A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794, vol. 2

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A JOURNEY MADE

IN THE SUMMER OF 1794,

THROUGH

HOLLAND

AND THE

WESTERN FRONTIER OF GERMANY,

WITH A

RETURN DOWN THE RHINE:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

OBSERVATIONS DURING A TOUR

TO

THE LAKES

OF

LANCASHIRE, WESTMORELAND, AND CUMBERLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

BY

ANN RADCLIFFE.

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A JOURNEY, &c.

FRIBURG

Is an antient Imperial city and the capital of the Brisgau. Its name alludes to the privileges granted to such cities; but its present condition, like that of many others, is a proof of the virtual discontinuance of the rights, by which the Sovereign intended to invite to one part of his dominions the advantages of commerce. Its appearance is that, which we have so often described; better than Cologne, and worse than Mentz; its size is about a third part of the latter city. On descending to it, the first distinct object is the spire of the great church, a remarkable structure, the stones of which are laid with open interstices, so that the light appears through its tapering sides. Of this sort of stone fillagree work there are said to be other specimens in Germany. The city was once strongly fortified, and has endured some celebrated sieges. In 1677, 1713, and 1745 it was taken by the French, who, in the latter year, destroyed all the fortifications, which had rendered it formidable, and left nothing but the present walls.

Being, however, a frontier place towards Switzerland, it is provided with a small Austrian garrison; and the business of

permitting, or preventing the passage of travellers into that country is entrusted to its officers. The malignity, or ignorance of one of these, called the Lieutenant de Place, prevented us from reaching it, after a journey of more than six hundred miles; a disappointment, which no person could bear without severe regret, but which was alloyed to us by the reports we daily heard of some approaching change in Switzerland unfavourable to England, and by a consciousness of the deduction which, in spite of all endeavours at abstraction, encroachments upon physical comfort and upon the assurance of peacefulness make from the disposition to enquiry, or fancy.

We had delivered at the gate the German passport, recommended to us by M. de Schwartzkoff, and which had been signed by the Commandant at Mentz; the man, who took it, promising to bring it properly attested to our inn. He returned without the passport, and, as we afterwards found, carried our voiturier to be examined by an officer. We endeavoured in vain to obtain an explanation, as to this delay and appearance of suspicion, till, at supper, the Lieutenant de Place announced himself, and presently shewed, that he was not come to offer apologies. This, man, an illiterate Piedmontese in the Austrian service, either believed, or affected to do so, that our name was not Radcliffe, but something like it, with a German termination, and that we were not English, but Germans. Neither my Lord Grenville's, or M. de Schwartzkoff's passports, our letters from London to families in Switzerland, nor one of credit from the Messrs. Hopes of Amsterdam to the Banking-house of Porta at

Lausanne, all of which he pretended to examine, could remove this discerning suspicion as to our country. While we were considering, as much as vexation would permit, what circumstance could have afforded a pretext for any part of this intrusion, it came out incidentally, that the confirmation given to our passport at Mentz, which we had never examined, expressed "returning to England," though the pass itself was for Basil, to which place we were upon our route.

Such a contradiction might certainly have justified some delay, if we had not been enabled to prove it accidental to the satisfaction of any person desirous of being right. The passport had been produced at Mentz, together with those of two English artists, then on their return from Rome, whom we had the pleasure to see at Franckfort. The Secretary inscribed all the passports alike of England, and M. de Lucadou, the Commandant, hastily signed ours, without observing the mistake, though he so well knew us to be upon the road to Switzerland, that he politely endeavoured to render us some service there. Our friends in Mentz being known to him, he desired us to accept an address from himself to M. de Wilde, Intendant of salt mines near Bec. We produced to Mr. Lieutenant this address, as a proof, that the Commandant both knew us, and where we were going; but it soon appeared, that, though the former might have honestly fallen into his suspicions at first, he had a malignant obstinacy in refusing to abandon them. He left us, with notice that we could not quit the town without receiving the Commandant's permission by his means; and it was with some terror, that we perceived ourselves to be so much in his

power, in a place where there was a pretext for military authority, and where the least expression of just indignation seemed to provoke a disposition for further injustice.

The only relief, which could be hinted to us, was to write to the Commandant at Mentz, who might re-testify his knowledge of our destination; yet, as an answer could not be received in less than eight days, and, as imagination suggested not only all the possible horrors of oppression, during that period, but all the contrivances, by which the malignant disposition we had already experienced, might even then be prevented from disappointment, we looked upon this resource as little better than the worst, and resolved in the morning to demand leave for an immediate return to Mentz.

There being then some witnesses to the application, the Lieutenant conducted himself with more propriety, and even proposed an introduction to the Commandant, to whom we could not before hear of any direct means of access; there being a possibility, he said, that a passage into Switzerland might be permitted. But the disgust of Austrian authority was now so complete, that we were not disposed to risk the mockery of an appeal. The Lieutenant expressed his readiness to allow our passage, if we should choose to return from Mentz with another passport; but we had no intention to be ever again in his power, and, assuring him that we should not return, left Friburg without the hope of penetrating through the experienced, and present difficulties of Germany, into the far-seen delights of Switzerland.

As those, who leave one home for another, think, in the first part of their journey, of the friends they have left, and, in the last, of those, to whom they are going; so we, in quitting the borders of Switzerland, thought only of that country; and, when we regained the eminence from whence the tops of its mountains had been so lately viewed with enthusiastic hope, all this delightful expectation occurred again to the mind, only to torture it with the certainty of our loss; but, as the distance from Switzerland increased, the attractions of home gathered strength, and the inconveniences of Germany, which had been so readily felt before, could scarcely be noticed when we knew them to lie in the road to England.

We passed Offenburg, on the first day of our return, and, travelling till midnight, as is customary in Germany during the summer, traversed the unusual space of fifty miles in fourteen hours. Soon after passing Appenweyer we overtook the rear-guard of the army, the advanced party of which we had met at that place three nights before. The troops were then quartered in the villages near the road, and their narrow waggons were sometimes drawn up on both sides of it. They had probably but lately separated, for there were parties of French ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to have taken the benefit of moon-light to be spectators, and some of the glow-worms, that had been numerous on the banks, now glittered very prettily in the hair of the former.

At Biel, a small town, which we reached about midnight, the street was rendered nearly impassable by military carriages, and we were surprised to find, that every room in the inn was not occupied by troops; but one must have been

very fastidious to have complained of any part of our reception here. As to lodging, though the apartment was as bare as is usual in Germany, there was the inscription of "Chambre de Monsieur" over the door, and on another near it "Chambre de Condé le Grand"; personages, who, it appeared, had once been accommodated there, for the honour of which the landlord chose to retain their inscriptions. Their meeting here was probably in 1791, soon after the departure of the former from France.

The second day's journey brought us again to Schwetzingen, from whence we hoped to have reached Manheim, that night; but the post horses were all out, and none others could be hired, the village being obliged to furnish a certain number for the carriage of stores to the Austrian army. Eighteen of these we had met, an hour before, drawing slowly in one waggon, laden with cannon balls. We stayed the following day at Manheim, and, on the next, reached Mentz, where our statement of the obstruction at Friburg excited less surprise than indignation, the want of agreement between the Austrian and Prussian officers being such, that the former, who are frequently persons of the lowest education, are said to neglect no opportunity of preying upon accidental mistakes in passports, or other business, committed by the Prussians. Before our departure we were, however, assured, that a proper representation of the affair had been sent by the first estaffette to the Commandant at Friburg.

Further intelligence of the course of affairs in Flanders, was now made known in Germany; and our regrets, relative

to Switzerland, were lessened by the apparent probability, that a return homeward might in a few months be rendered difficult by some still more unfortunate events to the allies. Several effects of the late reverses and symptoms of the general alarm were indeed already apparent at Mentz. Our inn was filled with refugees not only from Flanders, but from Liege, which the French had not then threatened. Some of the emigrants of the latter nation, in quitting the places where they had temporarily settled, abandoned their only means of livelihood, and several parties arrived in a state almost too distressful to be repeated. Ladies and children, who had passed the night in fields, came with so little property, and so little appearance of any, that they were refused admittance at many inns; for some others, it seemed, after resting a day or two, could offer only tears and lamentations, instead of payment. Our good landlord, Philip Bolz, relieved several, and others had a little charity from individuals; but, as far as we saw and heard, the Germans very seldom afforded them even the consolations of compassion and tender manners.

Mentz is the usual place of embarkment for a voyage down the Rhine, the celebrated scenery of whose banks we determined to view, as some compensation for the loss of Switzerland. We were also glad to escape a repetition of the fatigues of travel by land, now that these were to be attended with the uncertainties occasioned by any unusual influx of travellers upon the roads.

The business of supplying post-horses is here not the private undertaking of the innkeepers; so that the emulation and civility, which might be excited by their views of profit,

are entirely wanting. The Prince de la Tour Taxis is the Hereditary Grand Post-master of the Empire, an office, which has raised his family from the station of private Counts, to a seat in the College of Princes. He has a monopoly of the profits arising from this concern, for which he is obliged to forward all the Imperial packets gratis. A settled number of horses and a post-master are kept at every stage; where the arms of the Prince, and some line entreating a blessing upon the post, distinguish the door of his office. The post-master determines, according to the number of travellers and the quantity of baggage, how many horses must be hired; three persons cannot be allowed to proceed with less than three horses, and he will generally endeavour to send out as many horses as there are persons.

The price for each horse was established at one florin, or twenty pence per post, but, on account of the war, a florin and an half is now paid; half a florin is also due for the carriage; and the postillion is entitled to a trinkgeld, or drink-money, of another half florin; but, unless he is promised more than this at the beginning of the stage, he will proceed only at the regulated pace of four hours for each post, which may be reckoned at ten or twelve English miles. We soon learned the way of quickening him, and, in the Palatinate and the Brisgau, where the roads are good, could proceed nearly as fast as we wished, amounting to about five miles an hour.

If the post-master supplies a carriage, he demands half a florin per stage for it; but the whole expence of a chaise and two horses, including the tolls and the *trinkgeld*, which word the postillions accommodate to English ears by pronouncing

it *drinkhealth*, does not exceed eight pence per mile. We are, however, to caution all persons against supposing, as we did, that the chaises of the post must be proper ones, and that the necessity of buying a carriage, which may be urged to them, is merely that of shew; these chaises are more inconvenient and filthy, than any travelling carriage, seen in England, can give an idea of, and a stranger should not enter Germany, before he has purchased a carriage, which will probably cost twenty pounds in Holland and sell for fifteen, at his return. Having neglected this, we escaped from the *chaises de poste* as often as possible, by hiring those of voituriers, whose price is about half as much again as that of the post.

The regular drivers wear a sort of uniform, consisting of a yellow coat, with black cuffs and cape, a small bugle horn, slung over the shoulders, and a yellow sash. At the entrance of towns and narrow passes, they sometimes sound the horn, playing upon it a perfect and not unpleasant tune, the music of their order. All other carriages give way to theirs, and persons travelling with them are considered to be under the protection of the Empire; so that, if they were robbed, information would be forwarded from one post-house to another throughout all Germany, and it would become a common cause to detect the aggressors. On this account, and because there can be no concealment in a country so little populous, highway robberies are almost unknown in it, and the fear of them is never mentioned. The Germans, who, in summer, travel chiefly by night, are seldom armed, and are so far from thinking even watchfulness necessary, that most of their carriages, though open in front, during the day-time,

are contrived with curtains and benches, in order to promote rest. The post-masters also assure you, that, if there were robbers, they would content themselves with attacking private voituriers, without violating the sacredness of the post; and the security of the postillions is so strictly attended to, that no man dare strike them, while they have the yellow coat on. In disputes with their passengers they have, therefore, sometimes been known to put off this coat, in order to shew, that they do not claim the extraordinary protection of the laws.

These postillions acknowledge no obligation to travellers, who usually give double what can be demanded, and seem to consider them only as so many bales of goods, which they are under a contract with the post-master to deliver at a certain place and within a certain time. Knowing, that their slowness, if there is no addition to their *trinkgeld*, is of itself sufficient to compel some gratuity, they do not depart from the German luxury of incivility, and frequently return no answer, when they are questioned, as to distance, or desired to call the servant of an inn, or to quit the worst part of a road. When you tell them, that they shall have a good *drinkhealth* for speed, they reply, "Yaw, yaw;" and, after that, think it unnecessary to reply to any enquiry till they ask you for the money at the end of a stage. They are all provided with tobacco boxes and combustible bark, on which they stop to strike with a flint and steel, immediately after leaving their town; in the hottest day and on the most dusty road, they will begin to smoke, though every whiff flies into the

faces of the passengers behind; and it must be some very positive interference, that prevents them from continuing it.

As long as there are horses not engaged at any post-house, the people are bound to supply travellers, within half an hour after their arrival; but all the German Princes and many of their Ministers are permitted to engage the whole stock on the road they intend to pass; and it frequently happens, that individuals may be detained a day, or even two, by such an order, if there should be no voiturier to furnish them with others. At Cologne and Bonn, when we were first there, all the horses were ordered for the Emperor, who passed through, however, with only one carriage, accompanied by an Aide-de-camp and followed by two servants, on horseback. It happens also frequently, that a sudden throng of private travellers has employed the whole stock of the post-masters; and the present emigrations from Liege and Juliers, we were assured, had filled the roads so much, that we might be frequently detained in small towns, and should find even the best overwhelmed with crowds of fugitives.

During a stay of five days at Mentz, we often wandered amidst the ruins of the late siege, especially on the site of the Favorita, from whence the majestic Rhine is seen rolling from one chain of mountains to another. Near this spot, and not less fortunately situated, stood a Carthusian convent, known in English history for having been the head-quarters of George the Second, in the year 1743, soon after the battle of Dettingen. The apartments, used by this monarch, were preserved in the state, in which he left them, till a short time

before the late siege, when the whole building was demolished, so that scarcely a trace of it now remains.

By our enquiries for a passage vessel we discovered the unpleasant truth, that the dread of another invasion began now to be felt at Mentz, where, a fortnight before, not a symptom of it was discernible. Several of the inhabitants had hired boats to be in readiness for transporting their effects to Franckfort, if the French should approach much nearer to the Rhine; and our friends, when we mentioned the circumstance, confessed, that they were preparing for a removal to Saxony. The state of the arsenal had been lately enquired into, and a deficiency, which was whispered to have been discovered in the gunpowder, was imputed to the want of cordiality between the Austrians and Prussians, of whom the latter, being uncertain that they should stay in the place, had refused to replenish the stores, at their own expence, and the former would not spare their ammunition, till the departure of the Prussians should leave it to be guarded by themselves. The communication with the other shore of the Rhine, by the bridge and the fortifications of Cassel, secured, however, to a German garrison the opportunity of receiving supplies, even if the French should occupy all the western bank of the river.

VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE.

The boats, to be hired at Mentz, are awkward imitations of the Dutch trechtschuyts, or what, upon the Thames, would be called House-boats; but, for the sake of being allowed to dispose of one as the varieties of the voyage should seem to tempt, we gave four louis for the use of a cabin, between Mentz and Cologne; the boatmen being permitted to take passengers in the other part of the vessel. In this we embarked at six o'clock, on a delightful morning in the latter end of July, and, as we left the shore, had leisure to observe the city in a new point of view, the most picturesque we had seen. Its principal features were the high quays called the Rheinstrasse, the castellated palace, with its gothic turrets, of pale red stone, the arsenal, the lofty ramparts, far extended along the river, and the northern gate; the long bridge of boats completed the fore-ground, and some forest hills the picture.

We soon passed the wooded island, called *Peters-au*, of so much consequence, during the siege, for its command of the bridge; and, approaching the mountains of the Rheingau to the north, the most sublime in this horizon, saw their summits veiled in clouds, while the sun soon melted the mists, that dimmed their lower sides, and brought out their various colouring of wood, corn and soils. It was, however, nearly two hours before the windings of the Rhine permitted us to reach any of their bases. Meanwhile the river flowed through highly cultivated plains, chiefly of corn, with villages thickly scattered on its banks, in which are the country houses of the richer inhabitants of Mentz, among pleasant orchards and vineyards. Those on the right bank are

in the dominions of the Prince of Nassau Usingen, who has a large chateau in the midst of them, once tenanted, for a night, by George the Second, and the Duke of Cumberland.

The Rhine is here, and for several leagues downward, of a very noble breadth, perhaps wider than in any other part of its German course; and its surface is animated by many islands covered with poplars and low wood. The western shore, often fringed with pine and elms, is flat; but the eastern begins to swell into hillocks near Wallauf, the last village of Nassau Usingen, and once somewhat fortified.

Here the *Rheingau*, or the country of the vines, commences, and we approached the northern mountains, which rise on the right in fine sweeping undulations. These increased in dignity as we advanced, and their summits then appeared to be darkened with heath and woods, which form part of the extensive forest of *Landeswald*, or, *Woodland*. Hitherto the scenery had been open and pleasant only, but now the eastern shore began to be romantic, starting into heights, so abrupt, that the vineyards almost overhung the river, and opening to forest glens, among the mountains. Still, however, towns and villages perpetually occurred, and the banks of the river were populous, though not a vessel besides our own appeared upon it.

On the eastern margin are two small towns, Ober- and Nieder-Ingelheim, which, in the midst of the dominions of Mentz, belong to the Elector Palatine. On this shore also is made one of the celebrated wines of the Rhine, called Markerbrunner, which ranks next to those of Johannesberg

and Hockheim. At no great distance on the same shore, but beneath a bank somewhat more abrupt, is the former of these places, alienated in the sixteenth century from the dominions of Mentz, to those of the Abbot, now Prince Bishop of Fulde.

The wine of the neighbouring steeps is the highest priced of all the numerous sorts of Rhenish; a bottle selling upon the spot, where it is least likely to be pure, for three, four, or five shillings, according to the vintages, the merits and distinctions of which are in the memory of almost every German. That of 1786 was the most celebrated since 1779; but we continually heard that the heat of 1794 would render this year equal in fame to any of the others.

Behind the village is the large and well-built abbey of Johannesberg, rich with all this produce, for the security of which there are immense cellars, cut in the rock below, said to be capable of containing several thousand tons of wine. The abbey was founded in 1105; and there is a long history of changes pertaining to it, till it came into the possession of the Abbot of Fulde, who rebuilt it in its present state. This part of the Rheingau is, indeed, thickly set with similar edifices, having, in a short space, the nunnery of Marienthal, and the monasteries of Nothgottes, Aulenhausen, and Eibingen.

Further on is the large modern chateau of Count Ostein, a nobleman of great wealth, and, as it appears, of not less taste. Having disposed all his nearer grounds in a style for the most part English, he has had recourse to the ridge of precipices, that rise over the river, for sublimity and grandeur of

prospect. On the brink of these woody heights, several pavilions have been erected, from the most conspicuous of which Coblentz, it is said, may be distinguished, at the distance of forty miles. The view must be astonishingly grand, for to the south-east the eye overlooks all the fine country of the Rheingau to Mentz; to the west, the course of the Moselle towards France; and, to the north, the chaos of wild mountains, that screen the Rhine in its progress to Coblentz.

So general was the alarm of invasion, that Count Ostein had already withdrawn into the interior of Germany, and was endeavouring to dispose of this charming residence, partly protected as it is by the river, at the very disadvantageous price now paid for estates on the western frontier of the Empire.

