any very great skill in upholstery. The chairs and couches are covered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson damask—the embroidery being, it is affirmed, the work of the Queen and her maids, worked by them in order to do especial honour to Sir Henry, who was a highly esteemed and favoured servant of hers, as he had been of the two preceding monarchs. A table in this room has an embroidered centre-piece, which is related to have been wholly wrought by the Queen's own hand. There are a good many pictures in this room on which we might linger. One or two are of a rememberable character. But the paintings, which are chiefly valuable as works of art, we must pass unnoticed, notwithstanding that there are some which bear the name of Titian, and of other famous masters. Generally, however, it may be admitted that the pictures at Penshurst are not of a high class. The attention is chiefly claimed by the portraits; and those of the Sidneys are, of course, the most interesting. In this room the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney—a very striking one—claims the first place; but there is to our thinking a still more attractive portrait of our English Bayard in the gallery we shall visit presently. Another noticeable portrait here is that of the lady immortalized in Jonson's famous epitaph as 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.' From these we turn to the representation of a somewhat later Sidney. The portrait of Algernon Sidney was taken shortly before his execution for his alleged participation in the 'Rye House Plot.' There can be no doubt that the principles of Algernon Sidney were entirely opposed to those of the Government, nor indeed that they were ultra-republican; but there can at the same time be as little hesitancy in affirming that his trial was a mockery, that his condemnation was unjust, or that his execution conferred eternal dishonour on the profligate and unworthy monarch. The portrait is undoubtedly authentic; the period when it was taken is indicated by a representation of the block and executioner in the background, added when the picture was finished, after the death of the illustrious sitter. The face well accords with the character which his contemporaries have left of him: stern, haughty, enthusiastic, impatient of contradiction, but of consummate ability, and unwavering resolution; without any of the poetry of character, or lofty chivalry that rendered the other Sidney the object of such general admiration and devoted attachment, he, perhaps, had even higher qualifications for public life.

In the next room, called the Tapestry Room, from two immense pieces of Gobelin tapestry which are suspended in it, is a portrait of the mother of Sir Philip Sidney; she has pleasing, yet strongly marked features, and much resemblance in character, as well as contour of face to her distinguished descendants. A curious contrast in every respect to the matronly grace and modest dignity of the mother of the Sidneys, is another female portrait also in this room—Nell Gwynne, by Lely, who has here exposed that frail lady's charms even more freely than he usually does in his innumerable representations of her. In the little ante-room attached to this are a few more pictures of different degrees of merit and interest; and also a relic that never fails of devotees. This is a fragment of Sir Philip Sidney's shaving glass, which being concave, of course shows the face considerably enlarged: one may fancy from it that the good knight was rather curious about having a smooth chin.

The Long Gallery will require some time in its actual examination: here it must be passed over hastily. Among the paintings are some of considerable excellence. They claim the hands of Titian, Da Vinci, Caracci, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Holbein, and others of the great names of different ages and schools: not all

of them, however, will sustain a scrutiny into their claims. Still, as hitherto, the portraits chiefly interest the general visitor. Among the portraits we may give first place to the lady whom Waller made so widely known as Saccharissa, under which delectable name he wooed her favour and celebrated her beauty. As is well known, the lady rejected his suit, and he bore his fate with most exemplary but very unpoetical fortitude. She does not appear very charming in her picture; but she had sufficient charms to attach the affections of a far more worthy man than her poetic admirer, and sense enough to prefer him. In another room there is a portrait of the Earl of Sunderland, the successful lover of Lady Dorothy Sidney. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (who it will be recollected was the uncle of Sir Philip Sidney), is also here; and here is the portrait of Sir Philip, to which we before alluded. It is a quaint, hard production; but the painter, Mark Garrard, has somehow contrived to impart uncommon *naïveté* and character to his work. Sir Philip is represented with his arm round his younger brother Robert (the lord of Penshurst whom Jonson celebrates), and both the brothers, while they are remarkably alike in features, have decided individuality of expression.

Since Horace Walpole published his deprecatory notice of Sir Philip Sidney, a good many smaller wits have given utterance to their ill opinion of him. Walpole's scoff is easily accounted for. He delighted in paradox; was an habitual sneerer; frivolous and lax in mind and practice: cold, flippant, heartless; of all men least fitted to appreciate or even understand the lofty poetic seriousness of Sir Philip's character. His censure of the writer is sufficiently refuted by the unanimous opinion of every one who, having the smallest spark of poetry in his soul, has read Sidney's works. His condemnation of the man has an answer in the universal admiration of his contemporaries: and such contemporaries! He whose early death a nation mourned; whom the greatest minds praised with a devotion and lamented with an earnestness without parallel in his generation; and of whom so gifted a man as Lord Brooke, the favoured of sovereigns, so thought, as to cause to be placed on his tomb, as his highest eulogy, that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney"—surely could not have been "a person of the slender proportion of merit" Walpole represents.

We must leave Penshurst. Many more things in these apartments might fairly claim notice, but we have already made too long tarriance here. When he returns to the park, the visitor will no doubt again look around the exterior of the building; at any rate, he should do so, as he will then more readily perceive the purpose and connection of the several parts. There is a passage in the first book of the Arcadia, in which Sidney appears to have been describing his family mansion; and as it has not been quoted in connection with the place which it characterises in so pleasant a manner, the reader will probably not be sorry to see it here:

"They might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house, as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs, rather directed to the use of the guest, than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, yet the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful."

The beauty of the country about Penshurst has been already mentioned. Instead of now attempting to describe it, we shall again turn to the Arcadia, and borrow a passage, which is a sufficiently accurate sketch of the scenery in all its permanent features; while the landscape derives fresh delights from the exquisite old-world air it breathes. This first picture may be understood to depict the park, which, it will be remembered, was in his time far more extensive than now:—"It is," he says, "truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such unsensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which, according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows."

The following embraces the vicinity. It would be idle to praise the painting, (by the way, Master Izaak Walton has copied some parts of it,) but we may just point attention to the skilful introduction of the human and other accessaries, or, as a landscape painter would call them, "the figures:"—there be no such Idyllic shepherds and shepherdesses to be met about Penshurst now:—"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country, (for many houses came under their eye,) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness."

KNOLE.

Our notice of the remaining manor-houses must be very brief. Knole park is immediately contiguous to the quiet old market-town of Sevenoaks, and about six miles from Tonbridge. You enter the gates opposite the church, and shortly arrive at a long avenue, which leads you in time to the mansion. It is an admirable way of approach. The road, or a path you may take after following it some distance, conducts you up a gentle elevation, from the summit of which you for the first time gain a view of the house, with a wide stretch of open park in front of it. Before you quite enter upon the open space, some splendid beeches make a frame to the picture, and add not a little to its pleasing effect. (Cut No. 5.) Knole House is an imposing structure, rather from its extent, however, than from any particular grace or grandeur. The principal front is plain in style, having little other ornament than the gables which appear in the upper story. This front consists of a lofty central gatehouse, embattled, and having square towers at the angles; and two uniform wings. The buildings are very extensive, covering an area of above three acres. The principal parts form a spacious quadrangle, behind which the inferior buildings are arranged irregularly.

In the reign of Henry VI. Knole was purchased by Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, whose tragical fate during Jack Cade's rebellion forms so ludicrous an episode in the story of the Kentish captain's momentary triumph. Lord Say's son sold Knole, in 1456, to Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose successors it appertained till Cranmer found it necessary to make a *voluntary* surrender of it to the rapacious Henry VIII. It was transferred from, and forfeited to the crown several times after this, before Elizabeth, about 1569, granted the reversion of it to Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset; whose family have since retained possession of it—though for a while the freehold was alienated.

The mansion is of different dates. At what time the oldest portions were erected is not known: Bourchier is said to have rebuilt the house about the middle of the 15th century, but an examination of it leads to the belief that some portions of the older edifice were merely altered. The principal front is supposed to have been added by Archbishop Morton, towards the close of the 15th century; and the great hall by the first Earl of Dorset, in the 16th century. Since 1604, no material change has been made: some tasteless "improvements" of the last century have been of late judiciously removed, and the whole is now in an excellent state of preservation. (Cut No. 6.)

That part of Knole which is so generously and freely opened to the public is of such extent that it will be quite impossible here to go through the rooms; and if we could do so, it would be a tedious labour alike to writer and reader. Generally we may state that the rooms are more spacious than those of Penshurst, and from the house having been always occupied by the descendants of the first earl, the rich furniture has been much better preserved. Though now merely "show-rooms," the apartments at Knole are in perfect condition, and, better than almost any others that are open to the public, exemplifying the magnificence of the English nobles of Elizabeth and James. The great hall is, as has been seen, of some two centuries later date than that at Penshurst, and very different from it in style: it is a magnificent room, and in excellent condition—only the ugly close stove that stands out in the room (like the more hideous one at Hampton Court) interfering with its antique appearance. A long table, which was formerly used for the game of Shovelboard—our primitive billiards—still occupies its place on one side of the hall. Probably when this table was erected the custom of dining in a common hall was already passing away: but the "houskeeping" was on at least as expensive a scale, though probably it did not, as in former time, "win great favour of the commons." The third Earl of Dorset, for example, lived at Knole in great splendour: from household books, quoted by Bridgman, we can form a conception of the state maintained by a nobleman in the reign of James I. He says: "At my lord's table sat daily eight persons; at the parlour table twenty-one, including ladies-in-waiting, chaplain, secretary, pages, &c.; at the clerk's table in the hall, twenty, consisting of the principal household officers; in the nursery, four; at the long table in the hall, forty-eight, being attendants, footmen, and other inferior domestics; at the laundry-maid's table, twelve; and in the kitchen and scullery, six—in all a constant household of one hundred and nineteen persons, independently of visitors."

Perhaps the state bed-rooms at Knole are as striking examples of the enormous sums expended at this time on grand entertainments, as anything well can be. One is called the King's bed-room, from having been expressly fitted up for James I., and only used by him. The state bed alone is said to have cost £8,000; and the room altogether £20,000—a sum of course relatively very much larger than a like sum would be now. Of course where so much was spent upon the room in which he was to sleep, the entertainments prepared for the King would be on a proportionate scale. As may be conceived, the furniture of this room is very splendid; the bedstead itself is covered with furniture of gold and silver tissue, lined with richly-embroidered satin; and the chairs and stools have similar covering. The tables, the frames of the mirrors, and the candle sconces are of chased silver. There is also a chased silver toilet service, but it is said that it did not form part of the original furniture. The walls are hung with tapestry, and altogether the room is a splendid example of the taste of the age. Besides the articles mentioned, it has many other silver ornaments, and also a couple of ebony cabinets; one of which is very curious, and contains some pretty little feminine nick-nackeries. Another state bed-room has furniture also of this time, but it did not belong originally to Knole, having been presented by James I. to the Earl of Middlesex. This, which is called the Spangled Bed-room, though inferior

6.—KNOLE.

to the other, is also a splendid apartment. There is yet another that will bear looking at, even after them; it was prepared for James II.; but he did not visit Knole, and it now bears the name of the Ambassador's Room, from its having been slept in by Molino, the Venetian Ambassador. The coverings of the furniture here are of green velvet, and there is a larger display of carving. There is a dressing-room *en suite*, in which are some good paintings; among others, several portraits by Reynolds (one of which is a fancy portrait of 'pretty Peg Woffington'), and a portrait by Mytens, of 'Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery,' of epistolary fame.

Many of the other apartments are also both magnificent and interesting. The Retainers' Gallery is one of the most curious, with its singular carved-oak roof and panelling. The principal apartments are the Leicester Gallery, the ball-room, and the crimson drawing-room: all have antique furniture (though, of course, not all of it the original furniture of the rooms), and consequently wear a very pleasing old-fashioned air. Much of this furniture is of a very costly description, and will repay examination. The 'fire-dogs' should not be overlooked: Knole is very rich in these curious old articles. Some of them are of richly chased silver; that in the hall has the badge of Anne Boleyn: it was bought at the sale at Hever. In the Leicester Gallery are two immense parchment rolls of the pedigree of the Sackvilles; they are mounted on stout oak stands, and unrolled by a winch. In all these rooms, and indeed all throughout the house, the walls are thickly hung with pictures. Some of them are by the great masters, undoubtedly genuine, and of a very high order of merit; and Knole would amply repay a visit, were there nothing beyond the pictures to see in it. The chief paintings are in the drawing-room, where are some by the old masters; a charming portrait of the fifth Countess of Dorset, and some others, by Vandyke; and several of the more famous of the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds—among others, the 'Ugolino,' the 'Fortune Teller,' the 'Robinetta,' and a 'Samuel.' Our English master holds his place well amidst the older men of renown. The ball-room is devoted to family portraits, in many respects a noteworthy collection. The Leicester Gallery has some splendid Vandykes; one of them,—the portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby—worthy to be placed alongside the famous Gevartius in the National Gallery: it ought not to be permitted to hang in its present wretched position. The Countess of Bedford is one of his graceful female portraits. There are also in this gallery several portraits by Mytens, who was much patronized by the Earl of Dorset: the most noticeable is a large full-length of James I., painted during his visit here. It is a marvellous work: the broad silly stare is hit off to perfection, and yet with an evident unconsciousness on the part of the artist that he was doing anything extraordinary. It, and the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' will give as lively an idea of our British Solomon as though we had talked with him. The Cartoon Gallery is a room, so called from its containing a set of copies made by Mytens of the Cartoons at Hampton Court. In it is one of Lawrence's portraits of George IV. We may pass over the hundred and one portraits in the Brown Gallery (though the visitor will not); but we must not pass over those in the Dining-parlour, which is filled entirely with the portraits of poets or other eminent literary characters. The Sackvilles have themselves a poetic fame: the first earl was the author of 'Gorboduc' and the designer of the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' to which he wrote the Induction; both works of great importance in the history of English dramatic poetry, and containing—the latter especially—passages of very powerful genius. Had he devoted his life to literature

instead of public employments, he would probably have stood in a foremost rank. Charles, the sixth earl—

"Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride"—

owes more to the lavish praises of the poets who had experienced his generosity than to his own verses: yet they are always lively and agreeable, and they aimed at being nothing more. His liberality to literary men was indeed profuse, and he appears to have bestowed his bounty with a frankness that was very agreeable to the recipients. Dorset not only patronized the poets of his day, but he delighted to have them share his social hours. A very good story (if true) is told in connection with one of Dryden's visits to Knole. During an interval in the conversation, when the wine failed to loose the tongue, it was proposed that the company should try which could write the best impromptu, and the poet was appointed judge. While the others applied themselves with due gravity to their task, Dorset merely scrawled a few words carelessly on his paper, and handed it to Dryden. When the other papers were collected, Dryden said he thought it would be useless to read them, as he supposed no one would doubt, when he heard it read, that the earl's was best. It ran thus: "I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, on demand, the sum of £500. Dorset."

Among the portraits in this room is that of "Glorious John," by Kneller. Dorset himself, by the same artist, is also here: as are portraits by him of Newton, Locke, and Hobbes. Several of the most interesting of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits are in this room, including himself, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Johnson—all excellent and characteristic, but the last savouring a little too strongly of those peculiarities which tempted the doctor to complain that his friend had made him look like "Blinking Sam:" "It is not friendly, Sir," he growled, "to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." This is a duplicate o the Duke of Sutherland's picture. One or two of the portraits are attributed to Vandyke. Waller, Addison, and some others, are by Pope's 'Jarvis.' Among the minor pictures is a portrait of Tom Durfey, and a "Conversation piece," by Vandergucht, representing Durfey, the artist, and some of the household at Knole, carousing. Tom Durfey deserves a place here among his betters. In his lifetime he had an apartment allotted to him at Knole, and he rendered his company very agreeable to the earl and his friends by his con-

7.—COBHAM HALL.

vivial talents. Poor Tom was one of the sprightliest of the small wits of his day, and he has contrived to irradiate the very worst of his occasional pieces with some scintillations of his unfailing liveliness; and some of his songs are a good deal above the average standard of song merit. He was not forgetful of Knole, or its master: he has praised his patron with as good heart as any of his flatterers; and he has commemorated his stay at the house by a song on "the incomparable strong beer at Knole." "Such beer," he says, "as all wine must control:"

"Such beer, fine as Burgundy, lifts high my soul
When bumpers are filled for the glory of Knole."

He merited a place in Knole's Gallery of Poets.

Knole park is on a higher site, more varied in surface, and even more beautiful than Penshurst. It is very extensive, abundantly stocked with deer, and richly wooded. The beeches are perhaps hardly elsewhere to be equalled for number, size, health, and beauty. One near, what is called the Duchess's Walk, is very remarkable: the trunk is of prodigious girth, and ascends to a great altitude; whilst the branches overshadow a vast space. It is quite sound and flourishing, in every respect the finest beech we remember to have seen. Not far from it is a very large oak, said by Mr. Brady to have been known two centuries ago as 'The Old Oak:' the trunk, which is now a mere shell, is thirty feet in circumference. The stranger should, if he have time, stroll awhile about the park—the paths across it are freely open. At any rate he should endeavour to reach the end of the noble avenue, which leads to the high-ground at the south-western extremity of the park, for the sake of one of the finest prospects in Kent—a county famous for its splendid scenery. We wish him a fair day for the view.

This is a very imperfect sketch of Knole, but we have the less compunction in offering it because, if we have succeeded in indicating its character, the visitor can easily fill up the details, by providing himself with the excellent 'Guide to Knole, by J. H. Brady, F.S.A.'

We may just mention while here, that Mote House, at Ightham, about five miles from Knole, is another specimen of a moated manor-house of a date not later than that at Hever. It has never been so important a building as Hever Castle, but it is well worth seeing. The hall and chapel are remarkably fine.

Cobham Hall.

Cobham Hall is about four miles south-east of Gravesend. Very beautiful is the approach to it; and especially refreshing after newly escaping from the smoke of London, and Gravesend's dusty highways. Outside the limits of the park, proper, is a woody tract which has gained wondrous beauty from a few years' judicious neglect. The road lies through this wood, under a thick canopy of luxuriant foliage—affording a delicious stroll on a fine autumnal day. When you reach the end of the wood, it will be well to ask,—if you can see anybody to ask,—for Brewer's Gate, that being the gate strangers are directed to pass through when they visit the house: where to find it they are not told. From the broken ground along the outskirts of the park you get the first glimpse of the Hall, which from this distance looks very well (Cut No. 7). The road from Brewer's Gate leads by a magnificent cedar, on passing which you find yourself close to the mansion.

The building is different in date, arrangement, and appearance from those we have yet visited. Though the later parts of both Penshurst and Knole are almost without defensive appliances, it is not so with the earlier portions. Cobham is entirely domestic in character: even the entrances are without battlements. They too are built of stone, Cobham of brick. The main building consists of two extensive wings, with lofty octagonal turrets in the middle and at the extremities. These wings bear on them their respective dates of erection, 1582 and 1594. They are united by a central building, designed by Inigo Jones; the ground plan of the edifice being thus in the form of a capital H. As a whole it is both striking and picturesque. The arrangement allows of bold masses of light and shadow; while the numerous turrets, the many stacks of variously-carved chimney-shafts, the quaint gables, and handsome bay windows, produce great richness of effect, and a very pleasing play of outline.

But before we enter, we must just recal the names of a few of the owners of Cobham. From the first year of the reign of John till the ninth of Henry IV. it belonged to a series of male descendants of a Norman knight, hight Cobham. It then passed to a lady, who transferred the manor in succession to five husbands, all of whom she outlived. Her fourth husband was the celebrated Lollard martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, who assumed the title of Lord Cobham on his marriage with her. This formidable lady left a daughter, whose descendants retained the estate till the reign of James I., when it was forfeited to the crown by the last of them, the wretched Lord Cobham, whose evidence condemned Raleigh. He saved his life by his cowardly compliance with the king's desire, but he saved nothing else. Cobham was left to drag on a degraded existence in the deepest poverty; fain, if we may trust a contemporary, to beg scraps from a trencher-scraper to save himself from starving, while the king gave the estate to his kinsman Darnley, Earl of Lennox. The Earl of Darnley, the present owner of Cobham, is the descendant of a gentleman named Bligh, who in 1714 married the heiress of the Lennoxes.

The rooms which are shown at Cobham have little of the air of antiquity which was so attractive in those we have hitherto visited. In the early part of the present century the whole house underwent a Wyatvillian improvement; when, as far as the interior is concerned, almost all the original character was improved away. The rooms were, however, rendered more convenient, and more consonant to modern habits; many of them are very elegant apartments, and they are furnished with considerable splendour. The dining-room, into which the visitor is first led, will give him a favourable impression of modern style; it is chastely

fitted up, by which the effect of the pictures is considerably enhanced. The next, the music-room, is the most magnificent in the house, and indeed is said to have been pronounced by George IV. 'the finest room in England'—a decision we take leave to demur to. This is one of the apartments erected by Inigo Jones, who had ever a good eye for picturesque effect. It is large and lofty, and well proportioned; the walls are to some height of polished white marble, with pilasters of sienna marble; the walls above, and the roof, have bold relievo ornaments, richly gilt, off a ground of dead white. The fire-place has a very high chimney-piece of white marble, of elaborate sculpture, the work of Sir R. Westmacott, R.A. The floor is of polished oak; at one end of the room is a music gallery, in the centre of which is an organ—a present, we believe, from George IV. The chairs, ottomans, &c., are of the richest description, and like all else profusely gilt. All this gilding and marble undoubtedly produces a very rich effect; and most likely, when the room is brilliantly lighted and filled with fair ladies and well-dressed men the splendour is very much increased. But we confess to thinking it too fine, at least for daylight.

But after all, the pictures are what are most worth seeing at Cobham. In this music-hall there is a very fine full-length, by Vandyke, of the two sons of the Earl of Lennox, who were killed when fighting for Charles I. against the Parliament. In the dining-room are several other of Vandyke's portraits; they are not among the finest of his works, but they possess much of the quiet grace and dignity which so emphatically distinguish him; the best, perhaps, is that of the second Duke of Lennox. There are also in this room portraits by Lely and Kneller worth looking at, though hardly worth describing. There is elsewhere a room-full of portraits, of which this mention may suffice. On the staircase are several large paintings; one of which, a Stag Hunt, by Snyders, full of life and fire, deserves to be hung where it could be better seen.

The chief and most valuable paintings are assembled in the Picture Gallery. It is a fine collection, spoiled by the arrangement. One would fancy that some upholsterer had been commissioned to arrange them, as he would the tables or the curtains in a room. The only principle followed seems to have been that of hanging them as though they were mere furniture, and were to be placed where the *frames* would produce the best effect. Some of the choicest pictures are in the worst positions, and almost all are put beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. There is one exception, however: Rubens' grand picture, 'The Head of Cyrus brought to Queen Tomyris,' which hangs at the farthest end of the gallery, catches the eye as you enter, and is so brilliant as almost to illumine the room. It is one of his most glowing pieces of colour; indeed, the power and harmony of the colouring more than atone for the entire disregard of all propriety of costume and character. It was purchased from the Orleans collection. There is another very good painting, by Rubens, here—a Boar Hunt—very animated and vigorous; but falling far short of the power displayed in the other. Several small but very spirited oil sketches by him should also be examined. The Guidos, of which there are several, are generally considered among the choicest paintings in the collection: the Herodias with John the Baptist's Head is the best. By Titian there are two or three, hung where it is not easy to judge of their merit. The two historical pictures by Salvator Rosa, which the connoisseurs admire so much, appear to us very uninteresting. The only English paintings that we remember are some two or three, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; one is a repetition of the 'Samuel,' differing a good deal from that we saw at Knole; another is a female head, very gracefully painted. There are a few small paintings that deserve examination; and a few portraits.

The park extends over an area of some 1,800 acres; well diversified with hill and valley, and broad smooth glades, and bosky dells. Some parts of it afford the most beautiful little closed-up spots of woody scenery that can be desired; others afford wide and noble prospects. The park contains many very large trees; the chestnuts being especially famous. One, known as the Four Sisters, is some five-and-twenty feet in girth.

The stranger must not quit Cobham without visiting the Church. In it are several very interesting monuments of the Cobhams: among them is a very fine altar tomb, with a recumbent statue of the Lord Cobham who was executed in the first year of the reign of Mary, for his participation in Wyatt's rebellion. But what the church is mainly visited for, is the series of thirteen monumental brasses of the Cobhams. Eight of them represent knights, five ladies: they vary, of course, in execution, but they are probably the finest and most perfect series of incised slabs in Great Britain.

Charlton House.

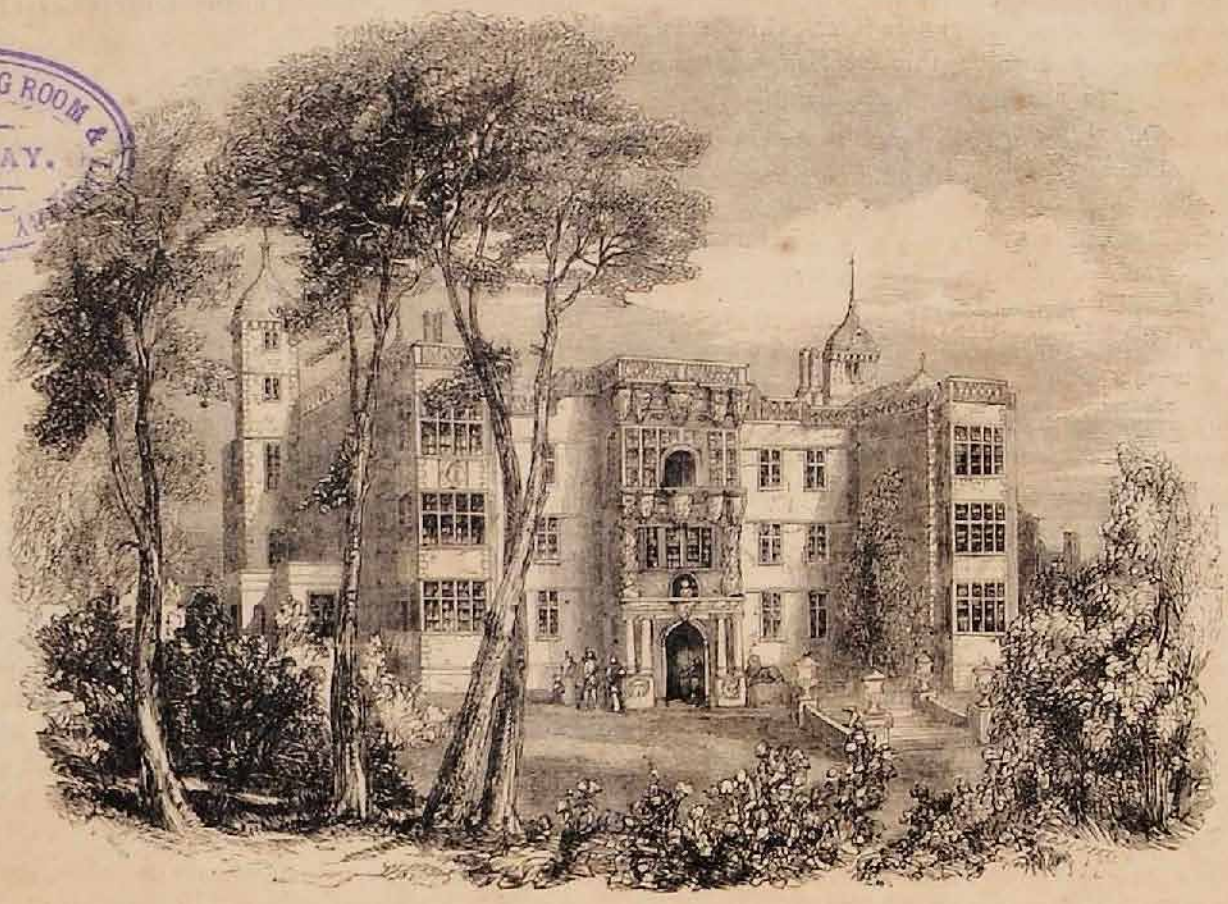
By way of completing the series of manor-houses, we add an engraving and short notice of Charlton House, between Greenwich and Woolwich, one of the buildings erected when the old English domestic architecture was about to be supplanted by what was then thought to be a purer style. (Cut, No. 8.)

At the accession of James I., the manor of Charlton was the property of the crown. The needy train of courtiers who followed that monarch to the rich south, were clamorous for provision, and James was nothing loth to supply the necessities of his loving countrymen. Charlton he assigned, the year after his accession, to the Earl of Mar. That nobleman sold it, in 1606, to one of his countrymen, Sir James Erskine, for £2,000. Sir James, in like manner, parted with his bargain the following year, for £4,500, to Sir Adam Newton, another of the king's northern knights. The traffic stopped there: Sir Adam kept the estate; in 1607 he commenced, and about 1612 completed, the present mansion. The present owner and occupant is Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.

Inigo Jones is commonly said to have been the architect of Charlton House. He was at the time

architect to Prince Henry, and is very likely to have been employed by his tutor. The building is of brick, with stone quoins and dressings. In form it is an oblong, with projecting wings, and a central porch projecting somewhat less than the wings: the ground-plan being nearly that of a capital E. At each end there is a tall square turret. The style is the extremely florid one then in vogue. When first erected, its appearance must have been very different from the soberer structures of a preceding age; but time has taken off a good deal of its extravagancy, and it is now rather a pleasing, though it cannot be termed a graceful building. The chief labour is expended upon the centre, which, as was Jones's custom, is very elaborately ornamented. The arched doorway has plain double columns on each side; over it is a niche, in which is a female bust. The first story has quaintly-carved columns; and above them a series of grotesque-sculptured brackets. To this succeeds another story, and another row of similar brackets. Along the entire summit is carried a rather singular balustrade. A somewhat similar balustrade originally divided the terrace in front of the house from the garden. In the interior are some very handsome rooms. The entrance-hall is large, considerably ornamented, and has a deep central pendant hanging from the ceiling. There is also a grand saloon, which seems by its bold and profuse ornamentation to claim the parentage of Jones. Another of the more striking features is a gallery, seventy-six feet in length, very similar to that in Charlton House, Wiltshire, which is known to have been constructed by him. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong between these two houses (which are of nearly the same date) as to leave very little doubt that they are the work of the same architect. The grand staircase is made a prominent object, and it is a very effective one in the design. In the various rooms are a good many pictures and articles of vertû; and some very showy and costly sculptured chimney-pieces; but as they cannot be seen by the stranger, it is not worth while to describe them.

To the reader who may desire to visit any of these places, it will be useful to know the days on which they can be inspected; it is a surpassing annoyance to make a holiday for the purpose, and then, after a journey perhaps of thirty miles or more, to be told you have selected the wrong day, and denied admission. Hever Castle is occupied by a farmer, who readily permits it to be seen on any week-day. Penshurst can only be viewed on Monday or Saturday. Penshurst and Hever may, as we mentioned, be easily examined on the same day. The Countess Dowager of Plymouth, who owns Knole, and constantly resides in it, very handsomely permits the readiest access to the state-rooms on any week-day. Cobham can only be seen on Fridays, between the hours of eleven and four, and the visitor must be careful to provide himself beforehand with a ticket (or if there be more than one in the party, with a ticket for each), that may be obtained of Mr. Caddell, bookseller, Milton-road, Gravesend, or at the stationers at Rochester, on payment of one shilling each; no fee is allowed to be taken at the hall. The interior of Charlton House is not shown at all, the rooms being in the ordinary occupation of the family.



8.—CHARLTON HOUSE.

BATH.

Early History of Bath.

It is very rarely the case that the history of a city is carried back to its very source. In most instances the extreme distance is lost in the haze of fable, through which we catch vague glimpses of men and things assuming almost gigantic proportions. The good people of Bath, however, see clearer than their neighbours, and run back the line of their city's history until they at last arrive at a founder who counts only the thirtieth in descent from Adam himself! We question if any city in the Principality would desire a more respectable pedigree. Still more extraodinary is their belief that the most polite city in England owes its very existence to the sagacity of a herd of swine! Bathonians notoriously put faith in the story of king Bladud, and why should not we? They place his bust over the door of one of their principal banks, as though to give a golden currency to the tale: we cannot then be accused of literary "smashing," for doing our little to pass the somewhat apocryphal coin on to posterity.

According to the most approved accounts of the origin of Bath, Bladud, son of the British king Hudibras, was so unfortunate in his youth as to contract a leperous disease; and as in those times they were not quite so humane as they are now, he was, on the petition of the nobles, banished from his father's court, lest the loathsome affliction should spread to themselves. The queen, with a true woman's affection, however, presented him with a ring, as a token by which she should know him again in case he should ever return cured. The prince departed, and after wandering some time in exile, hired himself to a swineherd, whom he found feeding his pigs not far from the site of the future city. The Royal swineherd was so unfortunate, however, as to infect his charge with his own disease; and fearing that the fact would become known to his master, he separated from him, and drove his pigs towards the vast forests that at that time crowned the Lansdown and Beacon hills. The swine, however, taught by nature to medicine their own distempers, made straight for the spot whence issued the hot-springs, and here wallowed in the marsh caused by its overflowing waters. This kindly oblation soon cured them of their disease; which Bladud perceiving, he applied the same remedy, with the like good effect, to his own person. Thus cured, he appeared again before the old herdsman, his master, informed him of the miraculous cure that had been performed upon himself and pigs; and added further to his astonishment, by proclaiming that he was a king's son. To convince him of this fact, he led him to his father's court, and seizing an opportunity when the king and queen banqueted in public, he dropped into the royal goblet the ring his mother had given him. As the queen drank (and they did more than taste the rim of the cup in those days), she perceived at the bottom the glittering token, and thus became aware of the presence of her son. Bladud afterwards succeeded to the throne, and rewarded his old master by granting him a handsome estate near the hot-springs, and building him a palace and outhouses for his followers. These together made a town divided into two parts, the north town and the south town, to which the swineherd affixed the name of the animals that had been the cause of his good fortune; and even now the north part of the town is called Hogs Norton, but by some Norton Small-Reward, from a tradition that the king's bounty was looked upon by the swineherd as a small reward for what he had done for him. The king himself, it would seem, terminated his career in a very unfortunate manner; for, being of an aspiring disposition, like Rasselas he made an essay at flying, and was even more unfortunate than that prince of romance, for he fell down upon the tower of Salisbury Cathedral, and broke his neck! Puerile as is this tradition, yet would it be a golden one if it should have given Shakspere a hint for his 'Cymbeline,' and if in Bladud he should have found his Polydore.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot-springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century before the birth of Christ. As Roman Bath lay wholly in a valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm-bath, that the hot-springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the present day cannot rival. An excavation that was made in 1755, near the abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the 'History of Somersetshire,' will show how far beyond us they were in the construction of such buildings:

"The walls of these baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone lined with a strong cement of terras: one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present King's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support a roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which

were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of terras, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a hypocaust, or vault, for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fire-place from which the heat was conveyed, was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments which the Romans used preparatory to their entering either the hot-baths or sudatories; such as the *Frigidarium*, where the bathers undressed themselves, which was not heated at all; the *Tepidarium*, which was moderately heated; and the *Eleothesion*, which was a small room, containing oil, ointments, and perfumes. These rooms had a communication with each other, and some of them were paved with flag-stones and others were beautifully tesselated with dies of various colours. A regular set of well-wrought channels conveyed the superfluous water from the baths into the Avon." These sumptuous buildings were upwards of 240 feet in length, and 120 in breadth.

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. The poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes excited the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use, and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conqueror who was to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found full twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered a number of stone coffins, evidently Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

In the immediate neighbourhood of these baths arose the stately porticos of temples to Minerva and Apollo and other deities of the Roman worship. Some of these must have been of a very imposing size, as portions of Corinthian pillars, measuring nearly three feet in diameter, have been exhumed, and are now preserved in the Literary Institution. Large and massive pieces of pediment have also been rescued from the depths in which they had been submerged; and in one instance the pieces have been placed together, until we see before us the façade of some highly-sculptured building.

The Bath, (or Aquæ Solis, as it was then called,) of fifteen centuries ago, must have presented a beautiful appearance. Where the heart of the present city stands, dimly seen through its canopy of smoke, in that distant age the columns of the temples shone white against the dark blue of the surrounding hills, and many a noble-browed pediment seemed to watch majestically over the fortunes of the grand people who worshipped at their shrines. Here, too, in the morning sun, shone the beautiful gilt statue of Apollo, or the evening twilight dwelt upon the calm brow of some imaged Minerva. In those days there was little or no coal smoke to obscure the beautiful details of the classic city; and the whole stamped itself as sharply and distinctly upon the surrounding background of hills as did any of the antique towns of Italy herself.

But the sumptuousness and grandeur of Aquæ Solis served other purposes, according to Tacitus, than merely to minister to the wants and to please the sensuous eye of the Roman colonists. To this city flocked the Britons of the surrounding country, and, by participating in the luxuries of the place, gradually sunk beneath its sensualities and sacrificed their liberty at the altars of pleasure. "By these insidious means," says the historian, "the people were more effectually subjugated than by the Roman sword."

Aquæ Solis remained a place of great resort during the whole period of the Roman occupation; and even after their departure, which event took place in the year 400, the half-civilized Britons maintained it with a diminished splendour: and it was not until the coming of those rude workers, our Saxon ancestors, — who destroyed but to sow the germ of a more healthful state of things,—that the glory and beauty of the place were levelled to the dust.

All that remains of this once splendid city is now stowed away in the vaults and passages of the Literary Institution. As you pass along them to read the 'Times' of a morning, or to cut open the wet sheets of 'Blackwood,' your coat brushes against votive altars, wrought by the hands of this antique people. As you wander along the basement-rooms of the building your eye catches mouldering fragments, which the learned have placed together upon conjecture, as the child despairingly builds up its puzzle. Upon the tables are scattered about fragments of drinking-vessels, out of which the soldiers of the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room, you will see upon the mantel-piece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the Apollo Medicus—a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and who endued the springs with all their healing powers. The beautiful face of the god once so venerated, now claims no more respect (except as a piece of antiquity) than the bronze letter-weigher that stands beside it!

To return, however, to the history of the city: after the departure of the Romans, and during the early part of that bloody struggle which took place between the Britons, and the Saxons whom they had invited over to their assistance, Aquæ Solis remained in comparative

peace. In the year 493, however, the city was besieged by a Saxon army, under Ella and his three sons, when there doubted King Arthur came to its assistance, and defeated the invaders with terrible slaughter. Again, in the year 520, this legendary hero evinced his prowess by defeating Cedric and his powerful army on the scene of his former victories, killing with his own hand, it is said, no less than four hundred and forty Saxons! After such sharp work as this, his famous brand, Excalibar, must have deserved a thorough grind. As King Arthur without doubt carried his round table among his baggage, who shall say that he did not set it up in the rescued city, and that the voices of Launcelot du Lake and of the other redoubted knights, did not make ring again its ancient walls?

The Saxons, in the year 577, became masters of the city and the neighbouring country, and the Latin name of Aquæ Solis, or City of the Sun, was changed to the homely, but more appropriate, Hat Bathun, or Hot Baths. During the Saxon period there can be no doubt that the hot springs were carefully attended to; as the tepid bath was considered by our ancestors as an absolute necessary of life. The succeeding history of the city, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, might be turned over without disadvantage. A place of no military strength, scarcely any event of importance occurred in it during the wars of succession of our early English kings; and during the great Rebellion it made but a sorry figure, the Royalist commandant giving up the place to the Parliamentarians in the most ignominious manner. He, according to the famous Prynne's representations in Parliament, "upon the approach only of two dragooners to one of the city gates, discharging their dragoons and setting some straw on fire before the gate, and the sight of twenty men brandishing their swords upon Beechen Cliff, presently sent out for a parley, and making conditions only for himself and his officers to march away with their bag and baggage, and live quietly at their own houses without molestation, valiantly quitted the city without the least assault. * * * The captain then leaping over the wall for haste, and running away into Wales for shelter, before any other forces appeared to summon this strong fortified city, leaves all the common souldiers and citizens to their enemies' mercy, who were thereupon imprisoned, pillaged, or fined."

If much prowess was not shown by the commandant of the city, however, the neighbouring hill of Lansdowne has found a place in history from the bloody battle that was fought upon it on the 5th of July, 1643, between the forces of Sir William Waller and those of the Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, in which both parties claimed the victory.

In this action Sir Arthur Hazelrig's *Regiment of Lobsters*, as they were called from being encased in iron plates, were first brought into service, and completely routed the king's horse, who fled through amazement at such a terrible-looking foe. The Cornish musqueteers, under Sir Beville Granville, managed to retrieve the day, with the loss of their gallant commander, however, who was slain in their impetuous charge. To commemorate his loss, a monument was erected to his memory, in 1720, by the Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, on the very spot upon which he fell. This monument is handsomely built of freestone, and on its north tablet is the following inscription, written by Cartwright, in the laudatory style of his day:

"When now th' incensed rebels proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam,
When undeserved success urged on their force,
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Granville must step in; then Granville stood,
And with himself opposed and checked the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought; so fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire.
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all; so far example can.
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did fall,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul, the while, retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell!
But the devoted stand, enraged the more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, swore not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, and gain'd the field.
Thus he being fallen, his actions fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew."

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Bath, in common with Bristol, and many other places in the west of England, was the seat of an extensive woollen trade; but during the Stuart period these manufactures declined, and the city became by degrees a place of resort for health-seekers.

Pepys visited the city in 1668, and leaves us the following account of it in his Diary:—"Having dined very well, 10*s.*, we came before night to the Bath; when I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the Baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping." Pepys, however, only saw the fair outside of things. Wood, the famous architect, takes us behind the scenes, and shows us domestic Bath up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The boards of the dining-rooms," he tells us, "and most other floors, in the houses of Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small beer*, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs, were all of freestone; and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or

at best with chenc, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made; and such as were of linen consisted only of corded dimity or coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters, and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash-windows." The city seems to have stood still at this point for a century at least; for between the years 1592 and 1692, it had only increased by seventeen houses!

Modern Bath.

From such an abject condition as we have described, the city was destined to be raised to the highest degree of magnificence, and to be made the resort of the 'quality' of the land by the genius of two men—Beau Nash and Wood. Those individuals might be said to have supplied the very soul and body of modern Bath: the former by the elegant social life he infused into it; and the latter, by his superb reconstruction of its buildings.

To Richard Nash, however, Bath must mainly attribute the rapidity with which it sprang from an insignificant place, into the focus of fashionable life, and the most 'pleasurable' city in the kingdom. His genius for trifles, his taste, and his shrewdness, serving him better than more profound abilities would have done in erecting a kingdom of his own, and in governing it in so absolute a manner as he did. Nash commenced life in the army, but speedily becoming tired of the profession he turned to the law,—that is, he entered his name on the books at the Temple, and spent his time as a man about town; and his genius for gay life, and his love of intrigue, soon led him into the society of the young bloods of the day. It was a mystery to all his acquaintances, however, how he managed to support the various extravagances he was led into, as he was known to be without fortune. In these days we should look for the secret sources of income of such a person in the columns of the broad sheet, or in the poetical epistles of a puffing tailor; but Nash seems to have been suspected of a much more direct method of replenishing his exhausted purse. His friends, indeed, charged him with procuring money by robbery on the highway! We might guess the state of society when such an accusation could even suggest itself. Nash, full of indignation, replied to the charge, and cleared his honour (!) by handing round to his accusers a *billet doux* he had just received, enclosing a large sum of money. Having, for some reason or other, got sick of the law, as he had done of his Majesty's service; not, we apprehend, because he "found his mind superior to both," as Dr. Oliver, one of his fulsome eulogists, absurdly hath it, but most probably, that his inclinations suited neither. In a lucky hour he retired to Bath, and there found a pathway to fame which he would have never reached by the study of 'Coke upon Littleton.'

The condition of the city upon the advent of the Beau, which took place about 1703, was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular talent. Its accommodations were most contemptible: its houses and public places lacked those elegances and amusements which are calculated to attract those who seek for passing pleasure, or are mainly desirous to kill *ennui*. The only place where the amusement of the dance could be enjoyed was upon the bowling-green, where a fiddle and a hautboy formed the whole band: the only promenade was a grove of sycamore trees. Of the varied appliances of the gaming-table Bath was then innocent; but the chairmen were so rude, that no respectable female durst pass along the street unprotected, in the evening. The Pump-house was without a director; "and," says Goldsmith, in his 'Life of Nash,' "to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age (we believe it was Dr. Radcliffe) conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of its waters. It was from a resentment of some affront he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, *he would cast a toad in the spring*."

Nash, at this auspicious moment for his fortune, arrived at Bath, and made a hit at once by assuring the people that he would charm away the poison, as the venom of the tarantula was charmed—by music. He only asked for a band of performers, to make the Doctor's toad perfectly harmless. His proposition was at once agreed to, and the Pump-room immediately received the benefit, by attracting a full and fashionable company; and the spirit of the man so gained their goodwill, that he was speedily voted Master of the Ceremonies—or King of Bath.

Nash commenced his reign by repairing the roads of the city,—a strange duty for a master of the ceremonies to discharge, but one which speaks volumes as to the condition of the thoroughfares at the beginning of the last century. The company, which had hitherto been obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game, were, under his direction, accommodated with a handsome Assembly-room—the first ever erected in the city. He now set about composing a code of laws for his new subjects; and the conditions he drew up for the observance of a polite society were doubtless intended to smack of wit; but we must confess that, viewed in this light, they fully justified his own admission, that the pen was his torpedo,—whenever he grasped it, it benumbed his faculties. This composition, which was hung up in a conspicuous place in the Pump-room, strongly savours of the Beau's idiosyncrasies.

Rules to be observed at Bath.

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or

desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his tickets for the balls to any but gentlemen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlewomen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill-manners; and that none do it for the future—except such as respect none but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

9. That the young ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandals be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company;—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.

Goldsmith says of these rules, rather sneeringly (if his fine nature might be considered capable of a sneer), "were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation."

The public balls, now under his management, were conducted with the greatest decorum. They commenced at six, and concluded at eleven: this rule he maintained so rigidly, that the Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more after his authoritative finger had given the signal for the band to withdraw, was refused, with the remark that his laws were like those of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all authority. Nash had some difficulty in regulating the dress to be worn at the Assembly; but he went boldly to work, and chid even the most exalted in rank, when they departed from his rules. On one occasion he signified his dislike of the practice of wearing white aprons at the Assembly, by stripping the Duchess of Queensberry of one valued at five hundred guineas, and throwing it at the hinder benches, amongst the ladies' women. The duchess begged his Majesty's pardon, and made him a present of the obnoxious article of apparel,—to our

1.—PORTRAIT OF NASH.

mind a rather keen method of retort. He found the gentlemen, however, not so easily controlled. He tried, in vain, for a long time, to prevent the wearing of swords, on the plea that they tore the ladies' dresses; but, in fact, to put a stop to the numerous duels which arose out of the intrigues of gallants, or disputes at the gaming-table. With a deep insight into human nature, Nash gave out that he wanted to hinder people from doing *what they had no mind to*. It was not, however, until an encounter took place, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded, that he succeeded in abolishing the use of the sword in the city of Bath; henceforward, whenever he heard of a challenge, he instantly had both parties placed under arrest.

The gentlemen's boots made the most determined stand against him. The country squires in those days, who must have been a brutal set,—we have a very good type of them, no doubt, in Squire Topehall, with whom Roderick Random had the famous drinking bout at Bath,—would come to the balls in their heavy boots. Nash tried all sorts of stratagems to shame them out of their boorishness, and, among others, he wrote a song in which the rhyme is about equal to the severity, as the reader will perceive:

Frontinella's Invitation to the Assembly.

"Come one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,
For there 's the assembly this night;
None but servile fools
Mind manners and rules;
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

"Come trollops and slatterns,
Cock'd hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free
As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?"

Finding that his verses told, he followed up his success by inventing a puppet-show, in which 'Punch' comes in, booted and spurred, in the character of a country squire. Upon going to bed with his wife, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots," replies Punch, "why, Madam, you might as well pull off my legs! I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them; and this piece of politeness is quite the thing in Bath." At last his wife gets so tired of him that she kicks him off the stage. There was some real point in this contrivance of Nash's, and the squires were soon shamed out of their boorishness. Sometimes, however, a gentleman, through ignorance or haste, would appear in the rooms in the forbidden boots; but Nash always made up to him, and bowing with much mock gravity, would tell him *that he had forgotten to bring his horse.*

Beau Nash, like other potentates, had his crown: the old German emperors fumed and fretted under an iron diadem: the king of Bath wore a white hat, which he wished to be taken as an emblem of the purity of his mind! He might be considered to have reached the apogee of his reign between the years 1730-40. Within that time, Bath was honoured with the visits of two royal personages—the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, both of whom he managed to turn to account. Those who have visited Bath have doubtless been struck with the prevalence of obelisks in that city, the peculiarly mournful form of which seems to give a character to the place. The stranger who views them would little think that these monuments, which breathe such a solemn spirit, were the handiwork of such a frivolous specimen of humanity as the Beau: such, however, is the case. The obelisk in the Orange Grove was erected by him, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Orange to the city for the benefit of his health, in 1734. Nash, who appears to have combined a most ecstatic loyalty with a shrewd eye to the benefit of his little kingdom, was so overcome with the miraculousness of the Prince's recovery, that he immediately had this building erected, inscribing a seasonable puff upon it of the virtues of the Bath waters.

Again, in 1738, when the Prince of Wales visited Bath, Nash run up another obelisk in Queen Square, and in order to make it all the more worthy of the personage it was dedicated to, he asked Pope to write its inscription. The poet's answer is a master-piece of irony: the monument he was pressed to dignify with his composition is not more cutting and severe in its outline, as the reader will perceive.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favours of his R. H., and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can." (Signed "A. Pope.") Nash, who doubtless took the very ambiguous compliment at the conclusion of the letter in its most favourable aspect, still pestered the poet until he got the inscription out of him, and a very ordinary affair it is, as might have been expected, from the writer's contempt of both Nash and his "R.H."

We cannot help regarding these obelisks as "standing advertisements" for the town; and Nash evidently used up the two princes in the same manner that Professor Holloway, of Ointment notoriety, does the Earl of Aldborough in the columns of the 'Times.'

But turn we again to the magnificence of Nash in his day of pride. Behold him going forth upon a progress to the colony of Tunbridge he has founded, in his post-chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, and French horns; and at the side of his equipage his famous running footman, Murphy, who thought nothing of going a message for his master to London in a day. Had not Bath reason to be proud of a king who kept such sumptuous state? It might be asked how Nash managed to support all this extravagance, as he received no remuneration in consideration of his office as Master of the Ceremonies. One word will explain all—*play* filled his overflowing purse.

If, under his auspices, the resources of the city for restoring health were fully developed, it cannot be denied that he fostered the vices that ruined the mind; and thousands that came hither to recruit the body did not leave it until they were morally ruined.

Hazard, lansquenet, and loo, were the milder forms of excitement in which the ladies joined; and, according to Anstey, who lashes the folly of the day in his famous 'New Bath Guide,' had a pretty way of their own of cheating:

"Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool:
So they win to be sure; yet I very much wonder
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man on a sudden slapdash,
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash;
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.

The sterner sex indulged in more desperate games, and an incredible deal of money was lost to the sharpers who made the city their head-quarters during the dead metropolitan season. To such a height was gambling carried, that at last the Government interfered, and by Act of Parliament suppressed all the games of chance of the day. Public gaming thus being checked, the whole source of Nash's income was cut off at once. He managed to recover it, however, for a time, but

with a total loss of all honour, and a great portion of that consideration with which his Bath subjects had hitherto treated him. He received this fall through entering into a confederation with the keepers of a new game, called 'E.O.,' set up on purpose to evade the law, a certain portion of the profits of which he pocketed, in consideration of the company he drew to it. Poor Nash was not a bit more corrupt than the mass of society at the time; but his position made it necessary for that society to turn its back upon him to save its own honour! The moral condition of Bath about the middle of last the century, was, we confess, at the lowest ebb, and its intellectual life was melancholy indeed. One forcible contrast will perhaps show the depravity of the period better than a thousand words.

In the year 1760, subscription-rooms were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day the number of subscribers for prayers was *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. This circumstance occasioned the following lines at the time:

"The Church and Rooms the other day
Open'd their books for Prayer and Play:
The Priest got *twelve*, Hoyle sixty-seven;
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!"

Not only in the universal love of gambling was the vice of the period exhibited, but in the shameless intrigues which were carried on, but which Beau Nash—we must do him the justice to say—exerted all his influence to put a stop to. He was the Marplot of Bath; in fact, whenever a clandestine marriage was on the *tapis*, and as far as lay in his power, he acted as the conscientious guardian of those young ladies of fortune around whom the swindlers of the place constantly gathered. His manner of warning parents was sometimes *brusque* enough. On one occasion he highly offended a lady of fortune at the Assembly-room, by telling her *she had better go home:* this speech he continued to repeat to her; and at last, piqued and offended, she did go home, and there discovered the meaning of his apparently rude advice in a coach and six at the door, which some sharper had provided to carry off her daughter. As for the manner in which the company got through the day, a description of it is melancholy enough. The bath occupied the morning; the noon was spent (by the young) in making-believe to drink the waters in the Pump-room, but really in flirting, according to the ingenuous Miss Jenny of Anstey's poem, who admits that the springs she never tastes, but that her chief delight is

"Near the Pump to take my stand,
With a nosegay in my hand,
And to hear the Captain say,
'How d' ye do, dear Miss, to-day?'"

whilst the old tabbies

"Come to the Pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all at once, while the music is playing:
'Your servant, Miss Fitchet:' 'Good morning, Miss Stote;'
'My dear lady Riggledam, how is your throat?
'Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrawl
'Last night, to attend at your ladyship's call;
'But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball.'
—'O Fitchet!—don't ask me—good Heaven's preserve
'I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve:
'Half dead all the night, I protest—I declare—
'My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
'You 'll come to the rooms; all the world will be there!'"

Out of such materials as these Nash managed to construct that social life which made Bath so famous in the last century, and which led to its material reconstruction by the genius of the architect Wood.

We have before dwelt upon the insignificant appearance of the city at the beginning of the eighteenth century: at that time, it contained but two houses fit to receive any personages of condition; but before its close it was one of the most splendidly-built places in Europe. In the few minutes' breathing-time which is allowed at Bath, in the rapid rush from London to the West, the traveller has, from the platform of the railway-station, a splendid view of the city. The foreground he sees filled with spires of churches—the Abbey sitting like a mother in the midst; the back-ground closed in by the Lansdowne hills, up which terrace and crescent climb, until they appear almost to kiss the sky. Amid this splendid scene, however, he singles out one mass of buildings immediately beneath his eye, which stands with an air of great dignity, and seems to carry with it recollections of bygone glory. The North and South Parade, which we allude to, was one of the earliest works of Wood. Its broad and ample terraces,—where now but a few invalids catch the warmth of the sunny South, or breathe the bracing air of the Downs; in the time of Nash, and still later, was the resort of all the fashion of the land. What a sidling of hoops, a clopping of delicate red-heeled shoes, a glistening of sword-hilts, a raising of cocked hats, and a display of black solitaires, and patches *à la Grecque*, was there once here,—of which a dusty death has long swallowed up all! Wood commenced these buildings about the year 1730; and soon after, Queen Square, with its very marked and noble style of architecture, the Circus, and a crowd of other elegant buildings, which we shall notice hereafter, followed, displacing meaner erections, spreading far out into the then country, and supplying that architectural magnificence which the wealth and fashion now filling the city demanded.

Nash died in 1761, and for some time no dispute as to the succession arose; but in 1769, a civil war took place, in consequence of two Masters of the Ceremonies being elected. The partisans of the rival monarchs, among whom the ladies were most prominent, actually came to blows in the Pump-room, whose walls witnessed the most extraordinary scene that perhaps ever took place in a polite assembly. Imagine, good reader, a crowd of fashionables of the present day falling to pulling noses, and tearing caps and dresses! Yet such deeds took place among the 'mode' in Bath, not seventy years ago:

"Fair nymphs achieve illustrious feats,
Off fly their tuckers, caps, and *têtes;*
Pins and pomatum strew the room,
Emitting many a strange perfume;
Each tender form is strangely batter'd,
And odd things here and there are scatter'd.
In heaps confused the heroines lie,
With horrid shrieks they pierce the sky:
Their charms are lost in scratches, scars,
Sad emblems of domestic wars!"

And it was not until *the Riot Act had been read three times*, that the fury of the combatants was appeased!