The vineyards, that succeed, are proofs of the industry and skill to which the Germans are accustomed in this part of their labours, the scanty soil being prevented from falling down the almost perpendicular rocks, by walls that frequently require some new toil from the careful farmer. Every addition, made to the mould, must be carried in baskets up the steep paths, or rather stair-cases, cut in the solid rock. At the time of the vintage, when these precipices are thronged with people, and the sounds of merriment are echoed along them, the spectacle must here be as striking and gay as can be painted by fancy.

BINGEN.

About eleven o'clock, we reached Bingen, a town of which the antiquity is so clear, that one of its gates is still called Drusithor, or, the gate of Drusus. Its appearance, however, is neither rendered venerable by age, or neat by novelty. The present buildings were all raised in the distress and confusion produced in 1689, after Louis the Fourteenth had blown up the fortifications, that endured a tedious siege in the beginning of the century, and had destroyed the city, in which Drusus is said to have died.

It has now the appearance, which we have often mentioned is characteristic of most German towns, nearly every house being covered with symptoms of decay and neglect, and the streets abandoned to a few idle passengers. Yet Bingen has the advantage of standing at the conflux of two rivers, the Nahe making there its junction with the Rhine; and an antient German book mentions it as the central place of an hundred villages, or chateaux, the inhabitants of which might come to its market and return between sun-rise and sun-set.

Since the revolution in France, it has occasionally been much the residence of emigrants; and, in a plain behind the town, which was pointed out to us, the King of Prussia reviewed their army before the entrance into France in 1792. A part of his speech was repeated to us by a gentleman who bore a high commission in it; "Gentlemen, be tranquil and happy; in a little time I shall conduct you to your homes and your property."

Our companion, as he remembered the hopes excited by this speech, was deeply affected; an emigrant officer, of whom, as well as of an Ex-Nobleman of the same nation, with the latter of whom we parted here, we must pause to say, that had the old system in France, oppressive as it was, and injurious as Englishmen were once justly taught to believe it, been universally administered by men of their mildness, integrity and benevolence, it could not have been entirely overthrown by all the theories, or all the eloquence in the world.

Soon after this review, the march commenced; the general effect of which it is unnecessary to repeat. When the retreat was ordered, the emigrant army, comprising seventy squadrons of cavalry, was declared by the King of Prussia to be disbanded, and not any person was allowed to retain an horse, or arms. No other purchasers were present but the Prussians, and, in consequence of this order, the finest horses, many of which had cost forty louis each, were now sold for four or five, some even for one! It resulted accidentally, no doubt, from this measure, that the Prussian army was thus reprovided with horses almost as cheaply as if they had seized them from Dumourier.

Bingen was taken by the French in the latter end of the campaign of 1792, and was then nearly the northernmost of their posts on the Rhine. It was regained by the Prussians in their advances to Mentz, at the commencement of the next campaign, and has since occasionally served them as a depôt of stores.

This town, seated on the low western margin, surrounded with its old walls, and overtopped by its ruined castle, harmonizes well with the gloomy grandeur near it; and here the aspect of the country changes to a character awfully wild. The Rhine, after expanding to a great breadth, at its conflux with the Nahe, suddenly contracts itself, and winds with an abrupt and rapid sweep among the dark and tremendous rocks, that close the perspective. Then, disappearing beyond them, it leaves the imagination to paint the dangers of its course. Near the entrance of this close pass, stands the town of Bingen, immediately opposite to which appear the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels, on a cliff highly elevated above the water, broken, craggy and impending, but with vines crawling in narrow crevices, and other rocks still aspiring above it. On an island between these shores, is a third ruined castle, very antient, and of which little more than one tower remains. This is called Mausthurm, or, The Tower of the Rats, from a marvellous tradition, that, in the tenth century, an Archbishop Statto was devoured there by these animals, after many cruelties to the poor, whom he called Rats, that eat the bread of the rich.

EHRENFELS.

Ehrenfels is synonymous to Majestic, or Noble Rock; and Fels, which is the present term for rock in all the northern counties of England, as well as in Germany, is among several instances of exact similarity, as there are many of

resemblance, between the present British and German languages. A German of the southern districts, meaning to enquire what you would have, says, "*Was woll zu haben?*" and in the north there is a sort of Patois, called *Plat Deutsche*, which brings the words much nearer to our own. In both parts the accent, or rather tone, is that, which prevails in Scotland and the adjoining counties of England. To express a temperate approbation of what they hear, the Germans say, "So—so;" pronouncing the words slowly and long; exactly as our brethren of Scotland would. In a printed narrative of the siege of Mentz there is this passage,

> "*Funfzehn hundert menschen, meistens weiber und kinder ... wanderten mit dem bundel under dem arm uber die brucke*;"—

Fifteen hundred persons, mostly wives and children, wandered, with their bundles under their arms, upon the bridge. So permanent has been the influence over our language, which the Saxons acquired by their establishment of more than five centuries amongst us; exiling the antient British tongue to the mountains of Scotland and Wales; and afterwards, when incorporated with this, resisting the persecution of the Normans; rather improving than yielding under their endeavours to extirpate it. The injuries of the Bishop of Winchester, who, in Henry the Second's time, was deprived of his fee for being "*an English ideot, that could not speak French*," one would fondly imagine had the effect due to all persecutions, that of strengthening, not subduing their objects.

After parting with some of the friends, who had accompanied us from Mentz, and taking in provision for the voyage, our oars were again plyed, and we approached Bingerloch, the commencement of that tremendous pass of rocky mountains, which enclose the Rhine nearly as far as Coblentz. Bingerloch is one of the most dangerous parts of the river; that, being here at once impelled by the waters of the Nahe, compressed by the projection of its boundaries, and irritated by hidden rocks in its current, makes an abrupt descent, frequently rendered further dangerous by whirlpools. Several German authors assert, that a part of the Rhine here takes a channel beneath its general bed, from which it does not issue, till it reaches St. Goar, a distance of probably twenty miles. The force and rapidity of the stream, the aspect of the dark disjointed cliffs, under which we passed, and the strength of the wind, opposing our entrance among their chasms, and uniting with the sounding force of the waters to baffle the dexterity of the boatmen, who struggled hard to prevent the vessel from being whirled round, were circumstances of the true sublime, inspiring terror in some and admiration in a high degree.

Reviewing this now, in the leisure of recollection, these nervous lines of Thomson appear to describe much of the scene:

> The rous'd up river pours along;
> Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
> From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
> Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far,
> … … … … again constrain'd

Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Having doubled the sharp promontory, that alters the course of the river, we saw in perspective sometimes perpendicular rocks, and then mountains dark with dwarf-woods, shooting their precipices over the margin of the water; a boundary which, for many leagues, was not broken, on either margin, except where, by some slight receding, the rocks embosomed villages, lying on the edge of the river, and once guarded them by the antient castles on their points. A stormy day, with frequent showers, obscured the scenery, making it appear dreary, without increasing its gloomy grandeur; but we had leisure to observe every venerable ruin, that seemed to tell the religious, or military history of the country. The first of these beyond Bingen, is the old castle of Bauzberg, and, next, the church of St. Clement, built in a place once greatly infested by robbers. There are then the modern castle of Konigstein, in which the French were besieged in 1793, and the remains of the old one, deserted for more than two hundred years. Opposite to these is the village of Assmans, or Hasemanshausen, celebrated for the flavour of its wines; and near them was formerly a warm bath, supplied by a spring, now lost from its source to the Rhine, notwithstanding many expensive searches to regain it. About a mile farther, is the antient castle of Falkenburg, and below it the village of Drechsen; then the ruins of an extensive chateau, called Sonneck, beneath which the Rhine expands,

and encircles two small islands, that conclude the district of the Rheingau.

After passing the small town of Lorrich, on the eastern bank, the Rhine is again straightened by rocky precipices, and rolls hastily past the antient castle of Furstenberg, which gives its name to one of the dearest wines of the Rhine.

We now reached Bacharach, a town on the left bank of the river, forming part of the widely scattered dominions of the Elector Palatine, who has attended to its prosperity by permitting the Calvinists and Lutherans to establish their forms of worship there, under equal privileges with the Roman Catholics.

It has a considerable commerce in Rhenish wine; and its toll-house, near which all vessels are compelled to stop, adds considerably to the revenues of the Palatinate. For the purpose of enforcing these, the antient castle called Stahleck, founded in 1190, was probably built; for Bacharach is the oldest town of the Palatinate, and has scarcely any history between the period when it was annexed to that dominion and the departure of the Romans, who are supposed to have given it the name of *Bacchi ara*, and to have performed some ceremonies to that deity upon a stone, said to be still concealed in the Rhine. In the year 1654, 1695, 1719, and 1750, when the river was remarkably low, this stone is recorded to have been seen near the opposite island of Worth, and the country people have given it the name of the *Aelterstein*. As this extreme lowness of the waters never happens but in the hottest years, the sight of the Aelterstein is

earnestly desired, as the symptom of a prosperous vintage. The river was unusually low when we passed the island, but we looked in vain for this stone, which is said to be so large, that five-and-twenty persons may stand upon its surface.

Bacharach is in the list of places, ruined by Louis the Fourteenth in 1689. The whole town was then so carefully and methodically plundered that the French commander, during the last night of his stay, had nothing to sleep on but straw; and, the next day, this bedding was employed in assisting to set fire to the town, which was presently reduced to ashes.

PFALTZ.

About a mile lower is the island of Pfaltz, or Pfalzgrafenstein, a place of such antient importance in the history of the Palatinate, that it has given its name to the whole territory in Germany called Pfaltz. It was probably the first residence of the Counts, the peaceable possession of which was one means of attesting the right to the Palatinate; for, as a sign of such possession, it was antiently necessary, that the heir apparent should be born in a castle, which still subsists in a repaired state upon it. This melancholy fortress is now provided with a garrison of invalids, who are chiefly employed in guarding state prisoners, and in giving notice to the neighbouring toll-house of Kaub, of the approach of vessels on the Rhine. Being much smaller than is suitable to

the value placed upon it, it is secured from surprise by having no entrance, except by a ladder, which is drawn up at night.

KAUB.

Kaub, a Palatine town on the right bank of the river, is also fortified, and claims a toll upon the Rhine, notwithstanding its neighbourhood to Bacharach; an oppression, of which the expence is almost the least inconvenience, for the toll-gatherers do not come to the boats, but demand, that each should stop, while one at least of the crew goes on shore, and tells the number of his passengers, who are also sometimes required to appear. The officers do not even think it necessary to wait at home for this information, and our boatmen had frequently to search for them throughout the towns. So familiar, however, is this injustice, that it never appeared to excite surprise, or anger. The boatman dares not proceed till he has found and satisfied the officers; nor has he any means of compelling them to be punctual. Ours was astonished when we enquired, whether the merchants, to whom such delays might be important, could not have redress for them.

The stay we made at Kaub enabled us, however, to perceive that fine slate made a considerable part of its traffic.

The Rhine, at Bacharach and Kaub, is of great breadth; and the dark mountains, that ascend from its margin, form a grand vista, with antient chateaux still appearing on the heights, and frequent villages edging the stream, or studded among the cliffs.

Though the district of the Rheingau, the vines of which are the most celebrated, terminated some miles past, the vineyards are scarcely less abundant here, covering the lower rocks of the mountains, and creeping along the fractures of their upper crags. These, however, sometimes exhibit huge projecting masses and walls of granite, so entire and perpendicular, that not an handful of soil can lodge for the nourishment of any plant. They lie in vast oblique strata; and, as in the valley of Andernach, the angles of the promontories on one shore of the river frequently correspond with the recesses on the other.

OBERWESEL

Is another town, supported by the manufacture and trade of wines, which are, however, here shared by too many places to bestow much wealth singly upon any. Wine is also so important a production, that all the Germans have some degree of connoisseurship in it, and can distinguish its quantities and value so readily, that the advantage of dealing in it cannot be great, except to those, who supply foreign countries. The merits of the different vineyards form a

frequent topic of conversation, and almost every person has his own scale of their rank; running over with familiar fluency the uncouth names of Johannesberg, Ammanshausen, Hauptberg, Fuldische Schossberg, Rudesheim, Hockheim, Rodtland, Hinterhauser, Markerbrunner, Grafenberg, Laubenheim, Bischeim, Nierstein, Harscheim and Kapellgarren; all celebrated vineyards in the Rheingau. The growth and manufacture of these wines are treated of in many books, from one of which we translate an account, that seems to be the most comprehensive and simple.

Of the Rhenish Vineyards and Wines.

The strongest and, as they are termed, fullest-bodied wines, those, of course, which are best for keeping, are produced upon mountains of a cold and strong soil; the most brisk and spirited on a warm and gravelly situation. Those produced near the middle of an ascent are esteemed the most wholesome, the soil being there sufficiently watered, without becoming too moist; and, on this account, the vineyards of Hockheim are more esteemed than some, whose produce is better flavoured; on the contrary, those at the feet of hills are thought so unwholesome, on account of their extreme humidity, that the wine is directed to be kept for several years, before it is brought to table. The finest flavour is communicated by soils either argillaceous, or marly. Of this sort is a mountain near Bacharach, the wines of which are said to have a Muscadine flavour and to be so highly valued, that an Emperor, in the fourteenth century, demanded four

large barrels of them, instead of 10,000 florins, which the city of Nuremberg would have paid for its privileges.

A vineyard, newly manured, produces a strong, spirited and well flavoured, but usually an unwholesome wine; because the manure contains a corrosive salt and a fat sulphur, which, being dissolved, pass with the juices of the earth into the vines. A manure, consisting of street mud, old earth, the ruins of houses well broken, and whatever has been much exposed to the elements, is, however, laid on, once in five or six years, between the vintage and winter.

The sorts of vines, cultivated in the *Rheingau*, are the low ones, called the *Reistinge*, which are the most common and ripen the first; those of *Klebroth*, or red Burgundy, the wine of which is nearly purple; of Orleans and of Lambert; and lastly the tall vine, raised against houses, or supported by bowers in gardens. The wines of the two first classes are wholesome; those of the latter are reputed dangerous, or, at least, unfit to be preserved.

The vintagers do not pluck the branches by hand, but carefully cut them, that the grapes may not fall off; in the Rheingau and about Worms the cultivators afterwards bruise them with clubs, but those of Franckfort with their feet; after which the grapes are carried to the press, and the wine flows from them by wooden pipes into barrels in the cellar. That, which flows upon the first pressure, is the most delicately flavoured, but the weakest; the next is strongest and most brisk; the third is sour; but the mixture of all forms a good wine. The skins are sometimes pressed a fourth time, and a

bad brandy is obtained from the fermented juice; lastly, in the scarcity of pasturage in this part of Germany, they are given for food to oxen, but not to cows, their heat being destructive of milk.

To these particulars it may be useful to add, that one of the surest proofs of the purity of Rhenish is the quick rising and disappearance of the froth, on pouring it into a glass: when the beads are formed slowly and remain long, the wine is mixed and factitious.

OBERWESEL.

The account of which has been interrupted by this digression, is the first town of the Electorate of Treves, on this side, to which it has belonged since 1312, when its freedom as an imperial city, granted by the Emperor, Frederic the Second, was perfidiously seized by Henry the Seventh, and the town given to him by his brother Baldwin, the then Elector. The new Sovereign enriched it with a fine collegiate church, which still dignifies the shore of the river. If he used any other endeavours to make the prosperity of the place survive its liberties, they appear to have failed; for Oberwesel now resembles the other towns of the Electorate, except that the great number of towers and steeples tell what it was before its declension into that territory. The Town-house, rendered unnecessary by the power of Baldwin, does not exist to insult the inhabitants with the memory of its

former use; but is in ruins, and thus serves for an emblem of the effects, produced by the change.

Between Oberwesel and St. Goar, the river is of extraordinary breadth, and the majestic mountains are covered with forests, which leave space for little more than a road between their feet and the water. A group of peasants, with baskets on their heads, appeared now and then along the winding path, and their diminutive figures, as they passed under the cliffs, seemed to make the heights shew more tremendous. When they disappeared for a moment in the copses, their voices, echoing with several repetitions among the rocks, were heard at intervals, and with good effect, as our oars were suspended.

Soon after passing the island of Sand, we had a perspective view of St. Goar, of the strong fortress of Rhinfels, on the rocks beyond, and of the small fortified town of Goarhausen, on the opposite bank. The mountains now become still more stupendous, and many rivulets, or *becks*, which latter is a German, as well as an English term, descend from them into the river, on either hand, some of which, in a season less dry than the present, roar with angry torrents. But the extreme violence, with which the Rhine passes in this district, left us less leisure than in others to observe its scenery.

ST. GOAR.

We soon reached St. Goar, lying at the feet of rocks on the western shore, with its ramparts and fortifications spreading far along the water, and mounting in several lines among the surrounding cliffs, so as to have a very striking and romantic appearance. The Rhine no where, perhaps, presents grander objects either of nature, or of art, than in the northern perspective from St. Goar. There, expanding with a bold sweep, the river exhibits, at one coup d'œil, on its mountainous shores, six fortresses or towns, many of them placed in the most wild and tremendous situations; their antient and gloomy structures giving ideas of the sullen tyranny of former times. The height and fantastic shapes of the rocks, upon which they are perched, or by which they are overhung, and the width and rapidity of the river, that, unchanged by the vicissitudes of ages and the contentions on its shores, has rolled at their feet, while generations, that made its mountains roar, have passed away into the silence of eternity,—these were objects, which, combined, formed one of the sublimest scenes we had viewed.

The chief of the fortresses is that of Rhinfels, impending over St. Goar, on the west shore, its high round tower rising above massy buildings, that crown two rocks, of such enormous bulk and threatening power, that, as we glided under them, it was necessary to remember their fixed foundations, to soften the awe they inspired. Other fortifications extend down the precipices, and margin the river, at their base. Further on in the perspective, and where the east bank of the Rhine makes its boldest sweep, is the very striking and singular castle of Platz, a cluster of towers,

overtopped by one of immense height, that, perched upon the summit of a pyramidal rock, seems ready to precipitate itself into the water below. Wherever the cliffs beneath will admit of a footing, the sharp angles of fortifications appear.

On another rock, still further in the perspective, is the castle of Thumberg, and, at its foot, on the edge of the water, the walled tower of Welmick. Here the Rhine winds from the eye among heights, that close the scene.

Nearly opposite to St. Goar, is Goarshausen, behind which the rocks rise so suddenly, as scarcely to leave space for the town to lie between them and the river. A flying bridge maintains a communication between the two places, which, as well as the fortress of Rhinfels, are under the dominion of the Prince of Hesse Cassel.

The number of fortresses here, over which Rhinfels is in every respect paramount, seem to be the less necessary, because the river itself, suddenly swoln by many streams and vexed by hidden rocks, is a sort of natural fortification to both shores, a very little resistance from either of which must render it impassable. Whether the water has a subterraneous passage from Bingen hither or not,—there are occasionally agitations in this part, which confound the skill of naturalists; and the river is universally allowed to have a fall. Near St. Goar, a sudden gust of wind, assisted by the current, rendered our boat so unmanageable, that, in spite of its heaviness and of all the efforts of the watermen, it was whirled round, and nearly forced upon the opposite bank to that, on which they would have directed it.

St. Goar is a place of great antiquity. A dispute about the etymology of its name is remarkable for the ludicrous contrariety of the two opinions. One author maintains, that it is derived from an hermit named Goar, who, in the sixth century, built a small chapel here. Another supposes that Gewerb, the name of a neighbouring fall in the Rhine, has been corrupted to Gewer, and thence to Goar; after which, considering that there is an island called *Sand* in the river, and that a great quantity of that material is hereabouts thrown up, he finds the two words combine very satisfactorily into a likeness of the present denomination. The former opinion is, however, promoted by this circumstance, which the advocates of the latter may complain of as a partiality, that a statue of St. Goar is actually to be seen in the great church, founded in 1440; and that, notwithstanding the robberies and violences committed in the church by a Spanish army, the following inscription is still entire:

S. GOAR
MONACHUS GALLUS
OBIIT 611.

St. Goar is one of the largest places we had yet passed, and has a considerable share of the commerce carried on by the Rhine. Having in time of war a numerous garrison, and being a little resorted to on account of its romantic situation, it has an air of somewhat more animation than might be expected, mingling with the gloom of its walls, and the appearance of decay, which it has in common with other German towns. We were here required to pay the fifth toll from Mentz, and were visited by a Hessian serjeant, who demanded, that our names

and condition should be written in his book. These being given, not in the Saxon, but the Roman character, he returned to require another edition of them in German; so that his officer was probably unable to read any other language, or characters. This being complied with, it seemed, that the noble garrison of St. Goar had no further fears concerning us, and we were not troubled by more of the precautions used,

"Lest foul invasion in disguise approach."

The fortress of Rhinfels, which commands St. Goar, is frequently mentioned in the histories of German wars. In the year 1255 it endured forty assaults of an army, combined from sixty towns on the Rhine. In 1692, the French General Tallard besieged it in vain, retreating with the loss of four thousand men, and nearly two hundred officers; but, in 1758, the Marquis de Castries surprised it with so much ingenuity and vigour, that not a life was lost, and it remained in possession of the French till 1763, when it was restored by the treaty of peace.

BOPPART.

We next reached the dismal old town of Boppart, once an imperial city, still surrounded with venerable walls, and dignified by the fine Benedictine nunnery and abbey of Marienberg, perched upon a mountain above; an institution founded in the eleventh century, for the benefit of noble

families only, and enriched by the donations of several Emperors and Electors. Boppart, like many other towns, is built on the margin of the Rhine, whence it spreads up the rocks, that almost impend over the water, on which the clustered houses are scarcely distinguishable from the cliffs themselves. Besides the Benedictine abbey, here is a convent of Carmelites, and another of Franciscans; and the spot is such as suited well the superstition of former times, for

> —"O'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves,
> Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
> Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
> Deepens the murmur of the sailing floods,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods."

The river, expanding into a vast bay, seems nearly surrounded by mountains, that assume all shapes, as they aspire above each other; shooting into cliffs of naked rock, which impend over the water, or, covered with forests, retiring in multiplied steeps into regions whither fancy only can follow. At their base, a few miserable cabins, and half-famished vineyards, are all, that diversify the savageness of the scene. Here two Capuchins, belonging probably to the convent above, as they walked along the shore, beneath the dark cliffs of Boppart, wrapt in the long black drapery of their order, and their heads shrowded in cowls, that half concealed their faces, were interesting figures in a picture, always gloomily sublime.

Place of Antient Elections.

Passing the town of Braubach and the majestic castle of Marksberg, which we had long observed, above the windings of the stream, on a steep mountain, we came to Rense, a small town, remarkable only for its neighbourhood to a spot, on which the elections of kings of the Romans, or, at least, the meetings preliminary to them, are believed to have antiently taken place. This is distinguished at present by the remains of a low octagonal building, open at top, and accessible beneath by eight arches, in one of which is a flight of steps. Within, is a stone bench, supposed to be formed for the Electors, who might ascend to it by these steps. In the centre of the pavement below is a thick pillar, the use of which, whether as a tribune for the new king, or as a table for receiving the attestations of the electors, is not exactly known. That the building itself, now called Koningstuhl, or King's Throne, was used for some purposes of election, appears from several German historians, who mention meetings there in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and impute them to antient customs.

Intermixture of German Territories.

Nearly opposite to *Rense* is the small town of *Oberlahnstein*, which belongs to the Elector of Mentz,

though separated from his other dominions by those of several Princes. To such intersections of one territory with another the individual weakness of the German Princes is partly owing; while their collected body has not only necessarily the infirmities of each of its members, but is enfeebled by the counteraction arising from an arrangement, which brings persons together to decide a question, according to a common interest, who are always likely to have an individual one of more importance to each than his share in the general concern.

The banks of the Rhine afford many instances of this disjunction of territory. The Elector of Cologne has a town to the southward of nearly all the dominions of Treves; the Elector Palatine, whose possessions on the east bank of the Rhine are intersected by those of five or six other Princes, crosses the river to occupy some towns between the Electorates of Mentz and Treves; the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel does the same to his fortress of Rhinfels; and the Elector of Mentz, in return, has a strip of land and his chief country residence, between the dominions of the two houses of Hesse.

That this intermixture of territory exists, without producing domestic violences, is, however, obviously a proof, that the present state of the Germanic body, weak as it may be, with respect to foreign interests, is well formed for the preservation of interior peace. The aggrandizement of the Houses of Austria and Prussia, which has been supposed dangerous to the constitution of the Empire, tends considerably to secure its domestic tranquillity, though it

diminishes the independence of the lesser Sovereigns; for the interests of the latter are known to be ranged on one, or the other side; and, as the House, to which each is attached, is likely to interfere, upon any aggression against them, the weaker Princes are with-held from contests among themselves, which would be accompanied by wars, so very extensive and so disproportionate to their causes.

Nor is the Chamber of Wetzlaar, or the Court for deciding the causes of Princes, as well as all questions relative to the constitution, to be considered as a nullity. The appointment of the Judges by the free but secret votes of all Princes, subject to their decrees, is alone wanting to make its purity equal to its power. In minute questions, the chief Princes readily receive its decision, instead of that of arms, which, without it, might sometimes be adopted; and the other Sovereigns may be compelled to obey it, the Chamber being authorised to command any Prince to enforce its decrees by his army, and to take payment of the expences out of the dominions of his refractory neighbour. An instance of such a command, and of its being virtually effectual, notwithstanding the ridicule, with which it was treated, occurred, during the reign of the late Frederic of Prussia; the story is variously told, but the following account was confirmed to us by an Advocate of the Chamber of Wetzlaar.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had disobeyed several injunctions of the Chamber, relative to a question, which had been constitutionally submitted to them. At length, the Judges had recourse to their power of calling out what is called the *Armée Exécutrice de l'Empire*, consisting of so

many troops of any Prince, not a party in the cause, as may be sufficient for enforcing submission. The Sovereign of Hesse Cassel was not to be conquered by any of his immediate neighbours, and they were induced to direct their order to the King of Prussia, notwithstanding the probability, that so unjust a monarch would shew some resentment of their controul.

Frederic consented to the propriety of supporting the Chamber, but did not choose to involve himself with the Landgrave, on their account. He, therefore, sent him a copy of their order, accompanied by a letter, which, in his own style of courteous pleasantry, yet with a sufficient shew of some further intentions, admonished him to obey them. The Landgrave assured him of his readiness to conform, and the two Princes had privately settled the matter, when the King of Prussia resolved to obey and to ridicule the Chamber of Wetzlaar. He sent, by a public diligence, a serjeant of foot, who, at the first Hessian garrison, delivered a paper to the captain of the guard, declaring himself to be the commander of the *Armée Exécutrice*, set on foot by order of the Chamber; and the army consisted of two corporals, who waited at the door! The Judges of Wetzlaar did not shew, that they knew the disrespect, and were contented that the King of Prussia had reduced the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel to obedience.

To this Court subjects may make appeals from the orders of their immediate sovereigns, when the question can be shewn to have any general, or constitutional tendency. Such a cause we heard of in Germany, and it seemed likely to place the

Chamber in somewhat a delicate situation. The Elector of Treves had banished a magistrate, for having addressed himself to Custine, during the invasion of the French, in 1792, and requested to know whether he might remain on a part of his property, near their posts, and perform the duties of his office, as usual. The magistrate appealed to Wetzlaar; admitted the facts charged; and set forth, that, in this part of his conduct, he had exactly followed the example of the Chamber itself, who, though at a greater distance, had made a similar application.

Soon after leaving Oberlahnstein, we passed the mouth of the Lahn, a small river, which descends from the mountains of Wetteravia on the right, and washes silver and lead mines in its course. It issues from one of those narrow and gloomy forest-glens, which had continually occurred on the eastern bank since we left Boppart, and which were once terrible for more than their aspect, having been the haunt of robbers, of whose crimes some testimonies still remain in the tombs of murdered travellers near the shore. In the ruins of castles and abandoned fortresses within the recesses of these wild mountains, such banditti took up their abode; and these are not fancied personages, for, in the year 1273, an Elector of Mentz destroyed the deserted fortress of Rheinberg, because it had been a rendezvous for them.

Towards sun-set, the rain, which had fallen at intervals during the day, ceased; a fiery flush from the west was

reflected on the water, and partially coloured the rocks. Sometimes, an oblique gleam glanced among these glens, touching their upper cliffs, but leaving their depths, with the rivulets, that roared there, in darkness. As the boat glided by, we could now and then discover on the heights a convent, or a chateau, lighted up by the rays, and which, like the pictures in a magic lanthorn, appeared and vanished in a moment, as we passed on the current.

But the shores soon begin to wear a milder aspect; the mountains of the western bank soften into gradual heights; and vineyards, which had disappeared near Boppart, again climb along them. The eastern shore is more abrupt, still bearing on its points some antient buildings, till, opposite to Coblentz, it shoots up into that enormous mass, which sustains the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Having passed a Benedictine convent, seated on the island of Oberworth, we reached Coblentz as the moon began to tint the rugged Ehrenbreitstein, whose towers and pointed angles caught the light. Part of the rock below, shaded by projecting cliffs, was dark and awful, but the Rhine, expanding at its feet, trembled with radiance. There the flying-bridge, and its sweeping line of boats, were just discernible. On the left, the quay of Coblentz extended, high and broad, crowned with handsome buildings; with tall vessels lying along its base.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

We were now somewhat more pleasantly lodged than before, at an inn near the Rhine, almost opposite to the fortress, the importance of which had, in the mean time, greatly increased by the approach of the French armies. The strength of it was somewhat a popular topic. Being considered as one of the keys of Germany towards France, the Governor takes the oaths not only to the Elector of Treves, but to the Emperor and the Empire. As it can be attacked but on one side, and that is not towards the Rhine, a blockade is more expected than a siege; and there are storehouses in the rock for preserving a great quantity of provisions. The supply of water has been provided for so long since as the fifteenth century, when three years were passed in digging, with incredible labour, a well through the solid rock. An inscription on a part of the castle mentions this work, and that the rock was hewn to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet. The possession of the fortress was confirmed to the Elector of Treves by the treaty of Westphalia in 1650.

In the morning, our boatmen crossed the river from Coblentz, to pass under the walls of Ehrenbreitstein, perhaps an established symptom of submission. The river is still of noble breadth, and, after the junction with the Moselle, which immediately fronts the old palace, flows with great, but even rapidity. Its shores are now less romantic, and more open; spreading on the left into the plains of Coblentz, and swelling on the right into retiring mountains.

Conversation Relative to France.

But our attention was withdrawn from the view, and our party in the cabin this day increased, by a circumstance, that occurred to our emigrant friend. Having found a large sabre, which he thought was of French manufacture, he was enquiring for the owner, when it was claimed by a gentleman, whom he recognised to be an old friend, but with whose escape from France he was unacquainted; so that he had supposed, from his rank, he must have fallen there. The meeting, on both sides, was very affecting, and they shed some tears, and embraced again and again, with all the ardour of Frenchmen, before the stranger was introduced to us, after which we had the pleasure of his company as far as Cologne.

This gentleman, a Lieutenant-Colonel before the Revolution, had made his escape from France so lately as May last, and his conversation of course turned upon his late condition. There were in most towns many persons who, like himself, were obnoxious for their principles, yet, being unsuspected of active designs, and unreached by the private malice of Roberspierre's agents, were suffered to exist out of prison. They generally endeavoured to lodge in the houses of persons favourable to the Revolution; went to no public places; never visited each other; and, when they met in the street, passed with an hasty or concealed salutation. Their apartments were frequently searched; and those, who had houses, took care to have their cellars frequently dug for saltpetre.

With respect to the prospect of any political change, they had little hopes, and still less of being able, by remaining in

France, to give assistance to the Combined Powers. They expected nothing but some chance of escape, which in general they would not attempt, without many probabilities in their favour, knowing the sure consequences of being discovered. It was impossible for them to pass by the common roads, being exposed to examination at every town, and by every patrol; but, in the day-time, they might venture upon tracts through forests, and, at night, upon cultivated ground; a sort of journey, to which they were tempted by the successes of others in it, but which could not be performed, without experienced guides. It will be heard with astonishment, that, notwithstanding the many difficulties and dangers of such an employment, there were persons, who obtained a living by conducting others to the frontiers, without passing any town, village, or military post; who, having delivered one person, returned, with his recommendation, to another, and an offer to escort him for a certain sum. Our companion had waited several months for a guide, the person, whom he chose to trust, being under prior engagements, in all of which he was successful. They set out, each laden with his share of provisions, in the dress of peasants; and, without any other accident than that of being once so near the patrols as to hear their conversation, arrived in the Electorate of Treves, from whence this gentleman had been to Rastadt, for the purpose of presenting himself to M. de Condé.

It was remarkable, that some of these guides did not share the principles of those, whom they conducted; yet they were faithful to their engagements, and seemed to gratify their

humanity, as much as they served their interests. Considering the many contrivances, which are behind almost every political transaction, it seems not improbable, that these men were secretly encouraged by some of the rulers, who wished to be disencumbered from their enemies, without the guilt of a massacre, or the unpopularity of appearing to assist them.

The attachment to the new principles seemed to be increased, when any circumstances either of signal disadvantage, or success, occurred in the course of a campaign. The disasters of an army, it was said, attracted sympathy; their victories aroused pride. Such a change of manners and of the course of education had taken place, that the rising generation were all *enragées* in favour of the Revolution; of which the following was a remarkable instance: Two young ladies, the daughters of a baron, who had remained passively in the country, without promoting, or resisting the Revolution, were then engaged in a law-suit with their father, by which they demanded a maintenance, separate from him, "he being either an Aristocrat, or a Neutralist, with whom they did not choose to reside." They did not pretend to any other complaint, and, it was positively believed, had no other motive. Yet these ladies had been previously educated with the nicest care, by the most accomplished instructors, and, in fact, with more expence than was suitable to their father's income, having been intended for places at the Court. The children of the poorer classes were equally changed by education, and those of both sexes were proficients in all the Revolutionary songs and catechisms.

This conversation passed while we were floating through the vale of Ehrenbreitstein, where the river, bending round the plains of Coblentz, flows through open and richly cultivated banks, till it enters the valley of Andernach, where it is again enclosed among romantic rocks. The places, washed by it in its passage thither, are the villages of Neuralf, Warschheim, Nerenberg, Malter, the old castle of Malterberg, the village of Engus, the fine electoral palace of Schonbornust, the neat town and palace of Neuwied, and the chateau of Friedrichstein, called by the country people the Devil's Castle, from that love of the wonderful, which has taught them to people it with apparitions.

NEUWIED

Was now the head-quarters of a legion raised by the Prince of Salm, for the pay of Great Britain; and a scarlet uniform, somewhat resembling the English, was frequent on the quay. We heard of several such *corps* in Germany, and of the facility with which they are raised, the English pay being as eight-pence to two-pence better than those of Austria and Prussia. Recruits receive from one to two crowns bounty: whether it is equally true, that the officers are, notwithstanding, allowed ten pounds for each, we cannot positively assert; but this was said within the hearing of several at Cologne, and was not contradicted. *La solde d'Angleterre* is extremely popular in Germany; and the great

wealth of the English nation begins to be very familiarly known.

ANDERNACH

Was occupied by Imperial troops; and, as we entered the gorge of its rocky pass, it was curious to observe the appearances of modern mixed with those of antient warfare; the soldiers of Francis the Second lying at the foot of the tower of Drusus; their artillery and baggage waggons lining the shore along the whole extent of the walls.

In this neighbourhood are three celebrated mineral springs, of which one rises in the domain of the Carmelite monastery of Jonniesstein; the second, called Ponterbrunnen, is so brisk and spirited, that the labourers in the neighbouring fields declare it a remedy for fatigue as well as thirst; and a third, called Heilbrunnen, has so much fixed air, as to effervesce slightly when mixed with wine.

The interesting valley of Andernach has been already described. Its scenery, viewed now from the water, was neither so beautiful, or so striking, as from the road, by which we had before passed. The elevation of the latter, though not great, enabled the eye to take a wider range, and to see mountains, now screened by the nearer rocks of the shore, which added greatly to the grandeur of the scene. The river itself was then also a noble object, either expanding

below, or winding in the distance; but, now that we were upon its level, its appearance lost much both in dignity and extent, and even the rocks on its margin seemed less tremendous, when viewed from below. Something, however, should be allowed in this last respect to our having just quitted wilder landscapes; for, though the banks of the Rhine, in its course from Bingen to Coblentz, are less various and beautiful, than in its passage between Andernach and Bonn, they are more grand and sublime.

But the merits of the different situations for the view of river scenery have been noticed and contended for by the three persons most authorised by their taste to decide upon them; of whom GRAY has left all his enthusiasm, and nearly all his sublimity, to his two surviving friends; so that this opinion is to be understood only with respect to the scenery of the Rhine, and does not presume to mingle with the general question between them. The Rhine now passes by the village and castle of Hammerstein, which, with those of Rheineck, were nearly laid waste by Louis the Fourteenth, the castle of Argendorff and the towns of Lintz and Rheinmagen, all exhibiting symptoms of decay, though Lintz is called a commercial town.

ROLAND's Castle appears soon after, and, almost beneath it, the island, that bears Adelaide's convent, called Rolands Werth, or the Worth of Roland.

We were now again at the base of the Seven Mountains, whose summits had long aspired in the distance, and, as we passed under the cliffs of Drakenfels, hailed the delightful

plain of Goodesberg, though much of it was concealed by the high sedgy bank of the Rhine on the left. The spreading skirts of these favourite mountains accompanied us nearly to Bonn, and displayed all their various charms of form and colouring in this our farewell view of them.

The town and palace of Bonn extend with much dignity along the western bank, where the Rhine makes a very bold sweep; one wing of the former overlooking the shore, and the want of uniformity in the front, which is seen obliquely, being concealed by the garden groves; the many tall spires of the great church rise over the roof of the palace, and appear to belong to the building.

After leaving Bonn, the shores have little that is interesting, unless in the retrospect of the Seven Mountains, with rich woodlands undulating at their feet; and when these, at length, disappear, the Rhine loses for the rest of its course the wild and sublime character, which distinguishes it between Bingen and Bonn. The rich plain, which it waters between the latter place and Cologne, is studded, at every gentle ascent, that bounds it, with abbeys and convents, most of them appropriated to the maintenance of noble Chapters.