The social condition of Bath, which we have been mainly following, continued pretty much the same as Nash left it, until the end of the last century; from that period, however, to the present time, a marked change has slowly been taking place in it. The public life of the city has gradually subsided, and is now pretty well extinct. The gambling spirit of old times has degenerated into shilling whist at the Wednesday night card-assemblies; and the public balls, those magnificent reunions which, in the old time, under Nash, always commenced with a minuet danced by the highest people of 'quality' present, although still well attended, yet shine with a diminished lustre. Bath, in fact, from a place of resort for the valetudinarian, and for the pleasure-seeker during the winter season, has become a resident city of 80,000 inhabitants, in which the domestic life has gradually encroached upon the public life that once distinguished it. Private parties have taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the subscription-balls, and friendly visits between families have emptied the Pump-room of much of that crush of fashion and galaxy of beauty which once trod its floors, when the city was a nest of lodging-houses, and the inhabitants a set of loungers, or a flock of incurables, who only visited it to air themselves in the eyes of the genteel world, or to wash themselves out with the mineral waters before making their final exit.

Another reason why the public amusements of the place have fallen off so of late years is to be found in the religious spirit which has developed itself. The modern history of Bath is but an amplification of the life of many of its fine ladies of old: beginning their career with all kinds of dissipation, progressing amid scenes of scandal and intrigue, and ending by becoming a devotee: what changes the individual underwent within the human pan society has repeated during the flight of a century and a half.

As one passes along the streets and looks into the booksellers' windows, the ascendancy of the evangelical church-party in the city is manifest by the portraits of young clergymen everywhere meeting the eye, and the multitudes of religious books, with 'third,' or 'fourth,' edition of the 'tenth,' 'twentieth,' or 'thirtieth' thousand inscribed upon their title-pages.

Many of the publications issued in Bath, when in the heyday of its fame, were lewd and gross in the extreme: we ourselves have seen many volumes which any Holywell Street publisher of the present time would be prosecuted for attempting to vend, so grossly indecent were they: yet in those days they were perused openly by maid, wife, and widow,—and doubtless without raising a blush upon the hardened cuticle of the eighteenth century. Without being too pharisaical, the city might compare her present with her past moral condition with much complacency. The tone of manners is immeasurably purer, and the life more moral; than it was in times of old.

The Hot Baths.

The Medicinal Baths of this city, so famous in the time of the Romans, appear to have lost all their attractions about the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly owing to the breaking-up of the monastery, in the prior and monks of which they were vested. So little were these baths known throughout the kingdom, and so few did they attract to their healing waters, that Dr. Turner, who wrote a treatise upon the 'Properties of the Baths of England,' in 1562, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, says, that it was only after visiting the baths of Italy and Germany, "*that I hard tel that there was a natural bathe within your father's dukedome:*" and farther on, he denounces the "nigardishe illiberallite" of the rich men of England, for not bettering and amending them. "I have not hearde," he tells us, "that anye rich man hath spente upon these noble bathes, one grote these twenty years." The Doctor's reproaches do not seem to have had much effect, for we find that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the most extraordinary disorder existed in them. The baths, we are told, were like so many bear-gardens, and as for modesty, it was a thing which had no existence in them. *The custom of both sexes bathing together in a perfect state of nature* existed even a century before. Bishop Beckyngton having endeavoured, in 1449, to remedy the evil by issuing a mandate forbidding men and women to bathe together without "decent clothing;" his efforts, however, did not prove of much effect, for in 1646 we find the scandal grown so great, that the corporation was obliged to interfere and enforce the wearing of bathing-clothes.

The filthy condition of the bath was almost as bad as the morals of the bathers: "dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures, were hurled over the rails into the water, while people were bathing in it." By the rigid enforcement of by-laws the corporation amended the nuisance, and the good effect of their interference was seen in the crowds of people who flocked to the city from different parts of England, both for the purpose of bathing and drinking the waters. Pepys, who visited the city in 1668, and of course pried into the baths, did not think them particularly clean, in consequence of the great resort to them. His gossiping sketch is full of interest: "13th (June) Saturday, up at four o'clock, being, by appointment, called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by-and-by, though we designed to have

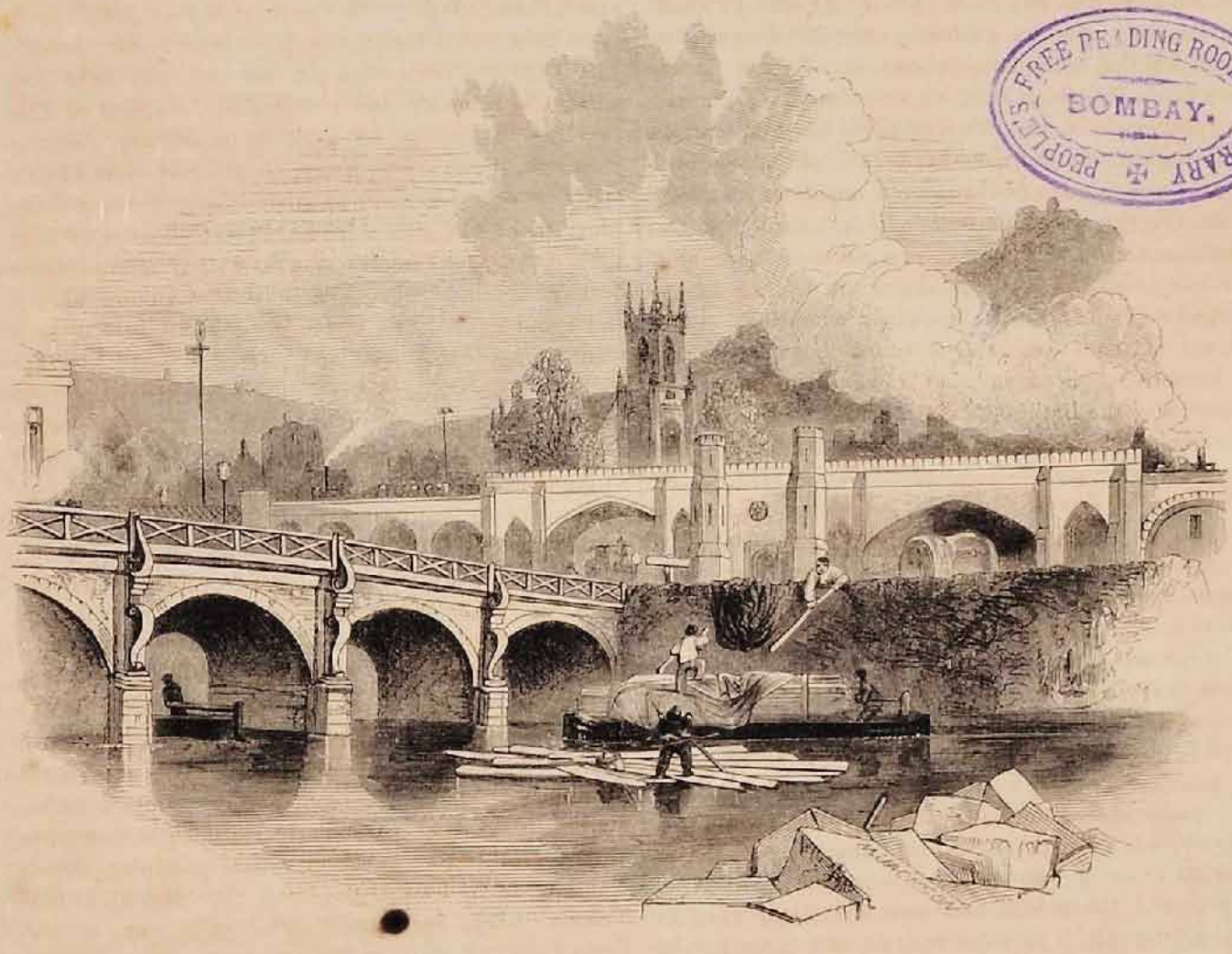
done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies; and the manners pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by-and-by comes music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s*."

What an amiable picture this! the Clerk of the Acts (an officer filling the post of a modern Secretary to the Admiralty), his wife, and male and female servants, all dipping into one bath together! Somehow or other, the social liberty of those days of despotism was greater than that which exists at present, notwithstanding our free institutions. Fancy a fine lady of 1848 treating her waiting-maid on the like equal terms.

The fashion of ladies and gentlemen appearing in the same bath continued down to the present century. Anstey has a fling at the custom in his satirical poem:

"Oh! 't was pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels:
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter;
'T was a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks;
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl,
In a great smoking kettle, as big as our hall;
And to-day, many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd, by command of an able physician!"

The bath for a long time was a fashionable amusement for the ladies. A foreign traveller, who visited England towards the end of the last century, speaking of those in this city, says, "In the morning the young lady is brought in a close-chair, dressed in her bathing-clothes, to the Cross Bath. Then the music plays her in the water, and the women who attend her present her with *a little floating-dish like a basin*, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and of late a snuff-box is added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home." The while the lady thus amused herself with her little floating-dish, she was well



2.—BRIDGE AND RAILWAY.

aware of being "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for the gallery of the bath was generally the resort of young gentlemen who ogled the fair to their heart's content. There is a story told of a gentleman once looking at his wife while she was bathing in the King's Bath, and who was so charmed with her increase of beauty that he could not help complimenting her upon it, which a king of Bath hearing, he instantly took him by the heels and hurled him over the rails into the water—by way of marking, we suppose, his sense of the impropriety and *mauvais ton* of admiring one's own partner.

The *public* baths of the city are four in number—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Cross Bath. The King's Bath is the largest and most important of them all, and royalty has on many occasions disported in its waters. A remarkable circumstance is related to have occurred in it while Queen Ann, consort of James I., was bathing here. A flame of fire, it is said, ascended to the top of the water, spread itself into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened her Majesty that she immediately departed for the New Bath, close at hand; which ever afterwards went by the name of the Queen's Bath. Another circumstance, still more singular in connection with it, is mentioned by Stukeley in his 'Itinerarum.' "It is remarkable," says he, "that at the cleansing of the springs, when they set down a new pump, they constantly found great quantities of hazel-nuts, as in many other places among subterraneous timber." The comment of this old author upon the circumstance is, however, a thousand times more strange than the thing itself. "These," he adds, "I doubt not to be the remains *of the famous and universal Deluge, which the Hebrew historian tells us was in autumn; Providence by that means securing the revival of the vegetable world.*" (!)

The dimensions of this Bath are 65 feet wide by 40 broad, and it contains 364 tons of water; the heat at the springhead is 116° of Fahrenheit. In the centre of the Bath there is a statue of the favourite Bladud, and the bather stands astonished as he reads the following inscription in copper upon it:

BLADUD,
Son of Lud Hudibras,
Eighth king of the Britons from Brute:
A great philosopher and mathematician,
Bred at Athens,
And recorded the first discoverer and founder of these baths,
Eight hundred and sixty-three years before Christ;
That is,
Two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years
To the present year,
One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

In connection with the King's Bath is a spacious tepid Swimming Bath, designed by that true artist and master of the classic style of architecture, Decimus Burton. The Cross Bath has of late years been converted into a Tepid, Plunging, and Swimming Bath, the price of admission to which brings it within the means of the "great unwashed." The temperature of the water is about 95°. The Hot Bath is so named from the great heat of its springs, the thermometer standing in it as high as 116°: a temperature so great that it seems almost to scald the skin upon the first immersion. In addition to these public baths (which belong to the Corporation), there are a number of private bathing-establishments, fitted up with every elegance and improvement that the present day has suggested. There are also the Abbey Baths, likewise very commodious, and situated upon the site of the old Roman Thermæ. In 1833, an analysis was made, by the Oxford professor of chemistry, of the gas emitted by the waters, and he found that within the twenty-four hours 222 cubic feet was given off, which contained a variable quantity; viz., from 4½ to 13 per cent. of the whole; and the rest consisted of 96 per cent. of nitrogen, and 4 per cent. of oxygen. The learned professor, we are also told, drew the inference so comfortable to Bathonians, that their city owes its hot springs to the action of a volcano immediately beneath it!

This is a mere conjecture, however, as philosophers are still entirely in the dark as to the causes of the internal heat of the globe. The old Bathonians had an opinion of their own on the subject: they attribute the springs themselves to the Royal necromancer, Bladud; and their composition, and the origin of their heat, is set forth in rhyme, which, five centuries ago, was held to be very good reason: we quote the following lines as far as they bear upon the subject:

"Two tunne ther beth of bras,
And other two maked of glas;
Seven salts there beth inne,
And other thing maked with ginne;
Quick brimstone in them also,
With wild fire maked thereto.
Sal Gemme and Sal Petræ,
Sal Amonak then is eke;
Sal Alfrod and Sal Alkine,
Sal Gemmæ is mingled with brine;
Sal Conim and Sal Almetre bright,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
All borneth both night and day,
That never quench it we may.
In your well springs the tounes laggeth,
As all the philosophers us saggeth.
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot all about."

This, translated into modern English, means that the redoubtable Bladud buried deeply in the earth at Bath two tons of burning brass and two of glass,—the latter of which contained a composition of seven salts, brimstone and wildfire, which precious composition being set potwise over the four springs, fermented, and thus caused the great heat which now exists, and is to last for ever! Modern chemists would like to be able to produce perpetual heat on the same terms; it would be finding a motive power at a very cheap rate

—indeed it would solve the problem of perpetual motion without more ado.

The waters are reported to be beneficial in *all* chronic distempers, with the exception of those arising from diseased lungs, or from hæmorrhage and inflammation. Gout, stone, rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and bilious obstruction (this accounts, we suppose, for the multitudes of liverless old Indians to be found in Bath ;) and cutaneous diseases are said to be benefited by the use of these springs, whether administered externally or internally. A collection of all the treatises which have been written upon the efficacy of the Bath waters would make a very decent-sized library, as in former times such works were the means by which young physicians introduced themselves to practice. It is not a little amusing to look over the more antique of these productions, published in the days of Brobdignagian type, oceans of margin and rude initial letters, and observe how the old practitioners managed to hide their real ignorance of internal complaints by generalizing them under such appellations as "the grosser humours of the body," or "the vapours which arise to the brain," and which these waters were to drive forth. We do not wonder at Dr. Radcliffe's threat "to cast a toad into the spring," when we consider the outrageous manner in which their waters were quacked by the physicians of a past generation.

A Walk through Bath.

The high level at which the Great Western Railway passes through the suburbs enables the traveller to take in a very comprehensive view of the city. It lies before him almost like an Ordnance map, a very dirty corner of which he crosses ; for however handsome the all-prevalent free-stone is in appearance in buildings of any pretension to architectural effect, yet when employed in the meaner buildings of the artisans it has a very grim and mean appearance, quite melancholy to witness. Across a perfect nest of courts and alleys, the traveller, as we have before said, is hurried, and he cannot witness the wretched poverty at his feet without bitterly contrasting it with the palace-like erections of the Lansdowne Hill-side.

If we approach Bath by way of the old bridge which crosses the Avon, we shall gain a juster knowledge of the city than by any other entrance. This bridge, in old times, was quite sufficient for all the traffic which passed over it ; but with railroads a new epoch has commenced, and its ancient piers are now made to carry a wooden roadway overhanging on either side. A little higher up the stream, the railroad crosses the river by a skew-bridge, in which Brunel seems to have courted a difficulty merely to vanquish it. As the eye wanders over the complication of iron girders and ponderous beams of which it is composed, it assumes an aspect of daring power, that seems to typify the dauntless spirit of the present age as contrasted with the old bridge which slowly creeps across the river on five cumbersome arches. (Cut, No. 2.) Southgate Street, which in the old coaching time resounded throughout the day with the rattle of the stages and mails running between London and the West, gives the stranger no idea of the beauty of the modern town. The gable ends of the houses, the country-town like character of the shops, and the appearance of the inhabitants, presents another world to that which exhibits itself in Milsome Street.

As we proceed along Stall Street, architectural beauties begin to unfold themselves. The Pump-room, the crescent-shaped Piazza which commences Bath Street, the King's Bath, and the Colonnade, through which the beautiful west-front of the Abbey is seen, furnish a number of effects all charming in themselves. At this spot the genius of Bath still seems to linger : the chairmen hang about, reminding one of old times, and the lounger, too, seems to love it. The Pump-room, which was built upon the site of the old one, in 1796, presents, in combination with its two wings, the King's Bath and the Colonnade, a very beautiful appearance. Its interior, which is 60 feet long by 56 wide, is noble-looking and elegant. The band, long famous for its performance of ancient music, still attracts much company on Saturday—the fashionable day of the season. (Cut, No. 3.)

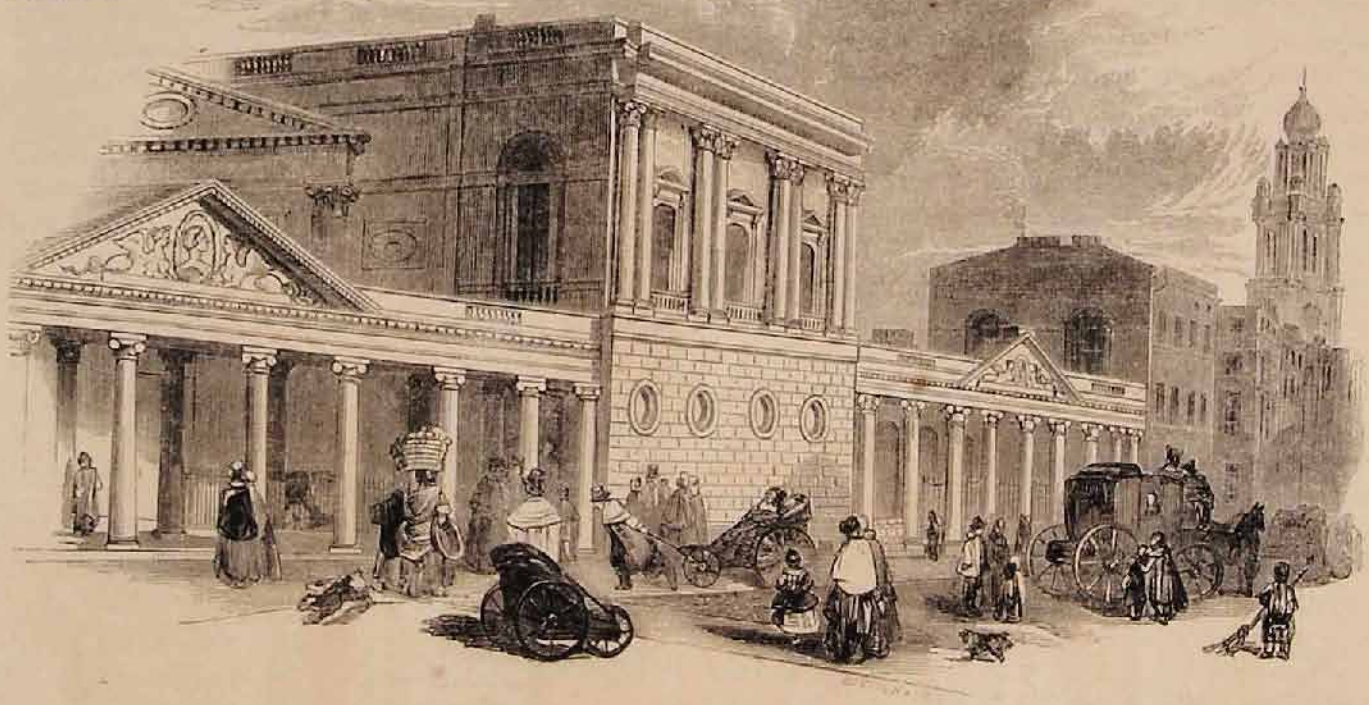
At the bottom of the room a statue of Nash used to stand, between two busts of Newton and Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, let fly an epigram upon the incongruousness of the juxtaposition ; the last stanza of which is biting enough :

> "The statue placed these busts between
> Gives satire all its strength :
> *Wisdom* and *wit* are *little* seen,
> But folly at *full* length."

This keen shaft had the effect of separating the trio ; the poet and the philosopher have been banished, and the Beau now holds an undivided reign, not exactly over the scene of his former triumphs—for that vanished with the old room—but still over the spot where the genius of the city still dwells.

The modern rooms have few associations. Old Queen Charlotte, when she visited Bath, in 1817, held her morning levees here, at which the chief company of the city and neighbourhood were presented to her. Madame D'Arblay, in her interesting 'Diary,' gives us an affecting picture of the presentation of her husband to her Majesty, and of the exhaustion of the sufferer, who was in the last stage of disease, when the interview was over. The old king was to have accompanied the queen on this visit, and three houses had been taken for them in the Royal Crescent ; but just as he had arranged for the excursion he was afflicted with blindness, and then, as Madame D'Arblay says, he would not come ; "for what," said he, "was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it."

It was whilst her Majesty was sojourning in this city that the melancholy news arrived of the death of the Princess Charlotte, which event hurried her off to Windsor ; but she did not much love her Royal grandchild, and three weeks saw her again drinking the Bath waters.



3.—KING'S BATH AND PUMP-ROOM.

The waters issue from the mouth of a marble serpent, situated on one side of the room, where the poor valetudinarians gather to quaff out of glasses tinctured, by the medicinal qualities of the water, a deep yellow colour. During the season a fee is demanded of strangers who visit the room while the band is playing, but at all other times it is open as a public promenade.

As we leave the Pump-room, our footsteps are naturally led towards the Abbey Church, the richly-embellished west-front of which the eye wanders over with delight. There was a monastery situated here at a very early date, and a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which was elevated into a bishopric in 1090, and granted to John de Villola, bishop of Wells, for the purpose of enlarging that see; and the two Abbey Churches and dioceses have ever since remained united under the same episcopal head. This building having fallen into decay, the present church was commenced in 1495, by Oliver King, bishop of the diocese, who, it is asserted, was prompted to the good work by a vision he beheld in his sleep, wherein he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. This dream the prelate construed into a command from Heaven to restore the Cathedral Church; which he immediately set about, but did not live to see it completed. (Cut, No. 4.)

Viewed from beneath the Pump-room Colonnade, and amid the bustle of Stall Street, this poetical idea of the ascent and descent of angels upon the ladder, sculptured in enduring stone on each side of the great west window, seems to realize some Scripture dream of one's youth, and to lead one back to those days when the white-robed angels, with the brightness of the celestial mansions still surrounding them, descended upon earth and formed a link between the Eternal and his earthly creatures. We fear all our praise must be confined to the effect of the west front, as the general design of the building is not beautiful, neither are the details particularly elegant. It was the last abbey built in England, and with it Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, as a really living style, might be said to have died. Like the religion with which it grew up, it had become so debased that its destruction was inevitable. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the Abbey was entirely stripped, by Henry's Commissioners, of the lead, glass, iron, and timber that it contained, and reduced, in fact, to its naked walls; in which condition it remained until 1606, when it was restored by Bishop Montague, and converted into a parochial church. The Bathonians, with a singular notion of the beauties of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, pride themselves upon the lightness of the interior of its edifice, which, from its being lit by the enormous number of fifty-two windows, is styled 'The Lantern of England.' The mid-day glare that meets

the eye in the nave, certainly warrants them in giving it this appellation; but they should not deceive themselves with the idea that this is a beauty. The early architects, whose aim seems to have been to produce that "dim religious light" which gives such solemnity to our York and Westminsters, would indeed smile, could they witness the manner in which that simple daylight effect is praised, which they used all their marvellous art to modify and subdue. The Church is crowded with cheap marble-slabs, which give it the most meagre appearance; nay, almost turn it into a marble-mason's shop. Among the multitude of urns, sarcophaguses, weeping willows, and the like mediocre emblems of grief, scarcely more than half a dozen monuments deserve a better fate than to be ground up into marble dust; and yet we can almost forgive them their existence, for the sake of the following capital epigram to which they have given rise:

"These walls adorn'd with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

Nash, who was buried here with great pomp, has a monument with an inscription, in which the visitor is requested to consign to his remains "one grateful tear;" what for we know not, as the Beau, during the latter part of his life, at least, was little better than a "hell-keeper." A more interesting monument is that of Quin, the actor, which consists of a finely-carved head and bust of the deceased, in marble. Quin contested for a short time the palm with Garrick, as a tragic actor, but was soon driven from the stage by that genius; when he retired to Bath with a handsome annuity, and lived there many years the prince of good fellows, and the sayer of good things. *Bon mots* were not the only invention of his brain: he seasoned his viands as well as his conversation, and his Blood-Sauce was a famous condiment among his friends. As he grew feeble, he used to be wheeled along the South Parade, where, as he basked in the sun, he would declare "that Bath was the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." Garrick, who saw him off the great stage of life, as well as off that of London, wrote his epitaph; but it is a poor hybrid affair. Dryden has one of his beautiful mortuary inscriptions to Mary Frampton, which is quite delightful to read after the mass of affected and strained lines which everywhere meet the eye. So exquisite is this epitaph that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"Below this humble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid:
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd!
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom should be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame,—as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shown, in glass anneal'd,
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
Too piercing, also, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within,—
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide:
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies—
For marriage, though it sullies not—it dyes!

High though her wit yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,
That when arrived she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer;
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'T was wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose!
A female softness with a manly mind,
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind,
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd!"

Another interesting monument is that to the memory of Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General. On the tomb lies the effigy of the knight in armour, in a mourning attitude by his wife's side, and two children in the like position. The old sextoness, who shows you the lions of the Abbey, draws your attention to a fracture in the knight's face, which, she informs you, was made by James II., who passing through the church, and happening to espy Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword, and knocked off its nose. But unfortunately for this very pretty tale, Pepys spoils it, for he inspected the Abbey on his visit to Bath in 1668—long enough before James was king; and, as he tells us, "looked over the monuments, when, among others, Dr. Venner, and Pelling, and a lady of Sir W. Waller's; he lying *with his face broken*." Warner, in his History of the city, gives another story respecting James and the Abbey, which is perhaps true. It seems certain that shortly after his succession to the throne, he visited and made some stay in Bath; and that, among his other attendants, he brought with him his confessor and friend, Father Huddlestone, the Jesuit. As the tale goes, this friar, by James's orders, went to the Abbey and exhibited on the altar all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; and then wrathfully denounced all heretics, at the same time exhorting them to an immediate change from the errors of Protestantism, to the true faith from which this country had apostatised. Among the number of his listeners was Kenn, then bishop of the diocese, and the consistent and firm supporter of the Reformed religion. Fired with indignation at this open display of hatred to his faith and to the established religion of the land, the bishop, as soon as Huddlestone had concluded his sermon, mounted a stone pulpit which then stood in the body of the church, and desiring the departing congregation to remain for a little while, he preached an extempore sermon in answer to Huddlestone, exposing his fallacies and displaying the errors of his church and the absurdity of its ceremonies in a strain

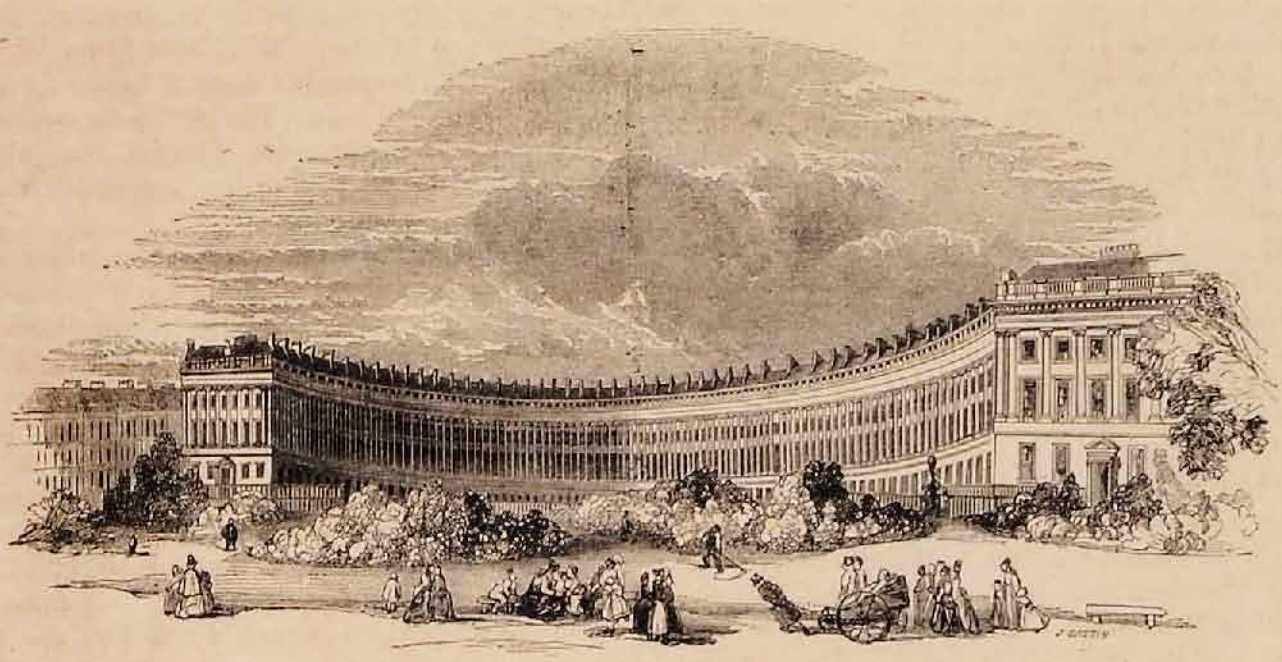
of such fervid eloquence as astonished his congregation and confounded Huddlestone and the Royal bigot. Such is the tale as it goes; but it does seem rather strange that a Romish priest should be allowed to play such pranks in a cathedral of the Established Church, and in the very presence of its bishop. There are some monuments by Bacon and Chantrey in the church, but nothing very striking; and Bishop Montague, who repaired the building, has an imposing tomb in the fashion of James the First's time. Prior Bird's Chapel is the architectural gem of the building, the delicate tracery of which has lately been restored. The roof of the nave is formed of lath-and-plaster work, and in a style which comes, we suppose, under what is called 'Modern Gothic,' which includes anything that a master mason might imagine. The roof of the choir, however, is as beautiful as that of the nave is common. Those who have seen that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster will have seen this; for they are both of the same age and style. The clustered pillars spreading out into a fan-like tracery, which covers the roof. Two long galleries totally deface the appearance of the choir. We wonder that in this age of restorations, when it is the fashion to rail at churchwarden barbarity, they have not been removed. The exterior of the building was repaired in 1833 (a period anterior to that in which most of the intelligent revivals have taken place), or rather botched in a most disgraceful manner. The pinnacles on the tower are such gross absurdities, that their having been allowed to remain astonishes us. Returning again into Stall Street, the main artery of the city, a short walk up Union Street brings us into Bond Street—a locality which reminds one of the West end of London, from the elegance of the merchandise in the shops and the general metropolitan air of the place. This paved court (for it has only a footway for passengers) is but the ante-chamber to what might be justly called the pulse of modern Bath — Milsom Street. This promenade is one of the most, if not *the* most, elegant and pleasant streets in the kingdom; not so long as Regent Street in the metropolis, or Sackville Street of Dublin, yet just the length to form a pleasant promenade. Its architecture, too, is noble and cheerful, and its shops are crowded with elegant novelties. Milsom Street is, in fact, the fashionable lounge of the city, and in the season the scene it presents more resembles the walk in Kensington Gardens than anything else that we know of. To the ladies it must be pleasant indeed; for here they mingle the two great joys of female life—flirting and shopping: when tired of their beaux they can drop in at the milliner's, when, fitted with a charming bonnet, they can issue forth again and smile gaily to the "How do's" that shower upon them from the mob of fine gentlemen who seek

——————— "renown
By walking up in order to walk down."

The street being situated upon a slight ascent, a full view of its bright scenes is gained from either extremity. The tone of a city can generally be ascertained from the character of its shops: in Milsom Street we see at once that Bath is entirely a place of 'genteel' resort and independent residents. The perfumers, milliners, tailors, printsellers, circulating libraries, &c., which wholly occupy the principal streets, proclaim it a city of easy and elegant life.

From Milsom Street we might either climb the ascent of Belmont and Belvedere (two very fine ranges of houses), until we reach Lansdowne Crescent, which circles the fair forehead of the city, or by turning off to the left along Bennet Street, enter the Circus, which might be called her zone: choosing the latter way, let us pause for a moment at what might, at the present time even, be considered the chief attraction of Bath — the Assembly-room. This magnificent building was erected by Wood the younger, in 1771, several years after the death of Nash; consequently, none of the associations connected with him and his days are to be sought within its walls. The Assembly-room over which he reigned stood upon the site of the Literary Institution: it was destroyed by fire in 1810. When both buildings were in existence, they were presided over by distinct masters of the ceremonies, and were distinguished by being called the Upper and Lower Rooms. We question if the metropolis can boast so noble a suite of apartments as the Upper Rooms. The Ball-room is 106 feet long by 42 wide, and is finished in that elegant yet solid manner that prevailed towards the latter end of the last century. The Master of the Ceremonies receives the company in an octagon of 48 feet in diameter, and vaulted at a great height. The walls are surrounded with portraits of defunct kings of Bath, among whom Nash, with his white hat, stands conspicuous; but the artistic eye is more attracted by one of Gainsborough's lifelike heads. This artist was driven from London by the competition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was all the fashion of the day, and something more; yet we question whether his noble *manner* was after all as true a thing as the fine nature of his less successful competitor. Gainsborough, like Quin, retired to Bath from his rival, and lived and painted here for some time.

The Octagon-room and another, 70 feet in length by 27 feet in width, are devoted to cards. A guinea is the sum paid for the season Subscription Balls, and five shillings extra to the Card Assembly; and sixpence each is all the charge for tea. Moderate prices these, for admittance to one of the most polite assemblies in the kingdom. "Nobodies," however, must not expect to mingle with the "somebodies" of high life on such easy terms. Certain rules are drawn up, by which all retail traders, articled clerks of the city, theatrical and other public performers, are excluded from its saloons. The Master of the Ceremonies goes on the principle, we suppose, of Dickens's barber, who refuses to shave a coal-heaver, remarking, "we must draw the line somewhere: we stops at bakers." It must be confessed, however, that the term "public performers" is rather a



5.—ROYAL CRESCENT.

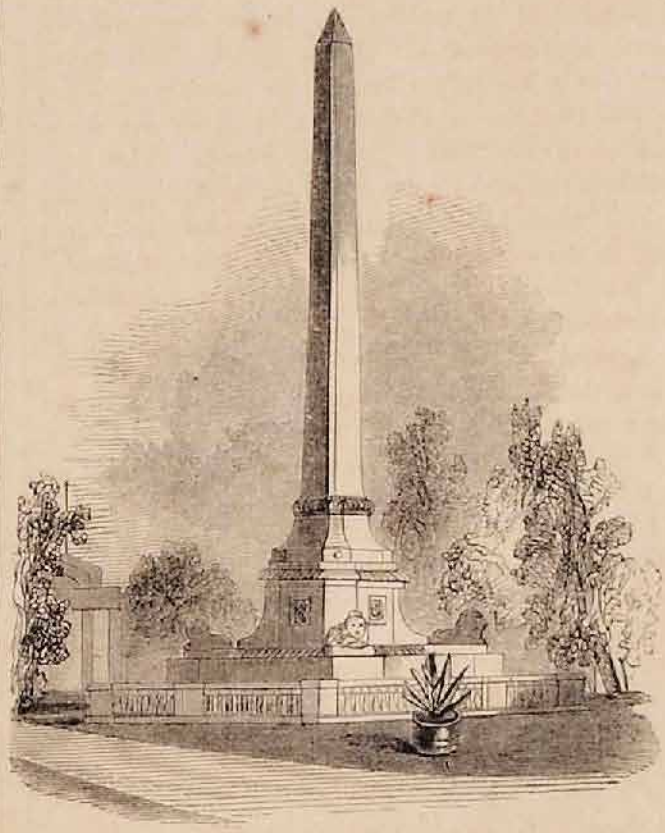
vague one, as it might equally apply to the India-rubber men, who perform in our quiet streets, or to the Lord Chancellor, or Chief Justice of the kingdom. It must be, moreover, a difficult task for the Master of the Ceremonies, with all his fine eye for a gentleman, to distinguish the difference between a Piccadilly retailer and a Leadenhall Street merchant, disguised as they both might be in the well-built clothes of a Stultz or a Buckmaster; and we have no doubt that, with all the care taken to let none but aristocratic particles escape through the official sieve,

> "Even here, amid the crowds you view,
> 'T is sometimes difficult to tell WHO'S WHO."

This class feeling was carried at one time even into the theatre, where no trader was allowed to sit in the dress circle!

The Circus, to which Bennet Street forms an avenue, as its name denotes, is a circular pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground, and erected in the Roman style of architecture; the principal stories being divided by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. There is something, we confess, gloomy in the effect of this mass of buildings; indeed, we must plead guilty to a certain feeling of oppression whilst traversing the more architectural portions of Bath: whether it is from the colour of the stone, darkened by age, and the uniformity of tone and style that prevails, we know not, but all the buildings have a haughty exclusive look, and appear to hold themselves aloof from the spectators; they seem, in fact, as exclusive as their possessors, and amid all their grandeur we wish for a sight of the pleasant jumble of Park Lane, where the houses are like faces—no two alike. Leaving the Circus by way of Brook Street, we come at once upon the really magnificent Royal Crescent, also built by Wood the younger. This is infinitely the most magnificent pile of buildings in Bath; indeed we know of nothing finer in England; and its first appearance gives the reader that sensation that a fine work of Art or Nature always effects. Viewing it as we do from Brock Street, its grandly sweeping curve impresses itself once and for ever upon the mind. Few buildings have the advantage of such a site as the Crescent, situated as it is upon a gentle slope, and the ground in front quite open for a considerable distance; the Royal Avenue to the Victoria Park, in fact, forming its very picturesque foreground. (Cut, No. 5.)

Turn we now into the Royal Avenue—no formal



6.—VICTORIA COLUMN.

row of trees, or broad gravel walk, as its name seems to imply, but a winding drive through plantations and shrubberies, in the centre of which *another* obelisk has been erected, called the Victoria Column. (Cut, No. 6.) This drive, of more than half a mile in extent, opens into the Victoria Park, lately formed out of the Town Common. The plantations have not yet grown up, consequently it has a cold naked appearance, which time alone can remedy. The scenery around the Park, however, makes up for the rawness incident to all newly laid-out grounds: few public promenades can command so fine a prospect, and fewer still such an architectural effect as the Royal Crescent. A colossal head of Jupiter, from the chisel of a self-taught sculptor of Bath, ornaments one portion of the Park. It is upwards of seven feet in height, and is esteemed by the citizens as a great work of art. It has certainly merit, but we fear the fact of its author being a "self-taught" native artist exaggerates its merits in the eyes of Bathonians: works of art must be judged purely on their own merits. We cannot leave the Park without noticing the two sphinxes over the gateway, the donors of which having had the very questionable taste to make the fact known to the world in Egyptian letters as large as a sign-board. There is a Botanical and Horticultural Garden in the Park, in which the floral exhibitions of the city are held.

Returning again to the Abbey Church, and proceeding along High Street, instead of turning off, as we have done, into the more aristocratic portions of the town, we come to the seat of civic dignity, the Guildhall, an exceedingly fine Roman building, in the centre of trading Bath: an architectural screen on either hand forms portions of the market, by which we suppose the builder meant to imply that the corporation takes especially under its wings the good things of this life. Bath has, from a very early period, possessed certain municipal privileges; but its government by a mayor and corporation dates from the time of Elizabeth, when, by Royal Charter, Bath was declared a city in itself. The Corporation, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had the privilege of returning to Parliament the two members for the city: the inhabitants at large having no voice at all in the matter. This extraordinary state of things was one of those cases, like that of Old Sarum, which tended as much as anything to pass this important measure. The fact of twenty-six persons thus monopolising the rights of the citizens of such an important place as Bath, can scarcely be believed by the rising generation; but give a body of men a privilege, and, however unjust it might be, they soon come to confound it with a right, and are astonished at those it oppresses attempting to destroy it.

In the days before the Municipal Reform Act fell like a blight upon the close corporations of the kingdom, the civic authorities, like their Bristol brethren, were famous for taking care of the "body corporate" in more ways than one, as the length of their kitchen-range, and the size and magnificence of their banqueting-rooms, can now testify to. In consequence of the exclusion of the citizens from *the* Assembly-room, they are in the habit of holding their balls in these fine apartments, which certainly rivals the others in magnificence, if the company be not altogether so select. Turning off on the right hand, down Bridge Street, we cross the Avon by means of the Pulteney Bridge, which carries on its strong arches a line of houses on either side of the roadway, the river being thus entirely hidden from view. The prospect, as we proceed up Great Pulteney Street, is one of the sights of Bath. It resembles Portland Place, London, in width and architectural effect; but it is a full third longer than that street, and it is terminated by the very handsome Sidney Hotel, which, besides serving its ordinary purposes, forms a noble entrance to the Sidney Gardens, —a place of great resort to the citizens of Bath and Bristol: it was, indeed, for a long time the Vauxhall of the two cities, pyrotechnic exhibitions taking place here nearly every week. Having been planted above half a century, the trees have grown up to a stately altitude, and assume all the wild luxuriance of a forest. A thousand beautiful effects meet the eye at every turn, and one cannot help contrasting the charming effect of these gardens with the trim, cold, bare appearance of the Victoria Park. For some time past, however, it has been a melancholy solitude: no gay lamps now hang between the trees:

"Glitt'ring like fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The pathways are deserted, the flower-beds neglected, and the arbours rotting; and the whole domain looks forgotten and abandoned, with the exception of two lines of life which traverse it in the shape of the Kennet and Avon Canal, and the Great Western Railway. Handsome terraces skirt and overhang the iron-way, and ornamental bridges span it, whilst the Canal forms quite a piece of ornamental water to the Gardens, adorned as its margin is with weeping-willows. Standing between these two great arteries of the west, the Past and the Present seem pictured to us at a view. Along the Canal comes a barge, "The Sylph of 70 tons"—for it is a curious fact that the heavier the tonnage and appearance of these vessels, the lighter and more aërial is the name given to them—a string of horses, or perhaps men, towing it slowly along. It moves so gently that the ripples scarce curve from its bows; the helmsman moves the helm sleepily with his jutting hip, the blue smoke from the little cabin creeps upwards in an almost perpendicular thread, and the whole seems a type of the easy-going world that is departing. Then on a sudden a rumble is heard in the distance, where the traffic-brightened rails, like lines of light, vanish in a point; a speck of black is seen: it *grows up* to us in a moment, rushes past, and we stand gazing at a long thread of white cloud, painted distinctly against the green background of trees; and ere it has broken up and drifted into fantastic fragments, the train, with its long freight of thousands, is lost in the mist of the distance:

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

. . . . . .

Not in vain the distance beacons: forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change."

However much the material aspect of the world might alter, the emotions of the heart never do; and we read with as much delight the love-tales of times long past as those of our own immediate day. Along these garden-walks, Sheridan once rambled with his beloved, and the grotto is pointed out in which they used to sit. The lover has himself left a rather maudlin poem, addressed to the spot, which commences in the following very limp and dishevelled manner:

"Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own;
And willow, *thy damps are refreshing to me.*
In this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught."
&c. &c. &c.

The lady of his love was the beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath. She was of a musical family, and was herself so accomplished a public singer, that she was called "the syren and angel of the Bath concerts." From the description left of the tender sweetness of her face, we cannot help thinking of that exquisite head, so full of sentiment and beauty, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Dulwich Gallery, known as "A Portrait of a Gentleman." The original was a Linley, a young musician, and doubtless of the same family as the lady Sheridan wooed in these Gardens, and afterwards married.

Returning along Great Pulteney Street, we cannot help noticing that it stands, as it were, still in the country. At every opening, on either side, we see meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the public walk to Henrietta Street is quite park-like in appearance. This fine street was constructed at the latter end of the last century, and was intended as the main thoroughfare of an entirely new neighbourhood on the east side of the river; but the plan was never carried out, and the "New Town," as it is called, consists of the trunk of Great Pulteney Street, and a few streets leading out of it, or lying like great blocks in its immediate vicinity. It remains for some future speculator to fill up the vast original sketch, and to render the New Town the most splendid portion of the city.

If we return to High Street, and proceed on through Northgate Street, we have a full view of St. Michael's Church, which is by far the best of the modern ecclesiastical structures of the city. It is built in the fork, between Broad Street and Walcot Street: an excellent position, as far as effect goes. The style is that prevalent in Salisbury Cathedral. The most beautiful portion of the building is the pierced spire, which rises

8.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

to a considerable height, and forms one of the most interesting features of the city, when viewed from the railway. This spire is wrought in the most elaborate manner, and only requires time to soften its present sharpness to make it perfect. (Cut, No. 7.) The new tower of St. James's Church, built in the Italian style, and surmounted with an elegant lantern, is another very prominent object, as you enter Stall Street; indeed, it forms many graceful combinations from different points of view.

The most ambitious-looking of all the modern ecclesiastical erections in Bath is St. Stephen's Church, situated upon the top of Lansdowne Hill. It has been built within the last few years, but its architect does not seem to have felt the influence of that revival of the pure Gothic which has lately taken place. (Cut, No. 8.)

There are no churches of any antiquity in Bath, the Abbey itself not dating earlier than the fifteenth century; but at the top of Holloway, the straggling suburb that climbs the Beechen Cliff, there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, that was founded in the twelfth century, and repaired and enlarged of late years. The city is, in fact, remarkably wanting in early English remains of any kind. Bellet's Hospital, in Beau Street, founded by Lord Cecil, in James the First's time, and devoted to the use of poor persons using the medicinal-baths and waters of the city, is, perhaps the most interesting old building in Bath; and its low appearance, and pompously-carved porch, which rises as high as the roof itself, is singular enough, as we look upon it suddenly from out the great modern thoroughfare of Stall Street. Beside it rises the regular façade of the Bath United Hospital: a handsome classic building, and no doubt replete with every modern convenience; but still it lacks entirely that old familiar, sociable, *indigenous* look which characterize its uncouth little neighbour's appearance. Still more interesting specimens of antiquity are the remains of the ancient walls of the city, yet to be seen in the Upper Borough Walls, nearly opposite the General Hospital, and in the Grove at the back of the Market. Its most perfectly-preserved portion is in Boatstall Lane, where the wall is complete even to the battlements; the eye has to carefully trace it out, however, as it is incorporated with the fronts of the houses built upon it. The three great epoch of the city's, nay, of the country's, history, are written on this wall in enduring characters of stone. Its foundation is formed by the old Roman fortifications which originally protected the city, and secured a foreign supremacy. The walls themselves (Saxon and early English), speak of the second period of brute force, when they served the double purpose of a stronghold against invaders, and a bulwark against the internal foe during an age of civic strife. The row of houses which now surmounts them—each one an "Englishman's Castle"—is the expression of the final triumph of law and order. We wish we could also say that the scene immediately below them speaks of the conquests of sanatory science; but, unfortunately, it is quite the contrary: slaughter-houses flourish in all their disgusting filth, and we much question if so much blood was to have been seen here even after the destructive battle in which King Arthur is said to have slain 450 Saxons with his own hand, as now pollutes the very centre of a city especially devoted to health.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, (Cut No. 9,) built upon the site of the Lower Assembly-rooms, is a very commodious and convenient edifice, containing a lecture-room, library, reading-room, and a range of vaults which contain the Roman Antiquities before mentioned. There is also a museum stored with a collection of minerals, and a series of geological specimens; showing the stratification of the entire South Coast of our island. The Conchological Exhibition is also worthy of inspection. But the chief attractions to the stranger are the classical remains of antiquity, which are alone sufficient to draw those who take an interest in such things to Bath, for no Institution in England is so rich as this one in those architectural remains and pieces of sculpture, which are the most perfect tracks left by the Roman Colonists of their magnificence, whilst sojourning in this island. As building goes on, and excavations are made, the Collection is continually increasing. The last, and not the least interesting, specimen of Roman remains found, was the entire ground-plan of a villa, exposed, a few miles from Bath, during the construction of the Great Western Railway. A fine specimen of tesselated pavement was removed from it to the Institution; where it now remains, and, together with the other antiquities, is politely shown to strangers by the officers of the establishment.

Among the Charitable Institutions of Bath, the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most useful is Partis's College, a very handsome pile of Grecian buildings, on Newbridge Hill, a little way out of the city, and well seen from the railway. Here, by the will of the founder, thirty reduced ladies, ten of whom must be the widows or daughters of clergymen, are provided for. The Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. There is a presence about the building which always strikes the stranger in his rambles about the city. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and we suppose the Beau, in its erection, considered that he should expiate the crime of passing a life in foolishness and utter vanity. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons,—in fact as King he could dip into his subjects pockets, with almost as much impunity as other monarchs, and the sums he collected for this Institution were accordingly great. An anecdote is told of the art with which he managed to make indifferent people "bleed," that is worth repeating. Whilst in Wiltshire's Rooms (a celebrated gambling-house of the day) one morning, collecting money for the hospital, a lady entered who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold!" said the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace! madam," replied Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam: sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash!" at length broke out the lady, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits: Lord, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die doing good; and if you do it will be

better for you," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, she bade him stand further *for an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him* (this, it appears, was the wit of the last century). But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her: "Come," said she, "I will be friends with you though you are a fool, and to let you see that I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your Charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name, nor the sum shall be mentioned." Until very lately it was a condition of the hospital that no inhabitant of Bath should participate in its benefits. This absurd law has been very properly abolished. The United Hospital, which we have already spoken of, contains in itself the old City Dispensary, Infirmary, and Casualty Hospital. There are also several alms-houses and charity-schools in the city. The Grammar-school is, however, a very small establishment to supply the educational wants of such a large city as Bath, only ten boys being provided with a gratuitous classical education. We have now traced the principal streets of Bath, and noticed its more remarkable buildings and institutions, and shall conclude with a word or two about the Theatre, the life of which seems sadly on the wane. These boards once developed the talent of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Brunton, and that of Incledon, Henderson, Edwin, and Elliston. Indeed, together with the Bristol stage, which was generally under the same management, it sent up to the metropolitan boards a greater number of eminent actors than any city in the kingdom; now, we fear, the supply of talent is entirely stopped, and the tone of the society of the city keeps away the citizens from its doors. "The New Theatre Royal," as it is called, has a handsome classic front, and its interior is excellently arranged, and very elegant in appearance: indeed, few provincial buildings of its kind can vie with it either in beauty or the excellence with which it is constructed as regards sight and sound.

The River Avon and its Bridges.

The river which traverses the city in a winding direction, from east to west, has certainly something to complain of in the manner in which it is treated in its passage. The river God, who disports himself in the tolerably clear stream skirted by the Bathwick meadows, must, we are sure, both hold his nose and shut his eyes, or dive, or execute some other manœuvre, to escape the unpleasant odour and prospect which would otherwise meet him on his way through Bath. It would be somewhat unfair to reprove the citizens for allowing the public sewers to discharge into the stream, when great and opulent London, the centre of the sanitary movement, does the same thing; but the evil is not to be viewed by the metropolitan error, for the Thames is at least a swiftly running river, containing a vast body of water, while the Avon is little better than a canal, for its sluggish stream is impeded at about every other mile of its length, between a spot high above Bath down to Bristol, with lock-gates and weirs. The consequence is, that all the filth which flows into it is merely deposited at the bottom, and there generates noxious gases at "its own sweet will." We must confess that we do not envy the fair naiads of the stream (if they have not all been scared long ago), the difficulty they must have in picking their way along the bottom of the river. We wonder again why the Bathonians allow the banks on either side of the old bridge, the chief entrance to the city, to be lumbered with such ruinous buildings as skirt the Lower Bristol Road, and the mean cottages to be seen on every hand. The stranger would look for a promenade beside the river of such a city as Bath as a matter of course; but he finds instead every condition unfavourable to health and disgusting to the senses. But we are only at the beginning of our knowledge of the great science of Hygien, and are wrong to expect Bathonians to understand it better than their neighbours.

The river is spanned by a number of bridges, which differ widely in their character. The highest up the stream is a pretty little toy suspension-bridge, at the back of Grosvenor Place; then comes the Bathwick bridge, connecting the London Road and the parish of Walcot, the general appearance of which is solid and ornate. The next we arrive at is the gloomy structure which carries Bridge Street on its broad back. There is something quite terrible in the appearance of this bridge, viewed from the weir in front of the Bathwick mill. The three dark arches, through which scarce any light is seen, and the sombre character of the tall houses which form the back of the Grove, and rise in all the gloomy manner of one of Dante's creation, is contrasted with the long, ghost-like, white line of foaming water which rushes over the dam, and completes a picture which stamps itself on the mind for ever. An old dramatist would instantly seize upon it for the scene of some imaginary horror. (Cut, No. 10.) After dwelling upon its strangely tragic appearance, the light effect of the North Parade Bridge seems to relieve the mind like a vaudeville after a heavy melo-drama. The span of this elegant structure is 108 feet, and its whole effect is pretty. The two railroad bridges come next, then the old bridge, and, lower down the river, towards the village of Twerton, there are two more on the suspension principle. We question if any city in England is spanned by so many roadways as Bath. The village of Twerton is well worth a visit, as in this place still lingers the old manufacture of the place, in the shape of an immense woollen factory, which turns out a vast amount of the still celebrated West of England cloth.

Literary Associations of Bath and its Neighbourhood.

For those associations, of which Bath has most reason to be proud, we must sweep the horizon. To

the north-west, stands the solitary tower, on Lansdowne, built by that great and magnificent genius Beckford; to the south-east, where Coomb Down rises four hundred feet above the vale, Prior Park rears its long and splendid façade. This mansion, once the seat of Ralph Allen, Esquire—the Allworthy of Fielding's novel of 'Tom Jones,'—is now erected into a Roman Catholic College. To get to it we must cross the Old Bridge—having in our face the bold acclivity of Beechen Cliff, which rises to several hundred feet in height, and seems to hang with its woody summit directly over the city—and proceed for some little distance along the left bank of the Avon, until we turn up the lovely Vale of Lyncomb. This beautifully wooded valley is studded with cottage ornées and handsome residences, and is evidently a favourite spot with those who desire a mild and sheltered situation. At length our footsteps are arrested by a couple of gates, forming the entrance respectively to the New Bath Abbey Cemetery, and to the Catholic College of Prior Park. If we scale the greater height, we shall soon find ourselves in front of the latter building. Prior Park was erected in 1743, by Mr. Allen, who was originally a clerk in the Bath Post-office; but having luckily been enabled to give General Wade some intimation of a wagon-load of arms coming to the town for the use of the Pretender's adherents during the rising of 1715, he was rewarded by the Government, at the recommendation of that officer, with the situation of Postmaster of the city. Whilst in this trust he got the Government to adopt an ingenious plan of his for the multiplication of cross posts, by which the revenue was vastly increased, and the proposer, who formed the department, was rendered independent.

The Post-office seems to have been mainly indebted to Bathonians for the improvements which have been made in its management; for the first revolution which took place in the speed with which letters were transmitted was brought about by another of her sons, Mr. Palmer, who originated the plan of despatching the letter-bags by mail-coaches, and who was rewarded for his idea by the post of surveyor and controller of the Post-office, and by a grant of £50,000. But to return to Prior Park and its builder, between whom and Pope an intimacy had sprung up, occasioned by Allen's admiration of the letters of the poet, published in 1734. Pope, who loved "to fall in pleasant places," if his lines did not, was a constant visitor to the palatial residence of his friend, and to this day a walk in the neighbourhood is known as 'Pope's Walk.' It was to his worthy host that his fine compliment is paid which has passed into so common a quotation:

> "Let humble Allen with ingenuous shame
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It was originally written, "Let low-born Allen," &c.; but the best of us have a vein of pride lurking about our hearts, and Pope did not exactly please his friend by this allusion to his early life, and, at the suggestion of Warburton, he substituted the phrase as it at present stands. The way in which the Bishop became acquainted with Allen is a singular instance of the manner in which a whole life—nay, the destinies of a family,—might be decided by an accident. It is related that whilst Pope was on a visit at Prior Park he was handed a letter, the reading of which seemed to give him some perplexity; and his host inquiring the cause, was informed that a Lincolnshire clergyman had written him word that he would be with him at Twickenham in a few days. Mr. Allen suggested that the friends could as well meet at Prior Park as on the banks of the Thames; and the result was, that Warburton arrived, and in process of time married Allen's niece, became, through his influence, Bishop of Gloucester, and ultimately inherited Prior Park and a large portion of his estates. Pope, we must confess, did not behave towards Allen with very much delicacy, for he actually brought down to his house his mistress, Martha Blount; but his friend even bore this insult with temper: a coldness, however, took place between the lady and Mrs. Allen, as might have been expected. The only wonder is, that her visit should have been allowed; but that such was the case might be seen, from Allen's conversations with Pope on the subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, which appear in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Warburton took up his residence here after Allen's death, and from this place issued the major part of that divine's controversial works. In 1829, Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Western district, purchased Prior Park, and converted it into a college for the instruction of youth. For this purpose he enlarged the building by adding two very extensive wings to the original fabric, and the whole façade has now a very noble appearance. The gardens were remodelled by the same tasteful hand, and the interior enriched with statues and paintings, which the vicar had brought from Italy. A theatre and an observatory were also added to the building, and such was the magnificence to which the whole establishment had attained under Dr. Baines's guidance, that a few years ago the place was the lion of the neighbourhood. A very disastrous fire took place, however, in 1836, which entirely consumed the interior of the centre, or old portion of the building erected by Allen, and property to the amount of £18,000 was destroyed. This loss, together with the death of Dr. Baines, in 1843, seems to have reduced the fortunes of the place, and now visitors are not so easily allowed admittance; the present head of the establishment not wishing, it is said, to expose the reduced fortunes of the place.