Of these, the first is the Ladies Chapter of Vilich, founded in the year 1190, by Megiegor, a Count and Prince of Guelderland, who endowed it richly, and made his own daughter the first abbess; a lady, who had such excellent, notions of discipline, that, when any nuns neglected to sing in the choir, she thought a heavy blow on the cheek the best means of restoring their voices. This Chapter is one of the

richest in Germany, and is peculiarly valuable to the nobility of this Electorate from its neighbourhood to Bonn, where many of the ladies pass great part of the year with their families. On the other side of the river is the Benedictine abbey of Siegberg, appropriated also to nobles, and lying in the midst of its own domains, of which a small town, at the foot of its vineyards, is part. Admission into this society is an affair of the most strict and ceremonious proof, as to the sixteen quarterings in the arms of the candidate, each of which must be unblemished by any plebeian symptoms. Accompanied by his genealogy, these quarterings are exposed to view for six weeks and three days, before the election; and, as there is an ample income to be contended for, the candidates do not hesitate to impeach each others' claims by every means in their power. The prelate of this abbey writes himself Count of Guls, Strahlen and Neiderpleis, and has six provostships within his jurisdiction.

Besides this, and similar buildings, the Rhine passes not less than twenty villages in its course from Bonn to Cologne, a distance of probably five-and-twenty English miles.

COLOGNE

Now began to experience the inconveniences of its neighbourhood to the seat of war, some of which had appeared at Bonn from the arrival of families, who could not be lodged in the former place. We were no sooner within the

gates, than the throng of people and carriages in a city, which only a few weeks before was almost as silent as gloomy, convinced us we should not find a very easy welcome. The sentinels, when they made the usual enquiry as to our inn, assured us, that there had been no lodgings at the Hotel de Prague for several days, and one of them followed us, to see what others we should find. Through many obstructions by military and other carriages, we, however, reached this inn, and were soon convinced that there could be no room, the landlord shewing us the chaises in which some of his guests slept, and his billiard table already loaden with beds for others. There was so much confusion meanwhile in the adjoining square, that, upon a slight assurance, we could have believed the French to be within a few miles of the city, and have taken refuge on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

At length, our host told us, that what he believed to be the worst room in the place was still vacant, but might not be so half an hour longer. We followed his man to it, in a distant part of the city, and saw enough in our way of parties taking refreshment in carriages, and gentlemen carrying their own baggage, to make us contented with a viler cabin than any person can have an idea of, who has not been out of England. The next morning we heard from the mistress of it how fortunately we had been situated, two or three families having passed the night in the open market-place, and great numbers in their carriages.

The occasion of this excessive pressure upon Cologne was the entry of the French into Brussels, their advances towards Liege, and the immediate prospect of the siege of Maestricht,

all which had dispeopled an immense tract of territory of its wealthier inhabitants, and driven them, together with the French emigrants, upon the confines of Holland and Germany. The Austrian hospitals having been removed from Maestricht, five hundred waggons, laden with sick and wounded, had passed through Cologne the day before. The carriages on the roads from Maestricht and Liege were almost as close as in a procession, and at *Aix la Chapelle*, where these roads meet, there was an obstruction for some hours. While we were at Cologne, another detachment of hospital waggons arrived, some hundreds of which we had the misfortune to see, for they passed before our window. They were all uncovered, so that the emaciated figures and ghastly countenances of the soldiers, laid out upon straw in each, were exposed to the rays of a burning sun, as well as to the fruitless pity of passengers; and, as the carriages had no springs, it seemed as if these half-sacrificed victims to war would expire before they could be drawn over the rugged pavement of Cologne. Any person, who had once witnessed such a sight, would know how to estimate the glories of war, even though there should be a mercenary at every corner to insult his unavoidable feelings and the eternal sacredness of peace, with the slander of disaffection to his country.

We had some thoughts of resuming our course by land from this place, but were now convinced, that it was impracticable, seeing the number of post-horses, which were engaged, and judging of the crowds of travellers, that must fill the inns on the road. Our watermen from Mentz were, however, not allowed to proceed lower, so that we had to

comply with the extortions of others, and to give nine louis for a boat from Cologne to Nimeguen. Having, not without some difficulty, obtained this, and stored it with provisions, we again embarked on the Rhine, rejoicing that we were not, for a second night, to make part of the crowd on shore.

Cologne, viewed from the river, appears with more of antient majesty than from any other point. Its quays, extending far along the bank, its lofty ramparts, shaded with old chesnuts, and crowned by many massy towers, black with age; the old gateways opening to the Rhine, and the crowd of steeples, overtopping all, give it a venerable and picturesque character. But, however thronged the city now was, the shore without was silent and almost deserted; the sentinels, watching at the gates and looking out from the ramparts, or a few women gliding beneath, wrapt in the nun-like scarf, so melancholy in its appearance and so generally worn at Cologne, were nearly the only persons seen.

The shores, though here flat, when compared with those to the southward, are high enough to obstruct the view of the distant mountains, that rise in the east; in the south, the wild summits of those near Bonn were yet visible, but, after this faint glimpse, we saw them no more.

About two miles below Cologne, the west bank of the Rhine was covered with hospital waggons and with troops, removed from them, for the purpose of crossing the river, to a mansion, converted by the Elector into an hospital. About a mile lower, but on the opposite bank, is Muhleim, a small town in the dominions of the Elector Palatine, which, in the

beginning of the present century, was likely to become a rival of Cologne. A persecution of the Protestant merchants of the latter place drove them to Muhleim, where they erected a staple, and began to trade with many advantages over the mother city; but the pusillanimity of the Elector Palatine permitted them to sink under the jealousy of the Colonese merchants; their engines for removing heavy goods from vessels to the shore were ordered to be demolished; and the commerce of the place has since consisted chiefly in the exportation of grain.

The shores are now less enlivened by villages than in the *Rheingau* and other districts to the southward, where the cultivation and produce of the vineyards afford, at least, so much employment, that six or seven little towns, each clustered round its church, are frequently visible at once. The course of the river being also wider and less rapid, the succession of objects is slower, and the eye is often wearied with the uniform lowness of the nearer country, where the antient castle and the perched abbey, so frequent in the Rheingau, seldom appear. Corn lands, with a slight intermixture of wood, border the river from hence to Dusseldorff, and the stream flows, with an even force, through long reaches, scarcely distinguished from each other by any variety of the country, or intervention of towns. Those, which do occur, are called Stammel, Niel, Flietert, Merkenich, Westdorff, Langelt, and Woringen; in which last place, the burgesses of Cologne, at the latter end of the thirteenth century, stood a siege against their Archbishop, and, by a successful resistance, obtained the enjoyment of

some commercial rights, here so rare as to be called privileges. After Dormagen, a small town very slightly provided with the means of benefiting itself by the river, we came opposite to Zons, the fortifications of which are so far preserved, as that the boatmen on the Rhine are required to stop before them and give an account of their cargoes.

We were listening to an old French song, and had almost forgotten the chance of interruption from any abuses of power, when the steersman called to us in a low, but eager voice, and enquired whether we would permit him to attempt passing the castle, where, if we landed, we might probably be detained an hour, or, if the officer was at supper, for the whole night. By the help of twilight and our silence, he thought it possible to glide unnoticed under the opposite bank, or that we should be in very little danger, if the sentinels should obey their order for firing upon all vessels that might attempt to pass. The insolent tediousness of a German customhouse, and the probable wretchedness of inns at such a placed as this, determined us in favour of the man's proposal; we were silent for a quarter of an hour; the men with-held their oars; and the watchful garrison of Zons saw us not, or did not think a boat of two tons burthen could be laden with an army for the conquest of Germany.

The evening was not so dark as entirely to deny the view of either shore, while we continued to float between both, and to trace the features of three or four small towns upon them. Neuss, being at some little distance from the river, was concealed; but we had an accurate remembrance of its hideousness, and, recognizing it for the model of many towns

since seen, were pleased with a mode of travelling, which rendered us independent of them. The same mode, however, prevented us from visiting Dusseldorff, which we did not reach, till after the shutting of the gates; so that, had we stayed, we must have passed the night in our boat on the outside, a sacrifice of too much time to be made, while an army was advancing to the opposite shore. Being compelled to remain in the boat, we thought it desirable to be, at the same time, proceeding with the stream, and suffered the steersman to attempt passing another garrison, by whom, as he said, we should otherwise be inevitably detained for the night. He did not effect this, without being noticed by the sentinels, who called and threatened to fire; but, as the boatmen assured us this would scarcely be done, without leave from an officer, who might not be immediately at hand, we yielded to their method of pressing forward as hastily as possible, and were presently out of sight of Dusseldorff, of which we had seen only the walls and the extensive palace, rising immediately above the water. In the next reach, the boatmen stopped to take breath, and then confessed, that, though we had escaped being detained, as they had said, they had saved some florins due for tolls here and at Zons; which saving was their motive for running the risk. Though we would not have encouraged such a purpose, had we been aware of it, since the neglect of an unjust payment might produce an habitual omission of a just one, it did not seem necessary to say much, in behalf of a toll on the Rhine, for which there is no other pretence and no other authority than the power to enforce it.

The loss of Dusseldorff, we were assured, was the less, because the pictures of the celebrated gallery had been carried off to meet those of Manheim, at Munich.

It was now dark for two or three hours, but we did not hear of any town or view worth waiting to observe. The first object in the dawn was the island of Kaiserwerth, on which there is a small town, twice besieged in the wars of Louis the Fourteenth, and now in the condition, to which military glory has reduced so many others. One of the mines in the last siege blew so large a part of the walls over the island into the Rhine, that the navigation of the river was, for some time, obstructed by them. The dominion of this island, for which the Elector of Cologne and the Elector Palatine contended, was decided so lately as 1768 by the authority of the Chamber of Wetzlaar, who summoned the King of Prussia to assist them with his troops, as the *Armée exécutrice de l'Empire*, and the Elector Palatine was put in possession of it, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his rival.

As the morning advanced, we reached the villages of Kreuzberg, Rheinam and Einingen; and, at five, stopped at Urdingen, a town on the west bank of the Rhine, at which the Elector of Cologne takes his northernmost toll, and a place of more commerce than we had expected to see short of Holland. Great part of this is in timber, which it adds to the floats annually sent to that country; a sort of expedition so curious and useful, that we shall make no apology for introducing the following account of it.

Timber Floats on the Rhine.

These are formed chiefly at Andernach, but consist of the fellings of almost every German forest, which, by streams, or short land carriage, can be brought to the Rhine. Having passed the rocks of Bingen and the rapids of St. Goar in small detachments, the several rafts are compacted at some town not higher than Andernach, into one immense body, of which an idea may be formed from this list of dimensions.

The length is from 700 to 1000 feet; the breadth from 50 to 90; the depth, when manned with the whole crew, usually seven feet. The trees in the principal rafts are not less than 70 feet long, of which ten compose a raft.

On this sort of floating island, five hundred labourers of different classes are employed, maintained and lodged, during the whole voyage; and a little street of deal huts is built upon it for their reception. The captain's dwelling and the kitchen are distinguished from the other apartments by being somewhat better built.

The first rafts, laid down in this structure, are called the foundation, and are always either of oak, or fir-trees, bound together at their tops, and strengthened with firs, fastened upon them crossways by iron spikes. When this foundation has been carefully compacted, the other rafts are laid upon it, the trees of each being bound together in the same manner, and each *stratum* fastened to that beneath it. The surface is rendered even; storehouses and other apartments are raised; and the whole is again strengthened by large masts of oak.

Before the main body proceed several thin and narrow rafts, composed only of one floor of timbers, which, being held at a certain distance from the float by masts of oak, are used to give it direction and force, according to the efforts of the labourers upon them.

Behind it, are a great number of small boats, of which fifteen or sixteen, guided by seven men each, are laden with anchors and cables; others contain articles of light rigging, and some are used for messages from this populous and important fleet to the towns, which it passes. There are twelve sorts of cordage, each having a name used only by the float-masters; among the largest are cables of four hundred yards long and eleven inches diameter. Iron chains are also used in several parts of the structure.

The consumption of provisions on board such a float is estimated for each voyage at fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, between forty and fifty thousand pounds of bread, ten or fifteen thousand pounds of cheese, one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of butter, eight hundred or one thousand pounds of dried meat, and five or six hundred tons of beer.

The apartments on the deck are, first, that of the pilot, which is near one of the magazines, and, opposite to it, that of the persons called masters of the float: another class, called masters of the valets, have also their apartment; near it is that of the valets, and then that of the sub-valets; after this are the cabins of the *tyrolois*, or last class of persons, employed in the float, of whom eighty or an hundred sleep

upon straw in each, to the number of more than four hundred in all. There is, lastly, one large eating-room, in which the greater part of this crew dine at the same time.

The pilot, who conducts the fleet from Andernach to Dusseldorff, quits it there, and another is engaged at the same salary, that is, five hundred florins, or 42 l.; each has his sub-pilot, at nearly the same price. About twenty tolls are paid in the course of the voyage, the amount of which varies with the size of the fleet and the estimation of its value, in which latter respect the proprietors are so much subject to the caprice of customhouse officers, that the first signal of their intention to depart is to collect all these gentlemen from the neighbourhood, and to give them a grand dinner on board. After this, the float is sounded and measured, and their demands upon the owners settled.

On the morning of departure, every labourer takes his post, the rowers on their benches, the guides of the leading rafts on theirs, and each boat's crew in its own vessel. The eldest of the valet-masters then makes the tour of the whole float, examines the labourers, passes them in review, and dismisses those, who are unfit. He afterwards addresses them in a short speech; recommends regularity and alertness; and repeats the terms of their engagement, that each shall have five crowns and a half, besides provisions, for the ordinary voyage; that, in case of delay by accident, they shall work three days, gratis; but that, after that time, each shall be paid at the rate of twelve creitzers, about four pence, per day.

After this, the labourers have a repast, and then, each being at his post, the pilot, who stands on high near the rudder, takes off his hat and calls out, "Let us all pray." In an instant there is the happy spectacle of all these numbers on their knees, imploring a blessing on their undertaking.

The anchors, which were fastened on the shores, are now brought on board, the pilot gives a signal, and the rowers put the whole float in motion, while the crews of the several boats ply round it to facilitate the departure.

Dort in Holland is the destination of all these floats, the sale of one of which occupies several months, and frequently produces 350,000 florins, or more than 30,000 l.

URDINGEN.

Has a neat market-place and some symptoms of greater comfort than are usual in the towns of the Electorate of Cologne; but it is subject to violent floods, so much so, that at the inn, which is, at least, an hundred and fifty yards from the shore, a brass plate, nailed upon the door of the parlour, relates, that the river had risen to that height; about five feet from the ground.

After resting here, five hours, we returned to our little bark, with the spirits inspired by favourable weather, and were soon borne away on the ample current of the Rhine.

Large Dutch vessels, bound to Cologne, now frequently appeared, and refreshed us once again with the shew of neatness, industry and prosperity. The boatmen learned, that several of these were from Rotterdam, laden with the effects of Flemish refugees, brought thither from Ostend; and others were carrying military stores for the use, as they said, of the Emperor. The ordinary trade of the Dutch with Germany, in tea, coffee, English cloths and English hardware, which we had heard at Mentz was slackened by the expected approach of armies, now seemed to be exchanged for the conveyance of property from scenes of actual distress to those not likely to be long exempted from it.

A little beyond Urdingen, the town of Bodberg marks the northern extremity of the long and narrow dominions of Cologne, once so far connected with Holland, as that the Archbishop had jurisdiction over the Bishop of Holland, and the Chapter of Utrecht. But Philip the Second, before the States had resisted his plundering, obtained of the Pope, that they should not be subject to any foreign see; and the Bishop had a residence assigned to him at Haerlem.

The Rhine is now bounded on the left by the country of Meurs; and, having, after a few miles, part of the Duchy of Cleves on the right, it becomes thus enclosed by the territories of the King of Prussia, under whose dominion it rolls, till the States of Guelderland repose upon one bank, and, soon after, those of Utrecht, on the other. We were here, of course, in the country of tolls; and our waterman could not promise how far we should proceed in the day, since it was impossible to estimate the delays of the collectors. Meurs has

no place, except small villages, near the river; but, at the commencement of the Duchy of Cleves, the influx of the Ruhr into the Rhine makes a small port, at which all vessels are obliged to stop, and pay for a Prussian pass. Some Dutch barks, of probably one hundred and twenty tons burthen, we were assured would not be dismissed for less than fifty ducats, or twenty guineas each. The town is called the Ruhort, and we had abundance of time to view it, for the Collector would not come to the boat, but ordered that we should walk up, and make our appearance before him.

It is a small place, rendered busy by a dock-yard for building vessels to be employed on the Rhine, and has somewhat of the fresh appearance, exhibited by such towns as seem to be built for present use, rather than to subsist because they have once been erected. In the dock, which opens to the Ruhr, two vessels of about sixty tons each were nearly finished, and with more capital, many might no doubt be built for the Dutch, timber and labour being here much cheaper than in Holland.

After the boatman had satisfied the Collector, we resumed our voyage, very well contented to have been detained only an hour. The woody heights of Cleves now broke the flat monotony of the eastern shore, the antiquity of whose forests is commemorated by Tacitus in the name of *Saltus Teutoburgensis*, supposed to have been bounded here by the town now called Duisbourg:

… … … "*haud procul Teutoburgensi saltu, in quo reliquiæ Vari legionumque insepultæ dicebantur*"—

"Unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain."

These forests were also celebrated for their herds of wild horses; and the town of Duisbourg, having been rendered an University in 1655, is thus panegyrized by a German poet:

Dis ist die Deutsche Burg, vor langst gar hochgeehrt
Von vielen König und auch Kaiserlichen Kronen:
Der schöne Musenthron, wo kluge Leute wohnen;
Und wo die Kaufmannschaft so manchen Bürger nährt.

This is the German town, that's fam'd so long
By throned Kings, and gentle Muses' song;
Where learned folks live well on princely pay,
And commerce makes so many Burghers gay.

Of the commerce there were still some signs in half a dozen vessels, collected on the beach. Whether the University also subsists, or is any thing more than a free school, which is frequently called an University in Germany, we did not learn.

WESEL.

After five or six small towns, or villages, more, the Rhine reaches the well known fortified town and state prison of Wesel; a place, not always unfavourable to freedom, for here

RAPIN, driven from the district now called La Vendée in France, by Louis the Fourteenth's persecution of Protestants, retired to write his History; recollecting, perhaps, that it had before sheltered refugees from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva, and our sanguinary Mary.

The towers and citadel of Wesel give it the appearance of a military place, and it is frequently so mentioned; but the truth is, that the late King of Prussia, with the same fear of his subjects, which was felt by Joseph the Second in Flanders, demolished all the effectual works, except those of the citadel; a policy not very injurious to the Monarch in this instance, but which, in Flanders, has submitted the country to be twice over-run in three years, and has in fact been the most decisive of passed events in their influence upon present circumstances.

The reformed worship is exercised in the two principal churches, but the Catholics have two or three monasteries, and there is a Chapter of Noble Ladies, of whom two thirds are Protestants, and one third Catholic; an arrangement which probably accounts for their having no settled and common residence.

Opposite to Wesel is Burick, the fortifications of which remain, and are probably intended to serve instead of the demolished works of the former place, being connected with it by a flying-bridge over the Rhine. A little lower are the remains of the old chateau of Furstemberg, on a hill where the ladies of the noble Cistercian nunnery of Furstemberg

had once a delightful seat, now deserted for the society of Xanten.

Xanten, the first place at which we had stopped in Germany, and the last, for a long tract, which we had seen with pleasure, Xanten, now distinguishable, at a small distance from the river, by its spires, reminded us of the gay hopes we had formed on leaving it; with a new world spread out before us, for curiosity, and, as we thought, for admiration; yet did not render the remembrance of disappointment, as to the last respect, painful, for even the little information we had gained seemed to be worth the labour of acquiring it.

The exchange of indefinite for exact ideas is for ever desirable. Without this journey of eleven or twelve hundred miles we should have considered Germany, as its position in maps and description in books represent it, to be important, powerful and prosperous; or, even if it had been called wretched, the idea would have been indistinct, and the assertion, perhaps, not wholly credited. The greatest and, as it is reasonable to believe, the best part of Germany we have now seen, and, in whatever train of reasoning it is noticed, have an opinion how it should be valued. Those, who cannot guess at causes, may be sure of effects; and having seen, that there is little individual prosperity in Germany, little diffusion of intelligence, manners, or even of the means for comfort, few sources of independence, or honourable wealth, and no examples of the poverty, in which there may be pride, it was not less perceptible, that there can be no general importance, no weight in the balance of useful, that is,

peaceful power, and no place, but that of an instrument, even in the desperate exercises of politics.

A respect for the persons of learning, or thought, who live, as the impertinence of high and the ignorance of low society forces them to live, in a strict and fastidious retirement, cannot alter the general estimation of the country, in any respect here considered; their conversation with each other has no influence upon the community; their works cannot have a present, though they will have a general and a permanent effect. The humbler classes, from whom prosperity should result in peace, and strength in war, give little of either to Germany; and man is very seldom negatively stationed; when not useful to his fellow-creatures, he is generally somewhat injurious. The substantial debasement of the German peasantry, that is, their want of ordinary intelligence, re-acts upon the means that produced it, and, continuing their inferiority, continues many injurious effects upon the rest of Europe.

That Germany should be thus essentially humble, perhaps, none would have ventured to foresee. The materialist could not have found it in the climate. The politician might hastily expect it from the arbitrary character of the governments, but must hesitate, when he recollects how France advanced in science and manufactures, under the dominion of Louis the Fourteenth, greatly more despotic than the usual administrations in Germany. Perhaps, the only solution for this difference of effects from apparently similar causes is, that the greater extent of his territory, as well as the better opportunities of his subjects for commerce, enabled Louis to

gratify his taste for splendour, at the same time that they shewed his ambition a means of indulgence, by increasing the means of his people. Germany, frittered into several score of sovereignties, has no opulent power; no considerable income, remaining after the payment of its armies; few wealthy individuals. The Emperor, with fifty-six titles, does not gain a florin by his chief dignity; or Granvelle, the Minister of Charles the Fifth, would have been contradicted when he said so in the Chamber of Princes. The Elector Palatine is almost the only Prince, whose revenue is not absorbed by political, military and household establishments; and though, in an advanced state of society, or in opulent nations, what is called patronage is seldom necessary, and must, perhaps, be as injurious to the happiness as it is to the dignity of those who receive it, nothing is more certain than that there have been periods in the history of all countries, when the liberality of the Prince, or the more independent protection of beneficed institutions, was necessary to the existence of curiosity and knowledge. At such times, a large expenditure, if directed by taste, or even by vanity, afforded a slow recompense for the aggressions, that might support it, by spreading a desire of distinction for some intellectual accomplishment, as the claim to notice from the court; and the improvement of mind circulated, by more general encouragement, till every town and village had its men of science. Thus it was that the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth had a different effect from that of his contemporary German Princes, who, by no oppressions, could raise a sufficient income, to make their own

expenditure the involuntary means of improving the intellectual condition of their people.

From the neighbourhood of Xanten, in which we were induced thus to estimate what had been gained, since we saw it last, and from a shore that gradually rises into the many woody heights around Calcar and Cleves, the Rhine speedily reaches Rees, a town on the right bank, built advantageously at an angle, made by a flexure of the river to the left.

We landed to view this place, and were soon persuaded, by the Dutch-like cleanliness and civility of the people at the inn, to remain there for the night, rather than to attempt reaching Emmerick.

Rees is near enough to Holland to have some of its advantages; and, whatever contempt it may be natural for English travellers, at the commencement of their tour, to feel for Dutch dullness and covetousness, nothing but some experience of Germany is necessary to make them rejoice in a return to the neatness, the civility, the comforts, quietness, and even the good humour and intelligence to be easily found in Holland. Such, at least, was the change, produced in our minds by a journey from Nimeguen to Friburg. The lower classes of the Dutch, and it is the conduct of such classes, that every where has the chief influence upon the comforts of others, are not only without the malignant sullenness of the Germans, and, therefore, ready to return you services for money, but are also much superior to them in intelligence and docility. Frequent opportunities of gain, and the habit of comparing them, sharpen intellects, which

might otherwise never be exercised. In a commercial country, the humblest persons have opportunities of profiting by their qualifications; they are, therefore, in some degree, prepared for better conditions, and do not feel that angry envy of others, which arises from the consciousness of some irremediable distinction.

The inhabitants of Rees speak both Dutch and German; and it was pleasing to hear at the inn the sulky *yaw* of the latter exchanged for the civil *Yaw well, Mynheer*, of the Dutch. The town is built chiefly of brick, like those in Holland; the streets light; the market-place spacious, and the houses well preserved. It is of no great extent, but the space within the walls is filled, though this must have been sometimes partly cleared by the sieges, to which Rees was subject in the war of Philip the Second upon the Dutch. A few emigrants from Brussels and Maestricht were now sheltered in it; but there was no garrison and no other symptom of its neighbourhood to the scenes of hostilities, than the arrival of a Prussian commissary to collect hay and corn. We were cheered by the re-appearance of prosperity in a country, where it is so seldom to be seen, and passed a better evening in this little town, than in any other between Friburg and Holland.

In the morning, having no disgust to impel us, we were somewhat tardy in embarking; and the boatmen, who had found out the way of reviving our impatience, talked of the great distance of Holland, till they had us on board. Five or six well-looking villages presently appear after leaving Rees, the next port to which is Emmerick, once an Hanseatic town, and still a place of some dignity, from spires and towers, but

certainly not of much commerce, for we could not see more than two vessels on the beach.

This is the town, at which a Governor and General, appointed by Philip the Second, with probably half a dozen titles, asserting his excellence, serenity and honour, gave an instance of baseness, scarcely ever exceeded even by Philip himself. Approaching the place, which was then neutral, the inhabitants went out to him with an entreaty, that he would not send troops into it, and, probably by something more than entreaty, obtained his promise, that they should be spared. In spite of this promise, of the remonstrances of the inhabitants, and of the representations of a clergyman, that the Spanish assurances of having engaged in the war chiefly for the interests of the Catholic religion could not be credited, if acts, contrary to the precepts of all religion, were daily perpetrated; in spite of these, Mendoza, the Spanish commander, sent in four hundred troops, but with another promise, that their number should not be increased, and with this consolation for the burgesses, that the Spanish Colonel of the detachment was directed to swear in their presence, to admit no more, even if they should be offered to him.

Mendoza had estimated this man's heart by his own, and considered his oath only as a convenient delusion for preventing the resistance of the inhabitants. He accordingly sent other troops to him, under the command of a foreign hireling, and with a peremptory order for their admission; but the honest Spaniard gave him this reply, "Though the General has set the example, I will not violate my faith."

Passing Emmerick with much pleasure, we speedily came to the point at which the Rhine, dividing itself into two streams, loses its name immediately in the one, and presently after in the other. Some writer has compared this merging to the voluntary surrender of exertions and views, by which affectionate parents lose themselves in their children. The stream, which bends to the west, takes the name of the Waal; that, which flows in the general direction of the river, retains its name, for a few miles, when another stream issues to the northward, and takes that of the Yssel. The old river is still recognized, after this separation, and the town of Rhenen takes its name from it; but, about a mile lower, it yields to the denomination of the Leck, which, like that of the Waal, does not long enjoy its usurped distinction. The Waal, or Wahl, being joined by the Maas, as the Dutch, or the Meuse, as the French call it, near Bommel, takes the name of that river, and, soon after, the Leck merges in their united stream, which carries the title of the Maas by Rotterdam, Schiedam and Flaarding, into the German ocean.

We did not yield to this artificial distinction, so far as to think ourselves taking leave of the Rhine, or losing the stream, that had presented to us, at first, features of the boldest grandeur, mingled with others of the sweetest beauty, and then borne us safely past a shore, pressed by the hasty steps of distress, as well as threatened by those of ravage from a flying and a pursuing army. Nor does the river change the character it has lately assumed; but still passes with an even, wide and forceful current between cultivated or

pastoral levels, bounded, at some distance, by gradual, woody ascents.

Among these heights and woods, Cleves is visible to the left, and those, who see it only at this distance, may repeat the dictionary descriptions of its grandeur and consequence as a capital. Soon after, Schenckenkanze, a small fort, built on the point of the long island, round which the Rhine and the Waal flow, occurs; and then the southern extremity of the province of Utrecht. We were glad to see this commencement of the dominions of the United States, though the shore opposite to them was still Prussian; and, telling the boatmen, if they had occasion to stop at any town, to touch only upon the free bank, they humoured us so far as to row out of the current for the sake of approaching it; in short, we stepped no more upon German land; and, within a few miles, were enveloped, on both sides, by the prospering, abounding plains of the Dutch provinces. *Italiam! Italiam!*

Early in the afternoon, the lofty tower of the Belvidere, or prospect-house at Nimeguen, came in sight; then the bright pinnacles of the public buildings, and the high, turf-coloured angles of the fortifications. The town was thronged with fugitives from Flanders, but we found sufficient accommodation, as before, at the inn in the market-place, and were not in a tone of spirits to be fastidious about any thing, heightened as the appearance of prosperity was to us by contrast, and happy as even the refugees appeared to be at

finding peace and safety. The mall before the Prince of Orange's house was filled with parties of them, as gay as if they had left their homes in Flanders but for an holiday excursion.

We were at the Belvidere till evening, lingering over the rich prospect of probably forty miles diameter, from Arnheim and Duisbourg in the north to Cleves and Guelders in the south, with an eastern view over half the forests of Guelderland to those of Westphalia. Such an extent of green landscape, richly varied with towns, villages and woods, spreading and gradually ascending to the horizon, was now almost as novel to us, as it was placidly beautiful. On the east, the blue mountainous lines of Germany broke in upon the reposing character of the scene.

In the Waal below, two or three vessels bore the Emperor's flag, and were laden, as it was said, with some of his *regalia* from Flanders. Near them, several bilanders, the decks of which were covered with awnings, had attracted spectators to the opposite bank, for to that side only they were open; and the company in all were objects of curiosity to the Dutch, being no less than the sisterhood of several Flemish convents, in their proper dresses, and under the care of their respective abbesses. These ladies had been thus situated, for several days and nights, which they had passed on board their vessels. They were attended by their usual servants, and remained together, without going on shore, being in expectation, as we were told, of invitations to suitable residences in Germany; but it was then reported at Nimeguen, that Prince Cobourg was re-advancing to

Brussels, and these societies had probably their misfortunes increased by the artifices of a political rumour. We could not learn, as we wished, that they had brought away many effects. Their plate it was needless to enquire about; the contributions of the preceding spring had no doubt swallowed up that. Having dismissed our Cologne watermen, we embarked upon the Waal, the next day, in a public boat for Rotterdam; a neat schuyt, well equipped and navigated, in which, for a few florins, you have the use of the cabin. Our voyage, from the want of wind, was slow enough to shew as much as could be seen of the Waal; which, at Nimeguen, runs almost constantly downward, but is soon met by the tide, and overcome, or, at least, resisted by it. The breadth, which varies but little above Bommel, is, to our recollection, not less than that of the Thames, at Fulham; the depth, during the beginning of the same space, is probably considerable, in the stream, for, even upon the shore, our dextrous old steersman found water enough to sweep the rushy bank at almost every tack, with a boat, drawing about five feet. The signs of activity in commerce are astonishing. A small hamlet, one cannot call any place in Holland contemptible, or miserable, a hamlet of a dozen houses has two or three vessels, of twenty tons each; a village has a herring boat for almost every house, and a trading vessel for Rotterdam two or three times a week. Heavy, high rigged vessels, scarcely breasting the stream, and fit only for river voyages, we frequently met; many of them carrying coals for the nearer part of Germany, such as we saw on the banks between Rees and Nimeguen, and, with much pleasure, recognized for symptoms of neighbourhood to England.

The first town from Nimeguen, on the right bank of the Waal, is Thiel, which we had only time to see was enclosed by modern fortifications, and was not inferior in neatness to other Dutch towns, at least not so in one good street, which we were able to traverse. A sand bank before the port has much lessened the trade of the place, which, in the tenth century, was considerable enough to be acknowledged by the Emperor Otto, in the grant of several privileges.

About a league lower, on the opposite side of the Waal, or rather on the small island of Voorn, stood formerly a fort, called Nassau, which the French, in 1672, utterly destroyed. Near its site, at the northern extremity of the island of Bommel, which lies between the Maas and the Waal, a fort, built by Cardinal Andrew of Austria, still subsists, under the name of *Fort St. André*. The founder, who built it upon the model of the citadel of Antwerp, had no other view than to command by it the town of Bommel; but, in the year 1600, Prince Maurice of Nassau reduced the garrison, after a siege of five weeks, and it has since contributed to protect what it was raised to destroy, the independence of the Dutch commonwealth.

In the evening, we came opposite to the town of Bommel, where we were put on shore to pass the night and the next day, being Sunday; the boat proceeded on the voyage for Rotterdam, but could not reach it before the next morning.

Bommel is a small town on the edge of the river, surrounded by wood enough to make it remarkable in Holland; light, neat and pretty. The two principal streets

cross each other at right angles, and are without canals. Being at some distance from the general roads, it is ill provided with inns; but one of them has a delightful prospect, and there is no dirt, or other symptom of negligence within. The inhabitants are advanced enough in prosperity and intelligent curiosity to have two *Sociétés*, where they meet to read new publications; a luxury, which may be found in almost every Dutch town. At the ends of the two principal streets are gates; that towards the water between very old walls; those on the land side modern and stronger with drawbridges over a wide fosse, that nearly surrounds the town.

On the other side of this ditch are high and broad embankments, well planted with trees, and so suitable to be used as public walks, that we supposed them to have been raised partly for that purpose, and partly as defences to the country against water. They are, however, greater curiosities, having been thrown up by Prince Maurice in 1599, chiefly because his garrison of four thousand foot and two thousand horse were too numerous for the old works; and between these intrenchments was made what is thought to have been the first attempt at a covered way, since improved into a regular part of fortifications. This was during the ineffectual siege of three weeks, in which Mendoza lost two thousand men, Maurice having then a constant communication with the opposite bank of the Waal by means of two bridges of boats, one above, the other below the town.

Bommel was otherwise extremely important in the struggle of the Dutch against Philip. It was once planned to have been

delivered by treachery, but, that being discovered, the Earl of Mansfeldt, Philip's commander, raised the siege. It adhered to the assembly at Dort, though the Earl of March, the commander of the first armed force of the Flemings, had committed such violences in the town, that the Prince of Orange found it necessary to send him to prison. In the campaign of 1606, when Prince Maurice adopted defensive operations, this was one of the extreme points of his line, which extended from hence to Schenck.

The natural honesty of mankind is on the side of the defensive party, and it is, therefore, that in reading accounts of sieges one is always on the side of the besieged. The Dutch, except when subject to some extraordinary influence, have been always defensive in their wars; from their first astonishing resistance to Philip, to that against the petty attack, which Charles the Second incited the Bishop of Munster to make, who had the coolness to tell Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, that he had thought over the probabilities of his enterprise, and, if it failed, he should not care, for he could go into Italy and buy a Cardinal's cap; but that he had first a mind to make some figure in the world. The territory of the United Provinces is so small, that, in these wars, the whole Dutch Nation has been in little better condition, than that of a people, besieged in one great town; and Louis the Fourteenth, in the attempt, which Charles the Second's wicked sister concerted between the two Monarchs, sent, for the first time, to a whole people, a threat, similar to those sometimes used against a single town. His declaration of the 24th of June, 1672, after boasting how his "just designs" and

undertakings had prospered, since his arrival in the army, and how he would treat the Dutch, if, by submission, they would "deserve his great goodness," thus proceeds:

> "On the contrary, all of whatever quality and condition, who shall refuse to comply with these offers, and shall resist his Majesty's forces, either by the inundation of their dyke, or otherwise, shall be punished with the utmost rigour. At present, all hostilities shall be used against those, who oppose his Majesty's designs; and, when the ice shall open a passage on all sides, his Majesty will not give any quarter to the inhabitants of such cities, but give order, that their goods be plundered and their houses burnt."

It is pleasant, in every country, to cherish the recollections, which make it a spectacle for the mind as well as the eye, and no country is enriched by so many as Holland, not even the West of England, where patriotism and gratitude hover in remembrance over the places, endeared by the steps of our glorious WILLIAM.

Bommel is built on a broad projection of the island of the same name into the Waal, which thus flows nearly on two sides of its walls, and must be effectually commanded by them. But, though it is therefore important in a military view, and that the French were now so near to Breda, as to induce families to fly from thence, whom we saw at Bommel, yet the latter place was in no readiness for defence. There was not a cannon upon the walls, or upon the antient outworks, which we mistook for terraces, and not ten soldiers in the

place; a negligence, which was, however, immediately after remedied.

The Dutch tardiness of exertion has been often blamed, and, in such instances, deservedly; but, as to the influence of this sparingness in their general system of politics and in former periods, a great deal more wit than truth has been circulated by politicians. The chief value of power is in the known possession of it. Those who are believed to have exerted it much, will be attacked, because the exertion may be supposed to have exhausted the power. The nation, or the individual, that attempts to rectify every error and punish every trivial offence of others, may soon lose, in worthless contests, the strength, that should be preserved for resisting the most positive and unequivocal attacks.

Ministers have appeared in Holland, who could plan unnecessary contests, and meditate the baseness, falsely called ambition, of putting the whole valour and wealth of a nation into exercise, for the purpose of enforcing whatever they may have once designed, or said; and, as there is, perhaps, no country in Europe, which cannot justly allege some injury against another, they have exaggerated the importance of such injuries, for the purpose of impelling their own country, by aggravated anger, or fear, into precipitate hostilities. But the Dutch, accustoming themselves to as much vigilance, as confidence, have withheld encouragement from such artifices, and hence that general tardiness in beginning wars, which every politician, capable of an inflammatory declamation, thinks it wisdom to ridicule.

We left Bommel at seven in the morning, in a stout, decked sea-boat, well rigged, and, as appeared, very dextrously navigated. The wind was directly contrary, and there are sometimes islands, sometimes shoals in the Waal, which narrowed the channel to four or five times the length of the vessel; yet there was not any failure in tacking, and the boom was frequently assisted to traverse by the reeds of the bank, which it swept. The company in the cabin were not very numerous, but there was amongst them at least one lamentable group; the minister of a Protestant church at Maestricht, an aged and decrepid gentleman, flying with his wife and two daughters from the approaching siege of that place; himself laid on pillows upon the floor of the cabin; his daughters attending him; all neglected, all victims to the glories of war.