We have not many particulars of Fielding's connection with Prior Park, but there is no doubt that he laid the early scenes of 'Tom Jones' at this place. The novelist must have been a bit of a courtier as well as the Bishop; for his portrait of Allworthy drew from the original a present of £500. A description of Mr. Allen's grounds and the distant landscape is given in 'Tom Jones,' which, as one of the old guide-books says, "allowing for the introduction of an imaginary sea, distant island, and ruined abbey, is tolerably cor-

rect!" The objects the imaginative painter has introduced into his landscape are evidently drawn from some high point near neighbouring Clifton, where the features of a river and sea, and a distant island, lie before the spectator. Fielding might have copied faithfully, however, the prospect from Coomb Down; for if he had no ocean-prospect to terminate his view, the city, with its picturesque spires, and its noble buildings was there to supply the scene with a moral life far more attractive than a monotonous expanse of ocean. Allen, independently of his patronage of men of letters and his abundant benevolence, might be considered as having been a very important agent in the construction of modern Bath. It was he that opened the vast quarries of oolite or freestone upon Coomb Down, from which, as from a womb, the splendid city at its side sprang forth. This quarry is well worth a visit in itself. The great oolite formation in which it works is 130 feet in thickness, and the blocks taken out are sometimes of an enormous size. The roof of this quarry is supported by numerous lofty pillars and arches, through which the subterranean passages extend a considerable distance. A tram-road, on an inclined plane, conveys the stone to the Avon, whence it is shipped in barges to all parts of the kingdom—its hardness and durability making it a favourite material with builders.

The view from the top of Coomb Down is very extensive. Salisbury Plain stretches across on the left; and, on sunny days, the White Horse cut, on Westbury Hill side, is very distinctly seen. Claverton Down, which rises to an equal height with Coomb Down, is not very far distant, and on it stands Sham Castle, the mere shell of a fortress-like building, erected by Allen to diversify the landscape.

Returning by the way we came, through Lyncomb Valley, the Abbey Cemetery must claim our attention for a few minutes. A more beautiful spot for the purpose it is devoted to could not have been chosen, and the most has been made of the natural beauties of the ground by the art of Loudon, who laid it out. There are not as yet very many monuments, for the Cemetery was only formed in 1843. The remains of Mr. Beckford were interred here in 1844, but his body has lately been removed to its resting-place within his own grounds on Lansdowne. When the workmen were making the roadway to the chapel in this Cemetery, they discovered three stone coffins containing skeletons, together with another skeleton, and two Roman coins, one of Carausius, the other of Constantine. A monument has been erected over these coffins, the presence of which prove that the spot must have been a place of burial at a very early period.

A person walking over the ground cannot help remarking the number of Indian officers among the dead. Every third tombstone, almost, rises resplendent to the merits of some lieutenant-colonel or major-general in the Bombay or Madras armies. "Bath must indeed be a great place for bad livers," are we should think the unconscious words that arise in most people's minds who visit it.

There is an air about all cemeteries of insincerity: the grief is too gilded—the sentiments too strained—by which survivors attempt to keep alive the memory of those buried in them. The churches in such places are but pretty toy-buildings, to which neither veneration nor respect attaches. The Saxon edifice in this Cemetery is particularly wanting in dignity. Looking, the other day, from this spot, down the vale towards the antique little church at Widcomb, over which old Time has been for ages festooning the ivy, we could not help contrasting in our mind the country churchyard and church with the genteel cemeteries of modern growth. The church was only a few hundred yards distance, and we walked towards it, expecting to have a ramble among its "forgotten graves," but found the hatch shut and locked; so instead of musing among the silent tombs—a privilege which should not be denied any man; for to close "God's acre" is to fasten down a leaf of that great book of mortality which all of us are the better for sometimes reading—we were perforce obliged to take a survey of the impounded dead over the low churchyard wall, and soon saw that none but the *elite* of the departed were here buried. The whole place wore an air of mouldering exclusiveness, which a distant view of the picturesque little tower did not lead us to expect. More lieutenant-colonels and major-generals of the East India Company's service have here their glorious deeds blazoned forth on urn and slab, and we turned away with a full persuasion that Bath was the natural resting-place of that class of individuals, the type of which Ingoldsby has given to us in his 'Legend of Hamilton Tighe,' as follows:

"There is an old yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, and he frets and he fumes."
&c. &c. &c.

The portrait is undeniable; we meet the original at every turn in the more aristocratic portions of the city, and we have seen by the obituaries in the churchyards and cemeteries that they make Bath their last long home.

We must mount again to the hill-top to seek the retreat of genius. Beckford's Tower, to which we bend our steps, stands on the brow of Lansdowne Hill; full eight hundred feet above the level of the city. Our way is along Belmont and Belvedere, toiling painfully up the steep, but everywhere meeting with signs of the aristocratic nature of the quarter we are traversing. At length we reach Lansdowne Crescent, one of the highest buildings in the city, and only second to the Royal Crescent in beauty. Mr. Beckford used to occupy two houses here, one of which formed the corner of a wing detached from the main building by a narrow roadway. In order to form a communication between the two, he threw an arch across, of good proportions and simple form; and in this Siamese residence lived the great

recluse,—a puzzle, nay almost a fear, to the good citizens of Bath. His retreat was a kind of Blue Beard chamber, of which all kinds of mysterious reports were spread. Mr. Beckford had a dwarf, who served as porter to his habitation; this unit the good gossips multiplied into a dozen, and gave each some weird employment. The proud, reserved nature of Beckford aided the mysterious awe in which everything belonging to him was held. Toned as his mind was so far above that of the fribbles who constitute the *ton* of Bath, and despising as he did their petty conventionalities and common-places, he neither sought their company nor would permit their vulgar curiosity to intrude upon himself. A few artists and literary men, in consequence, formed his only society, and the only times in which he was seen in public was when he dashed along the thoroughfares on his white Arabian. To those with whom he did chose to associate, however, his affability was extreme, and his conversation one of the most charming things in the world. His residence was the repository of the rarest works of art; but it was in his tower on the hill that he realized all his Eastern dreams. Here, too, he walled himself up from the rest of the world, and played the great Caliph to perfection. The Lansdowne Tower is so conspicuous an object, that every one who has travelled the Great Western road must have seen its exterior; yet very few of late years gained admittance to its interior, or into the charmed circle of its grounds. When it was first erected, Mr. Beckford allowed persons freely into it; but he afterwards shut it up almost entirely. This elegant building (of which we have given a Cut) is, at the base, constructed like an Italian villa, upon which rises a campanile, and this in its turn is crowned with a Grecian Lantern. The interior of the tower was a precious jewel-house,—cabinets of ebony, inlaid with lapis lazuli, onyx and agates, vases of verd, antique pieces of statuary, and the rarest pictures of the first masters, adorned its walls and chambers. At one time the value of these works of art was not less than £100,000; but an attempt having been made to break into the tower, the more precious portions of its contents were taken to his residence. (Cut, No. 11.)

The Lantern was the favourite room of Mr. Beckford, he had so constructed it that each window formed a frame to some splendid natural landscape; the view from the west opening is especially beautiful. The river Avon winds along the valley like a thread of silver, and in the distance the mountains of Wales rear their purple heads. In the middle distance runs a line of hills that used to displease Mr. Beckford by the monotonous appearance of its outline, and the manner in which he proposed to remedy this defect shows the originality and daring character of his mind. He endeavoured to buy the highest of the range, with the idea of planting it with firs, so as to have made it resemble Rembrandt's famous etching of "The Three Trees." A person to whom he related this extraordinary idea of copying in nature a grand effort of art, objected that the trees would require some time to grow; Beckford replied, "*that he should put up cast iron ones, then, until they did!*"

This notion of "making up" Nature after the manner of some favourite painters effects was carried out by him in his own garden to a considerable degree. He converted an old quarry into a charming, half-cultivated scene, reminding one of a picture by Polemburg. Cype and Paul Potter he reproduced in his little meadow, spotted with his favourite cows; and the more gloomy spots of his shrubbery brought N. Poussin to mind, with his classic melancholy landscapes.

A rapid effect was a thing which Beckford delighted in. He used to chuckle over the sudden change he made one winter in the appearance of a considerable portion of Lansdowne Hill, by planting a vast quantity of trees. "The Bristol folks," said he, "who travel the Lower Road, seeing trees upon Lansdowne, where none appeared before, rub their eyes—they can't believe their sight." Mr. Beckford died in 1844, almost suddenly. His last note, summoning his beloved daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, is very touching; it contains only these three words—"Come, quick! quick!" His remains were deposited in the monument he had constructed for himself, (which visitors must have remembered to have seen, during his lifetime, standing amid the Shrubbery, just under the tower, and close to the little tomb he had erected to his dog "Tiny,") and transferred to the Bath Abbey Cemetery. This removal was contrary to his instructions, and as it proved to be the decree of fate; for upon the property being sold, it fell into the hands of a person who determined to make it a place of public amusement: but the Duchess of Hamilton could not brook this desecration of the spot she held sacred; the grounds were accordingly repurchased by her, and presented to the Rector of Walcot as a Cemetery; the first person who was buried here being its late owner, and in the very spot he had chosen for himself. His tomb, formed of red granite, simple and massive in effect, seems like, what it is, an expression of his own mind.

On each end of the mausoleum is this inscription:

WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ., late of Fonthill, Wilts,
died May, 2nd, 1844, aged 84.

Beneath this, at one end, is a quotation from 'Vathek:'

"Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven—hope!"

and on the other, the following lines from a prayer composed by himself:

"Eternal power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence on my dying hour."

It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful cemetery than these grounds make, and Bath can boast, without fear of denial, of two of the most beautiful resting-places for the dead in the kingdom.

We have not mentioned any literary associations when speaking of Lansdowne, but personal recollections of the author of 'Vathek,' and the not less celebrated

'Letters from Portugal,' which we give on the authority of a paper in 'The New Monthly,' some years since, written by those who knew him, cannot be without deep interest. We do not know, indeed, whether the associations that cling to Lansdowne are not more pleasant than those attaching to Prior Park. The former building certainly bears the impress of a stranger individuality.

The only other direction in which we can look for any literary associations connected with Bath, is to the beautiful suburb of Batheaston; but these we are afraid are only bastard ones. Sir John and Lady Miller (the lions of the neighbourhood) had, it appears, purchased while on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), an antique vase found at Frescati in 1759: this was brought home and placed in their villa at Batheaston, which was now converted into a temple of Apollo; the Lady being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighbouring city "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," every Thursday and Friday. Here the company were ushered into a room where they found the old Etruscan vase was placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with sprigs of laurel; and as each gentleman or lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made of some original composition in verse: at first merely of what the French term *bouts rimés* or rhyming terminations, which had been filled up by the candidates for poetical fame; but afterwards of short papers on particular subjects given out the preceding week. The assembly having all contributed their *morçeaux*, a lady was selected from the circle who, dipping her fair hand into the vase, drew the papers out haphazard as they occurred, and gave them to a gentleman to read aloud. This process being concluded, a select committee was named to determine upon the merits of the poems and adjudge the prizes; these retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions—the blushing authors of which, when they had identified their compositions, were presented by the high-priestess, the lady of the mansion, with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the plaudits of the company. The most sensible part of the gala, a genteel collation, concluded the business. This attic pastime continued for several years; till the wicked wit of an unknown wag having contaminated the purity of the urn by some licentious and satirical composition, to the extreme horror of the ladies assembled to hear the productions recited, and the equal chagrin of the host and hostess, who expected the usual weekly tribute of adulatory compliment: the sacred vessel was henceforth closed, and the meetings were discontinued for ever. Such is the account given of this namby-pamby affair, by Warner the Bath historian; and we should scarcely have thought it worth our while to repeat it, still less to place the silly actors in it beside those bright literary lights whose memories still illumine the horizon of the city, but that these proceedings show the tone of the literary spirit which pervaded the upper-classes towards the end of the last century, when scribbling poetry of the Della Cruscan school was all the rage, and which Gifford so unmercifully lashed in his 'Baviad and Mæviad:' Mrs. Piozzi, who, when Mr. Thrale was the friend and intimate of Johnson, joined the Della Cruscans, when on a visit to Italy, with her husband, and was one of the most active contributors to the 'Florence Miscellany,' but this was long after the break-up of the Batheaston poetasters. Mrs. Piozzi died in Bath at a very advanced age, in 1821, writing love verses almost up to the day of her dissolution. Bath can at the present moment, however, boast of the residence of a true poet, and one of the most delicate, graceful, and original prose writers of the age, in the gifted Walter Savage Landor. In artists also the city has not been wanting. Barker has made himself a name as a landscape painter, and Gainsborough, although not a Bathonian, yet lived many years here and sketched much from its surrounding scenery. The celebrated Wick Rocks in the neighbourhood was one of his favourite haunts and supplied his portfolio with numberless sketches.

The Sanitary Condition of the City.

It is now as common to inquire respecting the sanitary condition of a town, as of the health of a person. Necessity forces us to deal with man in the aggregate as well as with the individual. Sir Henry De la Beche's report of the condition of the city is a rather favourable one, and doubtless from the situation of a greater portion of it, the city should be eminently healthy. The buildings on Lansdowne Hill, for instance, are based on the inferior oolite sands which, together with the rapidly sloping nature of the ground, renders them dry and healthy in the extreme. Other portions, again, of the city, are constructed on marl and limestone foundations, which make them tolerably wholesome. The lowest parts of Bath, however, such as Great Pulteney Street, Bathwick, and the neighbourhoods bordering the river, stand entirely on alluvial ground, composed of clay, which naturally causes damp, and produces disease. Great Pulteney Street is, however, protected in a measure from this evil by the deep vaulting on which the houses are erected. The number of deaths, in proportion to the population, is fewer than in most towns; but we scarcely think the public health is so good as it might be, when we consider the natural advantages of the place as regards drainage and the free currents of air which circulate through the valley in which it lies. It might be said that the average length of life in the city is lowered by the number of invalids who come here merely to die; but this is, we think, quite balanced by the vast proportion of persons it contains who live in comfortable circumstances, and many of whom attain to a great age. Bath, it must be remembered, has no manufactures, and does not, therefore, breed up on its bosom a class of persons who are peculiarly open to the attacks of disease: that there is a vast amount of squalor in the lower parts of the

town there can be no doubt, but it does not amount, we think, to that existing in many other places. When we consider all these favourable circumstances, then we can only account for the public health not being still more favourable than it is, by an insufficient system of drainage, and by the very bad plan of allowing the public sewers to empty themselves into the almost stagnant river. A remedy to the evil can scarcely be looked for, we suppose, until some well-devised plan of collecting the refuse of towns and applying it to agricultural purposes has been arrived at. One very singular fact is elicited by the population returns, and that is the preponderance of females over males in the city. By the census of 1841, this excess was no less than 8,546! So that Bath is the last place in the world for a managing mother with a large family of daughters to come to. What a pity it is that so many of them should

"Wither on the virgin thorn,"

when at Adelaide and other Australian cities, they are so impatient for wives that young men come off in boats when emigrant ships arrive on purpose to secure them!

EXETER,

AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF DEVONSHIRE.

Whilst we have made pretty wide excursions in search of whatever is beautiful or impressive in town or country—whatever might interest the lover of Nature, the curious in antiquity, or the inquirer into commercial or manufacturing greatness or prosperity;—wandering to the extremest north, and south, and east of England, and extending our researches even into Scotland and Wales, the distant west has been almost wholly neglected by us. Neither Cornwall nor Devonshire, though both counties are full of attractions, has contributed a leaf to our Sketch-book.

We propose now to make some amends for our past inattention to the charms of Devonia.—

"And is it thus," interrupts some impatient reader, "that you follow the rule you propounded only a month or two back, when you quoted old Burton to the effect that writings, as well as dishes, ought to be seasonable? Is this the season to go rambling, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque—for I presume Devonia's charms are chiefly of that order?"

Good reader, you are a townsman, (fair reader, we do not suppose you would ask such a question,) or you would not imagine that beautiful Nature is not charming in every season. But we are not going to lead any one on an unseasonable journey. We are about to visit several picturesque and several beautiful spots; but, as you will find, we are going to do so at the very properest time. We intend to lead you on a tour of inspection through the winter watering-places of the southern coast of Devon: and if you think a visit to them at this time of the year unseasonable, why—we say it with all respect—you know very little of the subject of this present paper; and there is consequently so much the more need that you should attentively peruse it. Such desirable places are these Devonshire coast towns for a winter visit—or residence, if you can afford it—that not only ought Englishmen to flock to them (as they very prudently do); but Italians themselves would find their advantage in coming hither every winter, where, at the worst, that keen season seems to be "merely a languid spring," and

"The chilling blasts forget their freezing power."

"From November to February," says a writer on the climate of Italy, "I would recommend an Italian to repair to one of the Devonshire watering-places, if he could possess himself of Fortunatus' cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey:" and he proceeds to set forth the superiority of our coast towns. The quotation is made at second hand (a practice we always reprobate and seldom indulge in); and as the author's name is not given by our authority, we can neither verify the passage, nor add the weight that his name would doubtless give: but

"Well fare his heart that book that wrote,"

say we. He has said a big word in honour of Devon, and deserves all praise from Devonians and Devonian writers therefore: but when he said it had he not forgotten the drizzle,—sempiternal, ubiquitous, close-wrapping, penetrative "Devonshire drizzle?"

We fear he had; for in truth that drizzle is a great damper of one's enthusiasm for a Devonshire winter. It is very well to say, as the natives do, that the drizzle is almost always succeeded by sunshine; but the visitor almost always finds that the sunshine is where he is not, and the drizzle where he is: that the drizzle—thicker and more piercing than a Cumberland, or even a Scotch mist, and as hard to see through as a city fog,—is all around him, wrapping him as in hydropathic blankets, and drawing a sort of duffle-gray curtain before the scenery. However, let us button our coats about us, and start on our journey; we shall find opportunity hereafter to discuss more at leisure both the comforts and discomforts of the climate.

Exeter.

But before we proceed to the coast we must visit the capital of Devon and of the west. Exeter is built upon the summit and sides of a hill, which rises pretty steeply from the left bank of the river Exe. Thomas Fuller thus describes the Exeter of his day: "It is of a circular (and therefore most capable) form, sited on the top of a hill, having an easy ascent on every side thereunto. This conduceth much to the cleanness of this city; Nature being the chief scavenger thereof, so that the rain that falleth there falleth thence by the declivity of the place. The houses stand sideways backward into their yards, and only endways frontward, with their gables towards the street. The city, therefore, is greater in content than appearance, being bigger than it presenteth itself to passengers through the same." This was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and though the city has altered a good deal since then, it yet, in the middle of the nineteenth, retains sufficient traces of its former features to authenticate the portrait of careful Thomas. It is no longer of a circular form, yet it will be readily seen to have (as Dr. Johnson says of the Highland huts) "some tendency to circularity." The native topographers still dwell with complacency on the cleanliness of their city, promoted, as they say, by its declivitous situation. They speak too daintily to call dame Nature their chief scavenger; and the stranger whose senses

are annoyed by the unsavoury odours and uncleanly sights which far too frequently greet them in the lower parts of the city, is half inclined to fancy that Nature herself has grown ashamed or tired of the occupation imposed upon her. In soberest phrase, the upper and better parts of the city (and they are the greater portion) are clean, pleasant, and healthy; but there are places down by the river that are dirty, wretched, and unwholesome, and that would not long be suffered to remain as they are if they attracted the attention of the authorities as forcibly and as painfully as they do that of the visitor who ventures to perambulate them. Official returns prove satisfactorily that Exeter is, on the whole, above the average of large towns in regard to its healthiness: and there can be little doubt that it would occupy a still more creditable position if some reformation were effected in these lower regions.

Exeter is an ancient city: whether it be as ancient as some who have written concerning it opine, we will not take upon us to affirm or deny. That it existed before Rome was founded may or may not be the fact. If, indeed, it was a city some time before the mighty King Brute laid the first stone of Troynovantum, (which, the reader may remember, was afterwards named Caer Lud, in honour of its second founder the renowned Lud-Hudibras, and is now known as London)—as that event happened some two centuries and a half before Romulus saw the twelve vultures fly over the Palatine hill, it is pretty clear that Exeter is of far greater antiquity than Rome; and of antiquity at least as respectable. For historians place the story of Romulus in the class of legends, as well as that of Brute; we need not, therefore, complain if the early history of Exeter range in the same category, or wonder if its origin be for ever lost in the darkness of oblivion.

Coming, then, to authentic history, we find that Exeter was a British city, and was known as Caer-wise. In the two great Roman Itineraries it is called Isca Dumnoniorum; it was the chief town of the Dumnonii, or people of Devonshire and Cornwall. By the Saxons it was called Exanceaster, whence the present name is derived with less alteration than usually happens in the lapse of so many centuries. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is written Exonia. The name is derived from its position—Caer-wise is the City on the Wise. The Romans called the river the Isca; from which the Saxon form Exa is evidently only an adaptation to Saxon organs of speech: ceaster is the usual Saxon corruption of the Latin *castra*.

Having so sufficiently described its site, illustrated its origin, and accounted for its name, it is imperative upon us to glance at its history—and only glance; for to tell it at length, and as it ought to be told—that is, to relate its regal, military, corporate, and ecclesiastical story; the changes it has witnessed, the sieges it has suffered, and the deeds, worthy and unworthy, that have been performed within it and without it; the glory it has gained and the wrongs it has endured; and all the fortunes and misfortunes of city and citizens, would take up the remainder, not alone of this paper, but of the volume—and perhaps half-a-dozen more volumes—of this our book. And we find, moreover, that we are already running into unusual and dangerous amplitude of style; we will therefore pull up abruptly, and jog on the remainder of our journey at a safer and more sober pace.

The early history of Exeter is dignified by the defeat of the Danes there, in 877, by the great Alfred, who compelled them to surrender the city, which they had seized, and agree to leave the kingdom. Fifty years later, the Cornwall men (in those days a wild and turbulent race) were driven out of Exeter by Athelstan, who is regarded by Exonians as the founder of the present city. "When he had cleansed this city by purging it of its contaminated race," says William of Malmesbury, "he fortified it with towers and surrounded it with a wall of squared stone. And, though the barren and unfruitful soil can scarcely produce indifferent oats, and frequently only the empty husk without the grain [Devonshire farmers manage to get a very different sort of crop from the vicinity of the city in these days], yet owing to the magnificence of the city, the opulence of its inhabitants, and the constant resort of strangers, every kind of merchandize is here so abundant that nothing is wanting which can conduce to human comfort. Many noble traces of him are to be seen in that city, as well as in the neighbouring district." Malmesbury wrote early in the twelfth century, and probably described the Exeter of his own day: it might very fairly describe the Exeter of ours. It is a favourite notion of the local antiquaries, that there are still, as when Malmesbury wrote, some, though not many, traces of Athelstan to be seen in their city. If the city flourished under the protection of Athelstan, it was less fortunate under his successors. More than once it was plundered by the Danes; but prosperity returned to it, its prosperity being probably a good deal advanced by its being made the seat of an episcopal see in the place of Crediton, by Edward the Confessor.

Exeter was one of the great towns that refused to submit to the Norman Conqueror. William did not direct his steps to the west of England till the year after the battle of Hastings; when he had effectually secured the quiet of the metropolitan and southern counties. The mother of Harold had fled to Exeter with all the wealth she could secure, and her followers and the citizens vowed to resist to the last. They renewed and added to the fortifications; increased the strength of the garrison; hired the seamen, who were with their ships in the port, to assist in the defence of the city: and endeavoured to rouse the country around to resist the march of the Conqueror. When William summoned the city to surrender, they replied to him by a coarse action, which the crafty king, who sought all along to give a colouring of religion to his enterprize, declared was an affront to the Deity which he would avenge; and when a portion of the walls fell down (probably owing to the running of a mine) he called on his army to observe the hand of the Almighty.

Several of the chief citizens went to the king to ask for a truce, which he granted, keeping some of their number as hostages for its observance. When the remainder returned to the city, however, the inhabitants refused to agree to the terms, and prepared to renew the fight. William now directed one of the hostages to be brought close to the walls, where he caused his eyes to be torn out. The inhabitants fought resolutely, but the wall being thrown down, the city was taken after a siege of eighteen days, though not without considerable loss to the victor. Even then the fall of the city was, according to the Saxon Chronicle, partly the result of treachery: "The citizens surrendered their city because the thanes had betrayed them." Harold's mother, Githa, and many of the wives of the citizens had escaped before the surrender: they went, according to the same authority, "to the Steep Holmes, and there abode some time; and afterwards went from thence over sea to St. Omer's." The Domesday Survey shows that forty-eight houses were destroyed in this siege: the king however dealt leniently with the people.

In order to hold the inhabitants in check for the future, William built a large and strong castle, which, from the red colour of the hill on which it was erected, he called Rougemont:—a name, the reader of Shakspere will remember, which long after caused Richard III. to start:

> "When last I was at Exeter,
> The Mayor, in courtesy, show'd me the Castle,
> And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
> I should not live long after I saw Richmond."*
>
> *Rich. III., Act IV., sc. 2.*

William gave the charge of the castle to Baudoin (or Baldwin) de Brionne, the husband of his niece Albrina, whom he created governor of Devon, and bestowed upon him twenty houses in Exeter, and a hundred and fifty-nine manors in this part of the country. The castle is believed to have been erected on the site of a much older one. It remained in the hands of the descendants of Baudoin till the reign of Henry III., who took the keeping of it into his own control. In the war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Exeter embraced the cause of the empress. The castle was strengthened and garrisoned for her by the earl of Devon; and when the king came in person with his army before the city, the inhabitants refused to allow him to enter. The siege lasted for above two months, and the citizens at length yielded rather to the force of hunger than of arms. Matilda remained so great a favourite in Exeter that a festival was for some centuries annually kept in commemoration of her.

We ought perhaps to note here in passing that the city received its first charter from Henry I.; and that John Lackland, in the year 1200, empowered it to elect a mayor and two bailiffs.

The royal visits it received in these earlier days may be passed over—though that of Richard III. be amongst them; and the Black Prince, on his triumphant return from Poictiers, stayed here some days; and Edward I. came hither especially to investigate the particulars of the murder of Walter de Lechlade, the precentor, who was killed on his way from early prayers, when, for their negligence or complicity, in permitting the murderer to escape, the king caused the mayor and the gate porter to be hung. We may also pass over all its sieges and adventures down to the reign of Henry VII., when one occurs that must be mentioned.

It is that of the unhappy impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who here made his first and most unlucky trial at arms. Hall gives so curious an account of Perkin Warbeck's siege of Exeter, that it may be worth while to quote a portion of it. The first thing after Perkin's landing in Cornwall, says Hall, his councillors advised him to make himself master of some strong walled towns and fortresses, wherein he might entrench himself till his army had sufficiently augmented for him to meet that which might be sent against him. "When he and his council were fully resolved on this point and conclusion, they in good order went straight to Exeter, which was the next city that he could approach to, and besieged it; and because he lacked ordnance to make a battery to raze and deface the walls, he studied all the ways possible how to break and infringe the gates; and what with casting of stones, heaving with iron bars, and kindling of fire under the gates, he omitted nothing which could be devised for the furtherance of his ungracious purpose. The citizens perceiving their town to be environed with enemies and like to be inflamed, began at the first to be sore abashed, and let certain messengers by cords down over the wall, which should certify the king of all their necessity and trouble. But after that, taking to them lusty hearts and manly courages, they determined to repulse fire by fire; and caused faggots to be brought to the inward part of the ports and posterns, and set them all on fire, to the intent that the fire being inflamed on both sides of the gates, might as well exclude their enemies from entering, as include the citizens from running or flying out; and that they in the mean season might make trenches and rampires to defend their enemies instead of gates and bulwarks. Thus all the doings and attempts of the rebellious people had evil success in their first enterprize: and thus by fire the city was preserved from flame and burning. Then Perkin being of very necessity compelled to leave the gates, assaulted the town in divers weak and unfortified places, and set up ladders, attempting to climb over the walls and to take the city, thinking surely to compel the citizens either by fear or lack of succour to render themselves and yield the town. But the citizens, nothing so minded, so courageously, like valiant champions, defended the walls, that

* Fuller very reasonably suggests that the wizard, as he styles the Irish bard, or Satan through him, must have "either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desiring to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard (a guilty conscience will be frighted with little) mistook the word," when the Mayor pronounced it.

they slew above two hundred of his seditious soldiers at this assault. As soon as the messengers of Exeter came to the king's presence and showed their instructions, he hastened with his host toward Exeter with as much haste as the gravity of the cause did require and expostulate . . . . When Perkin with his lewd captains saw that the city of Exeter was so well fortified both with men and munitions, and of them in manner impregnable, fearing the sequel of this matter, he departed from Exeter with his lousy army to the next great town called Taunton, and there the twentieth day of September he mustered his men as though he were ready to fight, but his number was sore minished. For when the poor and needy people saw the great defence which was made at Exeter, and that no men of honour nor yet of honesty drew to him, contrary to the promise and assurance made by him and his councillors to them at the beginning, they withdrew themselves by sundry secret companies from him, in providing their own safeguard. Which thing when Perkin perceived, he put small trust and less confidence in the remnant of his army, as afterwards did appear, because the most part of his soldiers were harnessed on the right arm and naked all the body, and never exercised in war nor martial feats but only with the spade and shovel."

From Taunton, as will be recollected, Perkin took the earliest opportunity to make his escape to a sanctuary; and his army speedily dispersed. "And so," continues the old Chronicler, "the king, being a conqueror without manslaughter or effusion of Christian blood, rode triumphantly into the city of Exeter, and there not only lauded and praised the citizens of Exeter, but also rendered to them his most hearty thanks, as well for their duty done as for their valiantness. And there also he afflicted and put in execution divers Cornishmen which were the authors and stirrers up of this new insurrection and false conspiracy." To mark his sense of the service the city had rendered him, the king presented his own sword to the mayor, and also a cap of maintenance; and directed that they should be carried before him on all occasions of ceremony, in perpetual remembrance of the valour and loyalty of the citizens.

This was not the last occasion on which it successfully withstood a siege. When, in 1549, in consequence of the recent religious changes, occurred what was long remembered as "the Devonshire Commotion," the city was for two months encompassed by the insurgents; and the inhabitants, who resolutely refused to yield, were reduced to the greatest extremities before the siege was raised by a royal army under Lord Russell. It was in reference to these stout defences of the citizens that Elizabeth gave the city its motto, *Semper fidelis*. It but indifferently supported its loyal character during the "Great Rebellion." On the breaking out of the contest between Charles and the Parliament, the city was occupied by the Earl of Stamford for the Parliament. After the defeat of Stamford in May, 1643, Exeter opened its gates to Prince Maurice, and it continued to be held for the king till April, 1646, when it was taken after a smart siege by Fairfax. This was the last of its warlike adventures. The Parliament caused the castle to be dismantled and the fortifications to be rendered useless. While the city was occupied by the royalist troops, Queen Henrietta gave birth here to a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans; whose portrait, presented to the city by her brother Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

Three days after his landing at Torbay, the Prince of Orange made a rather pompous entry into Exeter. The following account of the order of the ceremonial, as quoted in one of the guide-books, would contrast rather curiously with that of a military entry of the present day:—"The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders' steeds, completely clothed in armour; two hundred negroes, in attendance on the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beaver's skins, in black armour, and with broad swords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger in a complete suit of armour, with white ostrich-feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards, armed with fusees; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie; the rest of the army brought up the rear; they had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

William's reception in Exeter was rather cold. "The prince," says Bishop Burnet, who accompanied him, "made haste to Exeter, where he stayed ten days, both for refreshing his troops, and for giving the country time to show their affections. But the clergy and magistrates of Exeter were very fearful and very backward. The bishop and the dean ran away. And the clergy stood off, though they were sent for, and very gently spoke to by the Prince. . . We stayed a week at Exeter before any gentlemen of the city came about the prince. Every day some person of condition came from other parts."

We will only mention one other royal visit to Exeter: that of George III. and his queen, in 1789; and which is now chiefly noteworthy on account of Dr. Walcot, who never lost an opportunity of lampooning that monarch, having celebrated it in a burlesque rhyme, entitled 'The Royal Visit to Exeter, by John Ploughshare.' Walcot was a native of Devonshire; and the verses are written in the Devonshire dialect, of which they are considered a very tolerable example. Two or three stanzas will show its quality, and the nature of Devonshire speech—now losing a little of its rudeness, at least in this part of the county:

"Leek bullocks sting'd by appledranes
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes this way dreav'd and that;

Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin;
Zom in the mucks and pellum sprawlin;
Leek pancakes all so flat.

. . . . . .

Well: in a come King George to town,
With dust and sweat as nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin,
So mad seem'd all the voke.

. . . . . .

Now down long Vore Street did they come,
Zom hollowin, and screechin zom:
Now trudg'd they to the Dean's.

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r,
Zom wey crapp'd wigs, and zom wey hair,
The royal voke to ken;
When Meyster May'r upon my word,
Poked to the King a gert long sword,
Which he poked back agen."

The description of the remainder of the ceremony, with a notice of the royal doings and sayings (some of it in sufficiently uncourtierlike style), may be found in its proper place. Peter Pindar has also two or three other poems in the Devonshire dialect, which may be found in his works by those who are curious in such matters.

Exeter, as has been said, is built on a rather steep though not very lofty hill, a circumstance that adds as much to its pleasantness as its salubrity. Leland, writing from personal examination, in the reign of Henry VIII., says: "The town is a good mile and more in compass, and is right strongly walled and maintained. There be divers fair towers in the town wall, betwixt the south and the west gates. As the walls have been newly made, so have the old towers decayed. There be four gates in the town, by the name of East, West, North, and South. The East and the West Gates be now the fairest, and of one fashion of building. The South Gate hath been the strongest. There be divers fair streets in Exeter; but the High Street, that goeth from the West to the East Gate, is the fairest."

Leland's half-complaining observation might be extended to the whole city—"As *buildings* have been newly made, so have the old places decayed." The Exeter of the present day is very different from that which Leland saw. The city has extended its boundaries till it has come to be about a mile and three quarters long, and above a mile broad, where widest and longest. Not only are the forts decayed and gone, but the gates also: the last of them, the South Gate, was removed in 1819. The walls may be traced; and some portions of them remain. Part of the walls of the castle are also standing, but of the building itself only a fragment is left. This is a gateway of Norman date, and is no doubt the chief entrance of the original Rougemont. It stands on the north side of the city, and should be visited. Little of the original architecture is discernible, it being almost wholly covered with ivy: with its ivy cloak it forms a rather picturesque object. The site of the castle is occupied by the Sessions'-House—quite a common-place building; the large open space in front is used for holding election, county, and other meetings. From the ramparts may be obtained some very good views of the city; and the contemplative visitor may, as he paces them, appropriately ponder the changes that time has wrought in the whole way of life and habits of thought, as well in the material objects he sees about him.

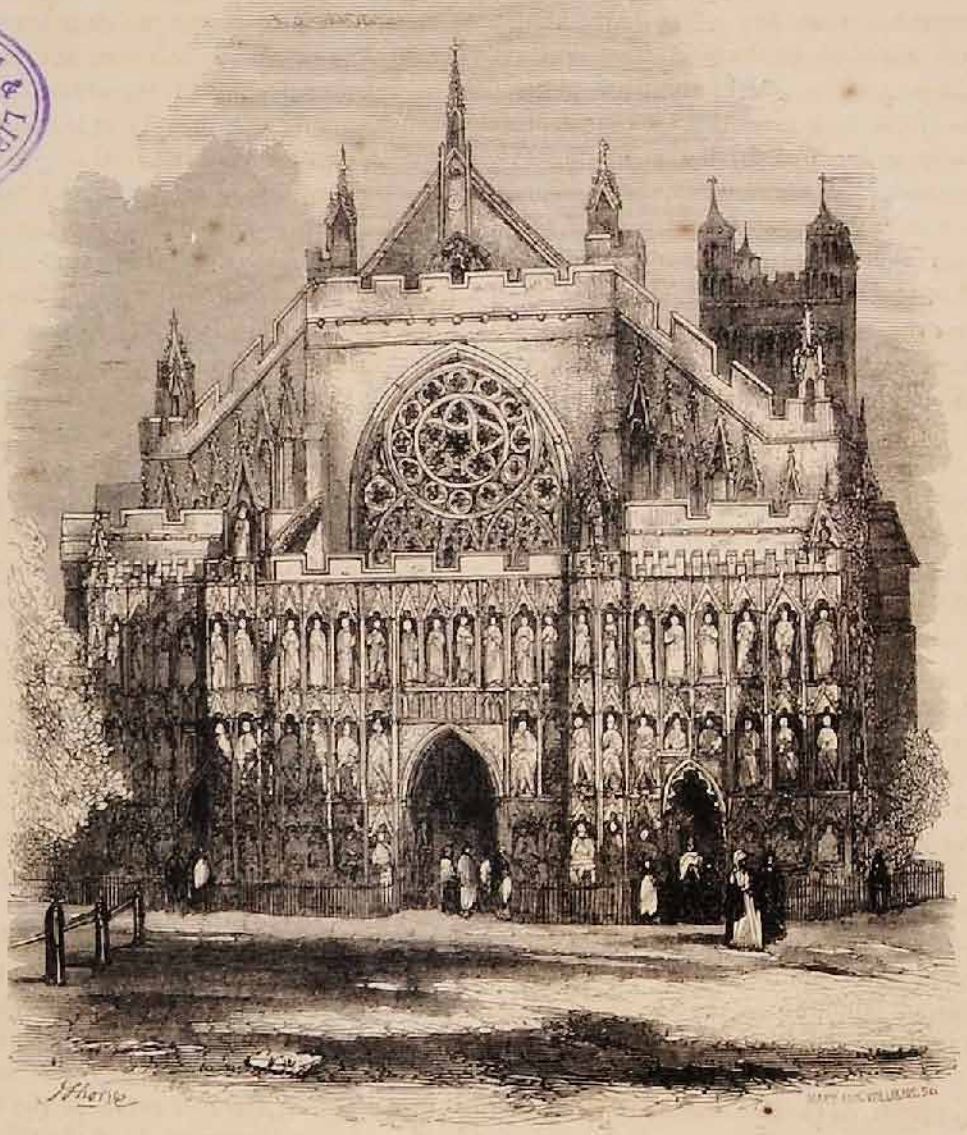
The city hardly retains so much of the character of antiquity as might be expected. You may pass from end to end of the long High Street and Fore Street, and hardly have the attention attracted by any very remarkable feature; and equally so, from one extremity to the other, of North and South Streets. Still there are appearances of antiquity, and if it had not been necessary, from time to time, to alter and improve the houses, it is easy to see that the city would be a picturesque one. When the gables of the houses, which are set towards the streets, were ornamented, and the upper stories hung forwards, it must have been eminently so. But the narrowness of the streets, of course, made it advisable to remove the projecting stories where the old houses remain; and in the 'smartening' process which all have more or less undergone, nearly all the rich decorations of the old gables have been removed or hidden, and they have been made as smooth, and plain, and mean, as the modern houses on either side of them. Something has been done, too, to lessen the steepness of the streets—a very useful alteration, but certainly not an ornamental one. The deep hollow, for example, between North Street and St. David's Hill, has been spanned by a viaduct, the 'Iron Bridge,' whereby the passengers are brought about on a level with the first floors of the unhappy-looking houses: and when the new bridge was constructed at the end of Fore Street, the opportunity was taken of lessening in a similar way the steepness of the road. Still, if it be not remarkably picturesque, the city is pleasant and apparently prosperous; and there yet remain enough relics of antiquity within it to amuse the vacant hours and reward the researches of the visitor who is of an antiquarian turn, even apart from its noble cathedral.

But the Cathedral (Cut, No. 1), is of course the chief object of attraction, and indeed, is the only really attractive building in the city. Though inferior in size and grandeur to a few other of our cathedrals, it is one of the finest of the second class, and in some respects it is unique. The oldest part of the present edifice was erected early in the twelfth century; but the main portion is more recent. In 1112, William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and whom the monarch had created third bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of a new cathedral: he died before the works were very far advanced, and their progress was probably interrupted by the dissensions in the reign of Stephen. The part which had been finished suffered considerable injury during the siege

of Exeter by that king. The Cathedral was not completed till near the close of the century. A century later the building began to appear too small, or not sufficiently splendid for the see: and Bishop Peter Quivil determined to erect a new cathedral, on a much grander scale. He only lived to construct the Lady Chapel, but his successors steadily continued the good work, till the whole was completed, as it now appears, by Bishop Brantyngham in 1380. The only parts of Warlewast's cathedral which were retained in the new one are the two towers, which were made to serve for the transep's.

Nothing, scarcely, can exceed the beauty of many parts of Exeter Cathedral; but as a whole, perhaps it is not so satisfactory. Though erected in the golden age of English ecclesiastical architecture, and, with the exception of the massive Norman towers, tolerably uniform in style, the exterior is heavy, and comparatively unimposing in its general effect. The unusual position of the towers only renders the want of some grand and lofty central feature the more apparent: and the want is equally felt whether the building be viewed from the Cathedral yard, or the suburbs of the city. The designer, if one may venture to say so, seems to have been a man of *confined* talent. Capable of contriving smaller features of almost faultless excellence, he might have designed an exquisite chapel; but wanting the happy imaginative daring of genius, he was unequal to the task of constructing a sublime cathedral. The aggregation of many beautiful parts is insufficient to produce a grand whole.

The objection may be a mistaken one; but we believe it is pretty generally felt that Exeter Cathedral is far less impressive than would be expected from an examination of its multitudinous beautiful details. The stranger especially feels this; for the parts are so fine, that those who are in the frequent habit of seeing them become insensible to any failure in the general effect. Until within these few years the Cathedral was a good deal hidden by mean buildings: these have been in a



2.—WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

great measure removed, and the exterior can now be tolerably well seen.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, but the arms are very short, the transepts being formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building, including the Lady Chapel, is 408 feet: the towers are 145 feet high. The towers are Norman, square, and similar in size, and also in general appearance; their surfaces being covered with blank arcades and other Norman ornaments, but they differ in the details. The remainder of the Cathedral is of what is known as the Decorated style of English architecture; and the numerous windows, with their flowing tracery, are among the finest examples of that rich style. Between the windows are bold flying buttresses, with crocketted pinnacles. The roof, which is of very high pitch, is crowned by a *fleur-de-lis* ridge ornament—the only one of our cathedrals that retains that decoration.

But the most striking portion of the exterior is unquestionably the west front. Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and the feelings. The chief entrance to the Cathedral was by the western door, and consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art. In most of our cathedrals the western end is more elaborately decorated than any other part: but no other is so much enriched as the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though two or three are more generally admired. The form and general appearance of this front will be best understood by the engraving (Cut, No. 2). It consists of three stories: the basement is a screen, with a central doorway, and one of smaller size on each side. The entire surface of this screen is occupied by canopied niches, in each of which is a statue. The second story, which recedes somewhat, is formed by the west wall of the nave, and contains the large and noble west window, the arch of which is entirely filled with the richest flowing tracery. On each side are decorated arcades. The wall is supported by two very bold flying buttresses. The upper story, which recedes somewhat behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and has a window smaller than the other, but similar in character. The arrangement, as has been often remarked, is unusual in English cathedrals, but common in those of France: indeed, the whole building has a good deal of a Continental character. The statues and ornamental work of the west front had become considerably dilapidated, but the authorities have carefully restored them; and this magnificent façade—one of the very finest in England—is now in a nearly perfect condition.

The interior of the Cathedral is far more imposing than the exterior. As you enter, the long range of clustered columns with the open arches above them; the noble series of windows in the clerestories; and the splendid vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, combine to produce a most powerful and impressive effect. But the effect would be amazingly improved were the organ to be removed from its present position. The magnificent vista would then be unbroken, and the large and beautiful east window would appear at the end of it: the majestic interior, in short, would be seen as its designers intended it to be seen. The place which the organ occupies in so many of our cathedrals is alike unaccordant with good taste and religious feeling. When these cathedrals were erected, the screen which separates the nave from the choir bore upon it a lofty rood: it was placed there with a religious purpose, as a part of the system of the ecclesiastics, to address the imagination and the feelings through the eye as well as the ear. The worshipper, on passing through the portals of the noble western end of the Cathedral, saw stretching before him a long array of glorious architecture, the walls and the roof resplendent with skilfully-arranged colour and gilding, and the "dim religious light" streaming through numerous storied windows: while raised far aloft, in the midst of all, and occupying the most prominent position, was the emblem of his faith—so placed as not to interfere with the grand architectural effect, but to unite with it, and assist in deepening its solemnity of character. At the Reformation the cross was removed: but a century elapsed before its place came to be commonly occupied by the organ. The rood screen was selected for the purpose, probably, merely because it was the situation that most readily offered itself for so bulky an instrument. There was no religious feeling in the matter; and there was no architectural taste then in existence to be offended by such an anomalous introduction. Its tolerance during the last century is not to be wondered at,—one could hardly have wondered had the statues of Jupiter and Venus been placed on either side of it; but now that there is a purer and better feeling abroad as to propriety of character in church appliances, it is surely time that the organ should be relegated to a more obscure position. Regarding alone the religious character of the edifice, it cannot be desirable that, upon entering it, the organ should be the first object upon which the attention rests: and, as a matter of taste and artistic effect, its position is even more reprehensible. From either nave or choir it destroys the grand vista, and entirely obscures the noble terminal window; while from every part it forces the eye to rest on an object inconsistent with the venerable Gothic structure, and ungraceful and incongruous in itself. The organ of Exeter Cathedral may be, as is asserted, one of the largest and finest instruments in the country; but that is no reason why it should not be removed to a less important and conspicuous position, as has already been done with excellent results in some other of our cathedrals.

Both nave and choir will command and repay attentive examination. In general character they are alike, with, of course, those differences which their different purposes require. The clustered columns, the windows, and the roof, are remarkably fine examples of their several kinds: the roof is one of the largest and handsomest vaulted stone roofs of the Decorated period in existence. Very little of the original stained glass

remains in the windows. Like all other "idolatrous pictures and images," it suffered grievously from puritanic wrath. While Exeter was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, the Cathedral called into exercise no small share of their zeal. Many of the things which they spared speak as loudly as those they destroyed of their fervour and diligence. But they spared some things which they could hardly be expected to spare; among others, the glass in the great east window was left uninjured, and it yet remains in good preservation. We cannot stay to point out the many points of interest in the nave: a peculiarity will be noticed on its north side in the curious 'Minstrel's Gallery,' which projects from the clerestory, and is ornamented with well-executed figures of angels playing on musical instruments.

The choir is in itself the most complete and most striking part of the interior. Its most singular feature is the Bishop's Throne, a richly-carved oak structure, a pyramid of open tracery, rising to an elevation of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here, about 1470: it escaped the puritanic axe through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the surrender of the city. The pulpit and the stalls are also of superior character. The screen which divides the nave and choir, itself of graceful design and workmanship, is especially noteworthy for a series of very early and rude paintings on the panels. They represent a complete cycle of scriptural subjects, from the Creation to the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As pictures they are of no value; but they are curious as specimens of the state of the art in England at the time they were painted.

The chapels are numerous, and some of them very beautiful: the open screens which separate them from the body of the cathedral are in several instances of exquisite beauty and delicacy. These chapels mostly contain monuments, which are in themselves of considerable interest. Indeed the monuments in Exeter Cathedral are much above the ordinary rank; and they are of all times, from the thirteenth century down to the present. We can only mention two or three. One of noticeable character represents Bishop Stapledon, who erected the choir in which his tomb is placed: opposite to it is another, of a knight in armour, believed to be Sir Richard Stapledon, the brother of the bishop; they were both executed in Cheapside, by the populace, in 1356. In the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene—the very beautiful screen of which deserves especial notice—is a splendid monument of Bishop Stafford, who died in 1419. In the beautiful Gabriel Chapel, which was built by Bishop Brownscombe, who died in 1280, may be seen the very elegant tomb of its founder; and also two monuments by the greatest of recent English sculptors. One, a mural monument with several figures, in memory of General Simcoe (who died in 1806), is by Flaxman, but it is not a favourable specimen of his ability: there is little of poetic character in the design, and no refinement of form or execution. The other is Chantrey's statue of Northcote. The old painter is represented seated in a thoughtful attitude, with his palette hanging carelessly on his thumb: he appears to be sitting in reflective mood before his easel, and has much of that tranquil contemplative character Chantrey could sometimes so felicitously unite with marked individuality.

The stranger should not fail to ascend the north tower of the cathedral, for the sake of the very fine view of the city he will obtain from its summit. Perhaps a better notion of its topography can be obtained from this tower than elsewhere: and the suburbs are also seen to advantage: the view is of exceeding beauty, southwards down the valley of the Exe, where

> "Amidst luxuriant scenes, with conscious pride,
> Voluptuous Isca winds her silver tide,"

to her confluence with the ocean.

In this north tower is the great bell, whose voice warns the citizens of the flight of time. It is one of the largest bells in the kingdom, being some four or five hundred pounds heavier than the famous Great Tom of Lincoln, and only inferior in weight and tongue to Oxford Tom. The biographer of 'The Doctor,' says, "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. . . . . Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey was mistaken as to there being only two such bells; our bell has a christian name, and, curious enough, it is Peter Bell. Of course it was not so named in honour of Mr. Wordsworth: it received its appellation in honour of a certain bishop who died centuries before the waggoner was dreamed of. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in the kingdom.

The Chapter House of a cathedral is generally worth seeing. As the ordinary place of meeting for the transaction of the business of the society, and also the apartment in which the members of the monastery daily assembled to hear a chapter of the order read (whence its name), it was usually made an important feature in the general design. The Chapter House of Exeter Cathedral is not so fine as some others, and it is oblong instead of being polygonal as is usually the case; but it is a very handsome structure. It is of later date than the cathedral, having been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century: the windows are good of their kind; the roof is of oak in richly ornamented panels. It is now fitted up as a library. The Bishop's Palace, close by, is not a very remarkable building, but from the very pleasant gardens parts of the cathedral are seen in picturesque combinations and to considerable advantage. During the Commonwealth the Bishop's Palace was let to a sugar-refiner; vestiges of whose pans and troughs were remaining when the palace was repaired in 1821. The cathedral cloisters were entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth.

There are nineteen churches in Exeter: before the Commonwealth there were, it is said, thirty-two. Fuller, writing immediately after the Restoration, says,

"As for parish churches in this city, at my return thither this year, I found them fewer than I left them at my departure thence fifteen years ago. But the demolishers of them can give the clearest account how the plucking down of churches conduceth to the setting up of religion. Besides, I understand that thirteen churches were exposed to sale by the public crier, and bought by well-affected persons, who preserved them from destruction." None of the existing churches will stay the feet of the stranger. The older churches are for the most part small, mean, and uninteresting; the modern ones are of almost invariable mediocrity. St. Sidwells (of unenviable fame), and Allhallows are the most noticeable of the recent churches. Of the old ones, that of St. Mary Major, in the cathedral yard, has some details that will interest the archæologist; and that of St. Mary Arches contains some ancient monuments.

Nor is Exeter more fortunate in its other public buildings than in its churches. The Guildhall (whose hoary-looking portico is so prominent a feature in the High Street) is the only one that is not modern. The hall itself is rather a fine room; it is tolerably spacious; the walls are covered with carved oak, and it has a very good open timber roof. On the walls are several portraits, chiefly of corporate dignitaries; but there are also portraits of the Princess Henrietta, and of General Monk, by Sir Peter Lely; of George II., and Lord Camden. The modern buildings are numerous, as may be supposed, in a cathedral city which, with it suburbs, at the last census contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a populous and flourishing district; but none of these buildings are of any general interest, and none of them can be said to add much to the beauty of the city. A list of them will be found in the guide-books which will serve to direct the visitor who is curious in such matters to those that are in their several ways of most interest: here a mere enumeration of them would be useless and tiresome.

Exeter formerly carried on a very large manufacture of woollens: at one time, according to Defoe, it was "so exceeding great, all the women inhabitants may be supposed to be thoroughly employed in spinning yarn for it." The manufacture was very great even when Fuller wrote, for he observes, "Clothing is plied in this city with great industry and judgment. It is hardly to be believed what credible persons attest for truth, that the return for serges alone in this city amounteth weekly (even now, when trading, though not dead, is sick) to three thousand pounds, not to ascend to a higher proportion." In 1765 the annual value of the exports of woollens from Exeter was estimated at above a million. Towards the close of the century the manufacture began to decay; and it is now quite insignificant. There is, however, a considerable commerce; the import and export trade being both actively pursued. The ship canal, by means of which this trade is carried on, was one of the earliest constructed in this kingdom. It was first formed in 1544; the several parishes contributing towards its cost a portion of their communion plate. This canal, which at first extended only to Countess' Weir, two miles from Exeter, was afterwards deepened and considerably improved; but it only permitted the ascent of small vessels till 1827, when it was entirely reformed and carried some miles lower; an extensive wet-dock was at the same time constructed at its termination near the city. By means of these improvements, which cost about £125,000, vessels of 400 tons burden can reach the city dock. The city does not appear to have suffered permanently from the loss of its woollen trade. New houses have been built on every side, and plenty are now building. In some of the pleasanter spots in the suburbs, villages, of the class of residences that builders now-a-days call 'villas,' have sprung up, much as such 'villa' villages have risen round London. Mount Radford has a showy and we hope flourishing crop of this kind: and it is as pleasant a place for such a purpose as any we know in the vicinity of any great town. The streets of the city, too, display a goodly number of handsomely fitted, and well stored shops; and a busy crowd daily throngs the thoroughfares. The facilities afforded by the matchless railway have no doubt contributed greatly to stimulate the activity of the citizens.

We must not quit Exeter without referring to its walks, on which the inhabitants very justly pride themselves. The chief of these is the Northernhay, "the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter." It lies along the summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the castle wall. The grounds are neatly laid out and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which are well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. From Friar's Walk and the parade in front of Collumpton Terrace, on the south side of the city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the outside of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Pennsylvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects; perhaps the city and surrounding country are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by the Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the scenery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing: while the weirs that here and there are met with add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on the east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac monks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains: but the stranger will not regret the stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath alongside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season,—especially of such as "go a-junketing" to the neighbouring villages. There are some very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that direction: it was from one of these spots that the sketch for our steel engraving was made.

Had we time, it might be worth while to lead the

reader to some of the villages around Exeter: several of them are worth wandering to. The pretty village of Heavitree, about a mile east of Exeter, was the birthplace of "Judicious Hooker." Alphington, on the south, has a fine church in a picturesque situation, and is moreover a noticeable place in itself. But we must proceed on our main journey. We have named a few things, the remainder must go unnamed:

> "These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
> And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
> Were weary work;"

as sweetly singeth Master John Dryden in his 'Hind and Panther.' We will on.

Sidmouth.