The boat soon passed Louvenstein, on the left bank of the Maese, a brick castellated building apparently about two centuries old, surrounded by some modern works, which render it one of the defences of the river. Count Byland, the late commander of Breda, was then imprisoned in this fortress, which has been long used for state purposes. Here those friends of Barneveldt were confined, who derived from it, and left to their posterity the name of the Louvenstein party; and hence Grotius, who was of the number, made his escape, concealed in a trunk, which the sentinels had so often seen filled with Arminian books, that his wife persuaded them they carried nothing more than their usual cargo.

From Louvenstein, near which the Waal unites with the Maese, and assumes the name of that river, we soon reached

Gorcum, where the short stay of the boat permitted us only to observe the neatness of the town, and that the fortifications had the appearance of being strong, though small, and seemed to be in most exact repair. This, indeed, is one of the forts chiefly relied upon by the province of Holland; for, in 1787, their States made Gorcum and Naarden the extreme points of their line of defence, and ordered a dyke to be thrown across the Linge, which flows into the Maese at the former place, for the purpose of overflowing the surrounding country.

The next town in the voyage is Dort, formerly one of the most considerable in Holland, and still eminent for its wealth, though the trade is diminished by that of Rotterdam. This is the town, which Dumourier strove to reach, in the invasion of 1792, and forty thousand stand of arms were found to have been collected there for him. Our boat passed before one quarter, in which the houses rise immediately over a broad bay of the Maese, with an air of uncommon gaiety and lightness; but the evenness of the town prevented us from seeing more than the part directly nearest.

In the bay was one of those huge timber floats, the construction of which has been before described. It was crowded with visitors from the town; and the wooden huts upon it, being ornamented with flags, had the appearance of booths at a fair. Large as this was, it had been considerably diminished, since its arrival at Dort, and several hundreds of the workmen had departed.

A little further on, and within sight of this joyous company, was the melancholy reverse of nearly an hundred ladies, driven from some convent in Flanders, now residing, like those near Nimeguen, in bilanders moored to the bank. Their vessels being open on the side towards the water, we caught as full a view of them as could be had without disrespect; and saw that they still wore their conventual dresses, and were seated, apparently according to their ages, at some sort of needle-work. It might have been censured, a few years since, that mistakes, or deceptions, as to religious duties, should have driven them from the world; but it was certainly now only to be lamented, that any thing short of the gradual and peaceful progress of reason should have expelled them from their retirement.

We reached Rotterdam, in the evening, and stayed there, the next day, to observe whether the confidence of the Dutch in their dykes and fortresses was sufficient to preserve their tranquillity in a place almost within hearing of the war, the French being then besieging Sluys. There was no perceptible symptom of agitation, or any diminution of the ordinary means for increasing wealth. The persons, with whom we conversed, and they were not a few, spoke of the transactions of the campaign with almost as much calmness and curiosity, as if these had been passing in India. They could not suppose it possible, that the French might reach the city; or, if they did, seemed to rely upon the facility, with which their property could be removed by the canals through Leyden and Haerlem, to the shore of the Zuyder Zee, then across it by sailing barges, and then again by the canals as far as

Groningen, whither the French would certainly not penetrate. So valuable was water thought in Holland, not only as a means of opulence in peace, but of defence, or preservative flight in war. An excessive selfishness, which is the vice of the Dutch, appeared sometimes to prevent those, who could fly, from thinking of their remaining countrymen.

An intention of dispensing with the customary fair was the only circumstance, which distinguished this season from others at Rotterdam, and that was imputed to the prudence of preventing any very numerous meetings of the populace.

About three weeks sooner than was necessary, for it was so long before a convenient passage occurred, we went from hence to Helvoetsluys, and there remained, a fortnight, watching an inflexible north-westerly wind, and listening to accounts but too truly certified of French frigates and privateers, almost unopposed in those latitudes. Lloyd's List brought the names of five, or seven, French ships, then known to be cruising in the north; and one packet was delayed in its voyage by the sight of several Dutch vessels, set on fire within a few leagues of *Goree*. The Dutch lamented, that the want of seamen crippled the operations of their Admiralty Board: an Englishman, who was proud to deny, that any such want, or want in such a degree, existed, as to his country, was reduced to silence and shame, when it was enquired: Why, then, have these seas been, for twelve months, thus exposed to the dominion of the French?

At length, a convoy arrived for a noble family, and we endeavoured to take the benefit of it by embarking in a

packet, which sailed at the same time; but the sloop of war was unable to pass over what are called the Flats, and our captain had resolved to proceed without it, notwithstanding the contrarieties of the wind; when, with much joy, we discerned a small boat, and knew it to be English by the skilful impetuosity of the rowers. Having induced the people of the packet to make a signal, by paying them for the passage to Harwich, we were fortunately taken on board this boat, at the distance of about three leagues from Helvoetsluys, and soon re-landed at that place; the packet proceeding on her voyage, which, supposing no interruption from the French vessels, was not likely to be made in less than three days. We rejoiced at the release from fatigue and from fear, at least, if not from danger; and, seeing little probability of an immediate passage, returned, the next day, to Rotterdam, with the hope of finding some neutral vessel, bound to an English port.

We were immediately gratified by the promise of an American captain to meet us with his vessel at Helvoetsluys, and, the next day, had a delightful voyage thither, in a hired yacht, partly by the Maese, and partly by channels inaccessible to large vessels.

FLAARDING.

The Maese presently brought us opposite to this small port, the metropolis of the herring fishers; rendered interesting by

the patient industry and useful courage of its inhabitants. We landed at it, but saw only what was immediately open for observation. Like most of the Dutch towns, on the banks of rivers, it is protected from floods by standing at the distance of three or four hundred yards from the shore, and communicates with the stream only by a narrow, but deep canal. The best street is built upon the quays of this channel, on which the herring boats deposit their cargoes before the doors of the owners. We did not see more than fifty, a great number being then at sea. Except the business in this street, and the smell of herrings, which prevailed every where, there was nothing to shew that we were in a place supported solely by the industry of fishermen; no neglected houses, no cottages, no dirty streets, no inferiority, in point of neatness and brightness, to the other towns of Holland.

The inhabitants are remarkable for adhering to the dress, as well as the employments of their ancestors; so much so, that their clothing is mentioned in other towns as the representation of the antient national dress, common throughout all the provinces two centuries since; and it is certain, that their appearance is exactly such as is delineated in pictures of that date.

Some miles further, we entered the old Maese, a channel in several parts very narrow, and evidently preserved by art, but in others nobly expansive, and filled almost to the level of the luxuriant pastures and groves that border it. In one part,

where the antient stream takes a circuitous course, a canal has been cut, that shortens the voyage, for light vessels, by several miles, and barks in one channel are sometimes visible from the other, their sails swelling over fields, in which, at a distance, no water is discernible. Neat and substantial farmhouses, with meadows flaming from them to the river, frequently occurred; and there were more appearances of the careful labours, peculiar to the Dutch, than in the great Maese itself, the banks being occasionally supported, like their dykes, by a compact basket-work of flags and faggots.

Passing many small villages, or hamlets, we came, at sun-set, to the large branch of the sea, which spreads from Williamstadt to Helvoetsluys, and from thence to the German ocean. The former fortress was faintly visible at a great distance over the water; and, while we were straining our sight towards it, there was proof enough of a nearness to the present theatre of war, the sounds of the siege of Sluys coming loudly and distinctly in the breeze. The characters of evening had fallen upon the scene in mild and deep solemnity; but the glories of nature were unfelt, while a dreadful estimation of the miseries, produced at each return of the sullen roar, pressed almost exclusively upon the mind; considerations, which were soon after prolonged by the melancholy view of several English transports, filled with wounded soldiers, whose blythe music, now at the firing of the evening gun, was rendered painful by its contrast to the truth of their conditions.

At Helvoetsluys, nothing was to be heard, but accounts, derived from many respectable officers, on their way to

England, of the unexampled difficulties borne, cheerfully borne, by the British army, within the last three months, and deservedly mentioned, not as complaints, but as proofs of their firmness. There were, however, mingled with these, many reports as to the contrary conduct even of those continental troops, which still kept the field with us; of their tardiness, their irregularity, of the readiness with which they permitted the British to assume all the dangers of attacks, and of their little co-operation even in the means of general resistance. *Brave Anglois! Brave Anglois!* was the constant shout of these troops, when they had recourse to the British to regain the posts themselves had just lost, or to make some assault, which they had refused, or had attempted with ineffectual formality. They would then follow our troops, and, when an advantage was gained, seemed to think they had share enough of the victory, if they were at hand to continue the slaughter of the retreating, and to engross all the plunder of the dead.

We were as glad to escape from such considerations, as from the crowded inns of Helvoetsluys, now little more convenient than ships; and, the next morning, embarked on board the American vessel, then arrived from Rotterdam. A fair wind soon wafted us out of sight of the low coast of Holland; but we were afterwards becalmed, and carried by tides so far towards the Flemish shore as to have the firing before Sluys not only audible, but terribly loud. For part of three days, we remained within hearing of this noise; but did not, therefore, think ourselves very distant from the English coast, knowing that the fire, at the preceding siege of

Nieuport, had been heard as far as the Downs; Nieuport, the wretched scene of so many massacres, and of distress, which, in Holland, had been forcibly described to us by eye-witnesses.

So keenly, indeed were the horrors of this place conceived by those, who personally escaped from them, that of the emigrants, rescued by the intrepidity of our seamen, many suppressed all joy at their own deliverance by lamentations for the fate of their brethren. One gentleman was no sooner on board a ship, then exposed to the batteries on shore, than he climbed the shrouds and remained aloft, notwithstanding all entreaties, till a severe wound obliged him to descend. Another, who had been saved from the beach by a young sailor, was unable to swim so far as the ship; and the honest lad, having taken him upon his back, struggled hard amidst a shower of balls to save both their lives. At length, he, too, began to falter; and the weakness of his efforts, not his complaints, seemed to shew his companion, that one, or both of them, must perish: the latter nobly asked the lad, whether he could save his own life, if left to himself; and, receiving a reluctant reply, that probably he might do so, but that he would strive for both, the emigrant instantly plunged into the ocean and was seen no more. The glorious sailor reached his ship, just as he began again to sail, and was saved.

The calm continued during the day, and the sun set with uncommon grandeur among clouds of purple, red and gold, that mingling with the serene azure of the upper sky, composed a richness and harmony of colouring which we never saw surpassed. It was most interesting to watch the

progress of evening and its effect on the waters; streaks of light scattered among the dark western clouds, after the sun had set, and gleaming in long reflection on the sea, while a grey obscurity was drawing over the east, as the vapours rose gradually from the ocean. The air was breathless; the tall sails of the vessel were without motion, and her course upon the deep scarcely perceptible; while, above, the planet Jupiter burned with steady dignity, and threw a tremulous line of light on the sea, whose surface flowed in smooth waveless expanse. Then, other planets appeared, and countless stars spangled the dark waters. Twilight now pervaded air and ocean, but the west was still luminous, where one solemn gleam of dusky red edged the horizon, from under heavy vapours.

It was now that we first discovered some symptoms of England; the lighthouse on the South-Foreland appeared like a dawning star above the margin of the sea.

The vessel made little progress during the night. With the earliest dawn of morning we were on deck, in the hope of seeing the English coast; but the mists veiled it from our view. A spectacle, however, the most grand in nature, repaid us for our disappointment, and we found the circumstances of a sun-rise at sea, yet more interesting than those of a sun-set. The moon, bright and nearly at her meridian, shed a strong lustre on the ocean, and gleamed between the sails upon the deck; but the dawn, beginning to glimmer, contended with her light, and, soon touching the waters with a cold grey tint, discovered them spreading all round to the vast horizon. Not a sound broke upon the silence, except the

lulling one occasioned by the course of the vessel through the waves, and now and then the drowsy song of the pilot, as he leaned on the helm; his shadowy figure just discerned, and that of a sailor pacing near the head of the ship with crossed arms and a rolling step. The captain, wrapt in a sea-coat, lay asleep on the deck, wearied with the early watch. As the dawn strengthened, it discovered white sails stealing along the distance, and the flight of some sea-fowls, as they uttered their slender cry, and then, dropping upon the waves, sat floating on the surface. Meanwhile, the light tints in the east began to change, and the skirts of a line of clouds below to assume a hue of tawny red, which gradually became rich orange and purple. We could now perceive a long tract of the coast of France, like a dark streak of vapour hovering in the south, and were somewhat alarmed on finding ourselves within view of the French shore, while that of England was still invisible.

The moon-light faded fast from the waters, and soon the long beams of the sun shot their lines upwards through the clouds and into the clear blue sky above, and all the sea below glowed with fiery reflections, for a considerable time, before his disk appeared. At length he rose from the waves, looking from under clouds of purple and gold; and as he seemed to touch the water, a distant vessel passed over his disk, like a dark speck.

We were soon after cheered by the faintly seen coast of England, but at the same time discovered, nearer to us on the south-west, the high blue headlands of Calais; and, more eastward, the town, with its large church and the steeples of two others, seated on the edge of the sea. The woods, that fringe the summits of hills rising over it, were easily distinguished with glasses, as well as the national flag on the steeple of the great church. As we proceeded, Calais cliffs, at a considerable distance westward of the town, lost their aërial blue, and shewed an high front of chalky precipice, overtopped by dark downs. Beyond, far to the south-west, and at the foot of a bold promontory, that swelled above all the neighbouring heights, our glasses gave us the towers and ramparts of Boulogne, sloping upward from the shore, with its tall lighthouse on a low point running out into the sea; the whole appearing with considerable dignity and picturesque effect. The hills beyond were tamer, and sunk gradually away in the horizon. At length, the breeze wafting us more to the north, we discriminated the bolder features of the English coast, and, about noon, found ourselves nearly in the middle of the channel, having Picardy on our left and Kent on the right, its white cliffs aspiring with great majesty over the flood. The sweeping bay of Dover, with all its chalky heights, soon after opened. The town appeared low on the shore within, and the castle, with round and massy towers, crowned the vast rock, which, advancing into the sea, formed the eastern point of the crescent, while Shakespeare's cliff, bolder still and sublime as the eternal name it bears, was the western promontory of the bay. The height and grandeur of this cliff were particularly striking, when a ship was seen

sailing at its base, diminished by comparison to an inch. From hence the cliffs towards Folkstone, though still broken and majestic, gradually decline. There are, perhaps, few prospects of sea and shore more animated and magnificent than this. The vast expanse of water, the character of the cliffs, that guard the coast, the ships of war and various merchantmen moored in the Downs, the lighter vessels skimming along the channel, and the now distant shore of France, with Calais glimmering faintly, and hinting of different modes of life and a new world, all these circumstances formed a scene of pre-eminent combination, and led to interesting reflection.

Our vessel was bound to Deal, and, leaving Dover and its cliffs on the south, we entered that noble bay, which the rich shores of Kent open for the sea. Gentle hills, swelling all round from the water, green with woods, or cultivation, and speckled with towns and villages, with now and then the towers of an old fortress, offered a landscape particularly cheering to eyes accustomed to the monotonous flatness of Dutch views. And we landed in England under impressions of delight more varied and strong than can be conceived, without referring to the joy of an escape from districts where there was scarcely an home for the natives, and to the love of our own country, greatly enhanced by all that had been seen of others.

Between Deal and London, after being first struck by the superior appearance and manners of the people to those of the countries we had been lately accustomed to, a contrast too obvious as well as too often remarked to be again insisted

upon, but which made all the ordinary circumstances of the journey seem new and delightful, the difference between the landscapes of England and Germany occurred forcibly to notice. The large scale, in which every division of land appeared in Germany, the long corn grounds, the huge stretches of hills, the vast plains and the wide vallies could not but be beautifully opposed by the varieties and undulations of English surface, with gently swelling slopes, rich in verdure, thick enclosures, woods, bowery hop-grounds, sheltered mansions, announcing the wealth, and substantial farms, with neat villages, the comfort of the country. English landscape may be compared to cabinet pictures, delicately beautiful and highly finished; German scenery to paintings for a vestibule, of bold outline and often sublime, but coarse and to be viewed with advantage only from a distance.

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop, after a country, not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it, till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary grey then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S.

frequently occur under a coronet, the initials, and the memorials of the vanity, of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which, every now and then, let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills. The scenery reminded us of the exquisite descriptions of Harewood,

"The deep embowering shades, that veil Elfrida;"

and those of Hardwick once veiled a form as lovely as the ideal graces of the Poet, and conspired to a fate more tragical than that, which Harewood witnessed.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the antient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later, but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk, which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry, above the oak wainscoting, and shewed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic

elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet and many voices from the court; her proud yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my Lord Keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own Queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall a stair-case ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions, used by Mary, still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment, the bed, tapestry and chairs having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and, having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto carved in oak:

"There is only this: To fear God and keep his Commandments."

So much less valuable was timber than workmanship, when this mansion was constructed, that, where the stair-cases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second, or state story

to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln Cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that, which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known by other proofs, than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise, which its antiquities, and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed, excite.

The walls, which are covered to a considerable height with tapestry, are painted above with historical groups. The chairs are of black velvet, nearly concealed by a raised needle-work of gold, silver and colours, that mingle with surprising richness, and remain in fresh preservation. The upper end of the room is distinguished by a lofty canopy of the same materials, and by steps which support two chairs; so that the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury probably enjoyed their own stateliness here, as well as assisted in the ceremonies practised before Mary. A carpeted table, in front of the canopy, was, perhaps, the desk of Commissioners, or Secretaries, who here recorded some of the proceedings concerning her; below which, the room breaks into a spacious recess, where a few articles of furniture are deposited, not originally placed in it; a bed of state, used by Mary, the curtains of gold tissue, but in so tattered a condition, that its original texture can scarcely be perceived. This and the chairs, which accompany it, are supposed to have been much earlier than Mary's time.

A short passage leads from the state apartment to her own chamber, a small room, overlooked from the passage by a window, which enabled her attendants to know, that she was contriving no means of escape through the others into the court. The bed and chairs of this room are of black velvet, embroidered by herself; the toilet of gold tissue; all more decayed than worn, and probably used only towards the conclusion of her imprisonment here, when she was removed from some better apartment, in which the antient bed, now in the state-room, had been placed. The date 1599 is once or twice inscribed in this chamber; for no reason, that could relate to Mary, who was removed hence in 1584, and fell, by the often-blooded hands of Elizabeth, in 1587.

These are the apartments, distinguished by having been the residence of so unhappy a personage. On the other side of the mansion, a grand gallery occupies the length of the whole front, which is 165 feet, and contains many portraits, now placed carelessly on chairs, or the floor; amongst them an head of Sir Thomas More, apparently very fine; heads of Henries the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth; a portrait of Lady Jane Gray, meek and fair, before a harpsichord, on which a psalm-book is opened; at the bottom of the gallery, Elizabeth, slyly proud and meanly violent; and, at the top, Mary, in black, taken a short time before her death, her countenance much faded, deeply marked by indignation and grief, and reduced as if to the spectre of herself, frowning with suspicion upon all who approached it; the black eyes looking out from their corners, thin lips, somewhat aquiline nose and beautiful chin.

What remains of the more antient building is a ruin, which, standing nearly on the brink of the glade, is a fine object from this. A few apartments, though approached with difficulty through the fragments of others, are still almost entire, and the dimensions of that called the Giant's Chamber are remarkable for the beauty of their proportion.

From Hardwick to within a few miles of Middleton, the beauty of the country declines, while the sublimity is not perfected; but, from the north-west brow of Brampton Moor, the vast hills of Derbyshire appear, in wild and ghastly succession. Middleton, hewn out of the grey rocks, that impend over it, and scarcely distinguishable from them, is worth notice for its very small and neat octagon church, built partly by brief and partly by a donation from the Duke of Devonshire. The valley, or rather chasm, at the entrance of which it stands, is called Middleton Dale, and runs, for two miles, between perpendicular walls of rock, which have more the appearance of having been torn asunder by some convulsive rent of the earth, than any we have elsewhere seen. The strata are horizontal, and the edges of each are often distinct and rounded; one of the characteristics of granite. Three grey rocks, resembling castles, project from these solid walls, and, now and then, a lime-kiln, round like a bastion, half involves in smoke a figure, who, standing on the summit, looks the Witch of the Dale, on an edge of her cauldron, watching the workings of incantation.

The chasm opened, at length, to a hill, whence wild moorish mountains were seen on all sides, some entirely covered with the dull purple of heath, others green, but

without enclosures, except sometimes a stone wall, and the dark sides of others marked only by the blue smoke of weeds, driven in circles near the ground.

Towards sun-set, from a hill in Cheshire, we had a vast view over part of that county and nearly all Lancashire, a scene of fertile plains and gentle heights, till some broad and towering mountains, at an immense distance, were but uncertainly distinguished from the clouds. Soon after, the cheerful populousness of the rich towns and villages in Lancashire supplied objects for attention of a different character; Stockport first, crowded with buildings and people, as much so as some of the busiest quarters in London, with large blazing fires in every house, by the light of which women were frequently spinning, and manufacturers issuing from their workshops and filling the steep streets, which the chaise rolled down with; dangerous rapidity; then an almost continued street of villages to Manchester, some miles before which the road was busy with passengers and carriages, as well as bordered by handsome country houses; and, finally for this day, Manchester itself; a second London; enormous to those, who have not seen the first, almost tumultuous with business, and yet well proved to afford the necessary peacefulness to science, letters and taste. And not only for itself may Manchester be an object of admiration, but for the contrast of its useful profits to the wealth of a neighbouring place, immersed in the dreadful guilt of the Slave Trade, with the continuance of which to believe national prosperity compatible, is to hope, that the actions of nations pass unseen before the Almighty, or to

suppose extenuation of crimes by increase of criminality, and that the eternal laws of right and truth, which smite the wickedness of individuals, are too weak to struggle with the accumulated and comprehensive guilt of a national participation in robbery, cruelty and murder.

From Manchester to Lancaster the road leads through a pleasant and populous country, which rises gradually as it approaches the huge hills we had noticed in the distance from the brow of Cheshire, and whose attitudes now resembled those of the Rheingau as seen from Mentz. From some moors on this side of Lancaster the prospects open very extensively over a rich tract fading into blue ridges; while, on the left, long lines of distant sea appear, every now and then, over the dark woods of the shore, with vessels sailing as if on their summits. But the view from a hill descending to Lancaster is pre-eminent for grandeur, and comprehends an extent of sea and land, and a union of the sublime in both, which we have never seen equalled. In the green vale of the Lune below lies the town, spreading up the side of a round hill overtopped by the old towers of the castle and the church. Beyond, over a ridge of gentle heights, which bind the west side of the vale, the noble inlet of the sea, that flows upon the Ulverston and Lancaster sands, is seen at the feet of an amphitheatre formed by nearly all the mountains of the Lakes; an exhibition of alpine grandeur, both in form and colouring, which, with the extent of water below, compose a scenery perhaps faintly rivalling that of the Lake of Geneva. To the south and west, the Irish Channel finishes the view.

The antient town and castle of Lancaster have been so often and so well described, that little remains to be said of them. To the latter considerable additions are building in the Gothic style, which, when time shall have shaded the stone, will harmonize well wish the venerable towers and gatehouse of the old structure. From a turret rising over the leads of the castle, called John o' Gaunt's Chair, the prospect is still finer than from the terrace of the church-yard below. Overlooking the Lune and its green slopes, the eye ranges to the bay of the sea beyond, and to the Cumberland and Lancashire mountains. On an island near the extremity of the peninsula of Low Furness, the double point of Peel Castle starts up from the sea, but is so distant that it resembles a forked rock. This peninsula, which separates the bay of Ulverston from the Irish Channel, swells gradually into a pointed mountain called Blackcomb, thirty miles from Lancaster, the first in the amphitheatre, that binds the bay. Hence a range of lower, but more broken and forked summits, extends northward to the fells of High Furness, rolled behind each other, huge, towering and dark; then, higher still, Langdale Pikes, with a confusion of other fells, that crown the head of Windermere and retire towards Keswick, whose gigantic mountains, Helvellyn and Saddleback, are, however, sunk in distance below the horizon of the nearer ones. The top of Skiddaw may be discerned when the air is clear, but it is too far off to appear with dignity. From Windermere-Fells the heights soften towards the Vale of Lonsdale, on the east side of which Ingleborough, a mountain in Craven, rears his rugged front, the loftiest and most majestic in the scene. The nearer country, from this point of the landscape, is intersected with

cultivated hills, between which the Lune winds its bright but shallow stream, falling over a weir and passing under a very handsome stone bridge at the entrance of the town, in its progress towards the sea. A ridge of rocky eminences shelters Lancaster on the east, whence they decline into the low and uninteresting country, that stretches to the Channel.

The appearance of the northern Fells is ever changing with the weather and shifting lights. Sometimes they resemble those evening clouds on the horizon, that catch the last gleams of the sun; at others, wrapt in dark mist, they are only faintly traced, and seem like stormy vapours rising from the sea. But in a bright day their appearance is beautiful; then, their grand outlines are distinctly drawn upon the sky, a vision of Alps; the rugged sides are faintly marked with light and shadow, with wood and rock, and here and there a cluster of white cottages, or farms and hamlets, gleam at their feet along the water's edge. Over the whole landscape is then drawn a softening azure, or sometimes a purple hue, exquisitely lovely, while the sea below reflects a brighter tint of blue.

FROM LANCASTER TO KENDAL.

Leaving Lancaster, we wound along the southern brow of the vale of the Lune, which there serpentizes among meadows, and is soon after shut up between steep shrubby banks. From the heights we had some fine retrospects of

Lancaster and the distant sea; but, about three miles from the town, the hills open forward to a view as much distinguished by the notice of Mr. GRAY, as by its own charms. We here looked down over a woody and finely broken fore-ground upon the Lune and the vale of Lonsdale, undulating in richly cultivated slopes, with Ingleborough, for the back-ground, bearing its bold promontory on high, the very crown and paragon of the landscape. To the west, the vale winds from sight among smoother hills; and the gracefully falling line of a mountain, on the left, forms, with the wooded heights, on the right, a kind of frame for the distant picture.

The road now turned into the sweetly retired vale of Caton, and by the village church-yard, in which there is not a single gravestone, to Hornby, a small straggling town, delightfully seated near the entrance of the vale of Lonsdale. Its thin toppling castle is seen among wood, at a considerable distance, with a dark hill rising over it. What remains of the old edifice is a square grey building, with a slender watch-tower, rising in one corner, like a feather in a hat, which joins the modern mansion of white stone, and gives it a singular appearance, by seeming to start from the centre of its roof.

In front, a steep lawn descends between avenues of old wood, and the park extends along the skirts of the craggy hill, that towers above. At its foot, is a good stone bridge over the Wenning, now shrunk in its pebbly bed, and, further on, near the castle, the church, shewing a handsome octagonal tower, crowned with battlements. The road then becomes extremely interesting, and, at Melling, a village on a brow some miles further, the view opens over the whole

vale of Lonsdale. The eye now passes, beneath the arching foliage of some trees in the fore-ground, to the sweeping valley, where meadows of the most vivid green and dark woods, with white cottages and villages peeping from among them, mingle with surprising richness, and undulate from either bank of the Lune to the feet of hills. Ingleborough, rising from elegantly swelling ground, overlooked this enchanting vale, on the right, clouds rolling along its broken top, like smoke from a cauldron, and its hoary tint forming a boundary to the soft verdure and rich woodlands of the slopes, at its feet. The perspective was terminated by the tall peeping heads of the Westmoreland fells, the nearer ones tinged with faintest purple, the more distant with light azure; and this is the general boundary to a scene, in the midst of which, enclosed between nearer and lower hills, lies the vale of Lonsdale, of a character mild, delicate and reposing, like the countenance of a Madona.

Descending Melling brow, and winding among the perpetually-changing scenery of the valley, we approached Ingleborough; and it was interesting to observe the lines of its bolder features gradually strengthening, and the shadowy markings of its minuter ones becoming more distinct, as we advanced. Rock and grey crags looked out from the heath, on every side; but its form on each was very different. Towards Lonsdale, the mountain is bold and majestic, rising in abrupt and broken precipices, and, often impending, till, at the summit, it suddenly becomes flat, and is level for nearly a mile, whence it descends, in along gradual ridge, to Craven in Yorkshire. In summer, some festivities are annually

celebrated on this top, and the country people, as they "drink the freshness of the mountain breeze [1]," look over the wild moorlands of Yorkshire, the rich vales of Lancashire, and to the sublime mountains of Westmoreland.

Crossing a small bridge, we turned from Ingleborough, and passed very near the antient walls of Thirlham Castle, little of which is now remaining. The ruin is on a green broken knoll, one side of which is darkened with brush-wood and dwarf-oak. Cattle were reposing in the shade, on the bank of a rivulet, that rippled through what was formerly the castle ditch. A few old trees waved over what was once a tower, now covered with ivy.

Some miles further, we crossed the Leck, a shrunk and desolate stream, nearly choked with pebbles, winding in a deep rocky glen, where trees and shrubs marked the winter boundary of the waters. Our road, mounting a green eminence of the opposite bank, on which stands Overborough, the handsome modern mansion of Mr. Fenwick, wound between plantations and meadows, painted with yellow and purple flowers, like those of spring. As we passed through their gentle slopes, we had, now and then, sweet views between the foliage, on the left, into the vale of Lonsdale, now contracting in its course, and winding into ruder scenery. Among these catches, the best picture was, perhaps, where the white town of Kirby Lonsdale shelves along the opposite bank, having rough heathy hills immediately above it, and, below, a venerable Gothic bridge over the Lune, rising in tall arches, like an antient aqueduct; its grey tint agreeing well with the silvery lightness of the

water and the green shades, that flourished from the steep margin over the abutments.

The view from this bridge, too, was beautiful. The river, foaming below among masses of dark rock, variegated with light tints of grey, as if touched by the painter's pencil, withdrew towards the south in a straight channel, with the woods of Overborough on the left. The vale, dilating, opened a long perspective to Ingleborough and many blue mountains more distant, with all the little villages we had passed, glittering on the intervening eminences. The colouring of some low hills, on the right, was particularly beautiful, long shades of wood being overtopped with brown heath, while, below, meadows of soft verdure fell gently towards the river bank.

Kirby Lonsdale, a neat little town, commanding the whole vale, is on the western steep. We staid two hours at it, gratified by witnessing, at the first inn we reached, the abundance of the country and the goodwill of the people. In times, when the prices of necessary articles are increasing with the taste for all unnecessary display, instances of cheapness may be to persons of small incomes something more than mere physical treasures; they have a moral value in contributing to independence of mind.

Here we had an early and, as it afterwards appeared, a very exaggerated specimen of the dialect of the country. A woman talked, for five minutes, against our window, of whose conversation we could understand scarcely a word. Soon after, a boy replied to a question, "*I do na ken*," and "*gang*"

was presently the common word for *go*; symptoms of nearness to a country, which we did not approach, without delighting to enumerate the instances of genius and worth, that adorn it.

Leaving Kirby Lonsdale by the Kendal road, we mounted a steep hill, and, looking back from its summit upon the whole vale of Lonsdale, perceived ourselves to be in the mid-way between beauty and desolation, so enchanting was the retrospect and so wild and dreary the prospect. From the neighbourhood of Caton to Kirby the ride was superior, for elegant beauty, to any we had passed; this from Kirby to Kendal is of a character distinctly opposite. After losing sight of the vale, the road lies, for nearly the whole distance, over moors and perpetually succeeding hills, thinly covered with dark purple heath flowers, of which the most distant seemed black. The dreariness of the scene was increased by a heavy rain and by the slowness of our progress, jostling amongst coal carts, for ten miles of rugged ground. The views over the Westmoreland mountains were, however, not entirely obscured; their vast ridges were visible in the horizon to the north and west, line over line, frequently in five or six ranges. Sometimes the intersecting mountains opened to others beyond, that fell in deep and abrupt precipices, their profiles drawing towards a point below and seeming to sink in a bottomless abyss.

On our way over these wilds, parts of which are called Endmoor and Cowbrows, we overtook only long trains of coal carts, and, after ten miles of bleak mountain road, began to desire a temporary home, somewhat sooner than we

perceived Kendal, white-smoking in the dark vale. As we approached, the outlines of its ruinous castle were just distinguishable through the gloom, scattered in masses over the top of a small round hill, on the right. At the entrance of the town, the river Kent dashed in foam down a weir; beyond it, on a green slope, the gothic tower of the church was half hid by a cluster of dark trees; gray fells glimmered in the distance.

We were lodged at another excellent inn, and, the next morning, walked over the town, which has an air of trade mingled with that of antiquity. Its history has been given in other places, and we are not able to discuss the doubt, whether it was the Roman *Brocanonacio*, or not. The manufacture of cloth, which our statute books testify to have existed as early as the reign in which *Falstaff* is made to allude to it, appears to be still in vigour, for the town is surrounded, towards the river, with dyeing-grounds. We saw, however, no shades of "Kendal green," or, indeed, any but bright scarlet.

The church is remarkable for three chapels, memorials of the antient dignity of three neighbouring families the Bellinghams, Stricklands and Parrs. These are enclosures, on each side of the altar, differing from pews chiefly in being large enough to contain tombs. Mr. Gray noticed them minutely in the year 1769. They were then probably entire; but the wainscot or railing, which divided the chapel of the Parrs from the aisle, is now gone. Of two stone tombs in it one is enclosed with modern railing, and there are many remnants of painted arms on the adjoining windows. The

chapel of the Stricklands, which is between this and the altar, is separated from the church aisle by a solid wainscot, to the height of four feet, and after that by a wooden railing with broken fillagree ornaments. That of the Bellinghams contains an antient tomb, of which the brass plates, that bore inscriptions and arms, are now gone, but some traces of the latter remain in plaistered stone at the side. Over it, are the fragments of an helmet, and, in the roof, those of armorial bearings, carved in wood. On a pillar, near this, is an inscription, almost obliterated, in which the following words may yet be traced:

"Dame Thomasim Thornburgh
Wiffe of Sir William Thornburgh Knyght
Daughter of Sir Robert Bellingham
Gentle Knyght: the ellventhe of August
On thousand fyue hundreth eightie too."

The Saxon has been so strongly engrafted on our language, that, in reading old inscriptions, especially those, which are likely to have been spelt, according to the pronunciation, one is frequently reminded by antient English words of the modern German synonyms. A German of the present day would say for eleven, eilf, pronounced long like eilve, and for five, funf, pronounced like fuynf.

Over the chief seat in the old pew of the Bellinghams is a brass plate, engraved with the figure of a man in armour, and,

on each side of it, a brass escutcheon, of which that on the right has a motto thus spelled, *Ains. y L'est*. Under the figure is the following inscription, also cut in brass:

> Heer lyeth the bodye of Alan Bellingham esquier who maryed Catheryan daughter of Anthonye Ducket esquier by whom he had no children after whose decease he maryed Dorothie daughter of Thomas Sanford esquier of whom he had —— sonnes & eight daughters, of which five sonnes & 7 daughters with the said Dorothie ar yeat lyving, he was threescore and one yares of age & dyed y^{e} 7 of Maye A^{o} dni 1577.

The correctness of inserting the unpronounced consonants in the words Eight and Daughters, notwithstanding the varieties of the other orthography in this inscription, is a proof of the universality of the Saxon mode of spelling, with great abundance and even waste of letters; a mode, which is so incorporated with our language, that those, who are for dispensing with it in some instances, as in the final k in "publick" and other words, should consider what a general change they have to effect, or what partial incongruities they must submit to.

Kendal is built on the lower steeps of a hill, that towers over the principal street, and bears on one of its brows a testimony to the independence of the inhabitants, an obelisk dedicated to liberty and to the memory of the Revolution in 1688. At a time, when the memory of that revolution is reviled, and the praises of liberty itself endeavoured to be suppressed by the artifice of imputing to it the crimes of

anarchy, it was impossible to omit any act of veneration to the blessings of this event. Being thus led to ascend the hill, we had a view of the country, over which it presides; a scene simple, great and free as the spirit revered amidst it.

FROM KENDAL TO BAMPTON AND HAWSWATER.

Of two roads from Kendal to Bampton one is through Long Sleddale, the other over Shap-fell, the king of the Westmoreland mountains; of which routes the last is the most interesting for simple sublimity, leading through the heart of the wildest tracts and opening to such vast highland scenery as even Derbyshire cannot shew. We left Kendal by this road, and from a very old, ruinous bridge had a full view of the castle, stretching its dark walls and broken towers round the head of a green hill, to the southward of the town. These reliques are, however, too far separated by the decay of large masses of the original edifice, and contain little that is individually picturesque.

The road now lay through shady lanes and over undulating, but gradually ascending ground, from whence were pleasant views of the valley, with now and then a break in the hills, on the left, opening to a glimpse of the distant fells towards Windermere, gray and of more pointed form than any we had yet seen; for hitherto the mountains, though of huge outline, were not so broken, or alpine in their summits as to strike the

fancy with surprise. After about three miles, a very steep hill shuts up the vale to the North, and from a gray rock, near the summit, called Stone-cragg, the prospect opens over the vale of Kendal with great dignity and beauty. Its form from hence seems nearly circular; the hills spread round it, and sweep with easy lines into the bottom, green nearly to their summits, where no fantastic points bend over it, though rock frequently mingles with the heath. The castle, or its low green hill, looked well, nearly in the centre of the landscape, with Kendal and its mountain, on the right. Far to the south, were the groves of Leven's park, almost the only wood in the scene, and, over the heights beyond, blue hills bounded the horizon. On the west, an opening in the near steeps discovered clusters of huge and broken fells, while other breaks, on the east, shewed long ridges stretching towards the south. Nearer us and to the northward, the hills rose dark and awful, crowding over and intersecting each other in long and abrupt lines, heath and crag their only furniture.