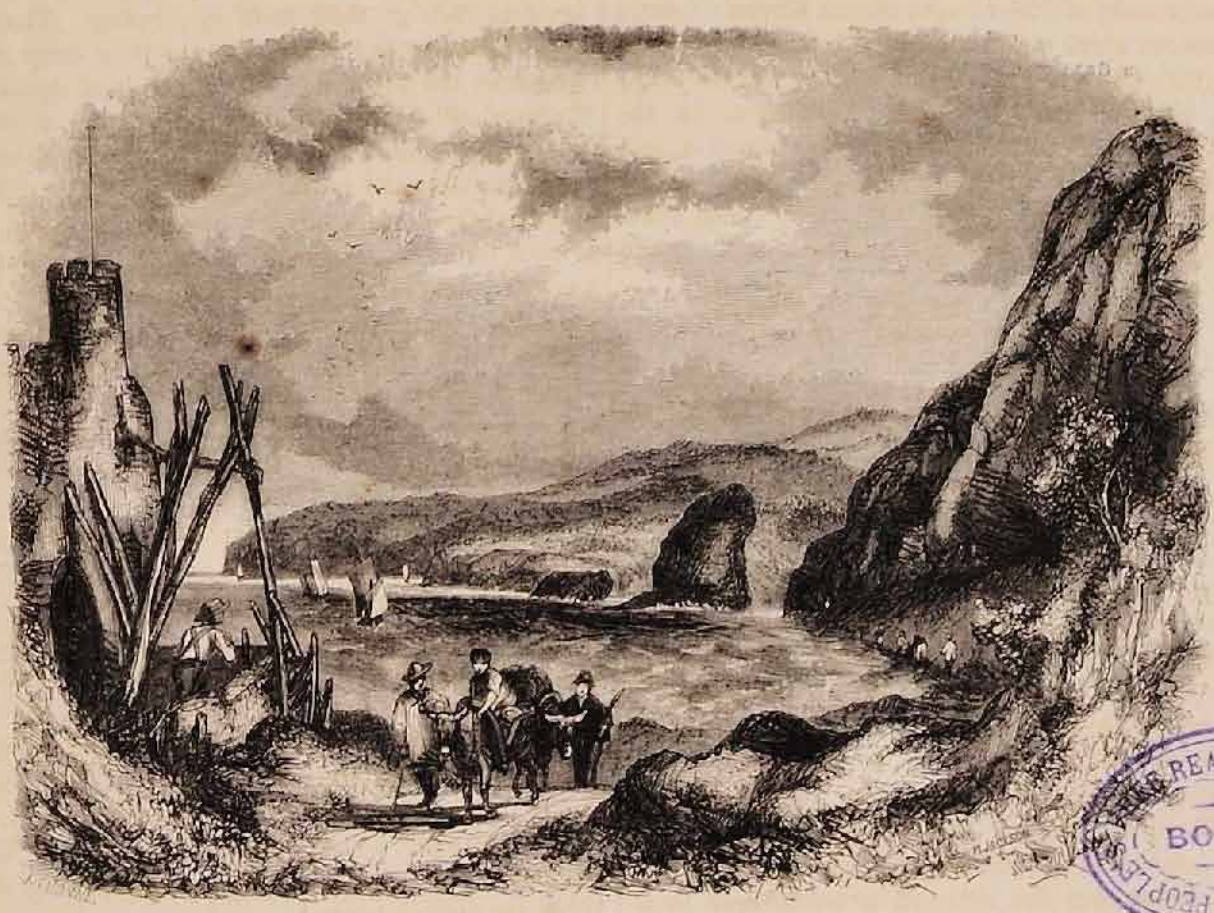
Secure the box-seat of the Sidmouth stage, and you will have a right pleasant afternoon trot over the hills to Sidmouth. There is a delightful alternation of scenery along the road, and you travel at a pace that allows you to have a fair gaze at some such magnificent views as you will not wish to hurry away from. You will also pass through three or four pretty and very countrified little villages. And "though last not least" in our esteem, the delightful sea breezes that you will meet in riding over the hills will so refresh and invigorate the inner man, that you will arrive at the journey's end in primest order to do most excellent justice to the good fare of mine host of the 'York,' the 'Marine,' or the 'London'—or wherever else you may choose to stay at. This is a main charm of stage-coach travelling: it *is* a grand thing (as they would say in the north) to be able to *do* the 194 miles between London and Exeter in four hours and a half; and no one who has travelled by that best of all express-trains was ever heard to complain of the journey. But for real enjoyment, this two hours' ride over the fifteen miles of hilly road, by the good old stage, is worth a dozen of it—that is, of course, supposing there be fair weather to enjoy it in.

The situation of Sidmouth is very well described in 'The Route-book of Devon,' in a passage we quote for the sake of recommending the book to all who travel in that county: the notices generally are brief, clear, and accurate,—qualities most valuable in such a work:

"The beach of Sidmouth is situated nearly in the centre of one of those hollows or curves, of which there are many formed within the vast bay of Devon and Dorset, extending from the Isle of Portland, on the east, to Start Point, on the west. At each end of the curve, east and west, rise two immense hills, about 500 feet high, running north and south, forming a deep valley between. Along the bottom of this valley lies the town, with a considerable part of its front presented towards the sea. On the slopes, or sides of the valley, extending a mile or two inland, are the suburbs, studded with villas, cottages ornées, and every description of marine residence, with which builders of this kind of dwelling indulge their taste in erecting. These two hills, Salcombe and Peak, continue their range of protection to the town, one on the east and the other on the west, till Harpford and Beacon hills, on the one side, and Penhill on the other, take up its defence on the north-west and north. Sidmouth by these hills is sheltered from every quarter, except the south, which is open to the sea, and may be considered as completely protected from all cold winds; for those from the south are seldom or never cold or piercing in Devonshire. 'Snow,' says Dr. Mogridge, in his descriptive sketch of this place 'is seldom witnessed; and in very severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige—not a flake will remain in this warm and secluded vale.'"

The little town lying thus snugly embayed, with the lofty hills rising behind and on either side of it, looks, from the beach, as pretty and pleasant a dwelling-place as the visitor can desire for a short month or two. We can very well imagine that it had a more picturesque, though a ruder appearance, when none of the smart houses that front the sea and are scattered about the hill sides, had been erected; and instead of the regular line of the long sea-wall, there was a rugged bank of sand and shingle, and the place itself was only known as "one of the specialest fisher towns of the shire." When the fashion began to prevail of resorting annually to the sea-side, Sidmouth was one of the earliest places to perceive the advantage of preparing a comfortable resting-place for these birds of passage. The little town has, with transient fluctuations, gone on in a steady course of prosperity, and is now a very complete place for its size. It has good houses of different grades; good inns, baths, libraries; subscription, billiard, and assembly-rooms; very respectable shops; and the streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. The sea-wall, erected at a heavy cost a few years back, forms an excellent and very pleasant promenade. Indeed, all the recent alterations and improvements in the town have been made with a view to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors: and it would seem with success. Sidmouth has a late summer season; and perhaps this is its best season, as it is undeniably its pleasantest. But it is also a good deal resorted to in the winter; and it is one of the most agreeable little winter watering-places along this coast. The town is well-sheltered, the site cheerful, the air balmy and genial, and there are most enjoyable walks, both for the robust and the invalid; while, as we have seen, provision has been made for home and in-door delectation: a very necessary provision, certainly, in this moist climate.

The buildings in Sidmouth are not of any architectural importance or interest. The old church is but of very ordinary description; and for the new one there is not much more to be said. Several of the private houses are rather pretty; and one of them, a large thatched cottage-ornée, "a cottage of gentility," is one of the chief lions of Sidmouth. Attached to it are extensive and well-filled conservatories, an aviary,



3.—CHIT ROCK.

and a collection of animals; and it contains in its ample rooms a vast variety of all those numerous costly articles which fall under the general designation of articles of vertû. The proper name of the house is 'Knowle Cottage;' but it is popularly known, at least in Sidmouth, as 'The Little Fonthill.' Permission to see it is readily granted; and "the rooms are thrown open to the public every Monday during the months of August and September."

Sidmouth, we have said, has beautiful walks. The beach will, probably, for a while content the visitor: the cliffs curve round in an easy sweep, and form a picturesque little bay, closed at each extremity by lofty headlands. On a bright calm day, when the sea lies tranquilly at rest, gladdening and glittering in the sunshine, the little bay is a very picture of gentleness and beauty; but when there is rough weather abroad, and dark clouds hang heavily upon the hill tops, the waves roll in with a broad majestic sweep that seems to give quite a new and grander character to the scene; and the bold and broken cliffs themselves appear to assume a wilder and more rugged aspect. The cliffs along this part of the coast are of red marl and sandstone; and as the sea beats strongly against them, they are worn into deep hollows, and in many instances portions become quite separated from the parent cliff. One of these detached masses, of considerable size, stands out at some distance in the sea, at the western extremity of this bay. Chit Rock (Cut, No. 3), as it is called, is one of the notabilities of Sidmouth.

But the visitor will soon wish to extend his walks beyond the narrow limits of Sidmouth beach; and in almost every direction he will find rambles of a nature to tempt and to repay his curiosity. Along the summits of the cliffs he will obtain glorious views over the wide ocean, and not a few pleasant inland prospects. The hills farther away from the sea command views of vast extent and surpassing beauty; and along the valleys and gentle slopes there are simple pastoral scenes, and green shady lanes, and quiet field-paths, with here and there a solitary cottage, or a little social gathering of cottages, such as it does the heart good to look upon.

Nor must it be supposed that these pleasant strolls are not to be enjoyed in the winter season; as the winter visitant will find, if he venture abroad—and happily most do so venture, though they limit their ramblings far more than they ought. The trees, which impart so much beauty and life to the landscape, are leafless and silent; the streamlets are swollen and turbid; the voices of the innumerable birds that in summer send their glad music from every spray, are mute: but the fields and hill-sides are still verdant; the banks and hedges have yet a pleasant show of flowers and herbage; mosses and lichens of gem-like richness cover the trunks and branches of the trees, the thatches, and the palings; evergreen shrubs and trees are frequent; and no Devonshire lane, or cove, or dell, is without a pretty numerous colony of birds of one kind or another: while withal the air is often deliciously balmy, genial, and serene. Indeed a stroll along the lanes around Sidmouth—and the remark is more or less

applicable to all the towns and villages along this coast to which our winter visitants repair—has, on a fine winter's day, a charm entirely its own; and often the more grateful from its unexpected vernal cheerfulness. And this vernal character happily here lasts throughout the winter. Frosts are seldom severe, and almost always transient; snow hardly ever falls in the valleys, and never lies long on the ground.

"Lovely Devonia! where shall man,
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh
His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn
Thy fields of matchless verdure?"

"This is all very pretty, Mr. Writer; but the drizzle—what about the drizzle?"—Yes, good reader, to be sure there is the drizzle; one can't escape from that; but, let us accost yonder countryman, who is resting on his long-handled spade there, and whose form and features show that he has been exposed to Devonshire weather for many a year,—and see what he will say about it.

"More rain!"—"E'es, zur—a little dirzzell!"

"And does it always drizzle in this part of the country?"—"Whoy no: i'dreeans zumtimes."

"Well, does it always rain when it doesn't drizzle?"—"They do zay, I believe, that i'dreeans here if i'dreeans anywhere; and, for zartin, we've a girt deal of it; but it be vine enough between whiles."

There, good reader, you have the truth of the matter: there is rain here, and there is drizzle; but there are delicious intervals, and fortunate is he who is able and willing to avail himself of them:

——————"How soft the breeze
That from the warm south comes! how sweet to feel
The gale Favonian, too, that o'er the cheek
Breathes health and life!"
Carrington—'Banks of the Tamar.'

But we must wander, this fine winter morning, down one of the lanes—or rather, slightly notice two or three things that are noteworthy in them. The lanes of Devonshire are usually exceedingly good examples of English country lanes; and those in this neighbourhood are among the choicest in the county. The continual undulation of surface brings into view a never-failing variety of distant scenery, which blends in the most pleasing manner with the peculiarly picturesque features of the lanes themselves; now showing between the distant elms merely a few upland meadows, where Devon's "matchless verdure" gleams under the glancing sunbeam with a brilliant emerald hue, such as is only seen elsewhere on a few of the brightest days of spring; and close beside lies another field of bare red earth, with a labourer or two busily at work upon it: presently there opens a wide and cheerful valley, winding far away among receding hills: here, a few groups of cottages are seen along the margin of the streamlet, and on the slopes houses of more ambitious character are pretty plentifully besprinkled; and again some new turn brings in the sparkling sea to add a new charm and more powerful interest to the picture. It must be confessed, however, that Devonshire farmers and road-makers do their best to conceal as much of all this as possible. They are people of most anti-picturesque propensities: the road-makers seem to rejoice in 'deep cuttings,'—the farmers take especial delight in high banks: so that, between the two, the poor pedestrian fares often but sadly. Wherever they can contrive to shut out a wide prospect, or a sunny peep, or a picturesque nook, these good people are sure to do it: they won't let you see more of their country than they can help. There appears to be an unaccountable perversity in this matter. You ascend some piece of upland lane, that promises to bring you to an opening between the hills, whence you may have a rich prospect, when, on reaching the spot, you find the road sunk,—or a mud-bank, some six or eight feet high, with a tall hedge on the top of such impenetrable closeness as to bid defiance even to a hedger. Yet there is some compensation in these banks: for the most part they are covered, although it be winter, with a luxuriant crop of graceful ferns, of ivy, and of periwinkles, and an innumerable variety of light green herbage; while primroses are not scarce even at Christmas, and there is sure to be an early and plenteous supply of violets. The soil in this part of Devonshire is of a deep and rather bright red, and the delicate ferns, and the grass and leaves, and flowers, form with it a singularly vivid contrast. Hardly a bit of old broken bank is there in one of these lanes that does not form a little picture. However, it is the numerous and varied close picturesque nooks, where human interest mingles with the natural and rustic features, that are the chief charm of these lanes. The rural occupations and those who are employed in them; the road-side houses, and the country carts and country folk who are seen about them; the humble cottages that lie just out of the lane, and the goodwife and children who are in constant motion about the open doors, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure. Nothing is there more picturesque, in its way, than an old Devonshire cob cottage, with its huge overhanging thatch, and all its various accompaniments, animate and inanimate! We should attempt to sketch one, had it not already been done infinitely better than we could do it; and as it only could be done by an observant resident, who, with frequent and leisurely opportunity joined the requisite skill to copy its most characteristic features.

"A Devonshire cottage," says Mrs. Bray, in her 'Tamar and Tavy,' "if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are gray, and if not whitewashed (which they too often are), abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch; and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose, mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the delight of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement of hollyhocks, &c.,

has a bed or two of flowers before the house, of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder—that most useful of all domestic trees—are seen near the entrance; and more than once have I stopped to observe the eagerness and the delight with which the children amuse themselves in chasing a butterfly from flower to flower."

The cottage here described belongs to the other end of the county, but it is equally true of those in this part,—with this difference, that instead of being constructed of stone they are here mostly built of cob; and consequently, a cottage of the Tudor age is here a rarity. Of course the reader knows what cob—'Devonshire cob'—is? If not, we must tell him that it is merely the common clay, or marl, mixed with straw, &c., which is trodden for a long time by horses, till it forms a very tenacious material, and is the ordinary material used for buildings of inexpensive character where stone is not abundant. Like the stone cottages, these are generally whitewashed, and invariably thatched—perhaps we ought to say were, for some few of recent date are slated. The common boundary walls are constructed of cob, as well as the walls of houses, and the stranger is often a little surprised to see a deep and neatly made pent-house thatch surmounting such a wall. When well thatched, a well made cob boundary-wall will hardly need repairing once in a generation: and a good cob wall, whether of house or yard, will last a century.

We intended to lead the reader to three or four of the pleasant spots in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth; along the lanes to the pretty village of Sidford, to Sidbury castle, and on to Penhill; to the top of Salcombe Hill, where is a magnificent prospect, extending, it is said, over from thirty to forty miles of a rich and fertile and very beautiful country, and seaward far as the eye can reach; to one or two of the quiet out-of-the-way corners, where the little Sid, the river (or, as old Risdon calls it, riveret), to which Sidmouth owes its name, with the hollow along which it hurries, "singing its quiet tune," makes pleasant miniature pictures:—by the way, there is an exceedingly pretty peep up the Sid vale from the beach: we intended to visit these and one or two other places, but we must leave them and pursue our journey. Some Miss Mitford of this coast should explore the less-known localities, and give us a volume of country sketches after the fashion of that lady's 'Village.'

Exmouth.

The onward road lies along the summit of the cliffs, past Chit Rock. From High Peak there are good sea views; and from Peak Hill others of surprising extent and wondrous beauty, over the Haldon Hills as well as seaward. The road must be followed a little inland to Otterton, which lies two or three miles from the sea; and where is the last bridge over the Otter. The way is extremely pleasant, but we need not stay to describe it. Otterton itself is a noticeable place: it is a long straggling village of poor-looking, whitewashed, thatched cob cottages, with a farm-house or two, a couple of inns, and a few shops. Through the middle of the street runs a little feeder of the Otter, a rattling brook, which adds a good deal to the picturesqueness of the place. On one side is a green, with trees around it. The church stands on a hill at the end of the village. All the houses are rude, unadorned, and old-fashioned; and if it were not for two or three shops that look rather modern, the stranger might fancy he had fallen upon a little secluded country town that had not changed for a century.

Otterton was at one time a village of some small local importance. John Lackland founded a priory here, subject to the monastery of St. Michael, in Normandy. There were to be four monks who were to celebrate the regular religious services; and also to distribute bread weekly among the poor, to the amount of sixteen shillings—a tolerable sum in those days. In succeeding ages the monastery received additional benefactions, and the superior had enlarged rights. Lysons, quoting from the Ledger Book of the priory in 'Chapple's Collections,' says that, "The prior of Otterton had the right of pre-emption of fish in all his ports, and the choice of the best fish,"—a very useful privilege against fast days; the next right is of more questionable value—"The prior claimed also every porpoise caught in the fisheries, giving twelve pence and a loaf of white bread to every sailor, and twice as much to the master; also the half of all dolphins,"—choosing no doubt the head and shoulders when only one was caught. At the suppression of alien monasteries, the priory was transferred to Sion Abbey; at the general spoliation it was re-transferred, part to the royal pocket, and part to some worthy layman. The priory stood on the hill by the church, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House—a building worth examining. The church itself, too, is a noteworthy one. It is a large irregular and very ancient pile, with the tower at the *east* end. In the churchyard is a grove of yew-trees. The church stands on a steep cliff, and with the old house by its side and the trees about it, and the broad river washing the base of the hill, looks from the opposite bank unusually striking. The Otter is here a good-sized stream, and the scenery along it is very picturesque. The banks are bluff and bold, rising from the river in bare red cliffs, making with the neighbouring round-topped hills numerous pretty pictures.

On the other side of the river is the village of Budleigh, only noticeable on account of its containing Hayes, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. Hayes was at the time held on lease by Raleigh's father; the proprietor of it being "one Duke." Raleigh cherished to middle age a strong attachment to his birth-place, and made an effort to purchase it about the time he was rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign. A letter (dated July 26th, 1584), is printed in his works, which he addressed to Duke, expressing his desire to possess the house—"because, for the natural disposition he had to it, having been born in that house, he

would rather seat himself there than anywhere else." But his application was refused, Duke, it is affirmed, saying, "he did not choose to have so great a man for so near a neighbour." The Dukes for generations kept the letter pasted on a board, as a "kind of curiosity." The house (of course not in its original condition) is now a farm-house.

By the mouth of the Otter is the hamlet of Budleigh Salterton; which within these few years has grown into some repute as a quiet retired watering-place—a sort of country appendix to Exmouth: and where were only two or three mud hovels belonging to the fishermen, is now a thriving and smart little town, having its three or four streets of shops and lodging-houses; its baths and libraries; its hotel, and even 'commercial inn;' and often a goodly number of genteel visitants. The streamlet that runs through the main street, with the plain wooden bridges that cross it, cause the place yet to retain something of its old rusticity. The cliffs along the sea here, and still more by Otter Point, on the other side of the Otter, are very lofty and very precipitous. The scenery about the shore we need hardly say is such as often exercises the pencils of the visitants. Ladram Bay is particularly celebrated, and in the summer season is one of the most attractive spots in this vicinity. The rocks are there worn into the wildest shapes, and there are caverns that are an object to ramble after: a sail to Ladram Bay is a favourite summer diversion.

From Budleigh Salterton there is a foot-path along the top of the cliffs and by by-ways to Exmouth, passing over Knoll Hill and through the quiet out-of-the-way village of Littleham; this is a pleasant way, but there is one which, though a good deal further, is more exhilarating to the stout pedestrian, round by the headland of Orcomb; or there is the ordinary road by Withecomb—from which some pleasant detours may be made, among others to the little ruined sanctuary of St. John's in the Wilderness.

Exmouth is so called from its position by the mouth of the Exe. Leland styles it "a fisher townlet a little within the haven mouth." And a "fisher townlet" it remained for a very longwhile afterwards. "In truth," says Polwhele, writing towards the close of last century, "it was no other than an inconsiderable fishing-town, till one of the judges of the circuit, in a very infirm state of health, went thither to bathe, and received great benefit from the place. This happened about a century ago, which brought Exmouth into repute, first with the people of Exeter, and gradually with the whole county—I might add, indeed, the whole island; since Exmouth is not only the oldest, but, in general, the best frequented watering-place in Devonshire."

That judge was evidently a good judge; and it was a fortunate thing for Exmouth to be tried by him. The townsmen ought in gratitude to erect his statue in the choicest part of the town.

Exmouth was not, however, always a mere fisher townlet. In the reign of John it is said to have been one of the chief ports on this coast; and to have contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen as its proportion of the fleet which Edward III. despatched, in 1347, against Calais. On the other hand, it does not now maintain the high position it once held among the watering-places of Devonshire: it is no longer the first. It may not have decreased in popularity or attraction, but it has not increased. It has almost stood still while Torquay has rapidly advanced: and to Torquay it must now yield the precedence.

The Old Town was built along the foot of the hill and by the river side. "The sea at this time covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-western part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike-road from Exeter." The New Town—that which is chiefly inhabited by visitants—is on the hill-side and summit. Exmouth is not in itself a parish: but lies chiefly within the parish of Littleham. "The manor of Littleham and Exmouth," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has been since the Dissolution in the family of the Rolles; and the late Lord Rolle and his present surviving relict have been great and generous patrons to this town. The fine and capacious church, built in 1824, and the market-house in 1830; the plantations and walks under the Beacon; the sea-wall just completed; in short nearly all the public improvements carried out within these few years, with the exception of those executed by the late Mr. R. Webber, have been at their suggestion and expense."

Exmouth is well furnished with the various means and appliances that contribute to the requirements and pleasures of sea-side visitants. It has a good bathing-place on the beach, and baths in addition; libraries, assembly and subscription-rooms; hotels and lodging-houses of all sizes and with every aspect; public walks; good shops, and a good market; a church and several chapels. None of the buildings are such as to command much attention as works of art, but they are convenient and serviceable. The sea-wall is an important and a substantial work. It is some 1,800 feet long; and in addition to its primary purpose, it forms an excellent promenade and drive. The walks in and immediately around the town are of a superior character. Several within the town afford noble prospects. That in front of Louisa Terrace commands a view that is in very few towns equalled either for extent or beauty. Nearly the same may be said of Trefusis Terrace, and some other terraces of equally pleasant site, and unpleasant name. The Beacon Hill is very judiciously laid out as a public ground, with beds of flowers, evergreens, and ornamental shrubs. About the walks are placed rustic seats, and occasionally arbours. The views from different parts of Beacon Hill are remarkably good, and altogether it is a very agreeable spot and admirably suited for the purpose to which it has been applied.

From the town there stretches a long sand-bank far into the river. A little lower down the stream another

sand-bank, called the Warren, extends from the opposite side for two miles across the estuary. Just by the first sand-bank there is also an island, about mid-stream, called Shelley Sand; and outside the Warren, where the Exe disembogues itself into the sea, a similar but larger accumulation has formed, which is known as the Pole Sand. By these means the river is contracted within a very narrow winding channel where it enters the sea, although just above the Shelley Sand it had been a mile and a half across. The natural harbour thus formed withinside the sand-banks is called the Bight; and is an anchorage for vessels waiting for wind or tide to enable them to ascend the river, or work out from it and pursue their voyage.

The appearance of the river by Exmouth is very much that of a good-sized lake; and the town has a rather pleasing appearance in consequence. From the sands, Exmouth looks somewhat formal, but from the river it improves very much. The long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base, the sand with its fishing-boats and larger craft, and the broad sheet of water in front with the shipping riding at anchor upon it, compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture. But the finest view of the town—the view which exhibits best and most gracefully its peculiarities—is obtained on a bright clear day, at full tide, from the slopes on the opposite side of the river by Star Cross. The town rises on the hill-side in successive tiers of white houses, whose every-day character is lost by distance. On the heights, on either hand, are sprinkled numerous gay villas, each half embowered in its little plantation. Behind are the summits of loftier hills, clad in aërial tints. The broad blue lake, as it appears to be, repeats the various forms and hues in softened and tremulous lines; while a light skiff, or a deep-laden ship, sailing slowly along, imparts life and vigour to the whole scene. Exmouth has many attractive short walks in its vicinity; and many long ones also—but we must leave them all to the visitor's own exploration, and once more set forward on our journey.

From a note published by Polwhele, in his 'History of Devonshire,' we get a curious peep at the chief watering-place of Devon, towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is part of a letter written, he says, "to the author, about fifteen years ago, (*i.e.* about 1780) by a friend at Exmouth." "The village is a very pretty one, and composed for the most part of cot houses, neat and clean, consisting of four or five rooms, which are generally let at a guinea a week. . . . Exmouth boasts no public rooms or assemblies, save one card assembly, in an inconvenient apartment at one of the inns, on Monday evenings. The company meet at half-after five, and break up at ten—they play at shilling whist, or twopenny quadrille. We have very few young people here, and no diversions—no *belles dames* amusing to the unmarried, but some *bel-dames* unamusing to the married. Walking on a hill, which commands a view of the ocean, and bathing, with a visit or two, serve to pass away the morning—and tea-drinking the evening." How Exmouth would be horrified by such a description of its resources now!

Dawlish.

From Exmouth there is a ferry to Star Cross, where there is a station of the South Devon Railway. It has been proposed to have steam-boats ply at regular hours, instead of the present sailing and row-boats, which are rather trying to the tender nerves of holiday-folks when the south-westerly wind causes a bit of a swell in the river. The alteration would, no doubt, be of some advantage to the town, though of little to the boatmen.

Star Cross is one of the many small villages that have profited by the growth of migratory habits, and the tendency of the different migratory tribes to wend towards the Devonshire coast in their periodic flights. Star Cross was a small fishing village, whither a few Exeter epicures used occasionally to come to eat, at their native home, the oysters and shell-fish, which are said to have a peculiarly good flavour when taken fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe: now, though still a small place, it has its season, and its seasonable visitors, and professes to hold out some especial advantages. Be these as they may, it is said to be a thriving little place. Lying along the Exe, it is a cheerful and pleasant, though quiet village: there is an excellent landing-pier, formed by the Railway Company; and it would not be surprising if, in some of the turns of fashion, this till recently obscure and out-of-the-way village were to become a bustling second-rate summer resort.

When here, the visitor should go on to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. In Norman times Powderham belonged to the Bohuns, by a female descendant of whom it was carried by marriage, about the middle of the fourteenth century, to Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. The Courtenays possessed vast estates in this county: many of them have passed away long since, but Powderham has remained to the present day in their possession; and as was said, it is now the seat of the chief of the Courtenays. Gibbon, in his great work, the reader will remember, breaks off from the history of the Greek empire into a very long "digression on the origin and singular fortune of the house of Courtenay;" which, he thinks, "the purple of three emperors, who have reigned at Constantinople, will authorise or excuse." He follows the fortunes of the three principal branches, and shows how only the Courtenays of England "have survived the revolutions of eight hundred years;" the race of the ancient Greek emperors remaining in a "lineal descendant of Hugh, the first Earl of Devon, a younger branch of the Courtenays, who have been seated at Powderham Castle above four hundred years, from the reign of Edward the Third to the present hour." And he winds up the story with these philosophical reflections: "The Courtenays still retain the plaintive motto, [*Ubi lapsus! Quod feci?*] which asserts the innocence and deplores

the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings: in the long series of the Courtenay annals the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain be inclined to envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity and the defence of their capital."—('*Decline and Fall*,' c. lxi.)

We too, it will be seen, have here "ample room and verge enough" for the indulgence of historical digression and moral reflection; and also—the house itself being one of the lions of the locality—for the display of antiquarian lore and critical acumen. But the reader need not fear: we are too compassionate of him to run a race after that fashion. We will just look round the park, and again jog on in our old, safe, steady, continuous amble.

Very little is left of the ancient Castle; or rather, what is left of the old castle has been transformed into a modern mansion, and very little appearance of antiquity remains. Admission to Powderham Park is readily granted, upon application. It is of great extent, and very picturesque in itself: the grounds stretch for a considerable distance along the Exe, and far up the hills to the north-east. From various parts there are views of great beauty; but one spot—the highest point—where a Prospect-tower is erected, is one of the most celebrated in this "land of the matchless view," as a native poet styles it. In one direction is the valley of the Exe, with the river winding through it to Exeter, where the city with the Cathedral forms the centre of the picture, and the hills beyond make a noble background. Southwards is the estuary of the Exe, with the town of Exmouth; and beyond all, the English Channel. Again, there is a grand view over the Haldon Hills; and in an opposite direction there is a rich prospect, backed by the Ottery Range.

The Courtenays appear to have had another seat in the adjoining parish of Exminster—"a great manor-house where the Earls of Devon resided, and where William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born," says the historian of the family. There was certainly a ruined mansion here when Leland wrote: he says, "Exminster is a pretty townlet, where be the ruins of a manor-place embattled in the front. I trow it belonged to the Marquis of Exeter." Only the name of it—'the Court House'—remains now. Exminster *is* a pretty townlet. It lies along the riverside, and has much of that level gentle kind of beauty we are accustomed to associate with the Flemish or Dutch landscapes. Its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along,—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuyp would have loved to paint or Bloomfield to describe. Its low situation, however, gives it in moist weather rather an aguish look; and, if we may believe Risdon, it once was aguish. He says, "Exminster, so called of its site upon the river Exe, lieth so low, that the inhabitants are much subject to agues, through the ill-vapours and fogs." But that was written two hundred years ago, and it may have changed since then. We have not heard any complaints against its healthiness. Indeed, Risdon himself makes mention of a person, living in this or the next parish, whose longevity gives a very different idea of its salubrity:—"There some time lived in this parish one Stone, who was of so hard a grit, that he lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years." A tough old Stone that!

Adjoining Powderham is a quiet retired village, named Kenton, which is worth strolling to, as well on account of the beauty of its situation and the surrounding scenery, as of the picturesqueness of the village, and the superior character of the village church. Kenton was once, it is affirmed, a market-town, and a place of some trade. The Church bears all the appearance of having belonged to a more important place than the present village: it is large and handsome, and will delight the antiquary and the admirer of village churches. The inside is equally worthy of examination with the exterior. Of the numerous statues of saints that once adorned both the interior and exterior, many have been destroyed; but several still remain. On the screen, which is a remarkably fine one, is a series of painted figures of saints and prophets.

While here we may mention the half-decayed town of Topsham, about a couple of miles higher up the river, on the other side, just by the confluence of the Clist with the Exe, where the latter river suddenly increases in width from a quarter of a mile to three-quarters. Topsham was once the port town of Exeter, and a full sharer in the ancient prosperity of that city. When the ship-canal was formed it was no longer necessary for large vessels to load and unload at Topsham, which gradually lost much of its trade and importance in consequence: it however had a considerable commerce of its own; its share in the Newfoundland trade is said to have been larger than that of any other place except London. There is yet some export and coasting trade; but the chief employment is in ship-building and its dependent manufactures. It has a population of about four thousand souls. Of late there has arisen a desire on the part of the inhabitants to render it attractive to strangers, who may prefer to take up their temporary abode at a little distance inland rather than on the coast; and many improvements have recently been made in consequence.

Topsham is placed in a very pleasant situation—stretching for a mile or more along the east bank of the river, where it widens into the appearance of a lake, or an arm of the sea. The town consists of one main street, a mile in length, at the bottom of which is the quay. The older part is irregularly built, and the houses are mostly mean: but many houses of a better class have been erected within the last few years. These are so situated as to command very fine views of the

estuary of the Exe with the rich scenery of its banks, and the sea beyond. The Strand is well planted with elms, and would form an agreeable walk in itself; but of course its value is greatly increased by the beautiful scenery which is beheld from it. The church stands near the middle of the town, on a high cliff which rises abruptly from the river. It is an old building, but there is nothing to notice in its architecture. Inside the church are two monuments, by Chantrey: one is to the memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; the other of his son Colonel Duckworth, who was killed at the battle of Albuera. The church-yard affords wide and rich prospects both up and down the river, and over the surrounding country. A good deal that is picturesque will be met with about the crazy-looking town itself; and some amusement will be found in watching the employments of the townsmen.

Although we mention Topsham here, it will be most conveniently visited—and it is worth visiting—from Exeter. It is only three miles distance from that city, and omnibuses are frequently running—if the stranger does not like so long a walk. We have thus, after a long ramble, returned almost to our starting-place: but we have not yet got to our journey's end; and we now retrace our way to the sea-side. But we need not walk. It is a delicious sail down the Exe, from Topsham to the Warren. The scenery along the banks is of the finest kind of broad placid river scenery. The noble woods of Powderham, running down to the water, dignify and adorn the right bank; to which the villages of Powderham and Star Cross add considerable variety. The lofty tower of the Railway-station is a noticeable feature here; and the passage of a train along the brink of the river imparts to it an air of novelty. On the left bank is the very pretty village of Lympstone—a retired little place, which folks who think Exmouth too gay or town-like, yet wish to reside near it, are very fond of. The stroll to Lympstone and by the neighbouring heights, is one of the most favourite with the Exmouth residents. Continuing the sail down the river, Exmouth soon becomes the chief feature; then the long wild sandbanks engage the attention, till the broad ocean comes into full view. We may land at the little hillock, which bears the tempting name of Mount Pleasant: in truth a pleasant spot enough, and in high repute with Exeter Cockneys, who are wont in the summer-time to recreate in the tea-gardens of the inn on its summit.

From Mount Pleasant there is a pleasant way along the summit of the cliffs to Dawlish: but there is also another, which we shall take, along their base.

The cliffs on this west side of the Exe are lofty and precipitous. During westerly gales the sea beats against them with considerable force, whence, being of a rather soft red sandstone, they have become pierced and worn in a strange wild manner. A shattered breakwater of massive stone stands an evidence of the power of the waves. The appearance of the rocks at this Langstone Cliff is at all times highly picturesque; but when the westering sun brightens the projecting masses into an intense golden red, and casts the hollows into a deeper gloom, while the heaving billow breaks against the base in snowy spray, the effect becomes exceedingly grand and impressive.

Through this projecting point of Langstone Cliff the railway passes, in a deep cutting. It soon emerges, and pursues its course along the base of the cliffs to Dawlish. Alongside, for the whole distance—about a mile and a half—a strong sea-wall has been built, the top of which forms an admirable and very favourite walk. It was a bold venture to carry the line in such close proximity to the sea, along so exposed a shore. Hitherto, however, it has received no injury. But the sea-wall has not escaped without damage: in the stormy weather of this last winter the sea forced a way through it in two or three places. As soon as the waves had effected an entrance at the base, they drove through with irresistible fury, forcing out the stones from the top and making a clean breach that way; but we believe in no case did they break through the inner wall to the line. In those parts which experience has shown to be most exposed, measures have been taken to withstand the fury of the waves: and we may hope that the skill and daring of the engineer will be successful.

Dawlish is situated nearly midway between the mouths of the Exe and the Teign, in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south. The town itself lies along a valley which extends westward from the sea: whence, according to Polwhele, its name—*Dol is* signifying a fruitful mead on a river's side; a very pleasant derivation, though a rather too fanciful one. A certain Dr. Downman, who many years ago wrote an epic, entitled 'Infancy,' and who wished to celebrate therein the curative qualities of Dawlish, seems to have had some misgivings whether the barbarous sound of its name ought not to render it inadmissible in so sublime a song: but happily for the place he resolved otherwise, and Dawlish is handed down to posterity in "immortal verse." He concludes his Fourth Book with this apostrophe:

> "O Dawlish! though unclassic be thy name,
> By every Muse unsung, should from thy tide,
> To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
> From the cerulean bosom of the deep
> (As Aphrodite rose of old) appear
> Health's blooming goddess, and benignant smile
> On her true votary; not Cythera's fane,
> Nor Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
> On Delos erst, Apollo's natal soil,
> However warm enthusiastic youth
> Dwelt on those seats enamour'd, shall to me
> Be half so dear."

And he promises that if Dawlish's "pure encircling waves," besides exhibiting to him this poetic vision, will only restore the timid virgin's bloom, health to the child, and "with the sound, firm-judging mind, imagination, arrayed in her once glowing vest," to the man,

he will continue, despite its unclassic name, to sing the praises of the happy town:

"To thee my lyre
Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green
Long, long unnoticed, in their haunts retired.
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand,
Thy tow'ring cliffs, nor the small babbling brook,
Whose shallow current laves thy thistled vale."

We are convinced now that *we* have not keen poetic eyes. We have in vain looked on the cerulean bosom of the deep, for the blooming goddess to appear. Once indeed we fancied we were about to behold her rise, as Aphrodite rose of old, when lo! as poor *Slender* found his *Ann Page*, "she was a great lubberly boy." Polwhele was afraid (some fifty years ago) that "the conclusion of this description may ere long be attributed to fancy; as a canal, cut through the vale, hath destroyed the natural beauties of the rivulet." Certainly the little stream, whether it be called babbling brook, or rivulet, or canal, is sufficiently unpoetical now. But there is something to remind one of Dr. Downman's description: if there be no thistles in the vale there are plenty of donkeys.

At the commencement of the present century, Dawlish was in the transition state from a humble fishing village to a genteel watering-place. "In general," says a writer about that time, "the houses are low cottages, some tiled, the greater number thatched. On Dawlish Strand there is a handsome row of new buildings, twelve in number. Other commodious houses have lately been erected nearer the water." Dawlish gradually grew into notice and favour, as this coast became better known; and it has now, for some years past, taken a high rank among the smaller watering-places of Devonshire. At the last census it contained above three thousand inhabitants.

For the invalid, and those who need or desire a warm winter abode, yet wish for a less gay neighbourhood than Torquay, Dawlish has great attractions: and it is in equal estimation as a summer sea-side residence. The valley along which the town is built is well sheltered on all sides, except the seaward; and the temperature is said by Dr. Shapter, and others who have paid particular attention to the climate of the coast of Devon, to be warmer and more equable than any other of the winter watering-places, except Torquay; and some doctors will hardly except it. Here, as well as elsewhere on this coast, the myrtle, the hydrangea, and many another tender plant, grows and blooms freely in the open air. And the situation is as pleasant as the temperature is mild and genial. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, across which several bridges are thrown; on either side of the stream is a greensward, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept so as at all times to be an agreeable warm parade. The houses and shops are built on both sides of the valley; a few villa residences are on the slopes of the hills; and along the strand and by the Teignmouth road are hotels, public rooms, and terraces, and detached residences chiefly appropriated to the uses of the visitants.

The public buildings are convenient, but not remarkable. The old church of Dawlish, at the western extremity of the town, was a very ancient pile and of some architectural interest. It was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down about five-and-twenty years ago, and the present edifice erected in its place. Inside the church are two monuments, by Flaxman; they are both to the memory of ladies; but they are not to be classed high among the productions of the great sculptor. The South Devon Railway forms a noticeable feature of Dawlish. The line is carried, partly on a viaduct, between the town and the sea. When the formation of the railway was first proposed, it was warmly resisted by the inhabitants, who anticipated that it would destroy the character of the town as a quiet retreat. Such, however, has not been the result. The Railway Company constructed their works so as not to interfere with, but rather increase, the convenience of the visitor; and their buildings are of an ornamental kind. The noble sea-wall affords a new and excellent promenade. The viaduct is both novel and pleasing in appearance. The method of traction originally adopted on this line, was the unfortunate Atmospheric System. As on the Croydon Railway it has been abandoned, and the locomotive has taken its place; but the engine-houses remain. One of these was erected at Dawlish, and it is greatly to be desired that some use may be found for it, as, though not more ornamental than was appropriate for the purpose to which it was to be applied, it is really a good-looking building. It is in the Italian style, the campanile serving to carry off the smoke. The material of which it is constructed is the red limestone, or Devonshire marble as it is called; and its appearance ought to be a lesson to the Devonshire builders. Almost all the houses of a first or second-rate character in this part of the county are built of this stone; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has been thought proper to cover the surface with composition. No material could be more suitable or more in keeping with the general character of the scenery than this red limestone, and none less pleasing than the paltry imitative white stucco. The Devonshire marble is beautifully veined and admits of a high polish—it is really surprising that architects have not, in some of the costly residences erected along this coast, tried the effect of introducing the polished stone in the ornamental parts, while the general surface was formed of the rough blocks. The cost of working may be a sufficient objection to the polished stone; but to cover it in any case with the offensive plaster is most grievous.

The cliffs on the west of Dawlish have been strangely pierced and riven by the violence of the sea. Many huge lumps of rock stand out quite detached from the parent cliff. (Cut No. 4.) The same thing occurs elsewhere, as we have already had occasion to mention,

4.—ROCKS AT DAWLISH.

and as we shall see in places we have yet to visit. But nowhere else within the limits of our present journey do they assume so fantastic an appearance as between Dawlish and Teignmouth. When the waves surround them at high tide and beat against the cliffs, these rocks and the coast generally are remarkably picturesque and striking.

It would be improper to quit Dawlish without mentioning the many beautiful walks that it possesses. Some extend up the valley, affording delicious shady strolls in the summer, and sheltered sunny ones in the winter. Those along the higher grounds are varied and agreeable, and command often wide and diversified prospects. The sea-views are numerous, and very good. Indeed, both the active and the feeble may find delightful walks of various kinds, and well adapted to their respective powers. Altogether Dawlish will be enjoyed by those who seek a quiet, retired, but not unsocial or dull watering-place.

Teignmouth.

Along the coast from Dawlish to Teignmouth there is a continual alternation of tall cliffs and deep depressions. The rocks are bold and striking, and the sail between the towns is a right pleasant one. To walk the distance, you must follow the road to Country House, a little inn, somewhat more than a mile from Dawlish, when you may turn down a rough, green, rocky lane, known as Smuggler's Lane, which leads to the beach by the Parson and Clerk. The cliffs here are rugged and wild. Two of the most noticeable of the many detached fragments bear the trivial names of the Parson and Clerk, from some supposed resemblance to those functionaries. The Parson is, of course, of most capacious rotundity; the Clerk is sparer: he might have been more appropriately named the Curate. The railway here emerges from a tunnel: it is protected, as before, by a sea-wall, which forms a wide and level road almost to Teignmouth. From the Parson Rock the view of Teignmouth, and the bay in which it lies, with the distant headland, is very fine. The seaward prospect from the sea-wall is excellent. There is a footpath along the brow of the lofty cliff under which the railway runs, from which there is a very commanding view over the ocean.

Teignmouth lies near the centre of the wide bay formed by the high land of Orcomb on the north, and Hope's Ness on the south. Its name marks its position by the mouth of the river Teign. The town is divided, for parochial and other purposes, into East and West Teignmouth, but there is no actual separation between them. East Teignmouth is the part that is built near the sea at the eastern end of the Den: West Teignmouth lies along the east bank of the river. (Cut, No. 5.)

Camden, Leland, and other of our older antiquaries, have asserted that Teignmouth is the place where the Danes first landed in England: but there can be no doubt whatever that they are mistaken, and that the Tinmouth of the Saxon Chroniclers is Tynemouth, in Northumberland. Teignmouth seems to have been at an early period a place of some trade. There was then no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. Before the reign of Henry VIII. the river showed signs of silting-up, and sand had begun to accumulate in the harbour. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign to amend the harbour; in the

preamble of which it is stated that formerly vessels of 800 tons burden could enter the port at low water.

If we may believe Bishop Burnet, Teignmouth had sunk into a very wretched state towards the end of the seventeenth century. After the defeat of the combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head, in 1690, the French fleet sailed direct to Torbay, where it lay for some days. "But before they sailed," says the bishop, (Hist. of his own Times, v. ii. p. 54.) "they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, that happened to belong to a papist: they burnt it, and a few fisher-boats that belonged to it; but the inhabitants got away; and as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships: the French published this in their Gazettes with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town, that had many ships, with some men-of-war in port: this both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the nation against them; for every town on the coast saw what they must expect, if the French should prevail."

But the townsmen's own account of the affair is not exactly like this. They addressed a memorial to the King; and a Brief was issued on their behalf, which enabled them to raise money for the restoration of the town. From the statement set forth in the Brief, it is plain that Burnet underrated the importance of the place, which was anything but 'a miserable village.' The statement is interesting, as an authentic representation of such an occurrence made immediately afterwards: and it is worth quoting farther, as an evidence of the way in which the zealous bishop colours his notices of matters of which he was not an actual witness. The Brief of the townsmen must of course have been well known to the bishop.

This address "Sheweth,—That on the 13th day of July last (1690), about four of the clock in the morning, the French fleet, then riding in Torbay, where all the forces of our county of Devon were drawn up to oppose their landing; several of their galleys drew off from their fleet, and made towards a weak unfortified place, called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of Torbay, and coming very near, and having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near 200 great shot therein, to drive away the poor inhabitants, they landed about 700 of their men, and began to fire and plunder the towns of East and West Teignmouth, which consist of about 300 houses; and in the space of three hours ransacked and plundered the said towns, and a village called Shaldon, lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. And to add sacrilege to their robbery and violence, they in a barbarous manner entered the two churches of the said towns, and in the most unchristian manner tore the Bibles and Common Prayer-books in pieces, scattering the leaves thereof about the streets, broke down the pulpits, overthrew the Communion-tables, together with many other marks of a barbarous and enraged cruelty. And such goods and merchandises as they could not, or durst not, stay to carry away, for fear of our forces, which were marching to oppose them, they spoilt and destroyed, killing very many cattle and hogs, which they left dead in the streets. And the said towns of East and West Teignmouth and Shaldon, being in great part maintained by fishing, and their boats, nets, and other fishing-craft being plundered and consumed in the common flames, the poor inhabitants are not only deprived of their subsistence and maintenance, but put out of a condition to retrieve their losses by their future industry; the whole loss and damage of the said poor inhabitants, sustained by such an unusual accident, amounting to about £11,000, as appeared to our justices, not only by the oaths of many poor sufferers, but also of many skilful and experienced workmen who viewed the same, and have taken an estimate thereof; which loss hath reduced many poor inhabitants, therefore, to a very sad and deplorable condition."—(*Lyson's Mag. Brit.*, vi., 491.)

The money required was raised, and the town was restored.

Teignmouth is now a busy and thriving town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is largely carried on, and there is a considerable import and export trade. It is the port for shipping the Haytor granite, which is brought down the Teign from the quarries, and the fine clay which is brought from Kingsteignton. The inhabitants are also largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. There is besides a good coasting trade, so that the haven is commonly a bustling scene. The entrance to the river is impeded by a sand bar. The main sand-bank is elevated far above high-water mark; but the narrow channel by which the river escapes into the sea has a depth of water of about fifteen feet at high tide, permitting, therefore, the passage of vessels of considerable burden; and the harbour, though there are several large shoals, is tolerably commodious. The continuation of the sand-bank, called the Den, between the sea and the town, was once a part of the town. Leland says, "At the west side of the town is a piece of sandy ground, called the Dene, whereon hath been not many years since divers houses and wine-cellars." The Den is now laid out as a public promenade; near the western end of it a small lighthouse has been erected.

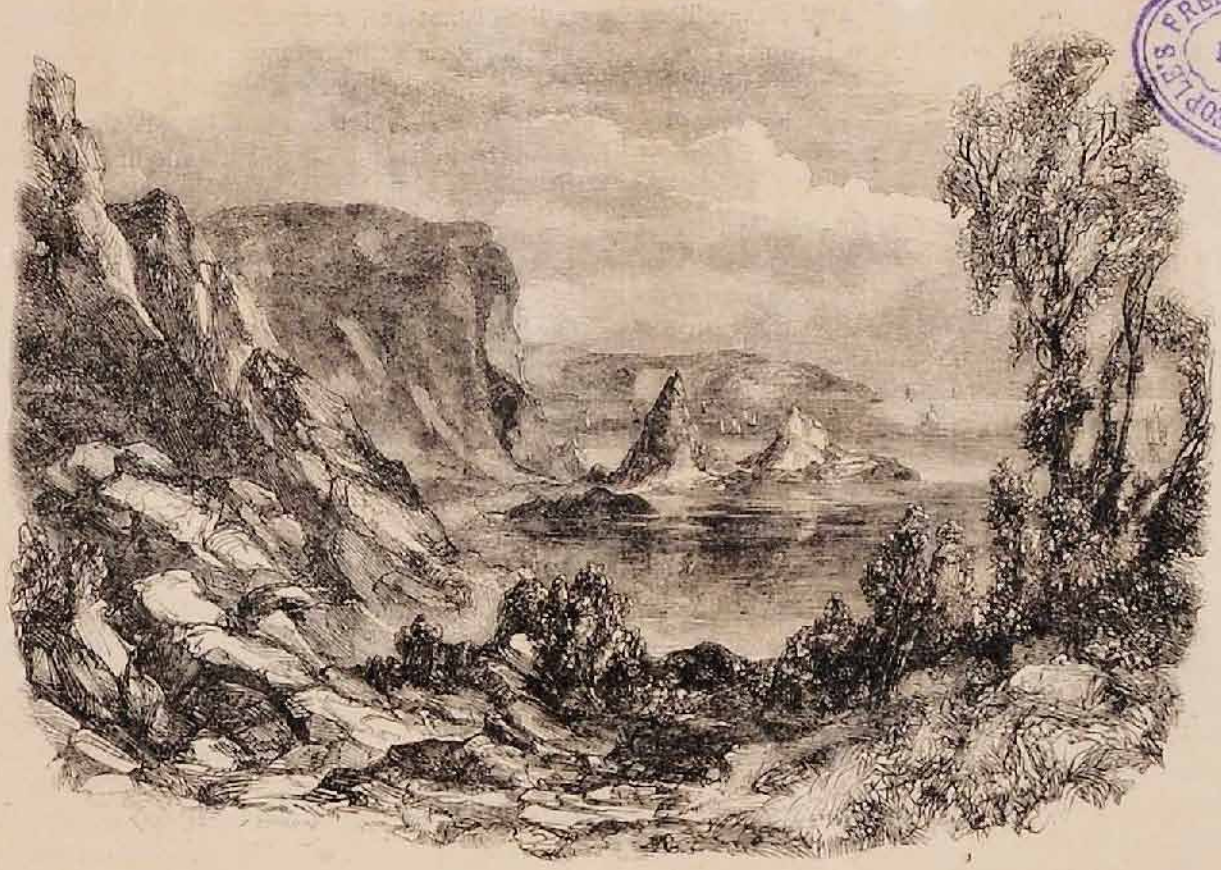
Teignmouth is not wholly dependent on its shipping. It is one of the largest and most frequented watering-places on the coast, yielding only to Torquay, and, perhaps, to Exmouth. According to Lysons, "Teignmouth appears to have become fashionable, and to have increased in buildings about the middle of last century." Unlike the other leading watering-places on the Devon coast, Teignmouth is not a winter resort. It has only what in watering-place phraseology is termed 'a summer season,' which of course includes the autumn.

The streets of Teignmouth have more the appearance of belonging to a trading town than a town of pleasure. They are mostly narrow and irregular, and the houses are far from showy. Facing the sea, however, there

are good houses and terraces of the ordinary watering-place species. There are in the town and opposite the sea the usual public buildings, baths, and hotels. The showiest building in Teignmouth is the Public Rooms, which stands in the centre of the Crescent fronting the Den; it is a large structure, with an Ionic pediment, and a Doric colonnade. It contains a spacious ball-room, billiard and reading-rooms, and all the other rooms usual in such an edifice. The lighthouse is plain, but substantial; it is intended to warn vessels off the sand, and, by the aid of a light fixed on a house on the Den, to guide them in entering the river. There are two churches in Teignmouth, both comparatively recent, and positively ugly. Probably it would be hard to find another town that has only two churches, and both so ill-favoured. East Teignmouth Church is a singular building: it is said to be intended as an example of the Saxon style,—if so, it is a very bad example. The interior is described as being "warm and comfortable;" matters that are no doubt appreciated on a Sunday morning. West Teignmouth Church has no redeeming quality. In form it is an octagon, with a queer tower at one of the angles. The interior might raise a doubt whether the design was not taken from a riding-circus, to which use it might, with a little alteration of the pit and gallery, be readily converted.

The glory of Teignmouth is its promenade,—unrivalled on this coast, and not to be easily surpassed elsewhere. The Den was a wide, uneven, unsightly sandy waste, lying between the sea and the town, and extending from East Teignmouth to the river. This waste it at length entered into the imagination of the towns-people might as well be applied to some use: accordingly it was levelled, the centre was laid down with turf, and around it was carried an excellent carriage-drive; while between this and the beach a broad walk was formed, extending above half a mile along the sea-side. Thus, what had hitherto been a deformity became not merely an ornament, but one of the most valuable additions which could have been made to the town. Within the last year the sea-wall of the railway has prolonged this walk for more than a mile farther. The people of Teignmouth are justly proud of the Den. The cove, within which Teignmouth lies, is a very beautiful one: the broad blue ocean, which in all its wondrous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels constantly passing to and fro; occasionally, one and another ship is seen working in or out of the harbour, unless it be when the curl of the waves over the bar at low water indicates the hidden danger; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself would possess great attractions for the gay folks who visit these towns, as a parade whereon to take their daily exercise, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. The Den appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant cliffs. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. Half the town seems sometimes to be assembled on the Den, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

The country about Teignmouth is of uncommon beauty: in every direction there are pleasant and attractive walks. From the hills, which rise far aloft



6.—ANSTIS' COVE.

behind the town, the prospects of mingled sea and land are deservedly famous. But the sketch we have already given in speaking of the walks in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, must suffice as a sort of general description of the characteristics of Devonshire scenery; and here, as in other places, we must be content with a mere reference. It would be improper, however, not to speak particularly of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for aquatic excursions. The boats and boatmen of the town are celebrated; and the visitor will find a sail along the coast towards Babbicombe, or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. There is a regatta at Teignmouth every season, which is famed all through these parts.

The Teign, although not so romantic in its lower course as the Dart, has much of loveliness and something of majesty. As you ascend it the valley opens in a series of exquisite reaches; the banks at one moment descend to the edge of the water in gentle wooded slopes, and presently rise in abrupt cliffs; while ever and again is seen on the hill sides, or in some sheltered vale, a cottage, or a little collection of cottages:

> "Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,
> And lurking dimly in their shy retreats;
> Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
> Like separated stars with clouds between."
>
> *Wordsworth.*

To some one or other of these quiet, retired places, parties are often made for a summer holiday. Combe and Coombeinteignhead Cellars, are especial favourites with those who love to go junketting. Devonshire, the reader no doubt knows, is famous for two delicious preparations of milk—junkets and clotted cream. They are imitated in other countries, but in Devonshire only are they to be had in perfection. The junket, which is made by mixing spirits and spices with cream prepared in a particular manner, is properly a summer dish; but the cream is for every season. Cobbett, in the pleasantest and healthiest of his books, the 'Rural Rides,' relates how, on halting on a dreary day at an inn in Sussex, and finding to his sorrow there was no bacon in the house, he at once resolved to proceed again on his journey, though the night was drawing on and it was pouring of rain:—the want of bacon, he says, making him fearful as to all other comforts. And he was right. He knew the country well; and he knew, therefore, that the lack of bacon in a Sussex inn was a sure symptom of ill housekeeping. In Devonshire the test is a different one. Here the rambler may be certain, if he be not served with clotted cream to his breakfast, there must be something amiss; and he will do well at once to shift his quarters.

Mrs. Bray very properly extols the junkets and cream of her favourite Devonshire: and she adds a good illustration of their excellence. After speaking of the references made to them in old authors, she says that she one day observed to an old dame, of whose cream she had just been partaking in her dairy, and who had explained her method of preparing it, "that she little thought of how ancient date was the custom of preparing the rich scalded cream in the manner she was describing to me. 'Auncient!' she exclaimed: "I'se warrant he's as old as Adam; for all the best things in the world were to be had in Paradise. And," adds our fair authoress, "I must admit, if all the best things in the world were really to be found in Paradise, our cream might certainly there claim a place." Let the reader try it at breakfast next time he is in Devonshire, and he will be of the same opinion.

If it be not thought worth while to hire a boat for a sail up the river, there are market-boats which ply daily between Teignmouth and Newton, that carry passengers for a trifling fare, in which a place can be taken; and the scenery of the river may be well enjoyed from them. Just above the town the Teign is crossed by a bridge, which was erected about twenty years ago, and which is said to be the longest bridge in England. The roadway is supported on iron trusses, which form some four or five-and-thirty arches. Over the main channel there is a swing-bridge, which opens so as to permit the passage of ships up the river. This bridge is another of the pleasant walks of Teignmouth. At low water there is on either side a muddy swamp, but at high tide the view from the bridge up the river is very beautiful, especially at sunset. The richly-wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side, and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque: and it is still finer and more rememberable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river,—which appears like a lake closed in by the sand-bank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow.

Torquay.

On leaving Teignmouth we may cross the river by the bridge and look at Ringmoor, or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon, which both from its fishery and as a watering-place may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. The Torquay road lies along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much enclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent. But more striking combinations of sea and land are to be found nearer the edge of the cliffs. Teignmouth, with the coast beyond, is seen here to great advantage. (Cut No. 5.) The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. A larger one, Babbicombe Bay, is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which

seemed to grow out of the rough rocky banks: now there are numerous goodly villas with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill-sides; hotels have been built, and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement;—a poor compensation for the old, uncultivated, native wildness that has vanished before it.

St. Mary Church, just above Babbicombe Bay, has also altered with the changing times. From a quiet country village, it has grown into a place of some resort, and houses fitted for the reception of wealthy visitors have been built and are building on every side. There is not much to notice in the village. The church is a plain building of various dates, and not uninteresting to the architectural antiquary. It stands on an elevated site, and the tall tower serves as a land-mark for a long distance. In the church-yard may be seen a pair of stocks and a whipping-post in excellent preservation. While at St. Mary's the stranger will do well to visit Mr. Woodly's marble works: the show-rooms, which are open to him, contain a wonderful variety of the Devonshire marbles, wrought into chimney-pieces and various articles of use or ornament. Some of the specimens are very beautiful.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Exeter: a large and handsome building of recent erection, in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation in one of the very finest parts of this coast; and the terraces and towers must afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the Bishop's palace is Anstis Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. (Cut, No. 6.) It is a deep indentation in the cliffs, where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On either hand the little bay is bounded by bold wild rocks. On the left a bare headland juts out into the sea, which has worn it, though of hardest marble, into three or four rugged peaks. On the right, the craggy sides of the lofty hill are covered thick with wild copse and herbage, while from among the loose fragments of rock project stunted oak, and birch, and ash trees, their trunks overgrown with mosses and lichens, and encompassed with tangled heaps of trailing plants. The waves roll heavily into the narrow cove, and dash into snowy foam against the marble rocks and upon the raised beach. A lovely spot it is as a lonely wanderer or a social party could desire for a summer-day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble, which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbicombe Bay. While here, Kent's Hole, a cavern famous for the fossil remains which have been discovered in it, and so well known from the descriptions of Dr. Buckland and other geologists, may be visited, if permission has been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. The cavern is said to be 600 feet in length, and it has several chambers and winding passages. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the floor is covered by a slippery coating of stalagmite: the place is very curious, but has little of the impressiveness of the caverns of Yorkshire and the Peak. At Tor-wood, close by, are a few picturesque fragments of a building that once belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey; was afterwards a seat of the Earl of Londonderry; and then a farmhouse.

Nearly all the way from Teignmouth the stranger will have observed, not without surprise, the number of large and expensive residences that have been recently erected on almost every available (and many an unpromising) spot. Many appear to have been begun without a proper reckoning of the cost, and are standing in an unfinished state; many that are finished are 'to let,' but more are occupied. As Torquay is approached, the number rapidly increases, until on the skirts of the town there appears, as it has been appropriately termed, "a forest of villas." What old Fuller calls "the plague of building," seems to have alighted here in its strongest form. But whatever may be the case further off, it is said that a villa of the best kind is hardly ever completed and furnished in the immediate vicinity of the town before a tenant is found ready to secure it.

No other watering-place in England has risen so rapidly into importance as Torquay. Leland indicates its existence without mentioning its name. Speaking of Torbay he says, "There is a pier and succour for fisher-boats in the bottom by Torre priory." What it was in the middle of the sixteenth century it remained, with little alteration, to the end of the eighteenth. "The living generation," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has seen the site where now stand stately buildings, handsome shops, and a noble pier, with a busy population of 8000 souls, occupied by a few miserable-looking fishing-huts, and some loose stones jutting out from the shore, as a sort of anchorage or protection for the wretched craft of its inhabitants." The same work suggests a reason, in addition to the causes that have led to its unrivalled popularity, for the remarkable increase of houses:—"The increase of buildings and houses here has been, perhaps, greater than in any other town—[watering-place is meant: Birkenhead and other commercial and manufacturing towns have, of course, increased to a much greater extent]—in the kingdom. This, in a great measure, may be attributed, in addition to its beauty of situation and salubrity of climate, to the natural advantages it possesses for building. The whole district being nearly one large marble quarry, the renter or possessor of a few feet square has only to dig for his basement story, and the material, with the exception of a little timber, which is landed before his door, for the completion of his superstructure, is found."

Torquay lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble Torbay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides except the south, where it is open to the sea. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, which rise steeply from the bosom of the bay. Thus happily placed, the town enjoys almost all the amenities of a more southern clime: the temperature is mild and equable, beyond perhaps that of any other part of the island. In winter the air is

warm and balmy; while in summer the heat is tempered by the gentle sea breezes; and it is said to be less humid than any other spot on the coast of Devon. It suffers only from the south-western gales, and they serve to clear and purify the atmosphere. Dr. (now Sir J.) Clarke, in his celebrated work on 'Climate,' gives it the first place among English towns as a residence for those whose health requires a warm winter abode; and his decision at once confirmed and widely extended the popularity it had already attained. He says, "The general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than the other places, and almost entirely free from fogs. This drier state of the atmosphere probably arises, in part, from the limestone rocks, which are confined to the neighbourhood of this place, and partly from its position between the two streams, the Dart and the Teign, by which the rain is in some degree attracted. Torquay is also remarkably protected from the north-east winds, the great evil of our spring climate. It is likewise sheltered from the north-west. This protection from winds extends also over a very considerable tract of beautiful country, abounding in every variety of landscape; so that there is scarcely a wind that blows from which the invalid will not be able to find a shelter for exercise, either on foot or horseback. In this respect Torquay is much superior to any other place we have noticed. . . . The selection will, I believe, lie among the following places, as winter or spring residences: Torquay, the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Hastings, and Clifton,—and perhaps in the generality of cases will deserve the preference in the order stated."

After such an encomium from one of the most celebrated physicians of the day, Torquay could not fail to obtain a large influx of visitors—and those of the class most desiderated. Torquay is now the most fashionable resort of the kind. It has both a summer and a winter season; and the commencement of the one follows close upon the termination of the other. Hither come invalids from every part of the kingdom in search of health, or in the hope of alleviating sickness: and hither also flock the idle, the wealthy, and the luxurious, in search of pleasure, or of novelty, or in the hope of somehow getting rid of the lingering hours.

A good deal of amusement, and some instruction, might be found in a sketch of the history of the wells, and the baths, and the watering-places of England; and there are abundant materials for the illustration of such a sketch in our lighter literature. It would be curious to compare the various ways in which, in successive generations, the votaries of fashion and of pleasure have sought to amuse themselves, under the pretence of seeking after health; and how variously health has been sought after by those who have really been in pursuit of it: and equally curious would it be to compare the appliances as well as the habits at such places. Torquay would probably be found to bear little more resemblance to Tonbridge-Wells or to Bath, to Harrowgate, or Buxton, or Cheltenham, or any other of our older towns of the same class, than it would to the baths of Germany, or the Italian cities of refuge.

Torquay has many buildings for the general convenience; but it has no public building that will attract attention on account of its importance or its architecture. There are subscription, reading, and assembly-rooms, first-rate hotels, a club-house, baths, and a museum; there are also three or four dispensaries and charitable institutions. But there are none of them noticeable buildings; the town wears altogether a domestic 'Belgravian' air: it is a town of terraces and villas. The pier is the chief public work: it is so constructed as to enclose a good though small tidal harbour; and it forms also a promenade. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The houses which the visitors occupy are built on the higher grounds; they rise in successive tiers along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. A new town of villas is stretching over Beacon Hill, and occupying the slopes that encircle Mead Foot Cove. All the new villa residences are more or less ambitious in their architecture; some of them are very elegant buildings. They are, of course, of different sizes, ranging from cottages to mansions. They are built of stone—till lately, in almost every instance covered with stucco. Some of very ornamental character have been recently erected with the limestone uncovered. There is no good public parade by the sea-side: the new road to Paignton is but an apology for one, though a magnificent parade might have been constructed there: a better situation could not be desired. Recently a piece of ground of about four acres, in the most fashionable part of Torquay—but at some distance from the sea—has been laid out as a public garden: and it is, of its kind, a right pleasant one. The walks are numerous within the limits of the town, which are pleasant in themselves, or afford pleasing prospects. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage: a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean.

The views from Beacon Hill are almost equally fine. Noble views of Torquay, and of the eastern end of Torbay, may be had from the Paignton Road, and from the meadows by Tor Abbey, and the knolls about Livermead (Cut, No. 7). We shall say nothing of the walks in the vicinity of Torquay; the people of Torquay do not walk there: but there are rides and drives all around, of a kind to charm the least admiring; and the whole heart of the country is so verdant that they are hardly less admirable in winter than at any other season.

The appearance of Torbay is so tempting, that we can hardly suppose the visitor, however little of a sailor, will be content without having a sail on it. He should do so, if only to see Torquay to most advantage. From the crowd of meaner buildings which encircle the harbour and extend along the sides of the cove, rise the streets and terraces of white houses, like an amphitheatre, tier

above tier. Behind these are receding hills, spotted at wider intervals with gay and luxurious villas, each in its own enclosure, and surrounded by dark green foliage. The picture is in itself a beautiful and a striking one—and it is the more impressive from the associations and feelings that arise on looking upon such a scene of wealth and refinement.

Torbay is one of the finest and most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. It is bounded on the north by a bold headland, which bears the elegant designation of Hope's Nose, and it sweeps round in a splendid curve to the lofty promontory of Berry Head, which forms its southern boundary. The distance between the two extremities is above four miles; the depth, in the centre of the bay, is about three miles and a half; the coast line is upwards of twelve miles. Within its ample bosom a navy might ride at anchor. Considerable fleets have lain within it. From its surface, the aspect of the bay is of surpassing beauty. On the northern side lies Torquay, beneath its sheltering hills: at the southern extremity is the busy town of Brixham, with its fleet of fishing-boats lying under the shelter of the bold promontory of Berry Head. Between these distant points are two or three villages with their church towers, and all along are scattered cottages or villas, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in bluff and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant and wooded slopes: and behind and above all stretches far away, as a lovely back-ground, a richly diversified and fertile country; while to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships, and yachts, and numerous trawls.

Let us go ashore again, and look at the two or three spots that lie along the bay. Adjoining Torquay are a few vestiges of an old monastery of the Premonstratensian order, and which, according to Dr. Oliver, ('Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon'), "was undoubtedly the richest priory belonging to that order in England." It was founded in the reign of Richard I., and it continued to flourish till the general destruction of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The priory stood in one of the most exquisite spots in this land of beauty; and its happily-chosen site is a testimony to the community of feeling among the monks with what Humboldt (in his 'Cosmos') "traces in the writings of the Christian Fathers of the Church,—the fine expression of a love of nature, nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage." The few fragments that remain of the old priory are in the gardens of the modern mansion which bears the name of Tor Abbey. They are almost entirely covered with ivy, and are so dilapidated that no judgment of the ancient architecture can be formed from them.

About the centre of Torbay lies the village of Paignton, once a place of some consequence, as its large old church testifies. The bishops of Exeter had formerly a seat here, some fragments of which are standing near the old church. Paignton's chief fame till within these very few years arose from its cider and its cabbages! The country around Paignton is very fertile, and the cider-apple is largely cultivated. A great deal of cider is annually shipped from Paignton to London and other places. About ten years ago a pier was constructed, at which vessels of 200 tons burden can load and unload. Of late, Paignton has greatly increased in size and altered in character. Torquay has no good bathing-place; and since the construction of the new road, the residents there have availed themselves of the sands at Paignton, which are well adapted for bathing. At first a few, and afterwards a great many, visitors sought for houses or lodgings here. To accommodate them, a good number of convenient houses have been erected; and the place is growing fast in size as well as reputation. It is not at all unlikely that it will some day have its full share of popularity. Paignton has many advantages as a watering-place; it lies in a pleasant and picturesque spot, almost in the centre of the splendid bay, over which the uplands command the grandest prospects: the sands are good and well adapted for bathing. The lanes and walks around the town are the pleasantest and most picturesque in this neighbourhood. Though not so sheltered as Torquay, Paignton is by no means exposed; and if not quite so warm, the air is less relaxing.

Brixham, which lies at the southern extremity of the bay, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing-towns in England. About two hundred and fifty sail of vessels belong to the town, besides some fifty or sixty of the smaller fishing-boats. The extent of the fishing trade is enormous,—the largest, it is said, in England. In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants; and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra consequence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.

Brixham is a long, straggling, awkward, ungainly place. It stands in a picturesque position, and it looks picturesque at a distance. Not but what there are parts of it which, close at hand, are picturesque enough after a fashion. Down by the shore, Prout would make capital pictures of the shambling-houses, and the bluff weather-beaten hulls that are hauled on the beach or lie alongside the pier. The Upper Town, or Church-Brixham, is built on the south side of Berry Head; the Church is there, and the better houses are there also. The Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the business part of the town: the streets are narrow, dirty, and unfragrant,—a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell. There is here a Pier, which forms a tolerable tidal harbour. But the great increase in the trade (and Brixham is a port of some consequence apart from its fishery) has rendered the old harbour insufficient.

and a new Breakwater is now in course of construction, which will, it is expected, form a sufficient shelter for large merchant ships and frigates of war. (Cut, No. 8.)

It was at Brixham Quay that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely into Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army. Burnet says the Prince's whole demeanour wore an unusual air of gaiety. While William was busily engaged in directing the military arrangements, the self-important Doctor stepped up to him and offered his service in any way he could be of use. "And what do you think of predestination now, Doctor?" was the Prince's reply. Dartmouth says he added a hint about studying the canons,—which Burnet seems to have caught the drift of more accurately than of the question.

In the centre of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, in which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When William IV. visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

The fleet which brought William to England was not the last that has lain at Torbay. In the following year the French fleet, after having defeated the combined English and Dutch squadron, sailed into Torbay, and lay there for several days. The fleet of Earl St. Vincent made Torbay a principal station. The *Bellerophon*, with Bonaparte on board of it, was anchored off Brixham for some time. The fallen Emperor is said to have gazed over the bay with undisguised admiration: "What a beautiful country! how much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" was his exclamation.

8.—BRIXHAM AND TORBAY.

LEEDS,

AND THE CLOTHING DISTRICT.

THERE is no county in England which presents more diverse features in its different parts than Yorkshire—the huge, wide-spreading Yorkshire. And yet these differences have been brought about more by man's busy doings, than by the physical structure of the county: or rather, certain diversities being established by Nature in her geological developments, man has given a more and more marked character to these diversities by his steam-engines, his looms, his spinning machines, and his mining operations.

Beginning at York, and following the meanderings of the Derwent, from the vicinity of that ancient city to the vicinity of Scarborough, we have a line of demarcation through a portion of the county. Beginning again at York, and following the Ouse until it empties itself into the Humber, we have a second irregular line. Starting a third time from the same point, and proceeding north-west to the boundary of Westmorland, partly along the upper valley of the Ouse, and partly along the ridge of a chain of mountains, we have a third line of separation. Yorkshire is by these lines parted off into three portions, or *Ridings;* and these three Ridings differ considerably one from another. If our present concern were with the county generally, we should have to point out the main features of difference between the East and the North Ridings; but it suffices for us to show that the West Riding differs strikingly from both. A steam-engine is a rarity in the East and North: in the West its puffing, panting movements are familiar enough. In the East and North the streams, if they do any work at all, exhibit it in the navigation of barges, and in turning corn-mills: in the West, the streams are busy coadjutors in the making and finishing of cloth. In the East and North, the chief towns (excepting Hull) derive most of their commercial importance from being centres of agricultural districts: in the West, there are a dozen towns which all but rank with the Manchesters and Birminghams. In the East and North, the villages are almost wholly agricultural: in the West there is hardly a village where the spindle and the shuttle are not busily plied. In the East and North, the people grow the food which they eat: in the West they are too busy and too many to do so—they apply to their neighbours of Lincolnshire. In the East and North there are only four inhabitants to twenty acres: in the West there are fifteen. In the East and North, there is only one house to twenty-four acres: in the West there are six.

And even this West Riding itself is anything but uniform in its features. If we trace a curved line from Rotherham, through Leeds, to Skipton, all the portion on the east and north of this line, comprising more than three-fourths of the entire West Riding, is almost as wholly agricultural as the North and East Ridings themselves. Busy then, indeed, must be the remaining one-fourth; and busy it is. Busy, too, in modes of industry so entirely distinct, that we must ask the reader to follow us even to a further division. We must draw an imaginary line, which shall cut off the southern portion of this nook of the county; this southern portion contains the coal and iron of Penistone, Silkstone, Rotherham, and Sheffield, but has hardly a spindle or a loom throughout its whole extent; whereas the remainder, though possessing much coal and some iron, is, *par excellence*, the CLOTHING DISTRICT.

Thus, step by step, we bring our attention to centre in one particular part of Yorkshire. If the reader will take his map, and trace four lines—from Barnsley to Leeds, Leeds to Skipton, Skipton to Rochdale, and Rochdale to Barnsley—he will enclose an irregular quadrangle, which constitutes the clothing district: excluding very few of the clothing villages, and including very few villages which are not of that character. Three or four centres of active operation are found within this quadrangle: such as Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—each having around it a group of villages, which look to it as a market for the sale of their manufactured produce. Whether they be hills or valleys where these villages lie, still the villages themselves are occupied mainly by clothiers. The towns and larger villages are, however, all on the banks of the rivers flowing through valleys:—thus, Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, and Leeds are in the valley of the Aire; Bradford is in a valley, springing from this at right angles; Halifax is in a hollow, surrounded by high ground; Huddersfield is in the valley of the Colne, near the confluence of many minor streams; and lastly, Dewsbury is in the valley of the Calder.

When we call this the *Clothing District*, it is desirable to know how that term is applied. Long before cotton or silk formed any notable proportion of English dress, woollen garments were largely made in Yorkshire and in the West of England; and those two portions of England became generally known as the Clothing Districts. Various circumstances have led to the decline of manufactures in the West, and their extension in the North; so that the latter is now more peculiarly the possessor of this appellation. Even here, however, the trade is not distributed indiscriminately over the district: it groups itself around certain centres. Thus, the wool-dealer, the cloth-manufacturer,

the commercial traveller, the shipping merchant—all know in which direction to bend their steps according to the kind of goods required.

As the present article does not pretend to grasp at the topography of the whole clothing district; nor, on the other hand, to treat of manufacturing industry in a systematic way; it may be well at once to settle what it *does* propose as its object. Leeds being by far the largest and most important town in the district, it will be made the subject of a topographical description; while the clothing manufacture will be so far noticed as to illustrate the dependence of Leeds on it for support, and the dependence of all the towns and villages on each other.

In viewing the position of Leeds with respect to the rest of the district, we see that it shares with them in the general course of the rivers towards the east or south-east. Going a little beyond our prescribed limits, on the north, we find the river Wharfe, which rising near Hawes, follows a direction pretty nearly south-east, past Bolton Abbey, Otley, Harewood, Wetherby, and Tadcaster, to its junction with the Ouse, near Cawood. Then comes the Aire, which, rising near Settle, follows in like manner a south-east course, past Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, Leeds, to its junction with the Calder, near Castleford. This Calder takes its rise on the borders of Lancashire, and follows a winding course (not deviating very much from east), past Sowerby, Dewsbury, and Wakefield, to Castleford. Lastly; the river which flows through Huddersfield, and which is formed by a number of small streams, has a direction rather towards the north-east, until it joins the Calder. Thus all the streams have a direction tending more or less towards the east; and all contribute to form that great river which, under the name of the Humber, passes by Hull into the German Ocean. Between the greater valleys through which these streams flow are smaller lateral valleys; by which the whole district is cut up into a succession of hills and hollows,—very pleasant for the artist to look at, very advantageous for the manufacturer who requires water-power, but very embarrassing to the engineer who has to make railways.

Leeds occupies the north-east corner of the whole district. One might almost have expected that the greatest town of the district would have been near the centre; and in by-gone ages, when Halifax was more closely connected than Leeds with the clothing manufacture, such a system of central position was observable. But various circumstances have tended in later ages to give Leeds a commanding position.

The Net-work of West Riding Railways.

The mode of reaching a town, in these our railway days, is among the most notable of its features. The "Great London Road," which marks the chief entrance to most of our towns, is becoming less and less the chief entrance. An intruder has stepped in, who bids us follow his iron track. The "ancient ways" are very much like deserted ways now, and are to be appreciated only by a thorough-going pedestrian. Let us see, then, what the iron roads are doing, and have been doing, and will be doing, in and around Leeds.

The year 1844 commenced what we may term the new railway era for Leeds. Until that period, there were only two railways belonging to the town; viz., the North Midland, which had its northern terminus at Leeds; and the Leeds and Selby, which had its western terminus at the same town. In the year above named (1844), the Leeds and Selby line passed into the hands of the York and North Midland Railway Company. As to the Manchester and Leeds Railway, the name has always been a misnomer; for the line terminates at Normanton, eight or ten miles south of Leeds: the remainder of the distance being run over the North Midland. Towards the north and west, Leeds was wholly severed from the general railway system. The first change was produced in 1844, by the legislative sanction of the Leeds and Bradford Railway. This line was to commence at Sandford Street in Leeds, and to pass through a number of small but busy villages and townships to Bradford, including Wortley, Armley, Bramley, Kirkstall, Horsforth, Shipley, and others: the termination being in the Kirkgate at Bradford. There was also sanctioned a short branch from this line in Holbeck, to the North Midland in Hunslet; so as to afford continuous communication from Bradford to the south and east, through Leeds.

The next step, in 1845, was the legalizing of the Leeds and Dewsbury line. This was to commence by a junction with the Leeds and Bradford in Holbeck township, Leeds; and proceed by way of Beeston, Ardsley, and Batley, to Dewsbury; and thence by Mirfield and Kirkheaton to Huddersfield. The line was to form two junctions with the Manchester and Leeds, at Kirkheaton and at Mirfield; and it was likewise to have two branches, from Leeds to Wortley, and from Batley to Birstall. There were subsidiary arrangements for abandoning a portion of the line near Huddersfield, in the event of certain agreements being made with the Manchester and Leeds Company. The same year also witnessed the passing of an Act for the Leeds and Thirsk Railway. This was in effect an extension of the North Midland Railway towards the north: placing Leeds (as it ought to be placed) on a main line of thoroughfare. It was to pass from Leeds through Bramhope, Knaresborough, Ripley, Ripon, and Sowerby, to Thirsk; and was to have a multitude of small branches, from Headingley to Bramley, from Cookridge to Bramley, from Knaresborough to Harrowgate, and two others to connect it with the Leeds and Bradford, and the Great North of England lines. A further progress was made in the same year, by the passing of Acts for the extension of the Leeds and Bradford to Colne, the Wakefield and Goole, the Huddersfield and Manchester, and certain branches from the Manchester and Leeds Railways.

Then came the busy year 1846, when the bubbles of

1845 had to be blown away, and the good measures (with an admixture of bad, it must be owned,) sanctioned. Leeds had its full share in these exploits. The York and North Midland Company were empowered to shorten their line of communication from York to Leeds; the Leeds and Bradford, Leeds and Dewsbury, and Manchester and Leeds Companies received powers to make several amendments in their various lines; the Leeds and Thirsk were authorised to extend their operations to the coal districts of Durham; the Wharfdale Railway was sanctioned, whereby the towns and villages on the Wharfe would be brought into connection with Leeds and the other great towns; the Great Northern Company received its large powers, one feature of which was, to carry their operations northward to Leeds; and, lastly, a net-work of the most extraordinary kind, called the West-Riding Union Railway, received the Royal assent, having for its object, by a great number of small lines, planned, in spite of the enormous expense inevitably involved, to connect most of the great clothing towns of the West-Riding—such as Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—with each other.

Another year brings us to 1847. The Parliamentary documents contain many and varied railway details, relating, more or less, to Leeds and its vicinity; but they were, for the most part, mere alterations and improvements in the numerous Acts before obtained. By this time, the companies directly and closely interested in the town of Leeds had increased to seven or eight in number; but amalgamations and leasings have since brought them down to a smaller number of larger groups. One of the Acts of 1847 was to amend the details of a new entrance into Leeds: it marked out a line from the township of Wortley to Wellington Street in Leeds, there to form the terminus of the West-Riding Union Railway.

One more year, and we conclude our list. In 1848, the Leeds and Thirsk Company added still more to the number of short branches which will mark their line; but the only Act with which we have here to do—and one which will have more effect on the interior of Leeds than any of the Acts hitherto enumerated—is that which empowers the formation of the Leeds Central Station. So many companies are about to approach Leeds on every side, that it was felt to be desirable that they should have one general point of junction, and one grand station, within the town. The West-Riding Union, the Leeds and Dewsbury, the Leeds and Thirsk, and the Great Northern, will all enter Leeds from different directions; and these four companies have agreed to construct a general station in common. The Leeds and Selby, the Leeds and Bradford, and the North Midland parties hold aloof from this arrangement: they belong to other interests, somewhat at rivalry with the former. A sum of no less than £320,000 is authorized to be raised for this one station; the four Companies to provide it in equal quotas. The station is to be on the north side of the river Aire It will either touch upon, or pass through or over, the Leeds and Whitehall turnpike-road, Aire Street, King Street, Wellington Street, Queen Street, and the General Infirmary; it will be nearly close to the Coloured-cloth Hall; and there will be a connection made with the Leeds and Bradford Railway. The General Infirmary is to be wholly removed, and a new building constructed elsewhere at the expense of the united Companies.

Such, then, are the arrangements made, up to the present time, for accommodating this remarkable district: we say 'made,' in the parliamentary sense; for the engineers have still a vast amount of work to do, before the various lines of railway will be finished. The year 1845 was the period of severe competition in this quarter. Two rival schemes, the 'Leeds and West-Riding Junction,' and the 'West Yorkshire,' were brought forward, for supplying a net-work of railways for the clothing towns; and the Report of the Board of Trade on those schemes, gives a very good idea of the nature of the district: "One peculiarity in the district is the number of important and populous towns and manufacturing villages, scattered over it so irregularly, that their connection cannot possibly be effected by any one line of railway. This will best be understood by reference to a map, from which it will be seen, that any line that connects Leeds with Bradford and Halifax, and those places with Manchester, necessarily isolates Huddersfield and Dewsbury; while, on the other hand, a Manchester and Leeds line, carried through those places, would provide no accommodation for Bradford and Halifax. The traffic of the district is also such as to require a very complete communication of all these towns with one another, as well as an outlet for each of them towards their great manufacturing capitals, Leeds and Manchester, and towards their great shipping ports, Hull and Liverpool. It consists, in great measure, of what may be called an 'omnibus traffic,' circulating from town to town within the district, in the pursuits of manufacturing industry, and to attend the cloth and other markets which are held weekly, on stated days, in all the chief emporiums; and the traffic in goods and raw materials, owing to the subdivision in the processes of manufacture throughout the district, will be of a very similar description. The great bulk of this local traffic will be of a character to require, for its proper development, both very cheap rates, and very numerous trains."

The Rise and Growth of Leeds.

Leeds, the 'Loidis,' 'Ledes,' and 'Leedes' of past ages, has nothing left at the present day to mark its connection with feudal and monastic times, excepting perhaps the Abbey of Kirkstall in its immediate vicinity. It was never particularly rich in such features—far less so than its neighbour, the venerable city of York; and the hand of Time, assisted by the extension of commerce, has levelled, one by one, all that told of the past.

In this, as in other towns which can date their

origin many centuries back, it is difficult to say whether the first notable building was castellated or ecclesiastical, whether the baron or the abbot was the earlier centre of power, or whether the town were really founded before barons or abbots were known. A cloud hangs over the early history of Leeds, and this cloud does not begin to disperse until we arrive at a period subsequent to the Norman Conquest.

The chief authority on the early history of Leeds, Dr. Whitaker, states that there was a Roman station at or near this spot; but that nothing has been retained of the history of Leeds till the time of the Saxons. He thinks that the district of *Loidis*, mentioned by the Venerable Bede, comprised the country lying about ten miles on every side from Leeds. '*Loidis and Elmete*,' the title of Dr. Whitaker's voluminous work on this subject, relates to two Saxon names of places mentioned by Bede; which names are believed by Dr. Whitaker to refer to the town of Leeds, the neighbouring town or village of Barwick in Elmete, and the surrounding country. From the terms in which Leeds is mentioned in Domesday Book, it is inferred that there were about 135 persons, with their households, who were landowners of Leeds and Holbeck in the time of the Conqueror. Whitaker gives a curious conjecture of the probable appearance of Leeds at that time: "Whatever streets do not bear the Saxon name of 'gate,' were then, if anything, lanes in the fields; and this rule restricts the original Leeds to Briggate, Kirkgate, and Swinegate, which last formed the original approach to the Castle, which, at a somewhat later period, was erected by the Lacies. Let the reader, then, who is acquainted with this busy and crowded scene as it exists at present, figure to himself two deep and dirty highways, one stretching from the bridge to the present Town Hall; the other at a right angle to the parish church, with seven-and-twenty dwelling-houses constructed of mud, wattles, and straw—the usual architecture of the Saxons—their mean barns, farm-yards, etc.; and here and there a wretched cabin, perhaps of still meaner structure, dispersed at intervals along these two lines. To the backs of these, in every direction, lay a wide extent of open fields; and with these exceptions, the streets and squares into which this great commercial town has expanded in every quarter, were alternately grazed by cattle, or wrought by the plough."

From this humble condition Leeds gradually and silently developed itself. At some period between the Conquest and the reign of John, a castle was built, and both castle and manor belonged to the family of Paganel. Leeds itself had, immediately after the Conquest, been given to Ilbert de Lacy, a powerful noble, who united it to his barony of Pontefract; but after the lapse of a few years, the manor of Leeds was granted to the Paganels, who held it under the Lacys—the latter being superior lords of the district. Of what character was the Castle built by Paganel we have very little account. It stood, however, upon Mill Hill, at a short distance from the River Aire, and upon a gentle acclivity. The Castle was surrounded with an extensive park, long since broken up. The site is nevertheless sufficiently indicated by such names as Park Place, Park Square, Park Lane, and Park Row, all lying a little north-west of the present Coloured-cloth Hall. There are only two historical facts clearly known as applying to Leeds Castle: the one was the besieging of the Castle by King Stephen, during his march towards Scotland in 1139; and the other was the temporary confinement of Richard II. within the Castle, just before his accredited murder at Pontefract. The Castle is supposed to have been destroyed early in the fourteenth century. Sometimes a little confusion arises from the circumstance that Yorkshire and Kent each had a Leeds Castle: the latter is still existing.

Maurice Paganel, as the mesne lord of Leeds, gave a Charter to the burgesses during the reign of King John. Soon after the death of this baron, the manor reverted to the chief lords of the fee; and after changing hands many times, it came into the possession of the Duke of Lancaster, during the reign of Edward I. When this duke became King Henry IV., the manor of Leeds assumed the character of royal property, and as such it remained till the time of James I., when it again passed into private hands. It has, for about two centuries and a half, been sold and given and inherited in a great variety of ways; and at the present day it is held by several proprietors in common, each of whom has a certain definite share of the whole.

We know very little of the share which Leeds may have taken in the baronial struggles of the thirteenth and two following centuries: it is probable that the town was too small to be regarded as an important feature in contests for power, especially after the destruction (whether by time or by violence) of the castle. The first page of what may perhaps be termed the modern history of Leeds is given by Leland, who, writing about three centuries ago, says:—"Ledes, two miles lower down than Christal [Kirkstall] Abbaye, on Aire river, is a praty market toune, having one paroche chirche, reasonably well builded, and as large as Bradeford, but not so quik as it." We must infer that this "quickness" refers to the bustle and activity of the two towns, in which the palm is given by Leland to Bradford. It was probably about that time that the clothing manufacture was first introduced into Leeds. Ralph Thoresby tells us, that one of his reasons for writing the *Ducatus Leodiensis* was a consideration of the great richness and resources of the country near his native town, Leeds. He selects as a sort of centre, Haselwood, a little distance eastward of Leeds; and says that the district around Leeds and Haselwood formed the portion of Yorkshire which Bishop Tunstal "shewed to King Henry VIII. in his progress to York, *anno* 1548, which he avowed to be the richest he ever found in all his travels through Europe; there being within ten miles of Haselwood, 165 manor-houses of lords, knights, and gentlemen of the best quality; 275 several woods, whereof some of them contain 500 acres; 32 parks, and 2 chases of deer; 120 rivers and brooks, whereof 5 be

navigable, well stored with salmon and other fish; 76 water mills, for the grinding of corn on the aforesaid rivers; 25 coal mines, which yield abundance of fuel for the whole county; 3 forges for the making of iron, and stone enough for the same: and within the same limits as much sport and pleasure for hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling, as in any place of England besides." This is given as having been the state of things in 1548, in the time of Henry VIII.; and if the account can be relied on, it certainly indicates a condition of notable prosperity within a boundary of such narrow limits.

In 1638, Leeds was called upon to furnish its quota of ship-money; and Clarendon speaks of it, in companionship with Halifax and Bradford, as being about that period "three very populous and rich towns, depending wholly upon clothiers." Leeds had its full share in the struggles between Charles I. and his Parliament; taking uniformly the part of the latter, and changing masters many times. The Royalists under the Marquis of Newcastle took the town in 1642; in the next year, the Parliamentarians under Fairfax reconquered it; again was it taken by the Royalists; and again, after the battle of Marston Moor, did the Parliamentarians resume their possession.

Among the stories which have been associated with this period at Leeds was the following:—When Charles I. was in the hands of the Scots, and was being conveyed by them from Newark to Newcastle, he was lodged in the Red Hall at Leeds, supposed to have been then the best house in the town. During his stay at that place, a maid-servant, feeling compassion for his fallen position, and perhaps acting under the influence of certain royalists in the town, implored him to disguise himself in her dress, as a means of effecting his escape. She declared at the same time, that if he succeeded in the attempt, he would immediately be conducted by a back alley (since known as Land's-lane) to a friend's house, from whence he could proceed to France. Charles, however, either convinced that the project was impracticable, or entertaining fallacious hopes of the intentions of the Scots in his favour, declined the offer made by the woman. As a mark of his gratitude he gave her the Garter (perhaps the only symbol of royalty he then had about him); saying, that if it never should be in his power to reward her, his son, on the sight of that token, would bestow upon her some remuneration. After the Restoration, the woman repaired to Charles II., related the circumstance, and produced the token. The king inquired whence she came; she replied, "From Leeds, in Yorkshire." "Whether she had a husband?" She answered that she had. "What was his calling?" She said, "An under-bailiff." "Then," said the king, "he shall be chief bailiff in Yorkshire."

Whatever may have been the disasters suffered by Leeds during the wars, they were slight compared with those which resulted from the Great Plague of 1665. From the month of March to the month of December in that year, more than fifteen hundred persons died of the plague in this town; supposed to have been not less than one-fifth of the whole population. All but the very poor sought to avoid the dread pestilence by flight; the grass grew in the deserted streets; the markets were removed to Woodhouse; and the doors of the church were closed.

A period of a century elapsed without any political event of importance having occurred at Leeds; when, in 1745, Marshal Wade's army formed an encampment between Leeds, Sheepscar, and Woodhouse. It is said that this was the last encampment formed on English ground during the time of internal war; and it is also said, that the boundaries of the encampment are still marked by the absence of old wood in the hedge-rows.

The progress of Leeds was so quiet and steady, that it is hardly possible to watch the several stages of its development. Turnpike-roads were introduced in the neighbourhood about 1753: not without great opposition on the part of the lower classes, who regarded toll-bars much in the same light as "Rebecca" of modern times in Wales has done. The houses of the inhabitants gradually assumed a more substantial and durable character. The mud and wattled houses, roofed with thatch, which formed the early dwellings of the town, gave place to timber-houses; one of which, named Rockley Hall, the residence of an opulent family, was existing down to the beginning of the present century. When, from change of taste, or scarcity of wood, these timber-houses became obsolete, they were succeeded by another class of houses built of a perishable argillaceous kind of stone found in the neighbourhood. At length, in the reign of Charles I., the first brick-house of Leeds was built; and it retained for nearly two centuries the distinctive appellation of the *Red House*. A more recent stage was consequent on the introduction of deal timber from Prussia and Livonia, by which the massive and picturesque oak-fittings of earlier days were replaced by slighter, neater, but plainer and more fragile timbers of deal.

With regard to intercourse between Leeds and London, it was of course a momentous affair before the days of good roads and fast coaches. The first Leeds and London stage-coach of which we have read was advertised in 1764; when the travelling public were informed that there was "safe and expeditious travelling, with machines on steel springs, in four days to London, from the Old King's Arms, in Leeds, every Monday and Wednesday." The march of improvement was so rapid that in 1776 a new post-coach was announced to go from Leeds to London in thirty-nine hours. Of the steps whereby this mode of travelling was superseded by the vast railway system described in a former page, most modern readers are able to form an opinion.

The annals of Leeds for the last hundred years are simply the annals of commercial progress; and it may, therefore, suffice for us now to see what kind of town Leeds has become, and what are the relations which it bears to its busy neighbours.

A Bird's-eye View of the Town.

First, then, we have to draw a distinction between the *town*, the *borough*, and the *parish* of Leeds. The town claims its ninety or hundred thousand inhabitants; while the borough approaches much nearer to two hundred thousand. When the Parliamentary Reform Commissioners came to mark the boundaries of the borough of Leeds, they found the parish limits so extensive and comprehensive, that it was deemed sufficient to apply the same limits to the borough. The parish is a large one, or (since the recent changes in the ecclesiastical divisions of the parish) we may perhaps better say that the borough is a large one. It comprises not only the town of Leeds, but also the townships and chapelries of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Farnley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Chapel Allerton, Headingley, Burley, Wortley, and Potter Newton—extending between seven and eight miles from east to west, about the same from north to south, and thirty in circumference.

These townships or outlying suburbs are connected with Leeds not only in an electoral sense, but commercially and socially. The cloth-workers of the townships look up to Leeds as their great prop and support; while the "well-to-do" inhabitants of Leeds—the gentry and the principal manufacturers—have their private residences between and among those townships, where smoke and steam have yet left a few green fields and green trees untouched. Beginning northward of Leeds, and making a circuit around it, we first find the township or village of Headingley, becoming more and more an integral portion of Leeds, by the progress of building along the pleasant road which connects the two. Beyond this is the West Wood, with the 'lodge,' the 'hall,' the 'cottage,' the 'mill,' &c., to which it gives name. The road through Headingley leads onward to Otley. Next to this, on the west, is the road through Kirkstall towards Horsforth; and here we find the ruins of the venerable Abbey which has given such celebrity to the place. Between the two roads lie Flower Bank, Kirkstall Grange, Hawksworth Park, Cookridge Wood, and other open spots—some cultivated as private pleasure-grounds, and some in the state of woods and commons. A little to the west of the Kirkstall road lies the valley through which the river Aire, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and the Leeds and Bradford Railway run—a curious example, and one which is exhibited in many parts of England, of the eagerness with which engineers seek to follow the lines marked out for them by Nature in the courses of rivers. In immediate contiguity with these are the Bramley stone quarries. Next we come to the high-road to Bradford, surmounting a hill which has been shunned by the river, the canal, and the railway. In this quarter are the villages of Armley, Bramley, and Stanningley, and a few private residences. A further progress to the south-west brings us to the road leading to Tong and other clothing villages in that direction, over a very undulating country; here we meet with Wortley, Farnley village and park, and a sprinkling of private residences, with country farms. Then we come to the turnpike-road, towards Halifax and Birstall, with Farnley Wood lying between them. South of Leeds lies Holbeck, now so closely connected with the town, that there is no visible division between them, except that furnished by the river Aire. Beyond Holbeck, in the same direction, lies Beeston; and in and around the intervening district are many private residences and pleasant fields. Beginning now to bend to the south-east of Leeds, and crossing the North Midland Railway, we come first to Hunslet, almost as much incorporated with the great town as Holbeck. But here we notice a remarkable feature, which has been before adverted to, and which will again come under our observation further on, that eastward of Leeds scarcely a trace of a clothing village can be seen: the roads to Wakefield, to Pontefract, to Selby, all have farm-houses and private residences in their vicinity, but not such a knot of busy little suburbs as those hitherto named. Crossing the Leeds and Selby Railway, and approaching the division north-east of Leeds, we find Sheepscar, Gledhow Wood and Quarry, and a number of farms near the road to York and Tadcaster. Lastly, on the north, following the line of road to Harrogate and its vicinity, we find Woodhouse, Potter Newton, and Chapel Allerton, interspersed, like the others, with mansions, parks, and farms.

It must be admitted that there are very few fine prospects to be obtained among this belt of townships and villages; the hills are neither numerous enough nor picturesque enough to form a good background to the scene. But where the man of commerce is busy, the man of landscapes must not be disappointed if the materials at his disposal are somewhat scanty. There can be no mistake as to the character of Leeds as a town, in whatever direction it may be approached: there is a dark and sooty tell-tale hovering over it, which speaks of factories and steam-engines and chimneys among the mass of houses beneath. Whatever we may say of its environs, most certain it is that Leeds cannot lay claim to the character of a picturesque town. Situated on the banks of the river Aire, it presents two different aspects, according to the point of view. On the one side of the river it lies on a slope of considerable acclivity, underlaid by a series of coal-measures; while on the other side, constituting the districts or townships of Hunslet and Holbeck, is an extensive flat, traversed by the Hunslet and Holbeck brooks. The river Aire and its wharfs furnish us with the scene given in Cut, No. 2.

The general arrangement of the streets and alleys in the older parts of the town is pretty much the same as in all old towns: narrowness and crookedness are prevailing features. The main artery from north to south, however, called the Briggate, is of considerable width; arising, as it is said, from the old custom of having gardens in front of the houses in this street, the removal of which gardens has had the effect of giving a respectable amplitude to the Briggate. The streets more recently formed have the modern property of being

somewhat wider and straighter than their older neighbours; perhaps, also, more plain and monotonous and spiritless. The eastern division of the town is intersected by a small stream, called the Addle Beck, which "hardly knows itself," so much is it encumbered by weirs, bridges of limited openings, and buildings hemming it in on both sides; dye-houses and manufactories are arranged along its margin in great number; and the unwelcome contributions which it receives from these and from the house-drainage, convert it into—anything but a silvery stream, or a purling brook. It is in the immediate vicinity of this Addle Beck that a vast mass of the working population are located. But the worst parts of the town are close squares of houses, or "yards," as they are called, which are very numerous in Leeds. These airless, cheerless, dirty, ill-drained, neglected receptacles for human beings, are fit companions for the wynds of Glasgow and the cellar-dwellings of Liverpool: they are the dark spots on the social pictures of our great towns—spots which it will require an immense amount of municipal exertion to wash clean.

Leeds, like most other great towns, has striven within the last few years to cleanse, and enlighten, and improve itself in various ways. Sanitarian ideas have travelled thither as well as elsewhere. In 1842, an Act for the improvement of the town was passed; and among the provisions of the Act was one for widening Leeds Bridge and the approaches thereto. Bishopgate bridge, also, over the King's Mills Goit, is to be widened as well as the streets leading to it. Arrangements were sanctioned by the Act, having for their object the abolition of all tolls over the bridges at Leeds. Then follows a string of clauses so numerous and multifarious that one is prone to speculate whether too much may not have been attempted. Certain it is, that if all the provisions of the Act were carried out, Leeds ought to become a most cleanly, orderly, decorous, and well-behaved town—a pattern of brightness and goodness to all its neighbours. The reader shall judge for himself:—The streets are to be better lighted than they have yet been; they are to be paved and flagged, levelled and straightened, sewered and drained; no new house is to be built until the site is drained; every existing ill-drained house is to be properly drained; the lower floor of rebuilt houses is to be raised for the convenience of draining beneath; no new streets are to be formed of less than a certain width; all the streets are to be named, and all the houses numbered; all projecting sign-posts and boards—those pleasant old relics of street-architecture in past times—are to be removed in these our genteel days; all doors, gates, and bars shall be made to open *inwards* (a significant indication of what had previously been a frequent custom); ruinous or dangerous houses are to be pulled down by the corporation, if the owners are tardy in so doing; no roofs are to be covered with wood or thatch; all projecting houses, when rebuilt, are to be thrown back to the general level of the line of houses, and all back-lying or recessed houses are to be encouraged to make their appearance in the front of the street; there are to be no cellar-dwellings or kitchens without sunken areas before them; the level of the ground-floor of every new house is to be at least six inches above the level of the roadway; no room in any new house is to be less than eight feet high, or seven feet and a half if it be at the top of the house; there is to be only one story in the roof; all chimneys above six feet high are to be secured as a corporate surveyor may direct; "mad dogs" and "stray animals" are provided for in the customary way; all forgemen are to shut out the view of their forge-fires from the open street at half an hour after sunset; all street drunkards are to be amerced in the well-understood "five shillings;" all street musicians are to "move on" when requested, and if any "shall sound or play upon any musical instrument, or sing in any street near any house after being so required to depart," he forthwith becomes an offender against her Majesty's peace; if any warehouseman hoist goods without proper tackle, the police will tackle him; no windmill is to be built or worked within eighty yards of an inhabited street; no animals are to be sold, or dogs allowed to fight, or drivers to ride on the shafts of vehicles, or timbers to be drawn without wheels, or furniture or goods to be left on the footpath, or goods to be hung out from the fronts of houses, in the streets; no horns are to be blown, or fireworks discharged, or bells or knockers wantonly appealed to, or kites to be flown, or hoops to be trundled, or tubs to be washed, or wood to be sawn, or lime to be sifted, or carpets to be shaken ("except door-mats, before the hour of eight in the morning"), or rubbish to be "shot"—in the open streets; neither are the inhabitants to be allowed to place flower-pots unprotected on window-sills, to "stick bills" on houses or fences, to leave area and cellar-doors insufficiently fastened, to have pig-styes visible from the street, or to burn anything offensive to the olfactory organs of the Queen's loyal subjects; no cookshop is to have internal communication with a public-house; all unlicensed theatres and all gaming-houses are amenable to forcible police-entry; the "fighting or baiting of lions, bears, badgers, cocks, dogs, or other animals," is a fineable offence; the Town Council are empowered to build a town-hall and corporate buildings, to improve places of public resort, and to provide premises for the drying of washed clothes; all furnaces are to consume their own smoke; the town is to provide "humane apparatus" for apparently drowned persons, public clocks for the streets and buildings, fire-engines and firemen; gas-works must not contaminate running streams; new market-places are to be provided with public weights, measures, and weighing-houses; and hackney-coaches are to be licensed.

Now, if the reader has had patience to follow out this enumeration, he will probably opine that the Town Council has cut out sufficient work for itself, if it intend to put in force such a multifarious code of local laws as those here grouped together. Nobody is to do anything, until somebody else permits. Leeds ought to

be a nice and dainty town, polished off in all its features; and if it does not become so, it is not for want of plenty of words in the three hundred and ninety-two clauses of this Act. However, unless the Act be an empty sound (which we are not in any way entitled to suppose), every year ought to see some improvement in the general condition of the town.

The Streets, Old and New.

The map of Leeds presents to us a town, in which, after crossing the main bridge, there is one street, the Briggate, before mentioned, of unusual width, running nearly north and south; two or three other north and south avenues, such as Vicar Lane, Albion Street, and Park Row; a few ancient thoroughfares running somewhat east and west, and bearing the names of Head Row, Kirkgate, Boar Lane, Swine Gate, and the Calls; an unaccountable number of small streets, lanes, and alleys, turning out of these in every direction; and new streets, of somewhat straighter character, bounding these older ones on all sides.

Everything indicates that Briggate (which in our steel plate is shown as seen from the Bridge) is *the* street of the town—the heart and centre of the whole. The account given by Thoresby of the Briggate, at the time he wrote (about 1726), is curious:—"In this spacious street, which from the bridge at the foot of it is called Bridge-Gate (or, in our northern dialect, which retains much of the Saxon, *Briggate*), stood many of the ancient borough houses, which to this day pay a certain burgage rent to the lords of the manor of Leeds. The famous *Cloth Market*, the life, not only of the town, but of these parts of England, is held in this street, *sub dio*, twice every week, viz., upon Tuesdays and Saturdays, early in the mornings. The 'Brig-end Shots' have made as great a noise amongst the vulgar, where the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a 'noggin o' poyrage,' and a trencher of either boyl'd or roast meat for twopence, as the market itself amongst the more judicious, where several thousand pounds worth of broad cloth are bought, and, generally speaking, paid for (except the water-lengths, which cannot then be determined) in a few hours' time; and this with so profound a silence as is surprizing to strangers, who from the adjoining galleries, &c., can hear no more noise than the lowly murmurs of the merchant upon the Exchange of London. After the signal is given by the bell at the old chapel by the bridge, the cloth and benches are removed; so that the street is at liberty for the market-people of other professions,—as the country linendrapers, shoe-makers, hard-ware men, and the sellers of wood-vessels, wicker baskets, rushed chairs, flakes, &c. Fruit of all sorts are brought in so vast quantities, that Halifax, and other considerable markets, are frequently supplied from hence: the mayor's officers have number'd five hundred loads of apples only, on one day." Carrying his attention further up the same wide avenue, away from the river, he continues:—"Above the market for the milk cows is the *Ichthyopolium* (a very learned name for a fish-market), which, notwithstanding its great distance from the sea, is weekly twice or thrice, if not oftener, plentifully furnished with great variety of fish—though short, I confess, of Preston in Amounderness, where the fish-toll, at one penny a horse-load, and fourpence a cart, has sometimes amounted to six shillings a day, as I am informed by a neighbouring justice of the peace. A little above this is the Moot Hall, in the front of the Middle Row, on one side of which is one of the best-furnished flesh-shambles in the north of England; on the other, the Wool Market for broad cloth, which is the All-in-All. From the Cross, which is well stocked with poultry and other appurtenances, to the New Street, is the Corn Market, which is very considerable." Thoresby mentions one or two other markets, as a proof of the ample supply of necessaries and comforts afforded to the Leeds inhabitants; and he then expresses an admonitory hope "that as the inhabitants have fulness of bread, they may ever beware of that pride and abundance of idleness that do frequently accompany it. May the richer sort strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they, in a grateful return, be painful and laborious; and may the middle sort demean themselves with that sobriety and temperance, that there may be no more occasion to repeat what a grave and pious divine said was the country's observation: 'that the generality of that sort, in a time of trade and plenty, carry it out in such an extravagant manner, as leaves nothing against a time of dearth and scarcity, wherein they find as little pity as formerly they paid respect to others.'" This homely sermon would not be without its value in other times than those in which Thoresby wrote.

The 'Middle Row,' mentioned in the above passage, was an excrescence such as Edinburgh once had in her 'Tolbooth,' and such as London still has in the midst of Holborn. In that portion of Briggate which extends from Kirkgate nearly to the Corn Exchange, this Middle Row stood till 1822; but at that date the inhabitants of Leeds, thinking very properly that the time had come for its removal, obtained an Act of Parliament, and collected the necessary funds for the removal of Middle Row. As the pigs and vegetables, and cows, and pots, and pans, and fish, were disturbed by this arrangement, a new market, called the 'Free Market,' was built for their accommodation, a little way to the east of the Briggate. The Cloth Market was removed from the Briggate many years before.

Mr. Kohl—whose rapid glances at English life show a singular compound of shrewd observation and hasty inference—gives Leeds a character which will be deemed by its indwellers anything but favourable. He says: "England's manufacturing towns in general are by no means its most ornamental features; but among them all, Leeds is the very farthest from any such pretension, being, I verily believe, the most disagreeable place in the land. Other similar towns, as Birmingham, Manchester, &c., have at least, among the

mass of chimneys, factories, and paltry houses of the labourers, here and there a news-room, a club, an Exchange, a bank, a railway-station, a statue in honour of Wellington or Nelson; but at Leeds there is hardly anything of the kind. The inns, too, are worse than in any other town in England. In the one to which I had been recommended as the best, I found the accommodation very indifferent. The coffee-room was always crowded with travellers, young or old, whose business at this emporium of woollen was either to buy or sell wool, yarn, cloth, blankets, plain worsted goods, white cloths, mixed yarn, flushing linen, or some similar matters; and who were as busy as bees, noting down their pounds, yards, and hundred-weights."

A very decided judgment this, expressed in a very few words. But we might venture in all good faith to ask the German traveller, how many days he remained in Leeds, and what kind of weather greeted him during his sojourn there?—for this latter particular has a woeful effect on the colouring of the written pictures given by travellers. True it is (and the more rapidly the men of Leeds carry out their contemplated improvements, the better for the reputation of their town) that Leeds has few beauties to gladden the eye of a stranger; but Mr. Kohl jumped to his conclusion respecting the inns with a precipitancy scarcely worthy of his credit as an intelligent traveller. He puts up at an inn; he finds the coffee-room occupied by men busily interested in the staple manufacture of the town; he experienced a few uncomfortables which he does not explain to us; and forthwith he arrives at the startling proposition that "the inns are worse than in any other town in England." This is on a par with the elder Mathews's entry in Jonathan's note-book, that "in England, all waiters are called 'Tidy!'"

Old St. Peter's, and its History.

In describing such buildings of the town as present any notable features, we will begin with the churches, on account of the long and interesting history connected with St. Peter's, the mother church of Leeds. The history of this church is, in effect, an ecclesiastical history of the town; while the modern changes, in part introduced by the present vicar, Dr. Hook, have also their points of interest. Among the most remarkable of our local historians is Ralph Thoresby, who, in the beginning of the last century, wrote *Vicaria Leodiensis*, or 'A History of the Church at Leeds.' This purports to be a record of all the information which has been handed down, respecting the ecclesiastical history of Leeds, from the first establishment of a church in the town; together with memoirs of the successive vicars.

Thoresby thinks it probable that there was a manse and church here during the Saxon Heptarchy; but it is at any rate clear that the Normans found a church at this place, when the preparatory enquiries for Domesday Book were made. By whom the Church was founded, or of what description the fabric might have been, are matters not now determinable. In 1089, Baron Paganel founded a Benedictine Priory at York, and among the estates or property given to it were the "Church of St. Peter, at Leeds," and the "Chapel at Holbeck," which Holbeck is now one of the busy suburbs of Leeds; so that we have a clear record of the history of these places seven centuries and a half ago. The revenues of the church were divided, one-third for the vicar, and two-thirds for the priory; "by which means the church was deprived of two parts in three of its primitive revenues, by the avarice and sacrilege of the monks, who, in the conclusion, left the secular clergy to feed upon the crumbs that fell from the regulars' table, till the Bishops made a stand against the growing evil." In 1242, at the instance of one of the Bishops, a formal agreement was made between the Prior and the Vicar, respecting the partition of the revenues; but this did not obviate the necessity for a further arrangement in the next following century.

Thoresby was able to search out a complete list of the Vicars of Leeds, from 1242 to 1715, with the dates at which they assumed the clerical duties of the town; and he has something to say concerning most of them. When Edward I., impoverished by his French wars, made a demand for one-half of the revenues of all the clergy, and, moreover, compelled them to call it a "free gift," the Vicar of Leeds occupied a notable place by the promptness of his contribution, and the consequent favours granted by the king. In 1311, the Countess of Lincoln gave up to the priory the advowson of the church at Leeds, which she seems to have held as a great landed proprietor in that neighbourhood. In 1453, William Scot gave a site for a house and garden for the Vicar's manse: this site was bounded by the Kirkgate on the south, and by the street now called Vicar's-lane on the west. William Eyre, who occupied the vicarage in 1470, founded the charity of St. Mary Magdalen, at Leeds.

The Priory of Benedictines at York, before mentioned, having been suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1538, the vicarage of Leeds was given to Christ Church College, at Oxford, in reference (we presume) to certain revenues accruing from it; for the advowson was presented to one Thomas Culpeper. This advowson passed from hand to hand, by purchase and sale, until, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was purchased by the parishioners. Nineteen of the Vicars of Leeds had been instituted by the Priors at York; but Queen Elizabeth, designing to complete the Reformation, appointed Royal Commissioners to visit all the churches, with a view to regulate all theological matters. Leeds was among the number; and there is a curious document in existence, being an Agreement between the Commissioners and the then Vicar, Alexander Fassett, respecting the mode of conducting the service. One of the injunctions was, that the sacramental bread should be round and plain, without any figure on it, but somewhat broader and thicker than the cakes formerly prepared for the Mass, to be broken into two or more pieces. There is an entry in the accounts of the parish soon afterwards, for "Two

thousand and an halff of breades, to serve the parish withall, 8s. 4d."

New disputes having arisen concerning the revenues of the Church of Leeds, an arbitrator in 1596 gave an award, by which the tithes and other emoluments were divided between Christ Church College on the one hand, and the Vicar on the other. But no sooner was this matter settled, than a much more entangled question arose respecting the advowson: two ministers were presented at the same time by rival claimants to the advowson; and the celebrated Lord Bacon, as Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, was to decide between the parties, which he did in favour of the parishioners generally. Passing over the troubled period of Charles I., we find that in 1650 there was a project on foot to subdivide the populous parish of Leeds; to convert some of the chapels into parish churches, and to erect new ones at more convenient places, which were to be endowed out of the public purse. There were at that date two Churches in Leeds—the parish Church of St. Peter, and the Church of St John, which had recently been built and endowed at the sole expense of Mr. John Harrison, one of the inhabitants. St. John's was to form a second parish church, and was to have certain districts assigned to it as a parish; the chapelry of Hunslet, a small and poor one, was to constitute a parish; as was also the chapelry of Holbeck; Beeston was to form a parish; Wortley, Bramley, Armley, and Farnley, were together to form a parish; and Headingley and Allerton were to form a parish. This project does not seem to have been carried out.

Thoresby continues his account of ecclesiastical matters, at Leeds, down to the year 1724. As the two churches of St. Peter and St. John became wholly inadequate to supply the wants of the inhabitants, the landowners and principal inhabitants raised a fund for building a new church and establishing a minister; and in 1721, the first stone of this new building was laid. Since Thoresby's time, the gradual extension of population in Leeds has led to the erection of a large number of new churches; while chapels, belonging to the various Dissenting bodies, have fully kept pace with those attached to the establishment. What may be the number at the present day, we cannot say; but in 1839, there were forty churches and chapels within the town, affording sittings for nearly fifty thousand of the inhabitants.

In the view of St. Peter's Church, as given by Thoresby, about 1720, we have a building evidently owing its form to the contributions of many successive ages. It was very oblong, with short transepts, and side aisles. The windows belonged to many different styles. In the *Ducatus Leodiensis*, Thoresby tells us that the old Church of St. Peter "is a very spacious and strong fabric, an emblem of the church militant, black but comely, being of great antiquity; it doth not pretend to the mode of Reformed Architecture, but is strong and useful." He states the length at 165 feet, breadth 97, height of the nave 51, and height of the tower 96. He further states, that among the 106 churches then in London, only four excelled the Leeds church in length; and that of two-thirds of the London churches, the length was less than the width of that which he was describing. The roof he describes as being "supported by three rows of solid pillars of the Gothic order. In the nave of the church are four aisles (which is one more than usual), which run from the cross aisle to the west end, where is a stately font: 'tis gilt and painted, and stands upon an ascent of three steps, surrounded with rails and banisters. The body of the church is very well pewed with English oak. . . . . Upon the north and east are spacious galleries of wainscot, wrought with variety of work. . . . . At the meeting of the great middle aisle, with the large cross aisle, the steeple is founded upon four prodigiously large pillars and arches. . . . . Against one of these pillars stood the pulpit in the days of yore, when there were no seats in the nave of the church; for before the Reformation there were no pews or different apartments allowed, but the whole body of the church was common, and the assembly promiscuous or intermixed in the more becoming postures of kneeling or standing. The patron of the church was the only layman who was permitted to have a seat within the bars or partition of the chancel from the nave of the church, in the time of Divine service. . . . This spacious quire was, in the days of darkness, cantoned into many distinct cells or chapels by several walls, as is evident by the breaches in the capitals and pedestals of the pillars."

New St. Peter's, and the other Churches.

The old structure—the venerable remnant of past ages, patched up from time to time, to maintain something like efficiency—was at length brought to the end of its days. It was pulled down in 1838. Consequent on certain ecclesiastical changes in the parish, a new St. Peter's Church was resolved on; and the architectural skill of Mr. Chantrell has been put in requisition to produce the new structure, which was finished in 1840. It is one of the best among the modern specimens of the pointed style—in that variety which is designated the later Decorated. The nave and the chancel are so planned as to form one clear vista, 160 feet in length, 28 wide, and 47 high. The side aisles are a little lower than the nave, and about 16 feet wide. A transept crosses between the nave and choir, having a tower at its north end; and there is a sort of additional north-aisle, which forms ante-chapels east and west of the tower. The altar is raised several feet above the level of the church, and is ascended by broad steps. The transept tower rises to a height of about 130 feet. Taken as a whole, this church is, both internally and externally, one of the greatest ornaments of the town.

A bold and decided step has been taken, in great part through the instrumentality of the present vicar, Dr. Hook, to make the church arrangements of Leeds more conformable to the wants of a large and increasing population. The parish of St. Peter's was a very spa-

cious one; and the extremities grew out so far and wide from the mother church, that an efficient central control over the whole became difficult. Dr. Fawcett, the late vicar, died in 1837; the same year witnessed the election of Dr. Hook in his place; the next following year was marked by the pulling down of the old church, preparatory to building a new one. In 1839, the perpetual advowson of the vicarage of Leeds became vested in a body of trustees for the benefit of the parishioners: the vicar being chosen on each vacancy by the trustees. In 1844, an Act of Parliament was obtained, sanctioning the division of the parish of Leeds into two or more parishes. The new church was opened in 1840, and the sittings, amounting in number to 1650, were all, with the exception of one pew, thrown open to the parishioners at large. This one parish contained in 1841 about 150,000 inhabitants, and about 21,000 acres of land; and it hence became desirable that such a large body of inhabitants should have more than one parish church: the remaining episcopal places of worship having more the character of chapels than churches. Arrangements were accordingly made in the Act for establishing the Parishes of St. Peter Leeds, St. John Leeds, St. George Leeds, Holy Trinity Leeds, St. Stephen Kirkstall, St. Mark Woodhouse, and Wortley. This list, however, by no means comprises all the churches of Leeds; the former parish of Leeds included the townships of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Chapel Allerton, Farnley, Headingley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Potter Newton, Oldcoates, Osmondthorpe and Wortley; and these, with the town of Leeds itself, contained, in 1844, twenty-one churches, besides the chapels belonging to the various Dissenting denominations.

The church which John Harrison built in the reign of Charles I., and known as St. John's, appeared at a period when church architecture had fallen to a very low ebb. Whitaker, who was not indisposed to give all the credit he could to Leeds, found it difficult to apply any terms of praise to St. John's Church. He designates it a most unhappy specimen of taste, built in defiance of all authority and example, with two aisles only, having a single row of columns up the middle. The windows are copies of two distinct and rather remote periods; the tower is placed almost at one angle of the west end; the east end has two parallel windows of equal rank and consequence; there is no change or break in the arches to indicate a choir, in lieu of which a kind of clumsy screen is thrown across, so as to intersect one of the arches. "Let the architect sleep in peace," says the indignant Doctor.

The Trinity Church, built about 1724, and endowed by a nephew of John Harrison, was the third of the Leeds churches—a sort of adaptation of the Doric style to the purposes of a Christian church. Seventy years afterwards, the Rev. Miles Atkinson provided no less a sum than £10,000 for building a fourth church —St. Paul's. The body of this church is a somewhat tame imitation of Greco-Roman examples, but the steeple is not without beauty. A fifth church, that of St. James', was built originally for and by Dissenters; but passed by purchase into the hands of the Establishment. A few of the modern churches are handsome structures; and some of them are distinguished for their large size: three of them will accommodate two thousand five hundred persons each. Perhaps the most striking of the modern places of worship, after new St. Peter's, is the Unitarian Chapel of Mill-Hill, (Cut, No. 3) opened at the end of 1848. It is a very elegant specimen of the perpendicular style. The chapel is divided in the interior into a nave and two aisles by columns and pointed arches. Owing to the peculiar form of the ground, there is a transept on one side only—the west. A small portion of the length is separated, at one end, by lofty arches and columns, to form a chancel and two vestries. The carved roof is open to the body of the chapel. Externally the details of the Perpendicular style are well carried out, and constitute it an ornament to the town. The chapel form instead of the church is developed in this particular—that there is no other steeple or tower than such as is formed by the pinnacled gable-end of the nave and transept. There is also a new and very handsome Independent Chapel in East Parade.

The Public Buildings generally.

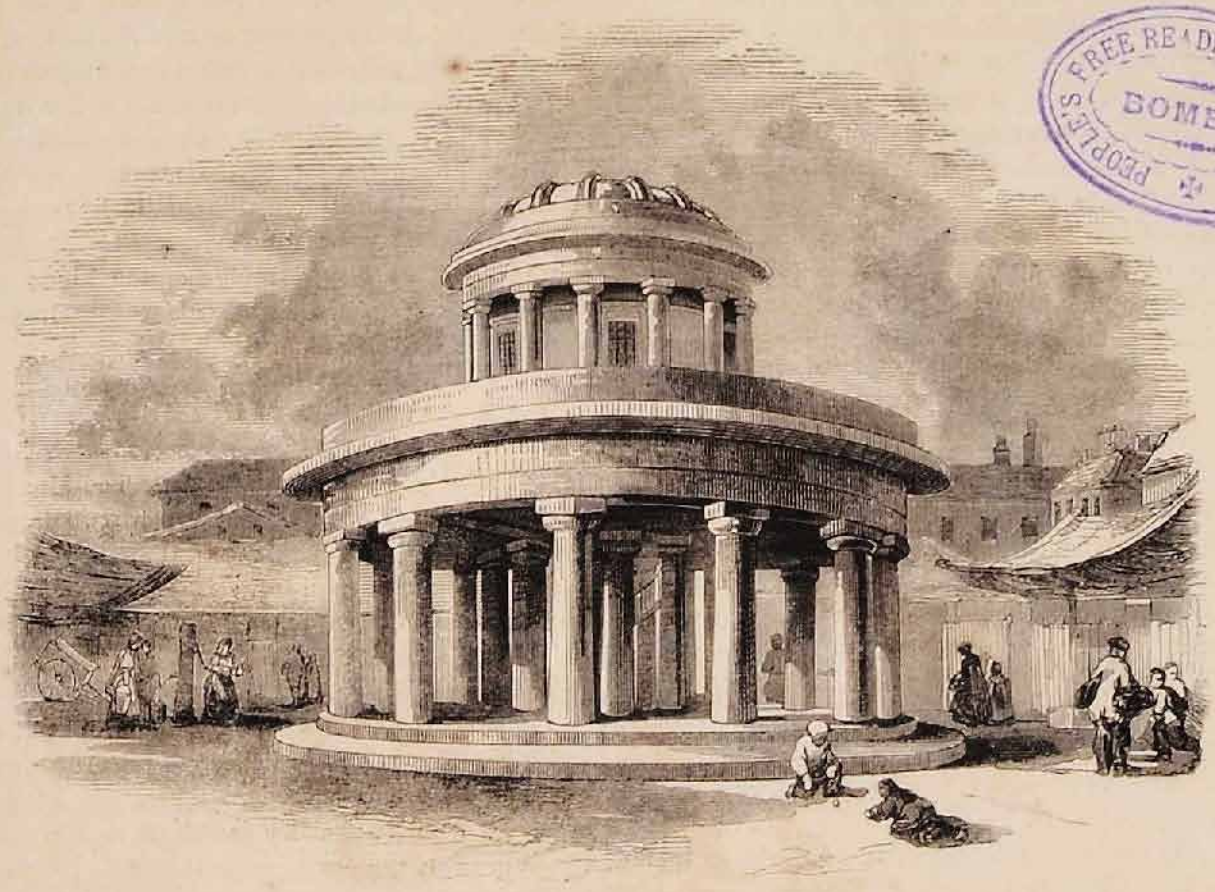
The educational buildings of Leeds are of not much mark or feature as architectural ornaments. The well-wisher to the little denizens of the town hears with pleasure of the day-schools, the factory-schools, the infant-schools, the Sunday-schools, and industrial-schools; many of which are not the less useful for being situated in nooks and corners, where external adornment is out of the question. There is one school, however, whose recent erection and architectural beauty claim for it a marked superiority over all the others. This is the Industrial School, situated in Burmantofts, and opened in 1848. The grounds occupy six acres, and the ground and the building are said to have cost no less than £16,000. The building belongs to the (once and again) popular Elizabethan style. There is a front of great length, nearly 300 feet, with a highly-enriched centre, comprising bay windows, octagonal turrets, triangular parapets and gables, ornamental chimneys, and the other characteristics of the style. The sides, back front, and contiguous buildings, are all in architectural harmony with the principal front. The building is so arranged as to furnish school-rooms for four hundred scholars, besides kitchens, dining-rooms, chapel, dormitories, wash-house, laundry, tailor's shop, shoemaker's shop, store-rooms, master's residence, teachers' apartments, &c.—all on a very complete scale.

With respect to the schools for the middle classes, they have the usual stamp of brick-and-mortar "respectability;" but Leeds is not without some of those ancient establishments whose history is interesting, whether the fabric be gorgeous or humble. The chief of these is the Grammar School. This school owed its

3.—MILL-HILL CHAPEL.

origin to the Rev. William Sheafield, who, in 1551, bequeathed certain estates to trustees, "to the use and for the finding sustentation and living of one honest and substantial learned man, to be a schoolmaster, to teach and instruct freely all such young scholars, youths, and children, as shall come and resort to him from time to time: to be taught, instructed, and informed, in such a school-house as shall be found, erected, and builded, by the parishioners of the said town and parish of Leeds." The townsmen purchased a site, and built a school-room; and bequests and purchases at subsequent periods gradually raised the annual income of the charity (which in 1553 was worth only £4 13*s.* 4*d.* annual rental) to a considerable sum. One of the bequests, made by Sir William Ermystead in 1555, was contingent on the school being made open to "all such as shall repair thereto, without taking any money more or less for teaching, saving of one penny of every scholar, to enter his name in the master's book, if the scholar have a penny; and if not, to enter and to continue freely without paying." The number of scholars is usually about a hundred; they have a title to compete for one of Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions at Queen's College, Oxford, and four scholarships at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Leeds has a fair sprinkling of libraries and literary societies. One of the libraries, founded by Dr. Priestley about eighty years ago, is one of the most extensive in the north of England, and occupies a room of great beauty and magnitude. Most of the others are of small extent. The Philosophical and Literary Society, the Literary Institution, and various other institutions for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, hold their respective meetings periodically, and exert their usual refining influence on such of the inhabitants as can avail themselves of such advantages. The Philosophical Hall, where lectures are delivered and museum curiosities deposited, is a handsome structure in Park Row, and has been the scene of many pleasant meetings of an intellectual character. The Leeds Zoological and Botanical Gardens, situated at Headingley, north-west of the town, were opened in 1840. They occupy a slight hollow between rising grounds, and have been laid out with much taste, and at a considerable expenditure. But, alas! Fortune has frowned on the scheme. Whether the gardens are too far away from the people, or the people are indifferent to the gardens, or the proprietors expended too much money, or require too large an interest on the money actually laid out, whatever may be the cause, these gardens have recently become private property, to be attached, as pleasure-grounds, to a neighbouring mansion; so that it depends on the liberality of the new proprietor to give or withhold public access to the



4.—SOUTH, OR LEATHER-MARKET.

gardens. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Leeds should bestow an inquiring glance on the three magnificent public parks at Manchester. Wool should not allow cotton to outbrave it in these matters.

Leeds has the usual variety of 'public buildings,' though hardly, perhaps, its fair share of ornamental structures. There are hospitals and almshouses, assembly-rooms, concert-rooms, music-halls, and a theatre; infirmaries, dispensaries, houses of recovery, and so forth. Its municipal and judicial buildings, too, are of the customary character; and its barracks, like all other barracks, encroach on a very large area of ground. We must, however, make especial mention of the new Gaol, opened in 1847, perhaps the largest, most comprehensive, and most costly of all the new buildings in Leeds,—always excepting the railway works, which, wherever they begin, or whithersoever they tend, take the lead of everything else as gold-eaters. Yet it is somewhat melancholy to think that the best buildings in *any* town should be the gaols. When shall we see the day when schools will cost more than prisons, and boy-educators receive higher remuneration than man-punishers? It was aptly observed in the 'Leeds Mercury,' (which can hardly be named without calling to mind the eminent services rendered to Leeds and its neighbourhood by the late editor, Mr. Edward Baines), while speaking of the Industrial Schools (described in a recent paragraph), and of certain complaints which have been made of its costliness:—"While we have spent £43,000 in the erection of a gaol, for the safe custody and discipline of 284 prisoners, it should not be thought unreasonable to spend less than one half of that sum for the purpose of so training up 400 of the youthful dependents upon parish bounty, as to prepare them to become useful and independent members of society."

The Markets—such as the Central Market, the New and Old Shambles, the South or Leather Market, (see Cut, No. 4,) the Free Market, and the Corn Market—exhibit a mixture of the new and the old forms given to such places. The Central Market, about twenty years old, is a good example of the modern improvements which have been brought to bear in such matters: its Grecian front, spacious shops, galleries, and avenues of stalls, enable it to take rank among the best of modern markets. The Free Market occupies what was once the Vicar's Croft, and affords a convenient *locale* for the cows, pigs, fish, and vegetables that used to throng the almost impassable Briggate. The Corn Exchange is one of the best features in this last-named street: between the columns of the entrance is a statue of Queen Anne, which once occupied a place in the front of the Old Moot Hall, pulled down about twenty years ago.

Of the purely commercial buildings of Leeds, by far the most important are the *Cloth Halls*; to be described in a later page. The Banking-houses of modern times often present rather striking architectural features: and

Leeds has a few such: but one of the best structures at Leeds is the Commercial Buildings, (see Cut, No. 5,) situated at the southern end of Park Row. It has three fronts, to as many streets, and a fourth front adjoining a Cemetery, so as to be completely isolated. The architect has selected a Grecian design. On the ground-floor is an entrance-hall, in which ''Change' is held daily. On the right of the entrance is a news or reading-room, nearly seventy feet long, with a proportionate width and height, divided longitudinally into three compartments by ranges of Corinthian columns. Adjoining the news-room is a committee-room, in which newspapers and maps are preserved for the inspection of the subscribers, and in which some of the business of the establishment is carried on. On the left of the entrance-hall is the coffee-room of the hotel and tavern, which is included in the building. Distributed in various parts are offices for brokers, &c. On the first-floor are dining-rooms, concert-rooms, and various other apartments. The area of ground covered by the establishment is said to be more than 1,300 square yards, and the expense to have been nearly £35,000. The most beautiful part of the building is the staircase, which occupies a circular hall upwards of thirty feet in diameter, crowned with a panelled dome, and lighted through stained glass.

We will not ask the reader to dive into the dark and dirty alleys, which lie in close proximity to the better buildings of the town; nor will we treat him as if he were a Commissioner of Sewers, destined to study the "world underground." The Leeds and Thirsk Railway will, indirectly, be the means of providing Leeds with a new and abundant supply of water, from springs near the Bramhope Tunnel on that line. The Waterworks Company have taken up the matter; and Leeds may, perhaps, have occasion to regard this as a blessing.

The Bridges, the Factories, the Chimneys, the Smoke.

The river Aire, we have said, winds through Leeds in a direction nearly east and west. It is crossed by bridges, which increase in number as the population and commerce of the town advance. Leeds has had the credit of introducing a bridge of very curious construction; from the plan of Mr. Leather, an engineer, whose name is connected with many public works in the same town. It is a suspension-bridge over the river Aire, at Hunslet, on what has sometimes been called the *bow-and-string* principle. Instead of chains being employed as the chief means of suspension, as in ordinary cases, there are two strong cast-iron arcs, which span over the whole space between the two abutments. These arcs spring from below the level of the roadway, but rise at the centre considerably above it; and from them the transverse beams which support the platform of the bridge are suspended by malleable iron rods. The suspending arch is about a hundred and fifty feet span; and there is also a small land-arch of stone at each end. The footpaths are on the outside of the two suspending arcs, and the carriageway passes between them. Each of the suspending arcs is cast in six parts. The cast-iron transverse beams which support the roadway are suspended at intervals of about five feet. The roadway is of timber, with iron guard-plates on each side; and upon the top of the planking are also laid malleable iron bars, ranging longitudinally for the wheel-tracks, and transversely for the horse-tracks.

This was the second bridge of the kind; the first being the Monk Bridge at Leeds, constructed by Mr. Leather in 1827. This Monk Bridge is of greater length than the Hunslet Bridge, owing to the vicinity of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal to the river Aire; but so far as regards the suspension arch itself, the Hunslet Bridge is much the larger. The Monk Bridge has a suspension arch over the river, two land-arches over the footpaths, and an elliptical arch over the canal. Since the introduction of this new system by Mr. Leather, it has been extensively adopted in bridge-building in various parts of the kingdom.

Wellington Bridge, built of stone; Victoria Bridge, also of stone; and Crown Point Bridge, built of iron,—are three other bridges which cross the Aire in or near Leeds, and erected in modern times. But the bridge which is more particularly associated with the history of the town, is the old or original bridge. This bridge evidently marks the site of a very ancient line of passage. Whitaker thinks that there was a Roman road along the site of the present Briggate, and that there was a ferry over the Aire where the bridge now stands. No direct notice, however, of a bridge at that spot has been met with earlier in date than 1376; at which time there was a chapel on the bridge, where mass was said. After the Reformation this chapel was used as a school-house, in which capacity it was occupied for nearly two centuries; it was converted into a warehouse in 1728; and was finally pulled down in 1760, on occasion of the widening of the bridge. The traffic on this bridge is said to be scarcely exceeded by that on any bridge out of London.

Before Leeds became a centre of railway operations, the town was supplied with fuel from many places in the immediate neighbourhood. Railways have, however, opened up a new and abundant supply; and it became a question simply of relative cost, whether the near or the distant collieries shall supply most fuel for the hundreds of blazing furnaces in this busy, sooty, smoke-enveloped town.

This last expression, however, reminds us that there is a little act of justice yet to be rendered to Leeds. Whether or not smoke *can* be banished, Leeds has at any rate been among the foremost to make the attempt; and if a dark cloud of carbon still hovers over the town, the light of modern science has not been wanting among its townsmen, so far as experiments for the removal of this cloud are concerned. That smoke is rich unconsumed carbon, ready to pour out its heat and light if properly managed, has been long known, and has been frequently elucidated by Dr. Arnott in

his own incomparable manner. If smoke be such a treasure, why is it not made available? Because (say the philosophers) the *fuel* and the *draught* are not rightly proportioned to each other in quantity, nor brought to bear on each other in the proper way.—"How then can this be remedied?" ask the uninitiated public. "By a better arrangement of furnaces and chimneys," is the reply. Dr. Arnott, in his 'Essay on Warming and Ventilating,' shows that we lose seven-eighths of the heat of the coal employed in our common open fireplaces, on account of their ill-judged construction. We must not, it is true, pay the furnace-fires the bad compliment of placing them on a level with open parlour fires, in respect to improvident combustion; yet it is admitted that there must be "something wrong," else we should not have the black floating masses above us—wasting the coal-store, vexing the tidy housewife, rendering the "unwashed" artizan almost unwashable, and mixing with our oxygen and nitrogen a larger dose of carbon than nature intended for the use of the lungs.

To find out what was this "something," and to devise a probable method of cure, were two objects of an Association formed at Leeds a few years ago. The Association called before it, by advertisement, such scientific and practical men as seemed fitted to offer valuable opinions on the matter: a day was fixed, an examination took place, and a report of the proceedings was published. Although it was found that no one of the proposed amendments was decidedly efficacious as a cure, many of them certainly introduced improvements. So earnestly was this matter taken up, that no fewer than ten patented inventions, or methods, for the prevention of smoke, were employed by the various manufacturers of Leeds; so that if this dusky enemy still hovers over the town, it is not for want of hard fighting to repel him. One of the witnesses who gave evidence on an enquiry into this subject in 1843, before a Committee of the House of Commons, put a scrap of philosophy into a very few and intelligible words, when he said that "Englishmen are so fond of having their own way." True: Englishmen *do* love to stir their fires, and to heap coals on them, and to kindle a blaze—in "their own way;" and there are some manufacturers who love to have a fine voluminous cloud of sooty particles pouring forth from their factory shafts, as a sort of advertisement of the amount of business doing below. They go through a sort of logical process, as thus:—when the smoke rises, it shows that the furnace-fires are burning; when the fires are burning, there is work doing; when there is work doing, the firm maintains its status among the townsmen; consequently when *no* smoke rises, the chain of inductions leads to a result of an anti-commercial character. As to the philosophy of the matter, Professor Faraday has said:—"The principles upon which smoke, that is the visible part, proceeding from the combustion of coal, may be entirely burned, is very plain and clear; it can be done by completing to the end that combustion which has been began. There can be no difficulty, as a natural effect, to obtain perfect combustion of smoke. Imperfect combustion of the fuel, by which I mean ultimate production of smoke, must in all cases, I presume, depend upon the convenience or the ignorance of the user—the manufacturer. In large fires, like those of steam-engines, and other large manufactories where coal is used, it depends more, I think, upon his ignorance than his convenience; inasmuch as if he were obliged to burn his smoke, he would in a very short time be able to do so, by the ingenuity and philosophy which is now in activity, without any loss to himself in a pecuniary point of view."

We must apologise to the reader for thus plunging him, with or without his consent, among factory chimneys and their exhalations; but, in good truth, these chimneys, and their significant mode of "emancipating the blacks," in such a town as Leeds, will make themselves noticed; we cannot avoid them without avoiding the town altogether; and we may as well, therefore, treat them as part and parcel of the town's notabilities.

Among the arrangements which either contribute to or result from the manufactures of Leeds, a word must be said for the Bramley stone quarries. They are situated at Bramley Fell, about three miles from Leeds, on the line of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. They occupy a slanting spot of ground, covered with stunted trees. The excavations are numerous rather than large or deep. If we remember rightly, the balustrades of New London-bridge are formed of stone taken from this quarry; the stone is of excellent quality, and is quarried with remarkable facility. There are some useful sandstone quarries, also, at Wodehouse, about a mile to the north of Leeds.

The coals, the water, and the stone, are brought into Leeds from the vicinity; and when so brought, they give employment to thousands of industrious artizans. The engineering establishments of Leeds, especially, are of a first-rate character—large, comprehensive, and of wide reputation. One of the most notable at the present day is the locomotive factory of Messrs. Wilson, at Hunslet: it has grown with the startling rapidity of the locomotive itself: and on the occasion of the opening of a new "erecting shop" (said to be the largest in the kingdom) in 1847, the partners entertained no less than two thousand guests to dinner in this monster-room. It is not the least pleasant part of the affair, that the whole of the workpeople employed by the firm, amounting to six or seven hundred, were present—together with a right pleasant sprinkling of wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts—eating, drinking, speechifying, returning "thanks for the honour," &c., music, laughing, talking, dancing: they "made a night o't," which seems to live in the memory of those who took part in the festivities of the occasion.

In all such establishments as this, or of the Messrs. Fairbairn, or others among our great machine-makers, the operations are in the highest degree interesting. The beautiful order and system observable, both in the machinery and in the manufacture of machinery, furnished Sir George Head with one of his quaint obser-

vations:—"With reference to the extreme facility whereby the powers of an engine are brought into action, and accumulated forces expended in some particular moment of contact, without affording to the observer any sensible indication of the resistance that has been overcome—it would seem, that the greater the deed to be done, the less the noise and disturbance; and this, as it were, in analogy and contrast with the struggle to conquer of a determined heart, and the squabbling warfare of more grovelling minds. The above reflection occurred to me on witnessing, within a celebrated manufactory of machinery, the attempt, while the more important operations within the chamber were performing in glibness and comparative silence, to reduce an old misshapen grindstone to its pristine circular form. As it revolved under an overpowering force, notwithstanding the softness of the material, the remonstrance of this λαας αναιδης, this 'radical grindstone,' was absolutely deafening. Although grown ancient in the cause of the levelling system, and protuberant in the exercise of grinding down its betters, yet the moment the experiment was retorted upon itself, it emitted cries as if an hundred hogs were under discipline."

The same writer, in another page of his 'Home Tour,' makes a few valuable observations on the artizans employed in such establishments — valuable, because they come from one who knows much both of our manufacturing and agricultural districts. "There can be no spectacle," he says, "more grateful to the heart of an Englishman than, viewing the interior of a manufactory of machinery, to observe the features of each hard-working mechanic blackened by smoke, yet radiant with the light of intelligence; to contrast with his humble station the lines of fervid thought that mark his countenance and direct his sinewy arm, and to reflect that, to such combination of the powers of mind and body, England owes her present state of commercial greatness. It is no less pleasing to consider, that although particular classes of men have suffered by the substitution of machinery for manual labour, such evils arise from the mutability of human affairs—are such as the most zealous philanthropist cannot avert—and, lastly, are of themselves insignificant compared with the general demand for labour throughout the country, which has not only kept pace with the increase of machinery, but no doubt might be shown even to have exceeded it. Nay, it might be made manifest, that not only is the grand total of operatives employed throughout the manufacturing districts augmented, but additional employment afforded in like proportion for mechanics, to supply the wear and tear of machinery and buildings dependent thereupon, as well as for workmen upon all works to be traced to a similar cause—such as railroads, bridges, viaducts, aqueducts, &c." These words were written at a time when it was the fashion to cry down manufacturing labour as a wretched and demoralizing system.

Before we turn our gossip in the direction of the greatest of the Yorkshire manufactures—the staple of the place—we must speak of a solitary remnant of early days, near Leeds,—

Kirkstall Abbey.

There are not many of our great manufacturing towns which have monastic ruins so near to them as the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey are to Leeds. It is pleasant to have such a spot to ramble in, as a memento of the past in the vicinity of the present; but it is *not* pleasant to have fire and smoke almost under the walls of this venerable ruin; the 'Kirkstall Forge' is much too near a neighbour to the fine old crumbling arches of the Abbey.

Kirkstall Abbey has the reputation of having exhibited unity of design and execution to an unusual degree. It was all planned by one man, and by him carried out to completion. Dr. Whitaker says of this majestic ruin: "Not only the arrangement, proportion, and relation of the different apartments are rigidly conformed to that peculiar principle, which prevailed in the construction of religious houses erected for, rather than at the expense of, the monks; but every moulding and ornament appears to have been wrought from models previously studied, and adapted to the general plan. Deviating by one step from the pure Norman style, the columns of the church are massy as the cylinders of the former age, but channelled rather than clustered; the capitals are Norman; the intercolumniations, though narrow, yet nearly one-third wider than those of the most massy Saxon; the arches which surmount them are grooved and moulded with an evident relation to the columns. One feature of the pure Norman is wanting in this, though a building of much higher dignity than those churches in which it is often found. Even on the great west-door of the church there are no basso-relievos or other enrichments of sculpture; but though the entrance is deep and complex, and has had detached single shafts beneath each of its members, there appears to have been a studied abstinence from everything gaudy and ornamental."

The rise of Kirkstall Abbey has a legend attached to it; which, like legends generally, will form part and parcel of its history as long as the crumbling stones remain. The legend runs thus:—During the reign of Henry I., in the early part of the eleventh century, the Virgin Mary appeared in a dream to Seleth, a poor shepherd residing in the south of England. She said, "Arise, Seleth, and go into the province of York, and seek diligently, in the valley of Airedale, for a place called Kirkstall; for there shalt thou prepare a future habitation for brethren serving my Son." And Seleth trembled in his sleep, and was fearfully troubled: but the vision continued: "Fear not, Seleth! I am Mary, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world!" Upon which he arose and betook himself to travel, in search of Kirkstall: living upon charity and the spontaneous productions of the earth. When, after having escaped great dangers and fatigues, he arrived

at the entrance of a shady valley, which some herdsman informed him was the place he was in search of; he fixed his solitary abode there, paying his devotions. Long was his humble cell revered by the neighbouring villagers, and visited by the curious or the pious; in times of distress the intercessions of Seleth were resorted to; and the hermitage of Kirkstall became famous throughout the country. The reports of his piety and self-denial reaching the ears of some young devotees, Seleth was persuaded by them to accept the office of Superior. Their united body was formed into a small community, which built for themselves cells beside the River Aire.

At the point where the legendary passes into the historical, we find that Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who had estates at or near Leeds, while suffering under a violent disease, engaged himself by a solemn vow to erect a monastery if ever he should recover his health. He acquainted the abbot of Fountain's Abbey with his vow; and this abbot, having just before heard of the pious recluses at Kirkstall, impressed upon him the benefits which would accrue from the erection of a religious house at that spot. Arrangements were soon made by all the parties interested, Kirkstall Abbey was built, and an abbot and monks took up their abode there in 1152, during the reign of Stephen. The abbots had at first many contentions respecting a disputed title to the estate; but the abbey ultimately rose to great prosperity.

The ruins of Kirkstall extend over a considerable area. Their length from north to south is about 340 feet, and from east to west 445 feet. They enclose a quadrangle of 143 feet by 115. At a small distance north-west of the principal mass stands what was once the chief gate of the abbey. The church is in the form of a cross; over the intersection of which is a square tower, of Tudor architecture. The roof between the tower and the east end was adorned with fret-work and intersecting arches; but the weather now plays its havoc where the roof once stood. At the east end are the broken remains of the high altar. South of the church, and on the east part of the ruins, are several vaulted chambers, supported by strong columns, and most gloomy in appearance. The pencil—the moonlight, or rather moonlit pencil, as we will in this instance term it—of Mr. Harvey, (see Cut, No. 6), will show that these ruins still present some lovely artistic bits.

The Flax Factories of Leeds.

Leeds—as was explained in a former page—stands at the north-east corner of the clothing district of the West Riding. It is the chief town of the district, in respect both to the *flax* and the *woollen* manufactures. None of the other towns, excepting, perhaps, Barnsley, partake in any notable degree in the former of these two manufactures; but at Leeds it has led to the construction of one of the finest factories in the world, and to others of great magnitude.

No one who pretends to know anything about Leeds at the present day, can afford to remain in ignorance of 'Marshall's flax-mill:' it is one of the lions of the place. Without, within, over it, under it—all is vast, strange, and wonderful. Situated at a short distance south of the River Aire, and bounded mostly by poor dwellings, it must be sought for before it will be found; and when found, there is one portion of the establishment, the *old* mill, which is too much like other mills to call for observation; but the *new* mill is a marked feature.

Egypt seems to have been in the thoughts of the architect when he planned this building; for the chimney has the form and proportions of the world-renowned 'Cleopatra's Needle;' while the chief entrance exhibits a front nearly analogous in character to that of an Egyptian temple. The building, unlike almost all other large factories, is only one story in height. It exhibits on the eastern façade a long range of windows of large dimensions, a range of massive pillars, or pilasters between the windows, and a bold cornice running along the top. The whole front being formed of stone, and minute detail being avoided, there is a sort of massive grandeur in this long low façade. The other façades are remarkable only for their great length.

Those who have the good fortune to get a peep into the interior, will not soon forget the sight which meets the eye. One room comprises the whole: but such a room! If we call it the largest in the world, we cannot be far in error. About four hundred feet long, by more than two hundred broad, it covers nearly two acres of ground. Birmingham is justly proud of its Town Hall, but this wonderful factory-room is nine times as large; Exeter Hall is one of the largest rooms in London, but it would require seven such to equal the area of this room; the London club-houses present façades of great length, but it would require four of the largest to equal the length of this room. The room is about twenty feet high, and the roof is supported by about fifty pillars. The spaces between the pillars allow the roof to be partitioned off into a series of flattish domes, or groined arches, sixty or seventy in number; and in the centre of each dome is a lofty conical skylight, of such large size that the whole series together contain ten thousand square feet of glass. The view through the room is quite without a parallel. Vista after vista meets the eye, formed by the ranges of columns; whether we stand at the side, the end, the corner, the centre—still these long-stretching, well-lighted, busily-occupied avenues carry the eye in beautiful perspective to far distant points. There are, we believe, upwards of a thousand persons in this room alone, mostly females; and the large and complicated machines are very numerous: yet there is a kind of airiness and roominess felt, unusual in factories. Here, in one part of the room, are the "flax-drawing" operations going on; in another part the "roving;" in another the "spinning;" in another the "twisting,"—all with such perfect harmony and system, that confusion and idleness are equally out of the question.

6.—KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

We have seldom any inducement to go to the lower regions of a factory, the vaults or passages of the basement: but such a visit is not without its interest in this vast structure. Brick-vaulted passages extend hither and thither; containing in some parts the shafts for moving the machinery above, and in others the arrangements for warming and ventilating the building. These arrangements are consistent with all else around us: there is a steam-engine employed in forcing air into two large steam-chests, where it becomes heated previous to being passed into the mill; and in order to regulate the temperature to the state of the weather, valves and doors are placed in various parts.

As little inducement have we, generally, to visit the roof as the basement of a factory; but here the roof is perhaps the strangest part of the whole building. The roof is a green field, on which (if we mistake not) sheep are allowed to graze! Being so large and so flat, and being covered thickly with plaster and asphalte, the roof offers a good support for a stratum of earth; while this earth renders an equivalent service by protecting the asphalte from the heat of the sun. Here we walk, then, among the grass—"out in the fields," if we please so to term it; and at every few yards we meet with the skylights, which shoot up conically to a height of seven or eight feet above the grass. Beneath us, we look down through the skylight at the spindles busily at work; above us, is the blue sky; around us, the buildings and smoke of Leeds. The drainage of this factory-field passes down the fifty pillars which support the roof: they are made hollow for this purpose.

If anything could make us delighted with the flax manufacture, it would be to see it carried on in this unequalled room. There are, however, many dirty processes which are conducted in the old mill; and all the other flax-mills of Leeds have their share in these less-attractive operations. This is not the place to dwell at any great length on the details of the manufacture; but it will suffice for our purpose to say that the making of flax-yarn or flax-thread is the ultimate process in the great factories of Leeds. The weaving of this yarn into cloth is not a feature of Leeds' industry. It groups itself (so far as Yorkshire is concerned) in and around the town of Barnsley, lying about five-and-twenty miles south of Leeds. There are manufacturers at Barnsley, who buy flax-yarn from the spinners, and give it out to hand-loom weavers: these latter ply the shuttle from morning to night, in their own humble homes, and produce those varieties of flax-cloth to which the dealers give the several names of 'linen,' 'duck,' 'drill,' 'check,' 'drabbet,' 'huckaback,' 'tick,' 'diaper,' 'towelling,' &c.

The Domestic or Country Clothiers.

The woollen manufacture is far more important to

this district than that of flax. The west of England used to take precedence in this matter; but it must now yield the palm of superiority to the West Riding. The Gloucestershire clothing villages lie mostly on the Stroud Water, those of Wiltshire on the Avon and its tributaries, and those of Yorkshire on the rivers before-named: the valleys of these rivers have been, and still are, the chief localities of the manufacture. Dyer, in his poem of 'The Fleece,' versified in a humble way this kind of valley-industry:

"Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill received;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
Oft the wet web is steeped, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water."

The woollen manufacture flourished in England soon after the Conquest, and we have frequent allusions to it in the subsequent reigns. Edward III., while on the continent, found that the Flemish clothiers were more skilful workmen than the English; and he invited some of the former over. Fuller, in his 'Church History,' says, that the Flemish apprentices were treated by their masters "rather like heathens than Christians, yea, rather like horses than men; early up, and late to bed, and all day hard work and harder fare, (a few herrings and mouldy cheese)." And then follows a picture of what such apprentices might hope for, if they would only come to merry England. "Here they should feed on fat beef and mutton, till nothing but their fulness should stint their stomachs; yea, they should feed on the labours of their own hands, enjoying a proportionable profit of their gains to themselves. Their beds should be good, and their bed-fellows better, seeing that the richest yeomen in England would not disdain to marry their daughters to them—and such English beauties, that the most curious foreigners could not but commend them." Whether Edward III. really gave such a glowing description of England to the Flemish clothiers, we know not; but it is understood that Flemings did settle from time to time in this country. Town after town became the centre of the manufacture; roads were made, and pack-horses employed; these roads were improved, and wagons built; the canal and the barge gradually gained ground over the road and the wagon; the railway and the locomotive gained a triumph over them all. The steam-engine came to the aid of the workman, and the factory to the aid of the employer. Hull and Goole became ports for the shipment of cloth; and thus arose the vast clothing manufacture of the West Riding.

We can only understand the social features of this manufacture, by viewing it in its three developments: the *Master Clothier* system of the West of England, and the *Domestic* and *Factory* systems of Yorkshire. In the first of these, the master-clothier buys his wool from the wool-stapler, and employs persons to work it up into cloth; giving each separate process to distinct sets of men, who work either at their own houses or at the house of the master-clothier.

The *Domestic* system, acted on in the villages of the West Riding, is very remarkable, and has given quite a tone and character to the Yorkshire clothiers, which has withstood all changes, such as have affected the cotton manufacture. In the beginning of the present century, before the factory system became developed to any remarkable degree in the clothing district, there were between three and four thousand small master manufacturers in the West Riding. These were scattered over the whole face of the district which we have marked out, lying south and west of Leeds; they were men of small capital, some with a small farm annexed to their business, and some with a field or two, to support a horse or a cow. Although they occupied the entire range of villages, whether among the hills or in the valleys, yet they grouped themselves in something like order, according to the two kinds of broadcloth which they made—the *mixed* cloth or the *white* cloth. The mixed cloth manufacturers resided chiefly near Leeds. The white cloth manufacturers located themselves chiefly in a tract of country forming an oblique belt along the hills that separate the Vale of Calder from the Vale of Aire, beginning near Wakefield, and ending near Shipley. Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield formed the central or market-towns for these villages, and became the seats of the larger factories. Although the steam-engine has wrought great changes in the larger towns, every one of the villages above-named retains nearly the same manufacturing features to the present day.

The third system—that of *Factories*—is the growth of the steam-engines and of machinery, and essentially belongs to our own day. Here the entire range of processes is conducted in vast buildings, replete with every aid which science and capital can furnish. Here a bag of wool goes in at one door, and a bale of finished superfine cloth comes out at another: every stage of the operations having its distinct part of the building. In the Domestic system, the master and the workman were combined in one person; in the factory system the employer is the owner of all, and pays the wages of labour in money.

In the early days of the woollen manufacture, the wool was 'scribbled' and 'carded' at the humble home of the workman, perhaps by the members of his family; it was then 'spun' and 'woven,' then carried to the fulling mills to be 'fulled,' and lastly, returned and sold in the white state. A next stage in advance was to scribble the wool by some sort of machinery, which was worked by asses or horses, or by a species of rude windmill. As, however, the fulling was performed in mills situated on the banks of the streams, and moved by water power, it required no great sketch of inventive skill to adapt the scribbling machinery to the same localities. These united fulling and scribbling mills were invariably situated on the

banks of the Aire, Calder, Wharfe, or some other West Riding stream. Great as were the conveniences of these mills to the clothiers, yet there were countervailing disadvantages, which, to us at the present day, seem rather formidable. It was customary, for instance, for carts to come as many as twelve miles into the clothing districts for wool three times a week, which wool had to be brought first into the district from neighbouring towns; when scribbled, it had to be returned to be spun and woven; then it had to be re-sent to the mill to be fulled, and lastly to be returned for sale at the market. Hence the clothiers situated at a distance from these mills found it to their interest to club their means together, and build other mills for their own use. The invention of the steam-engine gave a great impetus to the change; for, with the aid of beds of coal lying immediately beneath the district, the clothiers became more and more independent of the rivers. The same cause also led to the more frequent centralization of the manufacture in large towns than in the country districts.

The first 'Company Mill,' near Leeds, according to the new order of things, was erected at Stanningley, about five-and-thirty years ago; the next was built at Ecclesfield; and they have since multiplied with great rapidity. Each 'Company Mill' is a joint-stock undertaking, of which all the partners must be clothiers. In the formation of such an enterprise, a number of clothiers, varying from ten to fifty (generally about thirty), determine on the amount of capital to be raised, and divide it into shares, generally of 25*l.* each, which they appropriate according to the means and inclination of each one individually. Deeds of partnership are drawn up, land is purchased, a mill is erected, machinery is put into it, a manager is appointed, and work is taken in to be scribbled, or fulled, or both—the price of the work being matter of agreement, and the work being executed, both for those who are not, and for those who are, partners in the mill.

The more simple and less systematic of these Company-mills are managed somewhat as follows:—There is neither partnership deed nor printed regulations; but the company is governed by a president and a committee, chosen from the partners, who meet once a week for the transaction of business, and who make bye-laws for their own guidance. At one of these meetings they appoint a person, who takes upon himself the multifarious duties of manager, book-keeper, treasurer, and secretary; he receives and pays all moneys. At subsequent meetings the committee give him directions what to do, and he acquaints them with what he has done during the week. He accounts to the partners, at any time when called on, for the business which he has transacted, and the money which he holds or has disbursed. When his funds are run out, he asks for more, which the partners severally and equally advance. The partners have no legal hold on each other, or on their manager. It is an understanding that whatever work the partners have to do must be done at their own mill,—the joint-stock shop is to be dealt at by all.

But in the more recent and better managed Company-mills, matters are not left in such a rude state. There is a regular deed of partnership drawn up; and it is specified to exist for a definite number of years. Some of the partners are appointed regular trustees for the whole. The maximum number of shares to be held by each partner is limited; and the shares are paid for by regular instalments. The clothier-partners all reside near the mill. All the partners are bound by penalty to act in turn on the committee; and all committee proceedings are duly entered. Each member's subscribed share is held as a security for the due fulfilment of his engagements towards his co-partners. The money is deposited in a bank. All work done at the mill, whether for the partners or others, is paid for once a month. The accounts are made up at a general meeting of the partners every four months.

This, then, is the general character of the 'Company Mill' system;—a system to which we do not remember anything exactly similar in any other branch of manufacture. At Sheffield, it is true, there are 'wheels,' or grinding establishments, at which are a large number of workmen, employed independently of each other; but they simply rent a certain amount of standing-room and of steam-power, each one for himself, and have no share in the proprietorship of the building itself. In the best of these West Riding joint-stock mills, the processes carried on therein are scribbling, carding, and slubbing the wool, and fulling the cloth after the weaving has been effected; the processes of spinning, warping, weaving, and burling are done at home by the members of the clothier's family. The whole of the cloth so produced is sold in the 'balk,' or rough state, at the cloth halls, unfinished and undyed; the purchasers either possessing or employing the requisite manufacturing means for conducting the finishing processes. The cloth generally brought to these Company-mills is of inferior quality, varying from four to seven shillings a yard in the 'balk' state.

The 'Shoddy Mill,' (another West Riding idea) is a remarkable exponent of our age—of the spirit which leads men to grind, and cut, and melt, and alter any or every thing that can by possibility come into use. There are many such mills on the river Calder, between Leeds and Dewsbury, or in the vicinity of Dewsbury. 'Shoddy' is the very homely name for old woollen rags when torn or cut up into infinite fragments; and 'devil' is the very emphatic name for the machine by which the process is conducted. The ruthless tearing which the rags undergo is effected in machines carefully enclosed or boxed in, and containing cylinders armed with hooks, and rotating in opposite directions. The rags are put in at the top of each machine, and come out at the bottom like coarse dirty wool. The shoddy thus prepared, by being moistened with oil, and mixed with a little new wool, is coaxed and persuaded into the assumption of the various forms of carding and yarn, and at length takes part in the formation of cloth which—though perhaps smart and glossy without—is somewhat hollow-hearted within.

As a feature in the 'Home Tour' of Sir George Head, this shoddy process came in for its share of good-humoured satire:—"The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration: whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the changes of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco-smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house, is doomed in its turn, '*perfusis liquidis odoribus*,' to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy. Old flannel petticoats, serge, and bunting, are not only unravelled and brought to their original thread by the claws of the 'devil;' but this machine effectually, it is said, pulls to pieces and separates the pitch-mark of the sheep's back—which latter operation really is a job worthy of the very devil himself. Those who delight in matters of speculation have here an ample field, provided they feel inclined to extend their researches on this doctrine of the transmigration of coats; their imagination may freely range in unfettered flight, from the blazing galaxy of a regal drawing-room, down to the night cellars and lowest haunts of London, Germany, Poland, Portugal, &c. But as such considerations only tend to put a man out of conceit with his own coat, or may afflict some of my fair friends with an antipathy to flannel altogether, they are much better let alone."

The Cloth Factories, and the Cloth Halls.

The manufacturing arrangements of the large woollen-cloth factories of course differ from those of the domestic manufacturers, the Company-mills, and the Shoddy-mills. They are fine examples of that centralization, combined with subdivision, which marks in so striking a degree the system of modern industry. The town of Leeds, as well as Huddersfield and Halifax, contains cloth factories only a little less vast and comprehensive than the cotton factories of the Manchester district. The grasp of mind required in the chief conductors, the perpetually-recurring claim on the inventive skill of engineers to devise new adaptations of machinery, the economy of space in the whole building, the marshalling of the industrial forces, so that neither confusion nor delay shall occur in the order of processes, the watchful attention to the fluctuations of taste and fashion, the invention of new designs, as a means of leading (instead of always following) public taste, the means of varying the productive strength of the establishment according to the fluctuations of home and foreign commerce, the endeavours (now made by most of the larger manufacturers) to encourage various arrangements for the moral and social benefit of the work-people,—all combine to give great largeness of character to the general features of such establishments.

The western suburbs of Leeds are rich in these great woollen factories. Taking as a type one of the most complete of these, and assuming that the rest display the same characteristics in more or less complete development, we find the following arrangements. An immense pile of buildings encloses two or three large open quadrangles; more resembling a small town than one establishment. Here we have wool-warehouses, five or six stories in height, laden with clothing-wools from all available quarters, with all the mechanical appliances for raising and lowering and transferring the wool. At another point are ranges of buildings where various handicraft employments are carried on, not requiring the aid of steam-power. At another, where this giant agent is brought into requisition, we find one range of buildings employed in the carding and other preparatory processes, another in the spinning, another in the weaving (for broad-cloth weaving is now brought within the grasp of the power-loom), another in the fulling, another in the shearing, and so on. Then we see dye-houses and drying-houses, store-rooms for dye-stuffs and oils, shops for the repairs of machinery, engine-rooms and boiler-rooms, warming and ventilating apparatus, and various departments which it would be no easy matter to enumerate. All these within one boundary wall, all under one supervision, with subordinate heads of departments, all brought within a system of book-keeping and tabulating, so that every one knows where he ought to be and what he ought to be doing,—this constitutes a woollen-cloth factory, such as we find existing in the great towns of the West Riding.

We can as little undertake to describe in this work all the processes of the woollen manufacture as those of flax; both would be a departure from the general plan. A mere enumeration of the designations of the artizans employed becomes a formidable list: we find sorters, scourers, beaters, pickers, scribbler-feeders, carder-feeders, roller-joiners, slubbers, jenny-spinners, mule-spinners, mule-piecers, warpers, weavers, mill-men, roughers, dyers, cutters, brushers, markers, drawers, pressers, and packers. Even here it is not quite certain that all are included. We may, however, just indicate the order in which the chief processes succeed each other.

First, then, the crude wool. Some of this is derived from our own grazing districts, some from Germany, and some from Australia; the wool from any or all other places now imported is but small in quantity. It is brought to the factories in bags or packages of various dimensions. The 'sorter' sets to work; he opens a package, spreads out some of the wool before him, slightly loosens and disentangles it, and by a nice discrimination of hand and eye, separates it into five or six parcels, according to the varying quality—softness, strength, colour, cleanness, regularity, are all taken note of in this sorting. The wool is next 'scoured' or cleansed in hot alkaline liquor; and if the cloth is to be 'wool-dyed,' the wool passes through the dying process at this period; but if it be 'piece-

7.—COLOURED-CLOTH HALL, EXTERIOR.

dyed,' the dyeing is deferred to a much later stage of the operation.

Then come the remarkable processes by which the locks of wool are disentangled fibre from fibre. The wool is oiled, and put into the 'willy,' where a revolving motion causes the locks to be caught and torn asunder by sharp spikes. The wool next goes to the 'scribbling-machine,' where cylinders, armed with innumerable teeth, and revolving in opposite directions, tear and draw the wool from one to the other, until the fibres become combed out to something like an orderly arrangement. This order is still further attained by the 'carding-machine,' where the fibres are arranged into a kind of delicate band or sheet, about thirty inches long by six wide; and these bands are rolled up into 'cardings,' which are pipes or loose rods of wool, about half an inch thick. Then come into requisition the services of the 'slubbing-machine' or 'slubbing-billy'—(what oddities we meet with among technical terms!) Children place the cardings end to end on a sloping apron or band; and these cardings are caught up by the machine, joined permanently end to end, drawn out or elongated, and slightly twisted to the form of a delicate kind of cord, or 'slubbing,' of which from one to two hundred yards are produced from an ounce of wool. Lastly, the beautiful 'mule spinning-machine,' or 'mule-jenny,' gives that final elongation and twisting which transforms the 'slubbing' into 'yarn' for the use of the weaver.

The weaver requires to pass the yarn through many processes to fit it for his purpose. He selects one quality for the *warp* or long thread, and another for the *weft* or cross thread; he sees that it is properly stiffened by immersion in a glutinous liquid; he requires that the 'winding,' the 'warping,' the 'beaming,' and the 'drawing-in,' (which relate to the adjustment of the yarn upon the loom and the shuttle) shall be properly performed; and he then produces his 'clack, clack, clack'—the invariable accompaniment of the weaving of yarn into cloth. In the Domestic manufacturer's system, all the cloth is woven by hand; but in the large factories there is an admixture of the hand-loom and the power-loom systems.

The woven cloth is scoured or cleansed, and is then *milled*, *felted*, or *fulled*—that is, beaten and rubbed until the fibres of wool have become so interlaced, as almost to hide the threads which form the cloth. The 'burlers' then pick out with tweezers all irregular knots, burs, or hairs; and many minor processes are about this time adopted. In the finishing of the cloth, the 'raiser' rubs it with a kind of brush studded with teazle-heads, which raise up all the little woollen fibres so as to give great roughness to the cloth. The 'cropping-machine,' by a very delicate and remarkable action,

shaves off the whole of these upstanding fibres, and we have then the delicate *nap* or *pile* of the cloth. The finer the cloth, the more numerous are the finishing processes,—among which are 'boiling,' 'picking,' 'pressing,' and 'steaming.'

The whole of the cloth made by the domestic manufacturers, is sold in the Cloth Halls *before* the finishing processes; these latter being conducted by, or at the expense of, those who purchase the cloth. To the Cloth Halls, then, we must bend our steps. We have said that the Cloth Market used to be held in the Briggate: this inconvenient arrangement was put an end to in 1711, when a Cloth Hall was built. A second superseded the first, in 1755; this was destroyed or pulled down: and in 1758 and 1775 were built the two Cloth Halls, which still exist, and where more cloth has been sold, perhaps, than in any other existing buildings in the world.

First, for the Coloured or Mixed Cloth Hall. This is represented, internally and externally, in two of our illustrations (Cuts, Nos. 1 and 7). The Hall is in the busiest centre of Leeds, near the Commercial Buildings, and near the spot to be shortly occupied by the great central station of the railways. It is a quadrangular brick building, enclosing an open area of large dimensions. It is divided into six departments or streets, which have their own distinctive names, such as 'Cheapside,' 'Change-alley,' &c. Each street or avenue contains two rows of stalls, one on either side of a walk or passage. Each stall is about two feet in width, and is marked with the name of the person who owns or rents it. There are two thousand of these stalls, all occupied by the domestic or country clothiers.

Then comes the busy market-day. At about nine o'clock on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays, a bell rings, the hall is opened, and the clothiers flock into it, each having brought (mostly by horse and cart) the fruit of three or four days' labour. The stalls are set out with wonderful celerity, and the buyers make their appearance. Who are these buyers? it may be asked. Sometimes they are merchants who have no manufactories of their own; sometimes they are persons who combine the characters of merchants and manufacturers; and sometimes they are experienced 'buyers' in the pay of the larger firms. All the cloth in this hall has been dyed in the wool, prepared, spun, woven, and fulled, but not sheared or finished: the purchaser has to attend to the latter, in whatever way he deems best. The buyers are sharp, quick, business-like men; the sellers—some possessed of a little property, but others in humble circumstances—are plain, homely, shrewd, and honest-looking personages. Bargains are made with great quickness. The buyers pace up and down the avenues, look at the stalls as they pass, listen to the invitations of the sellers, examine the specimens exposed, and make a short contest about price; but it is always short, the 'chaffering' is speedily brought to an end either by one party or the other. All the sellers know all the buyers; and the discussions about 'olives,' or 'browns,' or 'pilots;' about '6-quarter' or "8-quarter;" about 'English' or 'Foreign;' about 'high quality' and 'low quality'—are heard on all sides. These Yorkshiremen can set a good example to dealers elsewhere; for the market only lasts one hour and a quarter, during which time dealings to a large amount are conducted.

Directly the Coloured Cloth Hall closes, the White Cloth Hall is opened. This is situated in a more eastern part of Leeds. It is conducted much on the same principle as the one described above. The cloth sold here is in an undyed state, and presents a kind of yellowish white colour. The hall business being concluded, the clothier takes the cloth to the warehouses of the respective purchasers; where, after measuring, examining, and entering in books, the buyer receives his cloth, and the seller receives his money: the former proceeds to finish what he has bought, and the latter proceeds to buy wool in anticipation of another market-day. He walks, or rides, or drives, or 'rails' back to his clothing village among the hills and valleys, and then sets to work again as before.

Thus is the cloth traffic conducted. At Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield, there are cloth halls like those of Leeds (in principle if not in size): each one serving as a market for the surrounding clothing villages. It is a pleasant hour for a southron in these halls on market-days. He sees the kind of cloth and the kind of people; he observes the mode of conducting the clothier traffic: and he hears the peculiar dialect of the Yorkshiremen—a dialect which, like that of the lowlands of Scotland, bears many traces of the Danish occupation of those districts a thousand years ago; mixed with other traces of the Flanders or Frieseland emigrants to Yorkshire in later times. There is a rhyme current in Halifax, to the effect, that

"Gooid brade, botter, and cheese,
Is gooid Halifax, and gooid Friese."

We feel very much tempted to give two or three stanzas from an 'Address to Poverty,' contained in a Glossary of the Yorkshire dialect. Those who are familiar with any of the West of England dialects, will perceive here many marked points of difference:

"Ah've hed thy cumpany ower lang,
Ill-leakin weean! thoo must be rang
Thus to cut short my jerkin.
Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,
Thoo's awlus kept back cash and cleeas,
An' fore'd me to hard workin.

. . . . . .

Sud Plenty, frae her copious hoorn
Teeam oot te me good crops o' coorn,
An' prosper weel my cattle,
An' send a single thoosand pund,
'Twad bring all things compleeatly roound,
An' Ah wad gi' thee battle.

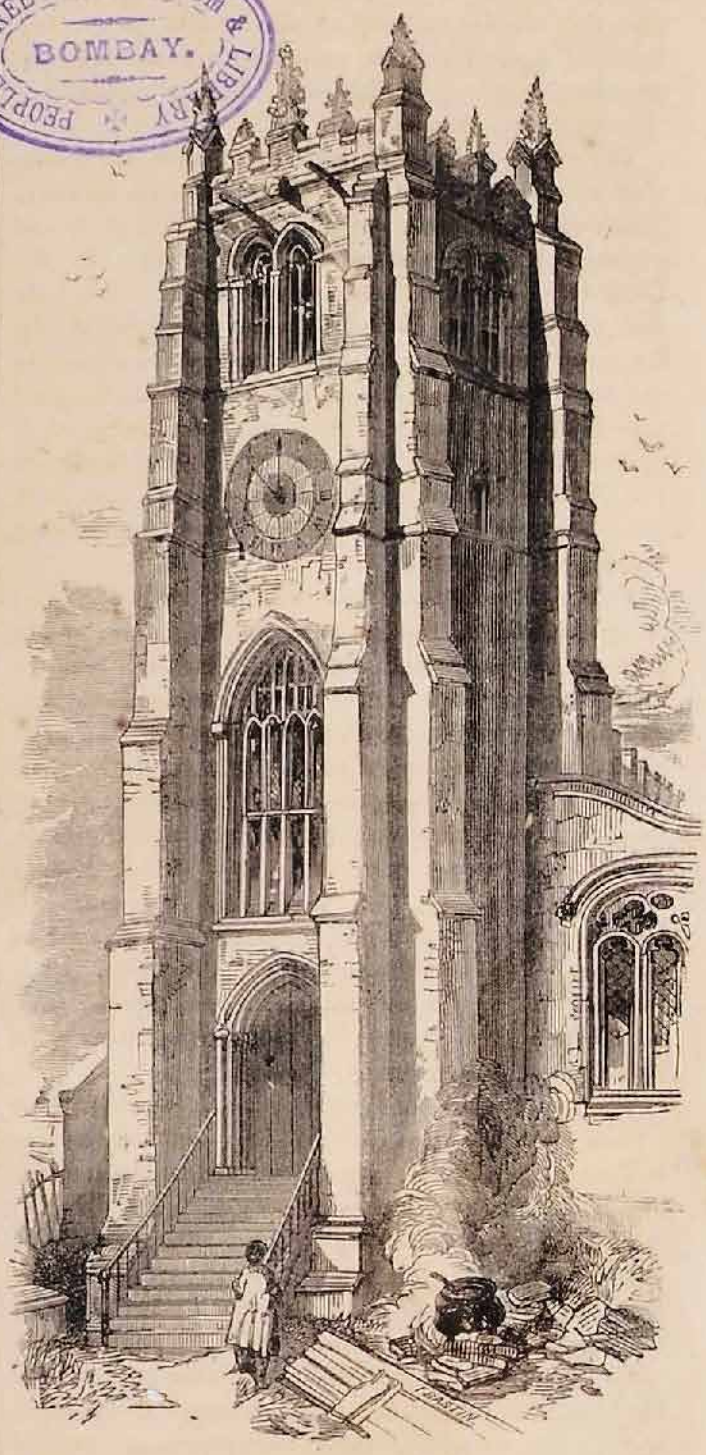
Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,
Like a poor man withoot a leg,
See prethee daun't deceeave me;
Ah knaw it 's i' thy poower to grant
The lahtle faver 'at Ah want—
'At thoo wad gang an' leeave me!"

The Family of Clothing Towns.

All the clothing towns present more or less of interesting features to a stranger, chiefly arising from their industrial arrangements. Take Bradford, for example—a town which has furnished two of our illustrations. (Cuts, Nos. 8 and 9). It is impossible to approach Bradford from either side without seeing that it is thoroughly a clothing town. Nature seems almost to have planted the spot on purpose. The distance is not far otherwise than equal from Bradford to Halifax, to Leeds, to Keighley, to Wakefield, to Dewsbury, and to Huddersfield: and streams of traffic pass to and fro between them. Bradford was, in Leland's time, a "pretty quick market toune, which standeth much by clothing;" and it has "stood much by clothing" ever since. The streets, the markets, the Cloth Hall, the churches—all are probably about on a level with those of other towns of equal size; but as our topographical details are purposely limited to Leeds and its immediate vicinity, we will notice, in a few lines, how far Bradford and Halifax differ from Leeds in the general character of their wool manufactures.

Bradford and Halifax are famous for varieties of manufactured goods which do not meet the eye at Leeds. Leeds is the head-quarters of *woollens*, made of short wool, and *fulled* or *milled* so as to hide the threads; but Bradford and Halifax are the seat of the *worsted* or long wool trade, where no attempt is made to hide the woven thread by a nap or pile. The meaning of the word *worsted*, as here used, is best illustrated by mentioning some of the principal kinds of goods made of long wool—'cashmeres,' 'orleans,' 'coburgs,' 'merinos,' 'lastings,' 'alpacas,' 'damasks,' 'camlets,' 'says,' 'plainbacks:' these are the main results of the spinner's and weaver's labours in the two towns above-named. Mix a little cotton, a little silk, or a little of both, with the long wool, and we have 'challis,' 'mousselines-de-laine,' 'paramattas,' 'shalloons,' 'taminets,' 'fancy-waistcoatings,' and a host of other varieties—all of which spring from this district as a centre.

Such are the forms in which the fleecy clothing of the sheep becomes the fanciful covering of men and women; and such are the directions in which this department of industry gives character and distinctive features to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Leeds, as we have seen, mingles with it a large development of the flax and the engineering trades. When we reach Bradford, we get to the centre of the worsted trade; more worsted, or long-wool yarn, is spun here than in any other town in the kingdom—perhaps in the world: it not only supplies the stuff-manufacturers of other towns in the West Riding, but the shawl-weavers of Paisley, and the bombazeen-weavers of Norwich, come frequently to the same market. At Halifax, the two great staples of the district—the woollens and the worsteds—are more evenly divided than at any of the other towns. At Huddersfield, the fancy trade is growing up to a level with the broad-cloth. At Rochdale the worsted trade exhibits itself in the form of flannels; and at Dewsbury and Heckmondwike in that of blankets. At Saddleworth, wool and cotton, Yorkshire and Lancashire, come so near to a level in strength, that it is difficult to say which has the precedence: it is a sort of 'border' country, where the wool of the east meets the cotton of the west, and both use the territory in common. Each of these towns—say, about seven in number—has a belt of villages around it—a group of little satellites, which follow the fortune of their primaries; and the primaries and satellites together form the busy, populous, intelligent, and wealthy



8.—TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH, BRADFORD.

'Clothing District of the West Riding.'

NEWCASTLE.

THE TYNE, AND THE COLLIERIES.

Stow tells us, that "within thirty years past the nice dames of London would not come into any house or roome where sea-coales were burned; nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea-coal fire." If the "nice dames of London" were as scrupulous in 1849 as Stow informs us they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Newcastle would have rather a sorry tale to tell: here two or three millions of tons of coal annually shipped would wofully fall away, if meat were neither "sod nor roasted" therewith; and we should not then have an inducement to invite the reader to a trip to the land of 'black diamonds.'

Newcastle is the last great centre of enterprize towards the northern margin of England—the last town in which industry, population, shipping, commerce, and wealth, present themselves on that scale of magnitude which gives rank and importance to a town. Newcastle has been the resting-place of many an army, and, in later days, of many a traveller, on the line of route to and from Scotland. It marks the eastern extremity of a wall which shielded the Roman conquerors from the barbarous tribes beyond. It speckles the shores of the last busy English river towards the north, and gives to that river the appearance of one continuous harbour. It is the very centre of the coal district, and the commercial market for the lead district. It is the outlet whence vast cargoes of manufactured produce find their way to southern England and to foreign climes. It is the birthplace of railways and of locomotives,—for coals made use of such agencies long before man trusted *himself* to their guidance. It has still a castle, to indicate its past connection with feudal times; while, on the other hand, it has modern activity enough to show that nothing but a lingering reverence for the past would save that castle from demolition, as a stumbling-block in the way of street improvement. It has ranges of houses and shops, such as no other town in England can excel, and few can parallel, in architectural grandeur. It has, within and around it, a population singularly varied, by the impress which particular employments give to those engaged therein. The Tyne, too, knows no rest: it is called upon to bear to the ocean innumerable vessels, of every size, shape, and burden, laden with the treasures—rough, and coarse, and dirty, but yet treasures—which Newcastle and its vicinity have to offer.

Newcastle in Former Days.

How Newcastle grew up to distinction, may be traced without entering very fully into antiquarian matters. After the conquest of this part of Britain by the Romans, Hadrian, about A.D. 120, built a wall across England from the mouth of the Tyne to the Irish Sea. It is supposed that this wall was at first merely a hedge of large stakes, fixed deeply in the ground, intertwined with wattles, and covered with turf. One or two of such walls are mentioned; but the wall which has maintained its place in history, and which still leaves vestiges visible, was built by Severus, about A.D. 210. Some ages after the departure of the Romans, Newcastle became known by the name of *Monkchester*, and retained that name until after the Conquest; this name originated from the number of monks living there. Abbeys, monasteries, and churches appear to have existed in this part of England in considerable number, prior to the reign of Alfred; but from that date to the time of the Conquest, the Danes carried desolation whithersoever they went; and the Normans found scarcely any ecclesiastical establishments existing in the northern counties. The modern name of Newcastle arose out of the construction of a castle at Monkchester, about A.D. 1080. The town was surrounded by a wall, by some of the succeeding monarchs; but whether John, Henry III., or Edward I., is not clearly known. The wall had many towers and many gates; and it is possible, even at the present day, by tracing the names of some of the old streets—such as Westgate, Gallowgate, Newgate, &c.—to form some conception of the course which the wall followed.

About the beginning of the reign of Stephen, Newcastle appears to have been for some time in the hands of David of Scotland, or of his son, Prince Henry; and the town and its neighbourhood were on many other occasions during the next three or four centuries subjected to the predatory incursions of the Scots. Among the 'great days' of Newcastle was that on which, in 1503, Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., passed through Newcastle on her way to Scotland, where she was to become the bride of James IV. According to the circumstantial details given by Leland, Margaret and her splendid retinue were met, about three miles south of Newcastle, by the Prior of Tynemouth and Sir Ralph Harbottle,—the former with thirty, and the latter with forty, richly-attired horsemen. Upon entering the bridge, the procession was joined by the Earl of Northumberland and his retinue, the collegiates, the Carmelite friars, the mayor, the sheriff, and the aldermen, clad in their several modes. Then, as Leland tells us, "at the bryge end, upon the gatt, was many children, revested of surpeliz, synggyng mellodiously hympnes, and playing on instrumentes of many sortes." Within the town, all the houses of the burgesses were decorated; and the streets, house-tops, and rigging of the shipping were filled with spectators, including "gentylmen and gentylwomen in so grett number that it was a playsur for to se."

Wranglings and fightings between the English and Scotch in times of enmity; processions and feastings in times of peace; and terrible visitations of the plague (which seem to have been more frequent in this town than in almost any other part of the kingdom)—fill up a good deal of the annals of Newcastle in past ages. In 1603, King James spent four days in Newcastle, on his way to London to become crowned king of England. Here, as in other similar instances, the great personage of the day was received at the gates of the town by the mayor, aldermen, councillors, and chief inhabitants. The mayor presented the burghal keys and sword, and a purse full of gold: the king graciously returned the keys and sword, and as graciously kept the gold. On the Sunday, the king attended at the church, where the Bishop of Durham preached before him. On the Monday he visited the whole of the town, and released all prisoners, "except for treason, murther, and papistrie." So thankful, we are also told, were the townsmen of Newcastle for his Majesty's visit, "that they thankfully bare all the charges of his householde during the time of his abode with them." If history does not belie him, King Jamie must have been well-pleased to let his new subjects take this honour to themselves. Fourteen years afterwards, James passed through Newcastle again, on occasion of a temporary visit to Scotland; and again was he presented with some 'jacobuses' by the obsequious mayor.

Newcastle was much involved in the turmoils of the civil war; and there seems to have been a curious mixture of loyalty and republicanism afloat at that time at Newcastle; for Charles I., in 1646, having fled from his enemies in the midland counties, took refuge at Newcastle, and placed himself under the protection of the Scots army. Bourne says, that "upon his Majesty's entrance into Newcastle, he was caressed with bonfires and ringing of bells, drums and trumpets, and peals of ordnance; but guarded by 300 of the Scottish horse,—those near him bareheaded." The king appears to have been kept in a sort of honourable confinement, midway between imprisonment and liberty: we are told, that "both he and his train had liberty every day to go and play at goff in the Shieldfield, without the walls." The people, on one occasion, took a singular mode of showing sympathy for him. "A little after the king's coming to Newcastle," says Whitelock, "a Scotch minister preached boldly before him; and when his sermon was done, called for the fifty-second Psalm, which begins:

> 'Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself
> Thy wicked works to praise?'

Whereupon his Majesty stood up and called for the fifty-sixth Psalm, which begins:

> 'Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour!'

The people waved the minister's Psalm, and sang that which the king had called for."

The king, however, was imprudent enough to attempt an escape from Newcastle, under circumstances which presented very little prospect of success; and a consequence of his failure was, that the remainder of his residence in that town was rendered more and more irksome. The troops, Bourne tells us, discomfitted the fallen monarch:—"the king, having an antipathy against tobacco, was much disturbed by their bold and continual smoking in his presence." At length, in the next following year, the Scots gave Charles up to the English, and the unfortunate monarch was marched off to London.

The historical proceedings of Newcastle, after the termination of the civil war, settled down into mere annals, disturbed only on two occasions—the rebellions of 1715 and 1745: on both which occasions Newcastle appeared among the defenders of the Hanoverian line.

Aspect; Railways; Bridges.

The history of a town like Newcastle breaks off into a new channel after the time of the Charleses and Jameses. We cease to read of wars and castles; and we hear more and more of industry and commerce. The great men cease to be barons and lords: they are replaced by shipowners and merchants. We cease to hear of especial favours granted to the townsmen by the sovereign; for the townsmen carve out favours for themselves. The annals of political or warlike events, few and far between, are succeeded by the annals of progress—steady, social, general progress; in which all, from the landowner to the workman, fall into their respective places by the mere force of the circumstances which surround them. We may here pass from the past to the present of Newcastle

Newcastle presents many remarkable features in respect to situation. Gateshead bears towards it much the same relation as Southwark bears to London: a busy river separates the pair in each case; and in each case the southern portion presents fewer objects of interest to a stranger than the northern. Newcastle and Gateshead, both alike, however, stand on a steeply-inclined plot of ground, descending to the river's brink. The lower portion of Newcastle, next to the river, has crept along east and west year after year, until it now extends not much less than three miles. Most of the streets running north and south, within a quarter of a mile of the river, have a very rapid descent. Dean Street, for example, which forms part of the great highway from London to Edinburgh, has a descent of about one foot in twelve. Northward of these exceedingly steep streets, lies a less dense but still busy part of the town, ascending with a more gentle slope: and the boundary of the whole is the Town Moor—a broad level district, lying at an average elevation of two hundred feet above the river. Gateshead is even more formidable in respect to steepness than its opposite neighbour, Newcastle. Here the ascent from the river's bank is no less than five hundred feet in two miles; and some of the streets, leading from the old railway station to the bridge, are such as horses and drivers

regard with an anxious eye. From this station, or from any contiguous spot, the view over the two towns is very striking: the river, the shipping, the coal-keels, the factories, the glass-works, the pottery-works, the lofty chimneys, the steeples, the new railway bridge—that grandest of features in the town—all combine to form a scene of great activity and interest. Our steel plate gives one of the many general views which may be obtained of the town.

Let us see what this famous railway-bridge is, or rather is to be. To understand its position and object, we must know what are the outlets which railways have afforded to Newcastle.

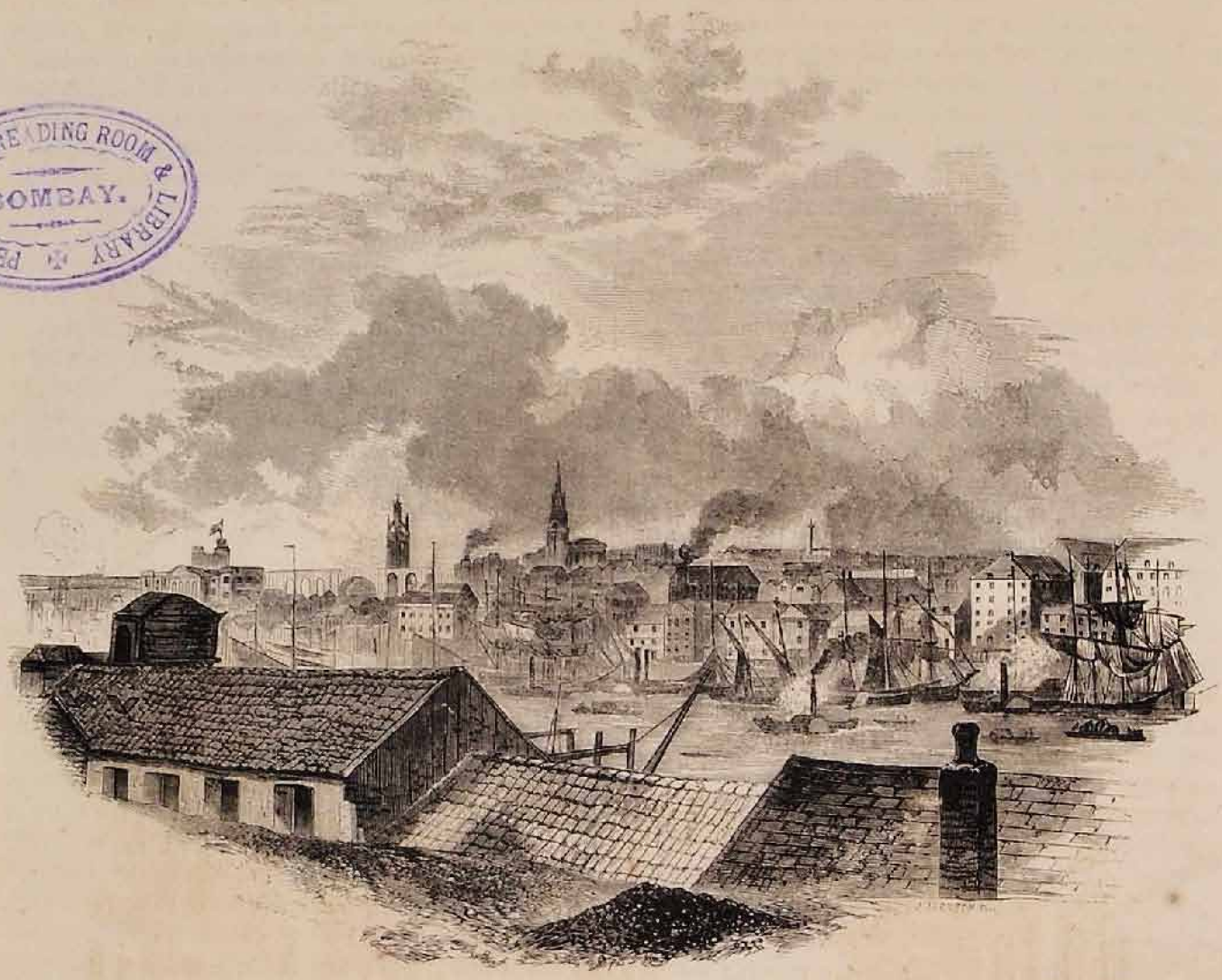
In the first place, then, there is the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, which, taking the great northern wall as its pretty close companion, stretches across the island nearly from one sea to the other; and has been instrumental in supplying the west with coals from the east. Then there is the North Shields line, which, starting from Pilgrim Street, near the eastern margin of Newcastle, spans over several hollows by lofty viaducts, and passes through North Shields to Tynemouth. Next, we have the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, which makes use of a portion of the last-mentioned line, and then darts off northward towards Scotland. Lastly, we have the net-work of Durham railways, which, taking their departure from Gateshead, open up a communication with South Shields, Sunderland, Durham, York, and the south generally.

Then came the great work—a work fit for the age and the place. All these railways stopped short at the several margins of the town; but commerce could not permit such a state of things to remain: she *must* and *will* have a central station; and this station requires enormous viaducts, stretching over the deep-lying portion of the town. W , consequently, find the following gigantic plan now being carried out:—A spot of ground was selected near Neville Street, rather to the west of the centre of Newcastle, as the site of a grand central station; and thither the various lines of railway were to be brought. The Carlisle line was to shoot past its former terminus, and arrive at Neville Street by a bold curve passing almost close to the Infirmary. The Shields line, taking with it the Berwick line, was to span over Pilgrim Street, then, still more loftily, over the junction of the 'Side' with Dean Street, and join its opposite Carlisle neighbour at Neville Street. But the great enterprize remains to be noticed—the crossing of the Tyne. The existing Newcastle bridge accommodates the lower parts of Newcastle and of Gateshead; but the railways occupy the heights of the two towns; and any railway bridge over the Tyne must necessarily soar at a vast height above the river. The townsmen have for many years had under consideration the construction of a 'high level' bridge, for the service of the higher parts of the two towns; and after much negotiation, a plan was agreed upon between the railway companies and the corporation, by virtue of which the former undertook the construction of a *double* bridge—one of the most astonishing structures, perhaps, in England; consisting of a common foot and carriage bridge at a great height above the river, and a *railway over that!* This railway was to pass almost close by the castle, and to join the others at the grand central station.

Such was the comprehensive plan proposed; and the present state of things at Newcastle shows how rapidly the plan is approaching its completion. The great station is in progress. The viaduct crosses the low-lying streets from Pilgrim Street to the vicinity of the castle; so that in passing up the 'Side' or up Dean Street, we see the locomotive panting away far above us. The railway-bridge over the river, when finished, (the present traffic arrangements being only temporary) will exhibit two piers at the margin of the river, and four others in the stream itself, besides minor piers to support the land arches. These piers are of masonry, and of immense strength. The distance from pier to pier is about a hundred and twenty-four feet, and this determines the span of the arches. At a height of about ninety feet above high-water level runs a level bridge for carriages, horses, and foot-passengers; and at a further height of about twenty-five feet above this roadway runs the railway itself. The astonishing magnitude of this grand work will be better conceived by bearing in mind, that the entire height of masonry and iron-work, from the bed of the river to the parapet of the railway, exceeds a hundred and thirty feet! The whole length of the structure, from the high ground of Gateshead to the high ground of Newcastle, is nearly fourteen hundred feet. It has been estimated that the iron-work in the structure will weigh nearly five thousand tons! The mason-work, in and over the river itself, will cost above a hundred thousand pounds, the mason and brick-work of the land arches about an equal sum, and the iron-work a still larger sum. The bridge and viaduct are seen in the distance in Cut No. 1, while the arch at the bottom of Dean Street is shown in Cut No. 2.

Railway affairs may fluctuate; directors and shareholders may wrangle; 'calls' may be amazingly rapid, and dividends amazingly small; golden dreams may be dissipated; estimates may be greatly exceeded;—all this may occur, and Newcastle may have its share of these troubles; but the 'high-level' bridge will stand for ages, a monument of enterprise, skill, and beauty. We may state that, at present, the trains pass along a temporary timber bridge, which will be removed when the permanent bridge is finished; and that the three old stations are still used during the erection of the great central station. The autumn of the present year will probably witness the completion of the whole arrangements.

The present existing old bridge, at Newcastle, is the only one between the railway bridge and the sea. Indeed, such a low bridge ought not to have been built there at all; for the river above that point is thereby quite shut out from the approach of shipping; and the whole commercial arrangements of Newcastle have had to bend to the influence of this circumstance. There,



1.—NEWCASTLE, FROM HILGATE.

seems great probability that the Romans built a bridge across the Tyne, of seven arches; for various remains were discovered in the last century, in the bed of the river, serving to indicate such a fact. This bridge, or rather a bridge on the same site, was several times destroyed and renewed. The last destruction of this kind took place in 1771, when the bridge was overwhelmed by a flood. The present structure was finished and opened in 1781, at a cost of £30,000. It consists of nine elliptical arches. At the beginning of the present century it was widened on both sides, by buttresses in connection with the piers.

The Central Town: Mr. Grainger's Structures.

The scene which presents itself to view on entering Newcastle differs greatly, according as we take the 'high-level' or the 'low-level' entrance. We shall find it convenient to adopt the former, and plant the reader at once pretty near the centre of the town.

Newcastle owes no small share of the beauty which marks some of its streets to one single individual,—possessing a bold original mind, which could think and plan for itself, and conquer, one by one, the difficulties which would have crushed a less vigorous man. If we were to regard this as a matter simply of pounds, shillings, and pence, we should have to place it on a lower level than many a building-enterprise: it is not every one that, in enriching his native town, can also enrich himself,—the town retains the adornment for ages, whether the author of it dies a rich or a poor man. Let us see what has been done by Mr. Grainger, and how it has been done, at Newcastle. It is necessary to know what the town was in the early part of the present century, before we can form an estimate of the amount of boldness, courage, and perseverance necessary to work out the subsequent changes. In bygone ages the Franciscan convent and the nunnery were surrounded by twelve acres of ground, in the heart of the town; but these were, in later days, replaced by an old mansion (the temporary prison of Charles I., alluded to in a former page), with its gardens and plantations. Down to Grainger's time this garden and plantation remained,—unproductive, on account of the smoke which for so many ages has enveloped the town, and useless to the town in any other way. He watched the ill-ordered empty space with a longing eye; he thought of the excellent building-stone in the

quarries near at hand; he built up in his mind imaginary terraces, and squares, and sumptuous streets; and resolved to bide his time.

Mr. Grainger entered upon various works, as a builder, for other parties; and in the course of a few years built many portions of new streets,—such as Carliol, Blackett, and New Bridge Streets. Then came the rather ambitious project of Eldon Square, with its handsome rows of stone-fronted houses. Every enterprise successfully brought to a completion, acted as a stepping-stone to something higher. Grainger had advanced greatly and rapidly; and he next conceived the plan of building about a hundred and thirty stone-fronted houses, of a more ornamental character than any yet seen in the town, in the northern part of Newcastle, near the Town Moor: the plan was fully carried out, and the town has unquestionably gained a great ornament by it. His next enterprise was the erection of a building which, under the name of the Arcade, and opening into Pilgrim Street, presents to view a fine stone front, extending nearly a hundred feet in length, and an interior extending two hundred and fifty feet in depth. The whole building affords offices for two Banking-houses, Post-office, Stamp-office, Excise and Permit-office, and other establishments.

Up to this date, say about the year 1832, Mr. Grainger's operations within the town had given new buildings to the value of £200,000, nearly all of them stone-fronted, and far above the usual standard of street-architecture in other towns. But his great work, the development of his vast schemes, was yet to come. The twelve acres of unemployed, or ill-employed, vacant ground in the heart of the town, on which his thoughts had been centred for many a year, at length came into the possession of Mr. Grainger, at a purchase-price of £50,000; and about the same time he appropriated another sum, of nearly equal amount, to the purchase of some old property in the immediate vicinity. What was to come out of this, nobody knew but himself: the plans were wholly developed in his own mind before his fellow-townsmen knew aught concerning them. Something notable was expected, but this something was still vague and conjectural.

The first feature was the construction of a fine central street, in continuation of Dean Street: no ram's-horn (however proverbially crooked) can be more tortuous than the entrance into Newcastle from the old bridge; and it was to lessen a portion of this crookedness, on approaching the heart of the town, that the new street was planned. A butcher-market and a theatre stood in the way of the improvement; but the improver was not to be deterred by such obstacles. The Corporation gave up the old market, and agreed on the plan for a new one, and on the price to be paid for effecting the change. Works were commenced immediately; and in October, 1835, was opened the finest market in the kingdom—the finest at that time, and (we believe) still the finest in 1849: nay, it is even said to be the finest in Europe. The Theatre was the next point: a few difficulties arose in this matter, for the theatre was a neat and convenient one; but Mr. Grainger cut the matter short by offering to build a new and handsomer one, and to present a good round sum of money into the bargain: this was accepted, and the theatre built. In all these matters, and others of a similar kind, Mr. Grainger's promptness in action became conspicuous; and the townsmen began to look out for something bold and decisive whenever he took a matter in hand.

When the whole of the property for the new central street was purchased, then arose Grainger's greatest mechanical difficulties — the levelling of the ground. Such was the alternation of hill and hollow, that the formation of a fine and regular street in the planned direction struck many with amazement, and many more with doubt. In some parts the ground had to be excavated to a depth of 27 feet, to form the basement of houses; in other parts valleys had to be filled to a height of 35 feet, and houses to be built thereupon, in order to form a street of uniform level. There were instances in which more masonry was buried underground than appeared in the whole elevation of the house above. The lowering of hillocks and ridges was so much more considerable than the filling up of hollows and trenches, that nearly five million cubic feet of earth was carried away from time to time, during the progress of the various improvements, after filling up the valleys, making mortar with some of the sand, and making bricks with some of the clay.

This arduous but most necessary operation of levelling being completed, there arose, one by one, those splendid streets, which have no parallel in England. Instances may be met with, in some of our larger towns, of isolated portions of street equal to these in beauty; but it may be doubted whether, as a group, these creations of Grainger's are equalled. Edinburgh could do more than either London or Liverpool in producing a parallel. The builder was, for the most part, his own architect; and as his new streets are mainly streets of shops, he was not bound down by precedent to such a degree as to cramp his invention. Grey Street, Grainger Street, Market Street, Clayton Street, Clayton Street West, Nun Street, Nelson Street, Wood Street, and Shakspere Street, rose in succession —all situated in the very heart of the town, all occupied by houses presenting fronts of dressed and polished stone, all together presenting a length of a mile and a quarter of street, from fifty to eighty feet wide, and all erected in about five years. It is not merely a list of new streets thus presented by the improvements; new public buildings of a notable character have been reared as parts of the general design. Thus, there are the new Market, the new Central Exchange, the new Theatre, the new Dispensary, the new Music Hall, the new Lecture Room, two new chapels, the Incorporated Companies' Hall, two auction-marts, ten inns, and twelve public-houses, — besides about forty private houses, and the three or four hundred shops which formed the leading idea of the design. It has been estimated that the total value of the buildings thus

3.—GREY STREET.

planned and constructed by one man, in five years, at a fair rental, is about a million sterling; and that about two thousand persons were regularly engaged on them for many years!

Let us now, shortly, see what are the appearances which this new world of buildings presents. First, for the Market. This sumptuous building occupies an oblong parallelogram, bounded by Grainger, Clayton, Nelson, and Nun Streets, and having twelve openings to those streets from its interior area. It lies in the very heart of Mr. Grainger's scene of improvements, and is worthy of them. The market is about three hundred and forty feet long by two hundred and fifty wide: covering an area of more than nine thousand square yards, or nearly two acres; neither London, Birkenhead, Birmingham, nor Liverpool, can present such an area of covered market as this. The area is divided into a number of avenues, or bazaars, appropriated as meat, vegetable, poultry, and butter-markets. the Meat Market consists of four long avenues, crossed by four shorter ones, mostly with arched ceilings, and well ventilated. The Vegetable Market is one noble apartment, larger than Westminster Hall, having a carved oak roof, supported by two rows of iron pillars, and a lantern-light running along the centre. The length is 318 feet, the width 57, and the height 40; and the whole appearance is so far beyond the general characteristics of such buildings, that a local guide-book claims for it the designation of "a gorgeous hall, of vast extent, rather resembling the nave of some mighty cathedral than a market for the sale of the fruits of the earth." Without soaring to so lofty a height as this, we can well imagine how Newcastle may well be proud of such a market—and of the mind that planned it.

But Grey Street (Cut, No. 3,) is the great work. This street is, by the crossing of other smaller streets, divided into sections, each of which is made to comprise a distinct architectural design, worthy of study, independent of the rest. All, however, agree in this—that the front and entire decorations of the houses are in solid stone; that the stone is of a warm, rich colour; that the ranges excel those of Edinburgh, in being more ornate; and that they excel those of Regent Street, in London, as truly as good stone excels shabby stucco.

Taking the west side of Grey Street, we find it divided into three compartments by the crossing of High Bridge and Market Street. The south compartment comprises a Corinthian design in the centre, with two wings; derived, in many of its details, from the interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The entablature of the centre front rests on eleven lofty Corinthian columns; and the whole is surmounted by a double range of balustrades. This central portion is occupied by the offices of two banking companies. The next

4.—SANDHILL—EXCHANGE AND MARKET.

group, or compartment, about half the length of the southern, presents an Ionic design, after the Temple on the Ilyssus at Athens: the middle portion is occupied by a large inn. The northern compartment (the shortest of the three) comprises one side of a triangle of houses, the area of which triangle is occupied by the Central Exchange. This spot is perhaps the most central and the most magnificent in the whole group of new buildings. The Exchange is a rich and beautiful semicircular building, imbedded in a triangle of noble houses, whose fronts are in Grey Street, Grainger Street, and Market Street. Seven entrances lead from these streets to the Exchange. It is a semicircle, about a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred in width, wholly lighted from above, as the building is encased in a triangle of houses. The roof is supported by fourteen Ionic columns, twelve of which form a semicircle; and within the columned area of this semicircle is the News-room; on the outside of the semicircle are the corridors, entrances, and staircases leading to the Coffee-room and other apartments. Above the entablature, round the top of the semicircle, spring a series of curved ribs, one over each column: and these ribs form the skeleton for a magnificent glass dome, through which descends ample light into the area of the room. In an upper part of the building are apartments for the School of Design. The triangle of houses, within which the Exchange is thus singularly placed, are of uniform design; the fronts presented towards the three streets are each an adaptation of the design of the Corinthian Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli: and the three points of the triangle are each finished by a dome springing from a nearly circular range of Corinthian columns.

Next taking a glance at the east side of Grey Street, we find the entire length distributed into five architectural compartments, separated by the crossing of other streets. The first or southern compartment, from Mosley Street to Shakspere Street, has in the centre a colonnade of lofty Corinthian columns, with wings having pilasters and balustrades. The second compartment, from Shakspere Street to Market Street, is almost wholly occupied by the front of the new theatre. This theatre is one of the largest and most beautiful out of London; as the portico projects completely over the foot-pavement, and is formed wholly of highly-enriched stone-work, it constitutes one of the greatest ornaments of Grey Street. Continuing our route up this street, we come to the third architectural compartment, lying between Market Street and Hood Street. Here, according to Mr. Grainger's original plan, would have been a splendid range of buildings, occupied by the Town and County Courts, Council Chamber, Town Clerk's, and other corporate offices and chambers, and a residence for the mayor; but difficulties interfered with the carrying out of the plan;

and Mr. Grainger has made a portion of his architectural design available for other purposes. The centre of this compartment, as now completed, is occupied by a banking company; it presents a highly-enriched façade in the upper stories, supported by more sober Doric pilasters beneath. The fourth compartment, occupying the space between Hood Street and High Friar Lane, is of the Ionic order, with recessed columns in the centre, and pilastered wings. The fifth and last compartment, ending at Blackett Street, is more simple than all the others.

Such, then, is Grey Street; and this detailed view of its architectural features will serve as a general representative of all Mr. Grainger's beautiful streets. A somewhat less ornate version of this magnificent street will serve to describe each of the others. At the point where three of them meet, at the top of Grey Street, is Bailey's statue of Earl Grey, on a lofty column.

The Old Town: The Quays, Chares, and Stairs.

It may not be amiss to take this galaxy of new streets as a centre, from which we can radiate in different directions, to view some of the other notable features of the town.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader, taking the south and south-east directions from this centre, finds himself near the foot of the bridge—the bridge over which so many a mail-coach has passed on its way from London to Edinburgh. Among the odd twistings and contortions of Newcastle, one of the oddest is the non-existence of any main line of thoroughfare in continuation of the bridge. We see before us a steep, absolutely insurmountable by streets or vehicles of any kind. This was the ground first built upon, and it became gradually a dense mass of courts and alleys —"a vast hanging-field," as one topographer has designated it, "of sombre and cheerless houses, huddled mobbishly into a confused and pent-up mass, packed and squeezed by mutual pressure into panic retreat from the approach of wheeled carriages." But though we can see no streets, we have almost interminable flights of stone steps before us, as if they were climbing up the face of a hill. There is one such flight, very near the bridge, which contains more steps than we have succeeded in counting; and the drollery of the matter is, that it forms a veritable Monmouth Street or Field Lane—boots, boots, boots, at every yard. Whether Newcastle sends all its second-hand boots and shoes to this staircase, we do not know; but, as we ascend, we are tempted and attracted as much as it be possible by the well-polished array of boots and shoes—now the lofty Wellingtons, now the lowly Bluchers; here the classic Oxonians, and there the Royal Clarence or Alberts; while the 'single soles,' and 'goloshes,' and 'prunellas,' for the gentler wearers, also occupy their places in the display. Little houses or shops, or stalls or nests (for it is hard to know what to call them), line the sides of the staircase; and how the indwellers manage to avoid tumbling down stairs when they come out of their shop doors, is a matter for marvel.

If, then, there be no regular street opposite the bridge, there must be a detour so as to surmount the ascent in some other way. This detour is towards the right, or east, where we come to an irregular open space of ground, denominated, at its northern part, the Sandhill, abutting at its southern part against the river, and having a large building in the centre called the Exchange. It is said that the higher part of this open space is formed by a heap of sand thrown up by the tide: whence the name of Sandhill. In the midst of this spot once stood an equestrian statue of James II.; but the unfortunate bronze monarch falling a victim to popular fury, was metamorphosed into bells for the churches of St. Andrew and All Saints'. The middle of the vacant space is now occupied by the Exchange, built nearly two centuries ago; the architect of which was Robert Trollope. Whether Trollope will be most enduringly remembered by this Exchange, or by his epitaph in Gateshead Churchyard, is for the future to show; but the effusion is certainly a curiosity in its way:

> "Here lies Robert Trollope,
> Who made yon stones roll up;
> When Death took his soul up,
> His body filled this hole up."

The lower portion of this building is appropriated as a fish-market. In Cut No. 4, we see the old Exchange and the Market.

The houses which surround the Sandhill, on all but the water-side, are many of them highly picturesque, having survived the changes which have run through their course of fashion since the days of half-timbered and carved-gabled houses. It was from one of these houses that Lord Eldon, when a young man, stole away his bride on a runaway match to Scotland. Turning out of this open space, at its northern extremity, we come to the *Side*, a street running north-westward. This street is also quite picturesque in its house-architecture, and so steep, that both man and horse think it rather a serious affair to be obliged to make the ascent; and until 1696, it was a still more serious affair; for Lort Burn at that time ran in a gully at the bottom of the Side, which was not arched over until the year named. When we make the ascent of the Side, and reach the top, we soon emerge into the open space which contains St. Nicholas' Church. On our way we pass Dean Street, which branches out on the right towards the north, and which shows that the Newcastle people, sixty years ago, had to display some of the same kind of ingenuity which Mr. Grainger has recently so signally exhibited. Where this street of good-looking houses now runs, there was formerly a dean, or glen, through which a brook, crossed by a Roman bridge, once flowed. The street hangs on the sides of, or rather surmounts, this filled-up ravine.

If we walk along the banks of the river eastward, we maintain a pretty general level, and find ourselves

immersed among the oldest, densest, and dirtiest parts of the town. Ships and coals, coals and ships, leave their commercial impress on the houses of the quay-side. The warehouses, the offices, the counting-houses, although resembling those of Hull and other sea-ports in respect to ships, have a character of their own in respect to the immense coal dealings carried on. One of the buildings in the Quay-side is the Custom-house, which received a new stone-facing about twenty years ago. The long dirty roadway on which we walk, from the bridge almost to the eastern extremity of Newcastle, presents us with the river and its shipping on the right-hand, and the warehouses and offices on the left. If we seek for any good streets to lead us up from this quay to the higher parts of the town, we shall find none; but a little industrial search detects a whole string of steep alleys, called *chares*, which lead up from Quay-side to the elegant precincts of Butcher Bank and Dog Bank. But though Butcher Bank is a narrow, crooked, odd-looking street, and though its name indicates how it has been (and, in part, still is) occupied, yet we must not forget that Akenside, to whom we owe the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' resided there: whether his imagination were ever kindled by the scenes of such a place, is another matter. Bucke tells us, that "Akenside is said to have been, in after life, very much ashamed of the comparative lowness of his birth; and it is also reported, that he could never regard a lameness, which impeded his walking with facility, otherwise than as an unpleasant memento of a cut on the foot, which he received from the fall of one of his father's cleavers when about seven years old." Mr. Bucke gives the following lines of Akenside, which resulted from his rambles to the country places near his native town:

"Oh ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye, most ancient woodlands! where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!"

The steep chares or alleys of Newcastle are close neighbours. Whether human ingenuity could wedge a greater number of houses into an equal space may well be doubted. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," they certainly are. Love Lane (one of these chares) is distinguished for having given birth to two ennobled lawyers, whose names are not likely to die out of remembrance; viz., Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. The father of the two brothers was one of those whose occupation is closely associated with Newcastle; he was a coal-fitter; but the house where he once resided, and where the two great lawyers were born, has since been occupied as a bonded-warehouse.

While standing in, or looking up, this Love Lane, we can hardly avoid meditating on the singular rise of those two brothers. William, afterwards Lord Stowell, was born in 1745; while John, Lord Eldon, was born in 1751. Horace Twiss, in his 'Life of Lord Eldon,' relates the following incident, in connection with the birth of William:—"On the 17th of September, 1745, the city of Edinburgh had surrendered to the Pretender's army, whose road to London lay directly through Newcastle. The town walls were planted with cannon, and every preparation was made for a siege. In this state of things Mrs. Scott's family were anxious that she should remove to a quieter and safer place. The narrow lanes, or, as they are called, *chares*, of Newcastle, resembling the wynds of Edinburgh, communicate from the upper part of the town to the quay-side; and in one of these, named Love Lane, which is in the parish of All Saints', stood the residence of Mr. William Scott (the father), conveniently situate for the shipping, with which he was connected; but the line of the town-wall at that time ran along the quay between Love Lane and the river Tyne; and the gates having been closed and fortified, egress in any ordinary way appeared impossible. This obstacle, however, was overcome by the courage of Mrs. Scott, who caused herself to be hoisted over the wall in a large basket, and descended safely on the water-side, where a boat lie in readiness." She was conveyed to Heworth, three or four miles from Newcastle, where William, the future Lord Stowell, was born shortly afterwards. Mr. Twiss, however, gives two stories, which have been current on this subject; and though the above is the more romantic and more popularly-believed version, he accepts one, in which the contents of the basket are said to have been—not the lady, but the medical practitioner who was to attend her at Heworth. Lord Eldon, six years afterwards, was born in the family residence in Love Lane. Some of the few Chancery jokes of the sedate Earl, in later years, related to his having been born in a 'chare.'

But to resume our ramble. Passing beyond the quay-side, we come to another densely-built parallelogram of chares and houses. This parallelogram is bounded on the south, or river-margin, by the New Quay, and on the north by the New Road to Shields; a road which, like the 'New Roads,' and 'New Streets,' and 'New Cuts,' of London, has long outlived its newness. Parallel and between these two is Sandgate, a narrow lane, surrounded by still narrower courts. This Sandgate was one of the oldest entrances into Newcastle from the east; the Corporation have recently bought the whole south side of Sandgate, with a view to the construction of new offices and warehouses for merchants. In the New Road is the Keelmen's Hospital; an institution whose name at once indicates the peculiar local association with which it is connected. It is a large brick structure, enclosing a quadrangular court; and for nearly a century and a half it has afforded an asylum to disabled keelmen, and assistance to their widows. Most of the keelmen contribute a mite out of their own earnings for the support of the hospital. In the same line of road we meet with the Royal Jubilee School, St. Ann's Chapel, and one or two other chapels; and a continuation in this route would bring us to the multitude of collieries, potteries, glass-works, iron-

works, chemical-works, &c., which lie between Newcastle and North Shields.

The Upper Town: North, East, and West.

Thus far, then, for the 'along-shore' quays, and streets, and chares, and stairs. Now for the upper parts of the town. Pilgrim Street and Northumberland Street form a nearly north and south barrier between Mr. Grainger's splendid town and the east town. Pilgrim Street was the main highway through the town, before the construction of Grey Street: it received its name from having in early days been in the route of the pilgrims towards the shrine at Jesus' Mount (now Jesmond), in the north-east vicinity of the town. Eastward of this line of street the respectabilities and the gentilities increase a little as we get further from the centre of the town. The poor streets cling pretty closely to the river; the commercial streets group themselves in and around Mr. Grainger's structures; while the private dwellings stretch themselves further and further away towards Pandon and Jesmond. The cricketers have contrived to secure a capital piece of ground to themselves, somewhat north-eastward of the town, which is used as a cricket-field; and a series of baths, a cricketers' club-house, and a hotel, near the ground, contribute something to the pleasantness of the spot.

Our northern margin speedily brings us to the open country; where Jesmond, with its pleasant cemetery; the extensive Town Moor; the open space, called the Castle Leazes, with its contiguous rows of fine houses; the open ground, called the Nun's Moor; the Westgate Cemetery, at the extremity of the long line of Westgate Street and Hill; the numerous streets of well-built private houses; and the churches and chapels built within the last few years—all tend to show that it is in this direction that we must look principally for the private residences of the principal inhabitants.

West and south-west of the centre of the town, we find more buildings connected with the early history of Newcastle than in any other quarter. As in the eastern division, we will begin at the river, and ascend to the higher parts of the town. First, then, for the *Close*—the Thames Street of Newcastle, or a kind of hybrid between Thames Street and Bankside. This Close runs from Sandhill to the Forth Bank; it is a narrow street, crowded with manufactories, warehouses, and wharfs; and is about as clean as such a place can be expected to be. Yet it was not always such; in days gone by the leading families of the town dwelt in this street, among whom were the Earl of Northumberland and Sir William Blackett. One of the large buildings on the south side, now occupied as warehouses, was for many generations the Mansion House, in which civic festivities had run their career of glory. The houses on the north side of the street lie at the foot of the steep slope, before alluded to; and it is at this part that we meet with the numerous flights of steps which lead up to the higher town.

Immediately north of this close, and forming the nearest conspicuous objects from the two bridges, are the Castle and the County Courts, crowning the summit of the ascent. The two buildings are very near each other, and the open space of ground between and around them is called the Castle Garth. The County Court comprises the Moot Hall for Northumberland, where the assizes are held. It is a large and fine building, built about forty years ago, on the site of a Roman station.

At what time and under what circumstances the castle was built, has been noticed in an earlier page. It remained Royal property, and went through the various vicissitudes of those times. In 1336, there was an inquisition appointed, to inquire into the condition of the castle; the result of which was, that the great tower, the great hall, the king's chamber, the queen's chamber, the king's chapel, the buttery-cellar, the pantry, the bridges within and without the gate, and one postern—were declared to be "£300 worse than before." The castle maintained its place among the fortifications of the north until the end of the sixteenth century; when its days of degradation began. From 1605 to 1616, it was farmed by the Incorporated Company of Tailors of Newcastle! What the tailors required of it does not appear to be known; but they paid an annual rental of one pound stirling: the *keep*, however, was still set apart as a prison. In 1618, King James I. granted, or let out, at a rental of forty shillings per annum, for fifty years, to Alexander Stevenson, one of his pages of the bed-chamber, "all that his old castle of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the scyte and herbage of the said castle, as well within the walls of the same as without, with the rights, members, privileges, &c., thereto belonging:" those portions of the castle which had been used for corporate purposes seems to have been excepted from this grant. The subsequent history of the castle is anything but a royal or a feudal one: the bright days of the old structure were long departed. There has recently, however, a step been taken which will probably preserve the venerable relic from ruin. The Corporation has let the castle, at a nominal rent, to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society (one among many excellent literary and scientific associations with which Newcastle is provided); and the two bodies have agreed to spend a certain sum on the restoration of the interior. An Antiquarian Society could hardly have a more fitting locale.

The state of the castle at the present day (Cut, No. 5,) does not differ very greatly from that described by Brand, seventy years ago. The keep is still standing, nearly a hundred feet in height; with its immensely thick walls, and its lofty ranges of stone steps. There are nineteen steps from the ground up to the outer portal; twenty-four steps from thence to a sort of guard-room, which seems to have been highly embellished; and eight further steps up to the grand portal, which led at once to the state-apartments of the keep. A winding staircase, from the ground to the summit,

and galleries in various directions, exist in the thickness of the walls. Near the grand entrance is the chapel,—an apartment, about forty-six feet by twenty, now shorn of its beauty, but once evidently a highly-adorned Norman edifice. The exterior wall of the fortress enclosed an area of more than three acres, and had a grand entrance, or portal, of thirty-six feet width.

In Leland's time, Newcastle was regarded as one of the most strongly fortified towns in Europe. Although advancing population and commerce have ground most of these fortifications to dust, there still remain indications to show what they have been. The town wall was upwards of two miles in circuit, from twelve to twenty feet high, and eight feet thick: it was perforated by six or seven strongly-embattled gates, and defended by a large number of semicircular vaulted towers, and another series of quadrangular watch-towers. All the gates were still in existence about half a century ago; and of the very numerous towers, about a dozen yet survive, repaired and kept in order, and applied to various useful purposes—very burghal and commercial, but very anti-feudal. One is the Shipwrights' Hall, one the Masons' Hall; while the weavers, the colliers, the paviours, the glaziers, the plumbers, the armourers, the felt-makers, the curriers, the slaters, the tilers, the bricklayers, and the plasterers—have all succeeded in obtaining halls for their guild-meetings in some or other of these old wall-towers.

We must return to the neighbourhood of the castle. Not far from the castle is St. Nicholas' Church—by far the most noteworthy in Newcastle: it is *the* church, and was for many generations the only one. If there were nothing else about it to attract attention, its spire—its delicately-supported spire—would be an object of interest; but it has all the claims of antiquity in its favour.

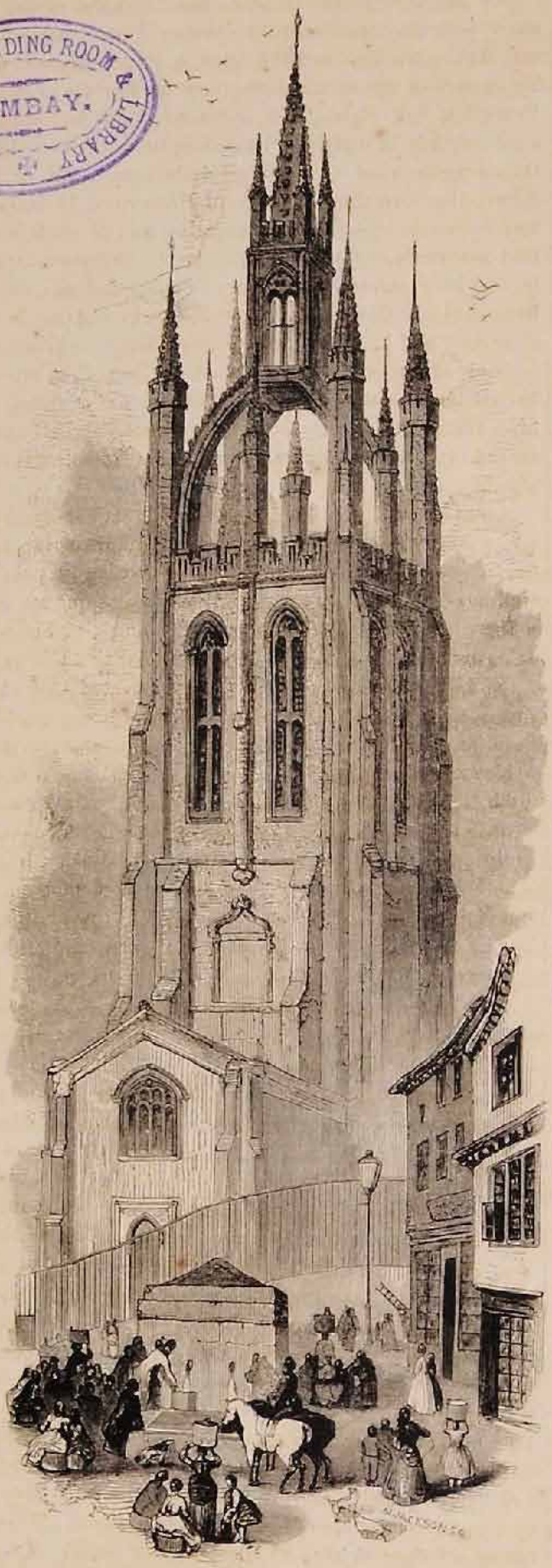
This church, or at least *a* church on the same site, was built so long ago as 1097; and there is a record of the church having been destroyed by fire in 1216. The present structure was probably built soon after that period; but so numerous have been the alterations and 'improvements' that very little is left to speak of past ages, except the steeple. This steeple (Cut, No. 6) has been described by almost every writer who has spoken of Newcastle. It is believed to have been built in the time of Henry VI., before which period the square tower was crowned only by a battlement of open stone-work and embrasures; and it is also probable that the body of the church was newly roofed at the same period. As it at present stands, the church is cruciform, about two hundred and twenty feet long, by seventy wide. There is a choir, with seats, and a nave without seats, in the cathedral style. The interior generally, and the exterior of the body of the church, exhibit the effects of the numerous patchings to which the structure has been exposed; but the steeple remains true to its original character and design. It is upwards of two hundred feet in height. From the ground to the battlements it is divided into three stages, or architectural designs; the lower are pierced by the principal entrance and by a noble window. At the corners of the tower are bold buttresses, surmounted by octagonal turrets, with crocketted pinnacles. From the bases of these turrets spring four flying buttresses, of very graceful form, and crocketted at their edges; from their points of intersection, near the centre, rises a very light and elegant square lantern, with a crocketted pyramidal spire at its summit and crocketted pinnacles for its angles. The whole appearance of this crowning termination to the steeple is singularly graceful: it has been universally admired, and has been the model for the steeples of St. Giles at Edinburgh, St. Dunstan-in-the-East at London, and of many other churches.

St. Nicholas' Church lies at the southern extremity of a wide line of street, which probably formed, at one time, the main artery through the town; and the names of Groat Market, Cloth Market, and Bigg Market, applied to different portions of its length, seem to indicate that the markets of Newcastle were once here held.

Westward of the castle lies an irregular mass of streets, partly occupied by factories, partly by poor dwellings—nothing clean and nothing picturesque must be there looked for, until we get beyond the Forth Field and Forth Bank. This Forth, in the middle of the last century, was a fine open elevated spot of ground, from which an extensive view could be obtained in and around the town: it was the chief public walk of Newcastle, and was afterwards a bowling-green. But brick and stone, population and industry, have, by little and little, crept up and over the Forth, until hardly a vestige of it is left. The Cattle Market has seized upon one portion; the Infirmary on another; numerous rows of streets on other portions; while the gigantic new railway-station threatens to swallow up another notable area.

But when we advance north-west of the castle, and wend our way through Westgate Street, we ere long reach a tolerably pleasant open district of private streets, roads, and terraces. One of the most interesting buildings here is the Grammar School, which—even if it had no other claims to attention—would be noteworthy, as the place where Bishop Ridley, Mark Akenside, Lord Collingwood, Lord Eldon, and Lord Stowell, received their education.

Mr. Twiss gives a multitude of Newcastle anecdotes relating to the two great lawyers in their schoolboy days. The following was told by Lord Eldon to his niece, Mrs. Forster: it reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's schoolboy battles with 'Green-breeks,' at Edinburgh:—"I believe no boy was ever so much thrashed as I was. When we went to school we had to go by the Stock Bridge. In going to school we seldom had any time to spare; so Bill (the future Lord Stowell) and Harry used to run as hard as they could; but poor Jacky's legs not being so long or so strong, he was left behind. Now, you must know, there was eternal war waged between the Head School lads and all the boys of the other schools; so the Stockbriggers seized the oppor-



6.—ST. NICHOLAS, FROM HEAD OF THE SIDE.

tunity of poor Jacky being alone, to give him a good drubbing. Then, on our way home, Bill and Harry always thrashed them in return,—and that was my revenge; but then it was a revenge that did not cure my sore bones." Lord Eldon once said to Mr. Surtees, "When your father and I were boys (and that is now a long time ago), I remember our stealing down the Side, and along the Sand-hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept in along the counter, then pop't our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection." The following is quite delectable in its way:—"Between school-hours" (Eldon is still the narrator) "we used to amuse ourselves at playing at what we called 'cock-nibs,'—that was, riding on grave-stones in St. Paul's churchyard, which, you know, was close to the school. Well, one day, one of the lads came shouting, 'Here comes Moises!' (the schoolmaster)—that was what we always called him, Moises—so away we all ran as hard as we could, and I lost my hat. Now, if you remember, there were four or five steps going down to the school, a sort of passage. Unfortunately a servant was coming along with a pudding for the bakehouse; and in my hurry, when Moises was coming, I jumped down these steps, and into the pudding. What was to be done? I borrowed another boy's great coat, and buttoned it on, over my own coat, waistcoat, pudding and all; and so we went into school. Now when I came out, I was in an unforeseen dilemma; for this great coat had stuck to my own: another boy's coat sticking to me, and my own hat lost!—here was a situation! With great difficulty the coat was pulled off; but my father was very angry at my losing my hat, and he made me go without one till the usual time of taking my best into every-day wear." Mrs. Forster states that the unlucky wight went no less than three months without his hat.

The Varied Manufactures of Newcastle and the Tyne.

We will now take our departure from the multi-formed streets, time-worn antiquities, and modern splendours of Newcastle, to glance at the vast industrial features of the surrounding district.

No one can enter Newcastle from Gateshead, or Gateshead from Newcastle; or trip along the Brandling Railway to South Shields, or the Tynemouth Railway to North Shields; or take a threepenny voyage down the Tyne in the steamers which are running to-and-fro all day long;—without seeing that the whole neighbourhood is a focus of manufacturing industry. It is scarcely too much to say, that the whole distance from Newcastle to the sea, on both sides of the river, forms one huge manufacturing town; so thickly are the factories and works strewed along the double line. And yet we cannot detect any unity of object in these works. It is not as at Manchester, where cotton reigns supreme; or in the West-Riding towns, where wool is the staple of industry; or at Sheffield, where steel is the be-all

and do-all; or at Birmingham, where everything imaginable is made from every imaginable metal; or at the Staffordshire Potteries, where every one looks and works and thinks and lives upon clay; or at Leicester, where stockings are regarded as the *primum mobile* of society—it is not thus on the Tyne; for though the colliers (who will claim a little of our attention in a later page) are beyond all others the characteristic features of the spot, yet their works are mainly subterranean: they seem to belong to a nether world, whose fruits appear at the surface only to be shipped and railed away to other regions. But we may probably find that this rich supply of coal has been the main agent in inducing the settlement of manufactures on the Tyne; for most of the large establishments are of a character which render a great consumption of coal indispensable.

First and foremost, we may mention the Engineering establishments. If it were for nothing but the association with the name of Stephenson, Newcastle will always have reason to be proud of these centres of high-skilled industry. Some of the finest and largest steam-engines and machines in England are made in and near Newcastle; while of *locomotives* it is the very birthplace. Where could be found a place so fitting for this wonderful manufacture, as the home of the two extraordinary men who—beyond all others—have been mainly instrumental in developing the railway system? There are now as perfect and as numerous locomotives made in other factories, in various parts of the country; but we cannot, if we would, break the peculiar link which connects the names of George and Robert Stephenson—not only with railways, but with locomotives; not only with the *use* of locomotives, but with their manufacture; not only with their manufacture, but with their progressive development and improvement.

When we visit (if we are permitted to visit) Stephenson's works—not far from the spot where the mighty viaduct leaps over the Close to reach the Castle-hill—we find them very much like other works of a similar kind. There are the open yards, surrounded by buildings; the forging and casting shops, where the rougher portions of metal are prepared; the filing and planing shops, where the surfaces are brought to a state of smoothness and polish; and the fitting shops, where all these elements are brought together in their proper relations. Iron, steel, copper, brass, and a little wood—these are the materials: forging, casting, rolling, drawing, boring, turning, planing, drilling, cutting, filing, polishing, riveting — these are the processes. Locomotives, new and old, meet the view on every side; some with the framework only just set up, some roughly put together, some in all their magnitude and beauty—painted in some parts, and polished in the rest; some undergoing hospital treatment. A locomotive of 1849 is a study, both manufacturing and commercial. When we think that such a machine, of the last perfected construction, contains upwards of five thousand separate pieces of metal, that it generally costs about two thousand guineas, and that there are five hundred such possessed by one single railway company—we cannot fail to observe the vast manufacturing and commercial energy developed in this direction.

The late George Stephenson—the "Hengist of railways"—on the occasion of the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington line in 1844, gave a short epitome of his career—a career which reminds us forcibly of the Franklins, Arkwrights, and Brindleys. He had been a colliery boy in early life, or rather, he worked at the steam-engine used in drawing coals from a pit near Newcastle. As time rolled on, he contrived to make improvements in some of the engines; and he made his first locomotive (for coal traffic) at the colliery where he had been employed as a boy. He worked as a colliery engineer all day, and repaired clocks and watches at night; and he thus saved money enough to procure a good education for that son whose name has since become famous wherever railways are known or thought of. Where the father himself announces such facts, they do indeed become public property, honourable to all alike.

Another great and important feature of Tyne industry is the *glass* manufacture. This material is made in and around Newcastle to an enormous extent—not merely in one of its forms, but in all: plate-glass, sheet-glass, window-glass, flint-glass, bottle-glass. The cheapness of coal, the facilities for obtaining a supply of alkali and sand, and the vicinity of shipping ready to carry the manufactured produce to every quarter of the world, have doubtless all contributed to the settlement of the glass manufacture in this district. And a beautiful manufacture it is to look upon, if the spectator is not squeamish about a great heat and a little dirt. Take the *Plate*-glass for an example. We see the ingredients melting in the clay vessels in the fiercely-heated furnace; the transference of this melted material to the *cuvette*, or iron bucket; the wheeling of the cuvette out of the fiery furnace on a miniature railway; the tilting of the cuvette, so that it shall pour out its golden stream of molten glass on the level surface of the cast-iron casting-table; and the cooling of this stratum into a sheet of solid glass half an inch in thickness. We see this plate annealed in a carefully but not highly heated oven; and then we follow it through the processes whereby, by the aid of wet sand, ground flint, and emery powder, it is ground and polished to the form of that most beautiful of all manufactured substances—a speckless, spotless, colourless, perfectly transparent sheet of plate glass. Or take the *Sheet*-glass department. Here we see the workman, when the ingredients are commingled and melted, dip a tube into the melted glass; roll the glowing ductile mass on a smooth surface; blow through the tube, to make the mass hollow within; swing the tube and the glass to and fro like a pendulum, until the hollowed mass assumes the shape of a cylinder; and open the cylinder into a large flat sheet of glass, by a most extraordinary train of manipulations. Or let common *Crown* or *Window*-glass be the object of our attention. Here we see the ingredients—chiefly sand, alkali, and lime—melted in the furnace; and the striking mode in which the workman, after gathering eight or

ten pounds of viscid glass on the end of a tube, blows and whirls, and blows and whirls again, until the hollowed mass of glass suddenly flashes out into the form of a flat circular sheet. Or let it be *Flint*-glass; where, after a mass of the semi-liquid material has been blown hollow on the end of a tube, it is brought by a few simple tools to the form of a goblet, decanter, wine-glass, or other vessel, in a way that almost baffles the eye and the comprehension of the most attentive observer. Or, lastly, if *Bottle*-glass be the form in which the material is produced; we see the mode in which the employment of cast-iron moulds is made to bear its share in the general routine of operations.

Potteries, likewise, are very numerous in this busy district. They do not aim at the dainty and tasteful productions of the Copelands, the Mintons, and the Chamberlains, in other parts of England: their pots are to bear rough usage, and they are made roughly. There is clay in abundance near the Tyne and the Wear, fitted to make coarse pottery and earthenware; and this circumstance, coupled with the abundance of coal and of shipping, enables this northern district to beat Staffordshire out of the market in supplying coarse goods to Germany, Denmark, and other northern countries. The grinding, the mixing, the 'throwing,' the drying, the baking, the glazing,—all are effected on the same principle which distinguishes the manufacture elsewhere, but with a certain tinge of coarseness and cheapness.

The chemical works of the Tyne are among the largest and most important establishments of the vicinity. They are found on both sides of the river —from Newcastle on the west, to Shields on the east; and their numerous chimneys tell of the extent and variety of the operations conducted therein. 'Chemical' is a word of wide significance, and indicates how large a number of substances may fittingly come under the notice of such manufacturers. Soda, potash, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, nitric acid, chlorine, chloride of lime, alum, red lead,—all are 'chemicals,' in the manufacturer's acceptation of the term; and all are made largely on the banks of the Tyne. Some of these establishments are beautiful examples of scientific system, and present striking features. In the making of sulphuric acid, for instance, there are, in one establishment, leaden chambers employed, each two hundred feet in length, twenty in width, and twenty in height!—these are to contain the sulphur-vapour which is to form the acid. There is, in the same works, a platinum crucible, or still, for boiling the acid, which cost as many guineas as it weighs ounces —one thousand!

The lead-works, again, are notable features. At Aldstone, several miles westward of Newcastle, there are extensive lead-mines, many of which belong to Greenwich Hospital; they are leased or farmed-out to individuals or companies, by whom the ore is raised and the metal separated from the impurities. The lead is sent to Newcastle in the form of 'pigs,' or oblong blocks; and here it is either exposed to the manufacturing operations of refining, shot-making, red-lead making, and white-lead making, or it is transformed into the various forms of pipes, sheets, &c. Some of these operations of the lead-works are not less interesting than those of the chemical works: let us instance the 'refining.' Nearly all lead contains a little silver; if the ratio be even so small as five ounces of silver to a ton of lead, it will repay the process of refining; and this refining is a delicate and beautiful process—in which the silver, by its different chemical and mechanical properties, is separated little by little from the lead. If we take the still more curious process of shot-making, we see how the melted lead is dropped through the holes of a kind of colander—how it falls into water at the bottom of a pit (perhaps a deserted coal-pit), one or two hundred feet in depth,—how it here solidifies into small roundish drops—how these drops are first dried, and then sifted into different sizes —how the well-formed shot are separated from the lame and halting, by setting them to run a race together down an inclined plane,—and how they are finally churned in a barrel, with a little black-lead, to give them an enticing polish. Or, if we watch the process of making white-lead, we have not only the means of seeing how vinegar will gradually convert the surface of a sheet of lead into white-lead; but we are incited to ask a question (which, however, is more easily asked than answered), why do *women* make the white-lead? it is not a particularly clean, nor a particularly lady-like series of operations; and yet it is said that the larger number of persons in the white-lead works at Newcastle are females. Nay, scandal has said, that, in the last generation, the bricklayers' labourers of Newcastle were women!—but this we will be polite enough to disbelieve.

Oil-mills, where oil is obtained, by pressure, from linseed, hempseed, and rapeseed,—turpentine-works, where the rough substances, black and yellow resin, and the transparent oil of turpentine, are obtained by the distillation of the viscid turpentine which exudes from fir-trees,—starch-works, where starch is obtained from flour,—these are among the numberless manufacturing establishments of the vicinity. All such works require furnaces for carrying on the operations; and the abundant supply of coal in this district furnishes, as we have before remarked, a strong inducement to this localisation. The Tyne and its banks supply abundant indications of the mutual services rendered by land and water: the land gives freight to the ships, and the ships find a market for the produce of the land. If we mount any tolerably-elevated spot (and there are several such), and glance down the river, we shall see that there are staiths and wharfs and landing-piers belonging to most of the large manufacturing establishments. At the chemical works we see enormous heaps of 'waste,' consisting of earthy residue, which must be brought away from the buildings in some way or other, and which must *not* be thrown into the river. What, then, is to be done with it?—buy a piece of ground on purpose to contain it,

until the wit of man can find out some way to bring it into use: such has often been the case. It is a remarkable circumstance, that refuse-heaps have been accumulated along the banks of the Tyne, not only from the chemical works, but from another cause of a wholly different kind; it arises thus:—The Tyne sends a much larger amount of cargo to the Thames than the Thames sends to the Tyne. The Tyne sends glass, pottery, chemicals, machinery, and, above all else, coals, in vast quantities, to London; and as the return-cargoes are not of equal weight, the ships have to be ballasted with sand taken mostly from the bed of the Thames. When this sand-ballast has enabled the ship to be safely navigated to the Tyne, it has performed its work—it must be got rid of; but as it must not be thrown into the river, nothing remains but to pile it up on land; and as land is a valuable element in such a district, it must be bought for this purpose. Hence it is that, in some places, we see vast heaps of sand, two or three hundred feet high, near the river. A few years ago, a sea-side district was purchased, southward of South Shields, and a railway laid down from thence to the shipping-quays, expressly for removing the waste sand away from the river and its banks. There are persons who take up this curious branch of commerce, and who are paid by the shipowners so much per ton for all the sand-ballast which they take off the hands of the shipowners.

A Peep at the Collieries.

Hitherto we have rambled in and around Newcastle, or have crept along the shores of the Tyne, watching its industry as we went. But now we have to depart a little further from both town and river, and watch that vast system which eclipses everything else in the district—viz., the Collieries. He who visits the Tyne, and knows nothing of the Collieries, knows little indeed. Coal is the life-blood (black blood though it may be) of the whole region. All the fortunes made here are either due at once to coal, or to something which coal has helped to bring into prosperity. The people, the ships, the town, the buildings—if we could follow the chain of cause and effect, we should see how closely coal is interwoven with the interests of all.

Let us see what Geology has done for the district, in supplying an almost exhaustless abundance of coal.

Of all the coal-fields in England (and there are many), that of Northumberland and Durham is the most important. It extends as far north as the river Coquet in Northumberland, and as far south as the river Tees. For the most part, it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east; while on the west, it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata 'dip' or descend towards the east, and 'crop out,' or ascend, towards the west. At one point, a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots, the same seam rises nearly to the surface. Throughout the greater part of this coal-field, the various beds, or strata of the coal measures amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The aggregate thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. The number of seams of coal which take part in this series is not exactly known, but is supposed to be twenty-five or thirty; lying at various depths, and separated by more or less numerous earthy beds. All these seams have particular names, and are known one from another by the colliers. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main: they are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. Many of the seams are so thin that they cannot be worked; so that it is calculated the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet. All calculations of the absolute available quantity of coal contained in this vast field are vague and indecisive.

What is meant by the 'Tyne Collieries' is, the whole group of collieries, whether lying north or south of the Tyne, which ship their coals in that river. There are about thirty of these collieries in Northumberland, on the northern side of the river; and about twenty in the northern part of Durham, on the south side of the river: those in South Durham belong to the Wear, or to the Tees systems. Mr. Buddle, one of the most eminent of the coal-viewers of the north of England, estimated a few years ago, that the persons engaged 'underground' in the Tyne Collieries amounted in number to 8500, while the 'upperground' establishment numbered 3500—making about 12,000 in the whole. This agrees very nearly with Mr. Leifchild's estimate in 1841, and gives an average of about 240 persons to each colliery. The largest number at that time was at the Heaton Colliery (a little to the north-east of Newcastle), amounting to 481. The Tyne, Wear, and Tees Collieries, together, produce the vast quantity of five million tons of coals annually!

It is curious to look at a map in which these collieries are laid down—such as that which accompanies the Report of the 'Childrens' Employment' Commissioners. The pits are dotted here and there on both sides of the river, being more and more thickly congregated as they approach nearer to the river's banks. These pits are about a hundred in number: two or more, in some cases, belonging to the same colliery. Not less curious is it to trace the dotted lines which mark the 'ways'—one of the most characteristic features in the coal districts. As the river Tyne is the great outlet for nearly all the coal derived from the Tyne collieries (notwithstanding the spread of the railway system), some means must be adopted for reaching the Tyne. But how is this to be effected? The colliery may be situated six or eight miles from the river, and the surface ground between the two may belong to other parties. Long before passenger-railways were heard of, railways or tramways were laid down to

facilitate the carriage of coals in trucks from the pits to the river; and we find these tramways following the best route which lies open to them. Now it is obvious that some arrangement must be made with the landed proprietors in these matters; and in truth these arrangements are often a grave question to the coal-owners. Although the expense of the mining operations is so great—although the establishment of a first-rate colliery, with its machinery, horses, wagons, &c., amounts to a sum varying from £40,000 to £150,000 (the sinking of a single shaft having, in one instance, cost £40,000): —although the capital employed by the Tyne coal-owners is estimated at a million and a half sterling—yet are the 'way-leaves,' or 'way-rents,' an additional feature beyond all these, without which not a ton of coal can be brought to market.

On taking a glance round the surface of the country underlaid by the coal-seams (especially at night), we become cognizant of a fact which must excite regret in every thoughtful mind. An immense amount of coal is burned to waste, because it will not afford to pay freight to London. This consists of small coal, which, when taken out of the pit, is not shipped, but lies as an incumbrance at the pit's mouth; and these heaps have on many occasions caught fire. The establishment of numerous manufactures on the banks of the Tyne has, however, increased the facilities for using the small coal.

The character of the pitmen, the nature of their labour, the relations between them and their employers —all are dependent, more or less, on the mode in which the coal is distributed under the surface of the ground. To these deep-lying coals, therefore, we must ask the reader to pay an imaginary visit.

First, then, how to descend? We see a vertical hole, or pit, pitchy dark, and surmounted above by a windlass, or some other means of raising weights. Two men are about to descend. They make a loop in the lower end of a rope, and each man inserts one leg in this loop,—the two clinging together in a strange sort of perilous brotherhood. The windlass to which the rope is attached is set to work, and the two men are lowered safely to the bottom of the pit. If the rope should break, or the loop become unfastened—but it is fearful to speculate on such 'ifs!' Each man holds the rope by one hand, while with a stick in the other he shields himself from inconvenient oscillations. Sometimes there are two ropes in one pit, one ascending and the other descending: the two human loads meeting each other half-way. In some pits there are more couples than one thus clinging to the rope at the same time; and then one feels almost tempted to liken them to onions strung to a rope. Many collieries have *corves*, or baskets, in which the men are raised and lowered. Another plan is by means of a large iron tub, which holds eight or ten persons; but in the most modern arrangement there are square iron cases, working in vertical grooves, and capable of accommodating either men and boys or tubs of coal. The ropes employed in this work are evidently important features in the arrangement. In some collieries they have a round rope, from five to six inches in circumference; in some, a flat rope, four or five inches wide, and formed of three or four strands, or smaller ropes plaited side by side; in a few instances, chains are used. Some of these ropes are of immense length, owing to the depth of the pits. The deepest, we believe, in England, is the Monkwearmouth pit, belonging to the Durham, as distinguished from the Northumberland collieries: its depth is 292 fathoms, or 1752 feet. Two ropes for this pit weigh about 12,000lb., and cost more than £500.

Arrived at the bottom of a pit, what do the pitmen see—or rather what does a stranger see who makes the descent? Nothing, or nothing but 'darkness visible.' All vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before he becomes accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men; each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness; for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are seen to be moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem fit to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of these horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

A coal mine is not simply a pit, with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction, to a great distance. These passages are cut in a 'seam' of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it: there are portions left, therefore, called 'pillars,' to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways or railways are laid along the passages, to afford facilities for moving the corves or tubs of coal from the workings to the vertical shaft. Mr. Holland, in his 'History of Fossil Fuel,' speaks of the timidity which often prevents persons from visiting these striking scenes, where the pitman pursues,

"Howe'er the daylight smiles or night-storms rave,
His dangerous labour, deeper than the grave;
Alike to him whose taper's flickering ray
Creates a dubious subterranean day,
Or whether climbs the sun his noontide track,
Or starless midnight reigns in coif of black;
Intrepid still, though buried at his work,
Where ambush'd death and hidden dangers lurk!"

. . . . "But if courage," he remarks, "be required to enter a coal-mine at ordinary depths, it is in descending

the frightfully deep pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, that sensations bordering on the awful are inevitably experienced; and in traversing at such profound depths, the endless galleries into which the shafts ramify, the visitor is struck by the perfection of plans adapted to lessen, as much as possible, the risk which the pitmen run."

The Working and Management of a Coal-Mine.

In most of the collieries around Newcastle, the seams of coal vary from two and a half feet to six feet in thickness. The pitmen are obliged to adopt different modes of procedure, in respect to the thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases, the hewer cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in advance of him; and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and the top to the general mass. The driving in of a few wedges, or the application of gunpowder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state. Where the seam is very thin, or where it occupies an inclined position, various modes are adopted, each calculated to surmount a particular kind of difficulty.

Without troubling the reader with any extended or scientific details, the following will give him some notion of ventilating and lighting a coal-mine. The seams of coal, and the appertures where such seams have been, often give out carburetted hydrogen and other gases, which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as quickly as possible; and this can only be effected by sending a constant current of air through the workings. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves, throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages! In former times the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a 'steel-mill;' but the beautiful safety lamp—or 'Davy,' as the miners familiarly term it—has superseded this. In this lamp, there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope; for the iron wire cools the gas too much to permit the flame to exist on the *outside* of the gauze. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected—as it often is by the miners—those explosions take place, which so frequently give rise to such fearful results. From some collieries the gas which constantly escapes is in enormous quantity; so much so, indeed, that an attempt was made a few years ago to employ the gas from the Wallsend Colliery for gas-lighting in the neighbourhood. Some of the larger collieries require a stock of nearly a thousand 'Davys,' for the efficient working of their pits.

The relations between a coal-owner and his pitmen have a more commercial and extensive character than those between a manufacturer and his operatives. The pitmen are always engaged for a year, and a regular 'bond' is drawn up between them and their employer. This period of a year commences on the 5th of April. As the chief among the pitmen are paid by 'piece-work,' the details are very minute, in order that disputes should as much as possible be avoided. The coal is measured by *corves* or *tubs*, which vary in their capacity from 16 to 30 coal-pecks; and a *score* consists of 20 corves at the Tyne collieries, or 21 at those of the Wear; but as each colliery has its own 'score' and its own 'corves,' all the parties concerned understand each other. The bond is made between the owners on the one hand, and the principal pitmen on the other. The men are, by its provisions, engaged for twelve months to "hew, work, drive, fill, and put coals." The seam of coal is specified, and the price named for hewing a 'score' of coal from it. A price is then named for 'putting' or driving a score of tubs—so much for the first eighty yards, and so much additional for every further twenty yards. Beyond the stipulated rate of pay, the coal-owners in some collieries engage either to provide a house for each miner, or allow a certain addition to the wages. The putters are to provide themselves with "candles, grease, and soams:" candles to light them along the dark passages, grease for their trams or vehicles, and soams (short ropes) for forming harness to their trams. The coal-owners engage that the pitmen shall have the opportunity of earning, throughout the year, not less than a certain fixed sum of money per week; while on the other hand, the pitmen engage that they will always be ready to perform a certain minimum amount of work within a given period. The coal-owners affix their signatures, and the pitmen more usually their 'marks,' to this bond; and thus the year's labours are planned and settled.

The persons engaged in a colliery are subdivided into a greater number of classes than might perhaps be supposed; and generally speaking, the technical designations of these classes is more significant than is usually observable in other industrial occupations; but some of them sound strangely to the ears of the uninitiated. They are distinguished into the two great groups of 'underground' and 'upperground' establishments: the former engaged in the pit, and the latter in conducting the open-air arrangements. The chief of them are occupied in a way which may be illustrated in the following connected view.

The *hewer* is the actual coal-digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough for him

to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed: such a man often extricates six tons of coal in a day. Next to the hewers come the *putters*, who are divided into *trams*, *headsmen*, *foals*, and *half-marrows*. These are all children or youths; and the employment consists in pushing or dragging the coal from the workings to the passages where horses are able to be employed in the work: the distance that a corve or basket of coal is dragged in this way averages about a hundred and fifty yards. When a boy drags or 'puts' a load by himself, he is designated a *tram*; when two boys of unequal age and strength assist each other, the elder is called a *headsman*, and the younger a *foal*,—the former receiving eightpence out of every shilling earned conjointly by the two; when two boys of about equal age and strength aid each other, both are called *half-marrows*, and divide the earnings equally between them. The weight of coal dragged by these various classes of putters varies from five to ten hundred-weight to each corve; and the distance walked in a day varies from seven to nine miles, to and fro, along the iron tramways of the mine. When the corves are 'put' to a particular place, where a crane is fixed, the *crane-man* or *crane-hoister* manages the crane by which the corves are transferred from the tramway to the rolleys; and for keeping an account of the number so transferred. The *corf* is a wicker-work basket, containing from four to seven hundred-weights; the *rolley* is a wagon for transporting the corves from the crane to the shaft; and the *rolleyway* is a road or path sufficiently high for a horse to work along it with the rolley, and kept in repair by the *rolleyway-men*. The *driver* takes charge of the horse, which draws the rolley along the rolleyway. The *on-setter* is stationed at the bottom of the shaft, to hook and unhook the corves and tubs which have descended, or are about to ascend the shaft.

Many of these strange designations for the pitmen find a place in the stories and songs of colliery districts—songs which cannot be at all understood unless we know something of the peculiar vocabulary of the place. In one of these pitmen's songs, called the 'Collier's Rant,' relating to the vaunted exploits of a *putter*, we find the following two stanzas:

"As me and my marrow was ganging to wark,
We met with the devil, it was in the dark;
I up with my pick, it being in the neit,
I knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet!
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
Follow them through, my canny lad oh!
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
Oh lad ly away, canny lad oh!

As me and my marrow was putting the tram,
The low it went out, and my marrow went wrang:
You would have laugh'd had you seen the gam,—
The de'il gat my marrow, but I gat the tram.
Follow the horses," &c.

Besides all the varieties of pitmen hitherto named, who are immediately instrumental in bringing the coal to the bottom of the shaft, there are other men and boys whose employments are in various ways subsidiary to them,—such as the *furnace-men*, who attend to the furnace for ventilating the mine; the *horse-keeper*, who attends to the horses in the pit; the *lamp-keeper*, who has the care of the all-important 'Davy' lamps,—a careless management of which has led to so many colliery accidents; the *wasteman*, who walks along all the 'wastes,' or deserted workings, to clear away stones and rubbish which may have fallen, and to attend especially to any obstructions in the ventilation; the *shifter*, who, as a kind of labourer, assists the wasteman; the *switch-keepers*, who attend to the switches, or passing-places in the subterraneous railways; the *trappers*, little boys who are stationed at traps or doors in various parts of the mine, which doors they are to open when corves of coal are about to pass, but to keep closed at all other times, as a means of forcing the current of air for ventilation to follow certain prescribed channels; the *way-cleaners*, who cleanse the rails of the mine from time to time, to remove all obstruction from coal-dust, &c.; and the *wood and water leaders*, who carry props and wood to various parts of the mine for the use of the men, and who also remove water from the horse-ways and other parts of the pit.

There are, of course, superintending officers of the mine, who are responsible, to a certain extent, for the due performance of all the work. The chief of these is the *viewer*, a person usually of great trust and experience. At the opening of a new pit or seam, he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the stratification, the thickness of the seam, the probable extent and direction, and other matters of a similar kind; and his great problem is to determine how to bring up a given quantity of coal to the light of day with the least expenditure of time and labour. He arranges the whole plan of working; and he imposes certain restrictions and fines for such hewing as may be deemed unfair or wasteful. It requires a combined exercise of firmness and tact on the part of the viewer, to keep clear of disputes with the pitmen. The *under-viewer*, as the name imports, is an assistant to the viewer in his important duties. The *overman* is the third in rank among the officers of the colliery; he is the real working overseer, requiring some brains and much activity: he has the charge of everything underground, locates the work-people, examines the ventilation, and keeps an account of all the proceedings. The *back-overman* is to the overman what the under-viewer is to the viewer. The *deputy* sets props, lays tram-roads, arranges the boarding and timbers of the pit, and has a watchful eye on the general safety of the whole workings. The *keeper* inspects the workings of the hewers.

The reader has here ample means of observing that colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit, to seek their coaly fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic:

every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he has to do. But the above list, formidable as it appears, does by no means include all those engaged at a colliery; they are nearly all of them the 'underground' hands, who could not transmit the coal to market without the aid of the 'upper-ground' establishment. These latter comprise *banksmen*, *brakesmen*, *waiters*, *trimmers*, *staithmen*, *screen-trappers*, and many others.

Hard as a pitman's life seems to be, yet it is agreed by those who knew the Northumbrian collieries half a century ago, that it was then much more laborious. It fell with peculiar severity on the boys employed in the pits. A boy was generally placed at this kind of work at six years old, his parents being poor, and willing to avail themselves of his small earnings. His occupation was first that of a 'trapper,' to open and shut the doors of the pit; he remained the whole day at this employment, sometimes for a period of eighteen hours, and received five pence per day as wages. He went to his labour at two o'clock in the morning, in pitchy darkness, so that it was literally true that in winter he did not see daylight from Sunday until the next Saturday afternoon, when the hour of leaving work was earlier. At twelve or fourteen years of age he became a 'putter' or a 'driver,' and worked shorter hours, but more severely than as a trapper, receiving wages much lower than those received at the present day, and working a much greater number of hours. At length, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, his strength enabled him to become a 'hewer,' in which employment he was destined to pass the rest of his life, and in which he earned about one-half the average wages of a hewer at the present day.

The Pitmen; their Dwellings, Habits, and Peculiarities.

The pitmen are in every sense a peculiar race. Their life is half passed in the bowels of the earth, shut out from the light of day. Their thoughts and occupation are with coals from early boyhood to old age; and a very narrow circle indeed it is within which their sympathies extend. They are almost utterly ignorant of the world which exists beyond the colliery world; and any further excursion than an occasional one to Newcastle is truly a great event.

In many parts of England, the houses of the working-classes are better than the furniture; but among the pitmen of Northumberland and Durham the furniture is better than the houses. A pitmen's village usually consists of houses built in pairs, and the pairs placed in rows. The space between the fronts of the houses, forming the street, is unpaved and undrained; but the space between the backs of the houses (where gardens would be in houses of a better class) not unfrequently exhibits a joint-stock dust-heap and dunghill running along the avenue, flanked here and there by pigsties and heaps of coals,—all in such a state as to show that the masters neglect the men, or the men neglect themselves, or both. The pitmen's houses are erected either by the proprietor of the colliery, or by certain petty companies, who speculate in the building and letting of them to the coal-owners, at rents varying from three to four pounds per annum. All the pitmen's houses are near the pits; so that when a pit is abandoned, the village is abandoned also; and in such case presents a most desolate appearance. The houses are of three degrees of value; the best possess two rooms on the ground floor, with a kind of loft above; the next best have only one room on the ground-floor, with a loft above; while the worst consist of but one single room. Some colliery villages, where probably the owners pay more personal attention to the comforts of the men, are of a superior character; but the average seem to be about on a level with those here described. Yet these dirty dwellings have, for the most part, better furniture within them than is to be found in houses of a parallel cast elsewhere. Eight-day clocks, mahogany chests of drawers, and four-post bedsteads, are said to have become quite a common object of ambition among the pitmen, and as forming items for consideration at the time of marrying.

It is rather remarkable, and contrary to what might perhaps be expected, that the medical men of the colliery districts do not speak highly either of the physical strength or of the courage of the pitmen. In the evidence collected by the 'Children's Employment' Commissioners, a few years ago, Mr. Morrison, a surgeon, makes the following remarks:—"The 'outward man' distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive, his figure disproportionate and misshapen, his legs being much bowed; his chest protruding (the *thoracic* region being unequally developed); his countenance is not less striking than his figure, his cheeks being generally hollow, his brow overhanging, his cheek-bones high, his forehead low and retreating; nor is his appearance healthful. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even those among the wan and distressed stocking-weavers of Nottinghamshire, to whom the term 'jolly' might not be inaptly applied; but I never saw a 'jolly-looking' pitman." Mr. Morrison partly traces this to the fact, that the whole of the pitmen have been pit-boys at an earlier age, during which the form is injured by the cramped positions occupied by the boys in the mine; but he also adduces other reasons:—"Pitmen have always lived in communities; they have associated only among themselves; they have thus acquired habits and ideas peculiar to themselves. Even their amusements are hereditary and peculiar. They almost invariably intermarry; and it is not uncommon, in their marriages, to commingle the blood of the same family. They have thus transmitted natural and accidental defects through a long series of generations, and may now be regarded in the light of a distinct race of beings." Whether seen in the pits or out of them, the pitmen are a singular-looking race. In the dingy lanes which surround many of the collieries, pitmen may often be seen returning

home from their 'eight-hours' shift' of labour, nearly as black as the coal on which they have been at work. Their dress, a tunic, or short frock, of coarse flannel, and trousers to match, becomes soon saturated with moisture and coal-dust. The complexion of the men, when it can be seen in its own proper hue, is generally sallow. Owing to the unusual light by which they pursue their occupations, the eyelids often become swollen, and the eyes assume a diminutive appearance: the strong light of day is sometimes painful to them.

Everybody seems to award credit to the wives of the pitmen, as being indefatigable in their endeavours to keep all right and tidy at home, so far as the arrangements of the houses and the employments of the people will permit. The household duties of a pitman's wife are very numerous. Her husband, brother, father, sons—as the case may be—are often divided into two groups, such as "putters" and "hewers," who work at different hours; the former go into the pit when the latter leave, and the hours of labour and of rest are consequently not the same in the two cases. But the ever-busy housewife has to be ready for both. Every man or boy, immediately on coming from the pit, has a thorough and hearty ablution (for the pitmen, to their credit be it said, have the character of being personally clean when not at work, whatever their villages and houses may be), and then either changes his dress, or partakes of a meal, and then goes to bed. The flannel-dress, too, in which the pit-work is done, has to be subjected pretty frequently to the action of soap and water.

One of the gentlemen before named, Mr. Morrison, who was the medical attendant at the great Lambton collieries, gives a picture which shows that the pitmen have the means of living happily and comfortably, if their moral and mental development were a little further carried out:—"The children of colliers are comfortably and decently clothed. Cleanliness, both in their persons and houses, is a predominant feature in the domestic economy of the *female* part of this community. The children, although necessarily left much to themselves, and playing much in the dirt, are never sent to bed without ample ablution. Pitmen, of all labouring classes I am acquainted with, enjoy most the pleasure of good living; their larders abound in potatoes, bacon, fresh meat, sugar, tea, and coffee, of which good things the children as abundantly partake as the parents: even the sucking infant, to its prejudice, is loaded with as much of the greasy and well-seasoned viands of the table as it will swallow. In this respect the women are foolishly indulgent, and I know no class of persons among whom infantile diseases so much prevail. Durham and Northumberland are not dairy counties, consequently the large population (excepting the *hinds* in the northern part of Northumberland) are very inadequately supplied with milk. Did this wholesome and nutritious beverage more abound, probably the infant population would be more judiciously fed." In some of the colliery villages there are public bakehouses, one to a certain number of houses, and each containing a large brick-built oven. Early in the morning the wife and daughters of a pitman may be seen assembled at these places, gossiping with their neighbours, and baking the week's bread for their family. To a person who has no previous conception of the capaciousness of a pitman's appetite, the number and bulk of these loaves will be a matter for marvel.

Follow the pitmen to Newcastle—their great metropolis—and we find them still a characteristic race. Their velveteen dresses, with large and shining metal buttons, mark them out from the rest of the population. Mr. Holland states that the pitmen used formerly (perhaps more so than at present) to be fond of gaudy colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posey jackets*, were frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various hues: their stockings were blue, purple, or even pink or mixed colours. Many of them used to have their hair very long, which on week-days was either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, it was commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wore two or three narrow ribands round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it was customary to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers. Such were the pitmen of past days; and many of their holiday peculiarities still remain.

The Hostmen and Keelmen.

The *keelmen* of the Tyne belong rather to the past age than the present. Steam-engines and railways are gradually effecting changes in the mode of shipping and transporting coals; and the keelmen are becoming less and less essential to the working of the system. Yet we cannot afford to lose sight of them: as memorials of a past state of things, as members of a social machine which has played its part, they deserve a word or two of notice. Their own Keelmen's Hospital would reproach us, if we quite neglected them. It is, perhaps, the only hospital in the kingdom built and supported by the working classes for the benefit of their own members.

These *keelmen* have been known for at least four centuries. There was a complaint made in 1421, that the Crown was defrauded of certain coal-dues at Newcastle, by the merchants using *keels* which would contain twenty-two or three chaldrons each instead of twenty; and it was thereupon ordered that the keels should be of definite size and shape. "Keel" was one of the Anglo-Saxon names for a ship; and the same name was applied to the barges used in conveying coals from the staiths to the ships. These coal-keels are steered by a large kind of oar at the stem, called a *swape*; while a kind of pole, called a *puy*, is employed to push on the keel in shallow water; the captain of the keel is called the *skipper*, and his cabin is the *huddock*. When the water is so shallow as to render the use of sails or oars inconvenient, the keels are thus propelled: Two men, called *keel-bullies*, are on each side of the vessel, thrust their poles or puys in the muddy bed of the river, rest the upper end against their shoulders,

and walk along the vessel from head to stern—thus making the puy serve as a lever to propel the boat: such a method is often to be seen in practice in shallow rivers. When the wind is favourable, the keel is navigated with a square sail; but more usually there are employed two long oars: one worked at the side in the usual way, by two or three men; and the other (the swape) at the stern. The keels themselves are oval in shape, clumsy, but very strong. The wives and daughters of the keelmen have the office of sweeping the keels, from which they derive the titles of *keel-deeters* ('deet' being a north country term for cleaning): they receive the sweepings for their pains.

There are certain points of difference between the keels of the Tyne and those of the Wear. Sir George Head, after speaking of the noble bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, says, "From a height commanding a bird's-eye view of the river below, the neat trim Sunderland keel, compared with the heavy lighter on the Tyne—wherein a mountain of coal is confined by a fortification of moveable boards—appears to considerable advantage. The Sunderland keel resembles in shape the horizontal section of a walnut, divided into eight compartments, each containing a square iron tub, fitting like a canister in a tea-chest. Instead, therefore, of the laborious practice, on the Tyne, of shovelling the cargo by hand from the keel into the vessel, each of these tubs is lifted up bodily by machines, and the contents—fifty-three hundred-weight, or a Newcastle chaldron—tilted at once into the hold of the receiving vessel: a modern improvement, whereby, though the public profit generally, the loss and hardship press partially on a particular class of men. The hardy laborious race of keelmen are more and more, every day, deprived of their ancient occupation; as, by means of new appliances, vessels are laden at the wharfs and staiths which formerly received their loads shovelled on board, in the stream, by their hands." This change in the mode of shipping the coal is extending still more rapidly, both on the Tyne and the Wear; and it is on this ground that we may regard the keelmen as a race belonging to past days. The same writer continues, "I saw one of these keels unladen at a wharf close to the bridge. A score, or more, lay moored together—each of the shape described, similar in size and figure, and displaying an outline of geometrical precision. The one to be unladen being alongside the sloop destined to receive her load, and both close to the wharf, the process was as easily effected as described. A huge crane let go its grappling-chain within the keel; this was in a moment fixed to one of the tubs; the tub was lifted, swung over the sloop, tilted, swung back again, disengaged from the tackle, and a fresh one hooked on. By the assistance of one man, the machine on shore continued its office with the same apparent ease that an elephant swings his proboscis out of his cage, and in again to pick up an apple."

There has always been an intimate connexion in the Tyne between the *keelmen* and the *hostmen*. This latter body was established in conjunction with the Company of Merchant-Adventurers in the time of Henry IV. These hostmen were incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, who, having tried in vain to get her due of two shillings per chaldron for all coals shipped in the Tyne, gave the hostmen a charter, on condition that they would ensure to the crown *one* shilling for every chaldron so shipped. The ostmen, or hostmen, were a kind of coal-brokers, midway between buyers and sellers; and the name is supposed to have implied 'eastmen,' as if they had come originally from Germany, or the eastern parts of Europe. Their brokerage appears to have included the whole responsibility of shipping the coal purchased; so that the keelmen were the servants of the hostmen. Down to the year 1600, if not later, the coals were brought from the pit-mouth to the staiths in wagons, or wains, along the common roads; but a great step in advance was made when tramways were laid down, to facilitate the transport of the coal. The hostmen have now changed their designation—or others have changed it for them—to *fitters*: the 'coal-fitters' of the Tyne are identical with 'hostmen,' but neither term serves to indicate with any great clearness the nature of the employment.

There is a record in existence which shows that, in 1602, there were twenty-eight hostmen, or coal-fitters, at Newcastle, who employed eighty-five keels. The numbers of both these classes gradually increased for many generations; the fitters are now, perhaps, more numerous than ever, but the keelmen have for some years past been declining in number. The old bridge at Newcastle has had much to do with perpetuating the keelman-system. If the colliery vessels were wished ever so urgently to ascend the Tyne, the bridge effectually stops them; so that keels, or some similar contrivance, are essential. In the improved mode of shipping coal, where no impediment exists to the approach of the coal-ship, it is brought to the shore, underneath a large and lofty timber-structure, called a *staith*, which overhangs the river, and which is connected by railway with the pit's mouth. The laden wagons are brought to this staith, and the coals are at once deposited from them into the hold of the vessel, without the intervention of any keelmen's assistance. It is said that ninepence per chaldron is saved by this using of the staith; if so, the keelmen have indeed a powerful antagonist to compete with.

The father of the two great lawyers whose names have before occupied our notice—Lords Eldon and Stowell—was a hostman of Newcastle: he was William Scott, descended from one of the numerous branches of the Scotts of Scotland. Mr. Twiss gives a conversation between Lord Eldon and his niece, Mrs. Forster, in which the keelmen of his early days are mentioned. Mrs. Forster remarked—"I remember, uncle, hearing of Master Jacky being celebrated for the hornpipes he danced at Christmas: there was an old keelman in the hospital at Newcastle, who talked of your hornpipes." To this Lord Eldon replied, "Oh yes, I danced hornpipes: at Christmas, when my father gave a supper

and a dance at Love Lane to all the keelmen in his employ, Harry and I always danced hornpipes." Mrs. Forster adds:—"The supper which, about Christmas, Mr. Scott used to give to his keelmen, was what was called a binding supper,—that was, a supper when the terms on which they were to serve for the ensuing year were agreed upon. Patterson, the last surviving keelman in Mr. Scott's employment, dined in our kitchen every Christmas-day until his death, about ten years ago. He expatiated with great delight upon the splendid hornpipe that Master Jacky regularly danced for their amusement after these suppers."

The keelmen live about Sandgate and Quay-side, and many of them reside at Dunston, two or three miles from Newcastle. In their blue jackets, flannel breeches, and blue stockings, they form an unmistakeable body; and they, like the pitmen, have their songs, their odd stories, and their oddities of many other kinds. In the following song the allusion to the Sandgate fixes the locality to Newcastle.

"As I went up Sandgate, up Sandgate, up Sandgate,
As I went up Sandgate, I heard a lassie say,
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie 's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple on his chin;
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie 's in."

And here is another, in which the lady celebrates the blackness of her lover in a way that tells very much indeed of coals:

"My bonnie keel-laddie, my canny keel-laddie,
My bonnie keel-laddie for me, oh!
He sits in his keel, as black as the de'il,
And he brings the white money to me, oh!"

The custom was, a few years ago, (we do not know whether it is still kept up) for the keelmen to meet once a year, to celebrate the establishment of their hospital: perambulating the town with bands of music playing 'Weel may the keel row.'

The Tyne; Jarrow; Shields; Tynemouth.

We must find a little corner wherein to notice the course of the Tyne from Newcastle to the sea; and we may here refer to the busy scene taken near the bridge. (Cut, No. 7)

Whatever may have been the origin of the name *Tyne* (concerning which the etymologists are by no means agreed), the river has been known by that name since the time of Bede, 685. Soon after the Conquest, records and charters were agreed upon, by which the width of the Tyne, near and below Newcastle, was divided into three parts: one belonging to the county of Northumberland, one to the bishopric of Durham, and the middle of the channel to be free to all. In subsequent ages, the Prior of Tynemouth on the north, and the Bishop of Durham on the south, frequently made encroachments on their respective sides of the river, and the sovereign frequently interfered to secure the rights of the townsmen and the traders. It is curious, indeed, to trace through successive centuries the struggle of the various parties for precedence in the ownership and government of this important river. At one time there was a judgment passed, that "the port within the water of Tyne, from the sea to Hedwin Streams, is the free port of the king and his heirs." At another time a Council order was issued, "That the Prior of Tynemouth, who had built a shore at North Shields, within the flood-mark of the river, should remove it at his own cost." In another instance, Edward III. issued a writ, in which he "forbade the mayor and bailiffs of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to hinder the mooring of ships on the south side of this river." A few years later, the Bishop of Durham obtained a verdict against the king's commissioners, "for trespasses done by them in intermeddling in the conservatorship of the south side of the river Tyne." About the end of the fourteenth century, the bishop obtained powers "to unload and load coals, merchandise, &c., without hindrance or molestation from the men of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Soon afterwards the corporation and the bishop had another dispute "concerning the right of wrecks and fishery in the Tyne." Throughout these contests the bishops showed themselves no less desirous of maintaining their privileges or supposed rights than the laymen. The general course of modern legislation has been to give increased power to the Corporation of Newcastle over the navigation of the Tyne. The jurisdiction now extends to high-water mark on both sides of the river, from the sea to some distance above Newcastle; the distance is annually surveyed, on Ascension-day, by the mayor and river-jury, in their barges.

The reader will, we trust, not look out for notices of anything very picturesque on the banks of the river, between Newcastle and Shields: he must throw his thoughts into another channel, in such a district as this. As we have before said, the whole line of shore from Newcastle to North Shields is speckled with collieries, iron-works, glass-works, pottery-works, chemical-works, &c. And the same may be said of the south shore, from Gateshead to South Shields. Gateshead possesses a hospital, whose history is traceable up to monastic times; and we may seek for matters of interest in such antiquarian details as these; or we may think affectionately of Gateshead as the town wherein Daniel Defoe lived, and wrote his never-dying 'Robinson Crusoe'—but it is of no avail; Gateshead *is* and *will be* a centre of work, bustle, noise, smoke, and dirt; and all other associations are speedily dissipated. Iron-works, brass-works, chain cable-works, glass-works, bottle-works, and chemical-works, lie on all sides of us. At Gateshead Fell are situated the great grindstone quarries, whence Newcastle derives her fame for 'Newcastle grindstones,' which are despatched to all corners of the globe.

At one part of the southern banks of the Tyne lie

Jarrow Colliery, Jarrow Village and Church, and Jarrow Slake. This Jarrow is remarkable both for its past and for its probable future. Jarrow is both a parish and a village: the parish was anciently a place of considerable importance. Here Benedict founded a monastery, which was completed in 685, and dedicated to St. Paul. It was some years afterwards consolidated with the monastery of Monkwearmouth, which was of rather earlier foundation than itself. The venerable Bede was born in Jarrow parish, and received the rudiments of his education in the monastery; he subsequently became an ecclesiastic, and spent his useful literary life within the monastery, where he died in 735. He was buried in a porch on the north side of the church; but nothing of the church now remains; and nothing of the monastery except a few short Saxon columns and tombs. The parishioners, however, still retain an ancient oaken chair which once belonged to Bede, and which now occupies a place of honour in the vestry of Jarrow church. Various remains have been found in and around Jarrow, which show that the Romans had buildings at this spot long before the time of Venerable Bede and his brother Saxons. At the present day Jarrow is very little more than a pitman's village, inhabited by the persons employed at an extensive colliery in the neighbourhood.

Jarrow is, however, remarkable for the bend or enlargement of the river at that spot; which enlargement, called Jarrow Slake, bids fair to be an important shipping-place in days not far distant. This Slake covers an area of four hundred and sixty acres of ground; it seems to have been a haven which has gradually choked up with sand and mud; and it is said that it once accommodated the navy of Egfrid, king of Northumberland, whose ships anchored in the Slake. Its form is nearly an oblong square, jutting out of the southern bank of the Tyne. In 1847 the York and Newcastle Railway Company—which had gradually formed itself into a vast undertaking, by absorbing under one head about a dozen different railways, and several docks and quays—obtained an Act for making docks on the side of Jarrow Slake. According to the terms of this Act, a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be spent on the docks. The company are empowered to make "docks, locks, quays, cuts, piers, warehouses, and storehouses." As it is at present, the Slake is of very little use to any one; but there can be no question that the formation of docks in such a spot will be highly advantageous to the commercial proceedings of the neighbourhood.

At the very mouth of the Tyne stand the three towns which look like sentinels, guarding the interests of the important river. These towns are South Shields, North Shields, and Tynemouth; the former on the south bank, and the two latter on the north. The two Shields face each other at the mouth of the river; while Tynemouth advances further east, hanging over the estuary of the river like a protruding upper lip, and shielding it from the northern blasts. If the shipping could possibly admit of such a thing, the two Shields certainly deserve a bridge of connection as much as any two similarly situated towns in England; for both of them are places of great trade, and much intercourse is maintained between them. But a bridge is out of the question where so many top-masts rear their heads, especially as the lowness of the banks do not admit of such a 'high-level' bridge as the one now constructing at Newcastle. In 1830 a 'North and South Shields Ferry Company' was established, to maintain communication across the river; but the monopoly of this one company has been found to restrict the amount of accommodation within too narrow limits; a new company was therefore established, in 1848, under the title of the 'Tyne Direct Ferry Company.' This new company is empowered to build steam ferry-boats, to establish various piers and stations on both sides of the river, and to sell the undertaking to the old company if terms can be agreed on.

South Shields is not a whit less than two miles in length. It has crept along the bank of the river year after year, and age after age, until it stretches nearly the whole distance from the sea to Jarrow Slake. Ship-building is carried on largely; and there are manufactories of glass and soap, breweries, roperies, &c.; but the main commerce of the town has relation to the coal trade: immense portions of the sea-borne coal being shipped off South Shields, either from the keels, or from the railways and staiths. The town has had a very rapid growth; for, at no very remote date, it consisted mainly of a few fishermen's huts, provincially termed *Shiels*, from which, with a slight alteration, the present name has been derived.

Crossing the Tyne to the northern shore, we find ourselves at North Shields, stretching itself, like its opposite neighbour, along the banks of the Tyne. Like South Shields, too, it has risen from a very humble beginning; for it is said to have been, a century ago, "a poor miserable place, containing scarcely a single house roofed even with tiles." There are manufactures of chemicals, tobacco, hats, gloves, &c; but the chief industry and commerce of the place of course relate to shipping and coals. The reason why North and South Shields have risen into importance is mainly because the Tyne is too shallow to admit the large vessels which now crowd the harbour. It is near the mouth of the Tyne, therefore, that the real harbour exists; and the shoals and rocks near the opening of the river render two or three lighthouses necessary for the safety of this harbour.

It is pleasant, however, to feel that, when we escape from North Shields and approach to the shores of the German Ocean at Tynemouth, we fairly reach open country: we leave smoke and factories behind, and meet with a spot where sea-bathers, pleasure-seekers, and antiquarian ramblers congregate. Its distance from Newcastle—about eight miles—renders it almost a suburb to the great town; and the easy, rapid, and frequent communication from the one to the other, gives to Newcastle almost the advantages of a sea-side town.

Tynemouth has a far more ancient history to boast of than either of the two Shields: it is the natural mouth of the Tyne—the others are commercial mouths. It occupies a sort of promontory, jutting out into the sea on the east, and forming the overhanging northern boundary to the mouth of the river. As a town, it consists mainly of one street, leading east and west, crossed by two smaller streets at right angles. The chief source of its present importance is the Prior's Haven, which, being sheltered by an amphitheatre of rocks, forms one of the best bathing-places on the eastern coast. Hence we have all the usual finery, and pleasantry, and liveliness of a watering-place—at least in the summer season; for we presume that Tynemouth is not especially lively in the seasons of snow and storms. There are many elevated spots from which views can be obtained of the surrounding country. In cut No. 8, we have a view of Shields as seen from Tynemouth; in cut No. 9, a view of the haven or bathing-bay, with the honorary column erected to the memory of Lord Collingwood; while, from all sides of the town, may be seen the venerable Priory (Cut No. 10), whose history carries us back through many centuries.

Tradition attributes the founding of this priory to St. Oswald, the first Christian king of Northumberland—although some authorities mention its foundation in connection with the name of King Egfrid. It is known, however, that St. Herebald was abbot here in the beginning of the eighth century. The priory was plundered by the Danes three several times, before and during the time of Ethelstan. Shortly after the Norman conquest, the priory was restored by one of the earls of Northumberland. In subsequent ages the priory enjoyed considerable wealth: no fewer than twenty-seven manors in Northumberland, with their royalties, and other valuable lands and tenements, having belonged to it.

The lofty position which the priory occupies, renders its ruins visible far out at sea. The fine old windows of the Priory Church present graceful examples of the early English style of pointed architecture; and the crumbling ruins around it show that the priory must have been a place of vast extent. It must be confessed, however, that the appropriation of a portion of the partially-restored ruin as a magazine for military stores, and of the old tower as a barrack—(for the site of the priory belongs to the crown, although the duke of Northumberland is lord of the manor of Tynemouth) — somewhat diminishes the antiquarian and picturesque interest attached to the ruins.

10.—TYNEMOUTH CASTLE.