The rough knolls around us and the dark mountain above gave force to the verdant beauty and tranquillity of the vale below, and seemed especially to shelter from the storms of the north some white farms and cottages, scattered among enclosures in the hollows. Soon after reaching the summit of the mountain itself

"A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode,"

and we looked down on the left into Long Sleddale, a little scene of exquisite beauty, surrounded with images of greatness. This narrow vale, or glen, shewed a level of the

brightest verdure, with a few cottages scattered among groves, enclosed by dark fells, that rose steeply, yet gracefully, and, at their summits, bent forward in masses of shattered rock. An hugely pointed mountain, called Keintmoor-head, shuts up this sweet scene to the north, rising in a sudden precipice from the vale, and heightening, by barren and gloomy steeps, the miniature beauty, that glowed at its feet. Two mountains, called Whiteside and Potter's-fell, screen the perspective; Stone-crag is at the southern end, fronting Keintmoor-head. The vale, seen beyond the broken ground we were upon, formed a landscape of, perhaps, unexampled variety and grace of colouring; the tender green of the lowland, the darker verdure of the woods ascending the mountains, the brown rough heath above them, and the impending crags over all, exhibit their numerous shades, within a space not more than two miles long, or half a mile in breadth.

From the right of our road another valley extended, whose character is that of simple sublimity, unmixed with any tint of beauty. The vast, yet narrow perspective sweeps in ridges of mountains, huge, barren and brown, point beyond point, the highest of which, Howgill-fell, gives its name to the whole district, in which not a wood, a village, or a farm appeared to cheer the long vista. A shepherd boy told us the names of almost all the heights within the horizon, and we are sorry not to have written them, for the names of mountains are seldom compounded of modern, or trivial denominations, and frequently are somewhat descriptive of their prototypes. He informed us also, that we should go over

eight miles of Shap-fell, without seeing a house; and soon after, at Haw's-foot, we took leave of the last on the road, entering then a close valley, surrounded by stupendous mountains of heath and rock, more towering and abrupt than those, that had appeared in moorlands on the other side of Kendal. A stream, rolling in its rocky channel, and crossing the road under a rude bridge, was all that broke the solitary silence, or gave animation to the view, except the flocks, that hung upon the precipices, and which, at that height, were scarcely distinguishable from the gray round stones, thickly starting from out the heathy steeps. The Highlands of Scotland could scarcely have offered to OSSIAN more images of simple greatness, or more circumstances for melancholy inspiration. Dark glens and fells, the mossy stone, the lonely blast, descending on the valley, the roar of distant torrents every where occurred; and to the bard the "song of spirits" would have swelled with these sounds, and their fleeting forms have appeared in the clouds, that frequently floated along the mountain tops.

The road, now ascending Shap-fell, alternately climbed the steeps and sunk among the hollows of this sovereign mountain, which gives its name to all the surrounding hills; and, during an ascent of four miles, we watched every form and attitude of the features, which composed this vast scenery. Sometimes we looked from a precipice into deep vallies, varied only with shades of heath, with the rude summer hut of the shepherd, or by streams accumulating into torrents; and, at others, caught long prospects over high lands

as huge and wild as the nearer ones, which partially intercepted them.

The flocks in this high region are so seldom disturbed by the footsteps of man, that they have not learned to fear him; they continued to graze within a few feet of the carriage, or looked quietly at it, seeming to consider these mountains as their own.

Near the summit of the road, though not of the hill, a retrospective glance gave us a long view over the fells, and of a rich distance towards Lancaster, rising into blue hills, which admitted glimpses of sparkling sea in the bay beyond. This gay perspective, lighted up by a gleam of sunshine, and viewed between the brown lines of the nearer mountains, shewed like the miniature painting of a landscape, illuminated beyond a darkened fore-ground.

At the point of every steep, as we ascended, the air seemed to become thinner, and, at the northern summit of Shap-fell, which we reached after nearly two hours' toil, the wind blew with piercing intenseness, making it difficult to remain as long as was due to our admiration of the prospect. The scene of mountains, which burst upon us, can be compared only to the multitudinous waves of the sea. On the northern, western and eastern scope of the horizon rose vast ridges of heights, their broken lines sometimes appearing in seven or eight successive ranges, though shewing nothing either fantastic or peaked in their forms. The autumnal lights, gleaming on their sides, or shadows sweeping in dark lines along them, produced a very sublime effect; while summits more remote

were often misty with the streaming shower, and others glittered in the partial rays, or were coloured with the mild azure of distance. The greater tract of the intervening hills and Shap-fell itself were, at this time, darkened with clouds, while Fancy, awed by the gloom, imaged the genius of Westmoreland brooding over it and directing the scowling storm.

A descent of nearly four miles brought us to Shap, a straggling village, lying on the side of a bleak hill, feebly sheltered by clumps of trees. Here, leaving the moorlands, we were glad to find ourselves again where "bells have knolled to church," and in the midst of civilized, though simple life. After a short rest, at a cleanly little inn, we proceeded towards Bampton, a village five miles further in a vale, to which it gives its name, and one mile from Hawswater, the lake, that invited us to it. As the road advanced, the fells of this lake fronted it, and, closing over the southern end of Bampton vale, were the most interesting objects in the view. They were of a character very different from any yet seen; tall, rocky, and of more broken and pointed form. Among them was the high blue peak, called Kidstow-pike; the broader ridge of Wallow-crag; a round and still loftier mountain—Ickolm-moor, beyond, and, further yet, other ranges of peaked summits, that overlook Ullswater.

In a hollow on the left of the road, called the Vale of Magdalene, are the ruins of Shap-abbey, built in the reign of John, of which little now appears except a tower with pointed windows. The situation is deeply secluded, and the gloom of

the surrounding mountains may have accorded well with monastic melancholy.

Proceeding towards Bampton we had a momentary peep into Hawswater, sunk deep among black and haggard rocks, and overtopped by the towering fells before named, whose summits were involved in tempest, till the sun, suddenly breaking out from under clouds, threw a watery gleam aslant the broken top of Kidstow-pike; and his rays, struggling with the shower, produced a fine effect of light, opposed to the gloom, that wrapt Ickolm-moor and other huge mountains.

We soon after looked down from the heights of Bampton upon its open vale, checquered with corn and meadows, among which the slender Lowther wound its way from Hawswater to the vale of Eden, crossing that of Bampton to the north. The hills, enriched here and there with hanging woods and seats, were cultivated nearly to their summits, except where in the south the rude heights of Hawswater almost excluded the lake and shut up the valley. Immediately below us Bampton grange lay along the skirt of the hill, and crossed the Lowther, a gray, rambling and antient village, to which we descended among rough common, darkened by plantations of fir, and between corn enclosures.

The interruption, which enclosed waters and pathless mountains give to the intercourse and business of ordinary life, renders the district, that contains the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland, more thinly inhabited than is due to the healthiness of the climate and, perhaps, to the richness of the vallies. The roads are always difficult from

their steepness, and in winter are greatly obstructed by snow. That over Shap-fell to Kendal was, some years since, entirely impassable, till the inhabitants of a few scattered towns subscribed thirty pounds, and a way was cut wide enough for one horse, but so deep, that the snow was, on each side, above the rider's head. It is not in this age of communication and intelligence, that any person will be credulously eager to suppose the inhabitants of one part of the island considerably or generally distinguished in their characters from those of another; yet, perhaps, none can immerge themselves in this country of the lakes, without being struck by the superior simplicity and modesty of the people. Secluded from great towns and from examples of selfish splendour, their minds seem to act freely in the sphere of their own affairs, without interruption from envy or triumph, as to those of others. They are obliging, without servility, and plain but not rude, so that, when, in accosting you, they omit the customary appellations, you perceive it to be the familiarity of kindness, not of disrespect; and they do not bend with meanness, or hypocrisy, but shew an independent well meaning, without obtrusiveness and without the hope of more than ordinary gain.

Their views of profit from strangers are, indeed, more limited than we could have believed, before witnessing it. The servants at the little inns confess themselves, by their manner of receiving what you give, to be almost as much surprised as pleased. A boy, who had opened four or five gates for us between Shap and Bampton, blushed when we called to him to have some halfpence; and it frequently

happened, that persons, who had looked at the harness, or rendered some little services of that sort on the road, passed on, before any thing could be offered them. The confusion of others, on being paid, induced us to suppose, at first, that enough had not been given; but we were soon informed, that nothing was expected.

The inns, as here at Bampton, are frequently humble; and those, who are disposed to clamour for luxuries, as if there was a crime in not being able to supply them, may confound a simple people, and be themselves greatly discontented, before they go. But those, who will be satisfied with comforts, and think the experience of integrity, carefulness and goodwill is itself a luxury, will be glad to have stopped at Bampton and at several other little villages, where there is some sort of preparation for travellers.

Nor is this secluded spot without provision for the mind. A beneficed grammar school receives the children of the inhabitants, and sends, we believe, some to an University. Bishop GIBSON received his education at it. Bishop LAW, who was born at Bampton, went daily across one, or two of the rudest fells on the lake to another school, at Martindale; an exercise of no trifling fatigue, or resolution; for among the things to be gained by seeing the lakes is a conception of the extreme wildness of their boundaries. You arrive with a notion, that you can and dare rove any where amongst the mountains; and have only to see three to have the utmost terror of losing your way.

The danger of wandering in theses regions without a guide is increased by an uncertainty, as to the titles of heights; for the people of each village have a name for the part of a mountain nearest to themselves, and they sometimes call the whole by that name. The circumference of such heights is also too vast, and the flexures too numerous to admit of great accuracy. Skiddaw, Saddleback and Helvellyn, may, however be certainly distinguished. There are others, a passage over which would save, perhaps, eight or ten miles out of twenty, but which are so little known, except to the shepherds, that they are very rarely crossed by travellers. We could not trust to any person's knowledge of Harter-fell, beyond the head of Hawswater.

HAWSWATER.

This is a lake, of which little has been mentioned, perhaps because it is inferior in size to the others, but which is distinguished by the solemn grandeur of its rocks and mountains, that rise in very bold and awful characters. The water, about three miles long, and at the widest only half a mile over, nearly describes the figure 8, being narrowed in the centre by the projecting shores; and, at this spot, it is said to be fifty fathom deep.

Crossing the meadows of Bampton vale and ascending the opposite heights, we approached the fells of Hawswater, and, having proceeded for a mile along the side of hills, the views

over the vale and of the southern mountains changing with almost every step, the lake began to open between a very lofty ridge, covered with forest, and abrupt fells of heath, or naked rock. Soon after, we looked upon the first expanse of the lake. Its eastern shore, rising in a tremendous ridge of rocks, darkened with wood to the summit, appears to terminate in Wallow-crag, a promontory of towering height, beyond which the lake winds from view. The finely broken mountains on the west are covered with heath, and the tops impend in crags and precipices; but their ascent from the water is less sudden than that of the opposite rocks, and they are skirted by a narrow margin of vivid green, where cattle were feeding, and tufted shrubs and little groves overhung the lake and were reflected on its dark surface. Above, a very few white cottages among wood broke in upon the solitude; higher still, the mountain-flocks were browsing, and above all, the narrow perspective was closed by dark and monstrous summits.

As we wound along the bank, the rocks unfolded and disclosed the second expanse, with scenery yet more towering and sublime than the first. This perspective seemed to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle-street; but, as we advanced, Harter-fell reared his awful front, impending over the water, and shut in the scene, where, amidst rocks, and at the entrance of a glen almost choked by fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Martindale, spoken by the country people Mardale. Among the fells of this dark prospect are Lathale, Wilter-crag, Castle-crag and Riggindale, their bold lines appearing beyond each other as

they fell into the upper part of the lake, and some of them shewing only masses of shattered rock. Kidstow-pike is pre-eminent among the crowding summits beyond the eastern shore, and the clouds frequently spread their gloom over its point, or fall in showers into the cup within; on the west High-street, which overlooks the head of Ullswater, is the most dignified of the mountains.

Leaving the green margin of the lake, we ascended to the Parsonage, a low, white building on a knoll, sheltered by the mountain and a grove of sycamores, with a small garden in front, falling towards the water. From the door we had a view of the whole lake and the surrounding fells, which the eminence we were upon was just raised enough to shew to advantage. Nearly opposite to it the bold promontory of Wallow-crag pushed its base into the lake, where a peninsula advanced to meet it, spread with bright verdure, on which the hamlet of Martindale lay half concealed among a grove of oak, beech and sycamore, whose tints contrasted with the darker one of the spiry spruce, or more clumped English fir, and accorded sweetly with the pastoral green beneath. The ridge of precipices, that swept from Wallow-crag southward, and formed a bay for the upper part of the lake, was despoiled of its forest; but that, which curved northward, was dark with dwarf-wood to the water's brim, and, opening distantly to Bampton vale, let in a gay miniature landscape, bright in sunshine. Below, the lake reflected the gloom of the woods, and was sometimes marked with long white lines, which, we were told, indicated bad weather; but, except

when a sudden gust swept the surface, it gave back every image on the shore, as in a dark mirror.

The interior of the Parsonage was as comfortable as the situation was interesting. A neat parlour opened from the passage, but it was newly painted, and we were shewn into the family room, having a large old-fashioned chimney corner, with benches to receive a social party, and forming a most enviable retreat from the storms of the mountains. Here, in the winter evening, a family circle, gathering round a blazing pile of wood on the hearth, might defy the weather and the world. It was delightful to picture such a party, happy in their home, in the sweet affections of kindred and in honest independence, conversing, working and reading occasionally, while the blast was struggling against the casement and the snow pelting on the roof.

The seat of a long window, overlooking the lake, offered the delights of other seasons; hence the luxuriance of summer and the colouring of autumn successively spread their enchantments over the opposite woods, and the meadows that margined the water below; and a little garden of sweets sent up its fragrance to that of the honeysuckles, that twined round the window. Here, too, lay a store of books, and, to instance that an inhabitant of this remote nook could not exclude an interest concerning the distant world among them was a history of passing events. Alas! to what scenes, to what display of human passions and human suffering did it open! How opposite to the simplicity, the innocence and the peace of these!

The venerable father of the mansion was engaged in his duty at his chapel of Martindale, but we were hospitably received within, and heard the next day how gladly he would have rendered any civilities to strangers.

On leaving this enviable little residence, we pursued the steeps of the mountain behind it, and were soon amidst the flocks and the crags, whence the look-down, upon the lake and among the fells was solemn and surprising. About a quarter of a mile from the Parsonage, a torrent of some dignity rushed past us, foaming down a rocky chasm in its way to the lake. Every where, little streams of crystal clearness wandered silently among the moss and turf, which half concealed their progress, or dashed over the rocks; and, across the largest, sheep-bridges of flat stone were thrown, to prevent the flocks from being carried away in attempting to pass them in winter. The gray stones, that grew among the heath, were spotted with mosses of so fine a texture, that it was difficult to ascertain whether they were vegetable; their tints were a delicate pea-green and primrose, with a variety of colours, which it was not necessary to be a botanist to admire.

An hour, passed in ascending, brought us to the brow of Bampton vale, which sloped gently downward to the north, where it opened to lines of distant mountains, that extended far into the east. The woods of Lowther-park capped two remote hills, and spread luxuriantly down their sides into the valley; and nearer, Bampton-grange lay at the base of a mountain, crowned with fir plantations, over which, in a

distant vale, we discovered the village of Shap and long ridges of the highland, passed on the preceding day.

One of the fells we had just crossed is called Blanarasa, at the summit of which two gray stones, each about four feet high, and placed upright, at the distance of nine feet from each other, remain of four, which are remembered to have been formerly there. The place is still called Four Stones; but tradition does not relate the design of the monument; whether to limit adjoining districts, or to commemorate a battle, or a hero.

We descended gradually into the vale, among thickets of rough oaks, on the bank of a rivulet, which foamed in a deep channel beneath their foliage, and came to a glade so sequestered and gloomily overshadowed, that one almost expected see the venerable arch of a ruin, peeping between the branches. It was the very spot, which the founder of a monastery might have chosen for his retirement, where the chantings of a choir might have mingled with the soothing murmur of the stream, and monks have glided beneath the solemn trees in garments scarcely distinguishable from the shades themselves.

This glade, sloping from the eye, opened under spreadings oaks to a remote glimpse of the vale, with blue hills in the distance; and on the grassy hillocks of the fore-ground cattle were every where reposing.

We returned, about sun-set, to Bampton, after a walk of little more than four miles, which had exhibited a great

variety of scenery, beautiful, romantic and sublime. At the entrance of the village, the Lowther and a nameless rivulet, that runs from Hawswater, join their waters; both streams were now sunk in their beds; but in winter they sometimes contend for the conquest and ravage of the neighbouring plains. The waters have then risen to the height of five or six feet in a meadow forty yards from their summer channels. In an enclosure of this vale was fought the last battle, or skirmish, with the Scots in Westmoreland; and it is within the telling of the sons of great-grandfathers, that the contest continued, till the Scots were discovered to fire only pebbles; the villagers had then the folly to close with them and the success to drive them away; but such was the simplicity of the times, that it was called a victory to have made one prisoner. Stories of this sort are not yet entirely forgotten in the deeply inclosed vales of Westmoreland and Cumberland, where the greater part of the present inhabitants can refer to an ancestry of several centuries, on the same spot.

We thought Bampton, though a very ill-built village, an enviable spot; having a clergyman, as we heard, of exemplary manners, and, as one of us witnessed, of a most faithful earnestness in addressing his congregation in the church; being but slightly removed from one of the lakes, that accumulates in a small space many of the varieties and attractions of the others; and having the adjoining lands distributed, for the most part, into small farms, so that, as it is not thought low to be without wealth, the poor do not acquire the offensive and disreputable habits, by which they are too often tempted to revenge, or resist the ostentation of the rich.

ULLSWATER.

The ride from Bampton to Ullswater is very various and delightful. It winds for about three miles along the western heights of this green and open vale, among embowered lanes, that alternately admit and exclude the pastoral scenes below, and the fine landscapes on the opposite hills, formed by the plantations and antient woods of Lowther-park. These spread over a long tract, and mingle in sweet variety with the lively verdure of lawns and meadows, that slope into the valley, and sometimes appear in gleams among the dark thickets. The house, of white stone with red window-cases, embosomed among the woods, has nothing in its appearance answerable to the surrounding grounds. Its situation and that of the park are exquisitely happy, just where the vale of Bampton opens to that of Eden, and the long mountainous ridge and peak of Cross-fell, aspiring above them all, stretch before the eye; with the town of Penrith shelving along the side of a distant mountain, and its beacon on the summit; the ruins of its castle appearing distinctly at the same time, crowning a low round hill. The horizon to the north and the east is bounded by lines of mountains, range above range, not romantic and surprising, but multitudinous and vast. Of these, Cross-fell, said to be the highest mountain in Cumberland, gives its name to the whole northern ridge, which in its full extent, from the neighbourhood of Gillsland to that of Kirkby-Steven, is near fifty miles. This perspective of the extensive vale of Eden has grandeur and magnificence

in as high a degree as that of Bampton has pastoral beauty, closing in the gloomy solitudes of Hawswater. The vale is finely wooded, and variegated with mansions, parks, meadow-land, corn, towns, villages, and all that make a distant landscape rich. Among the peculiarities of it, are little mountains of alpine shape, that start up like pyramids in the middle of the vale, some covered with wood, others barren and rocky. The scene perhaps only wants a river like the Rhine, or the Thames, to make it the very finest in England for union of grandeur, beauty and extent.

Opposite Lowther-hall, we gave a farewell look to the pleasant vale of Bampton and its southern fells, as the road, winding more to the west, led us over the high lands, that separate it from the vale of Emont. Then, ascending through shady lanes and among fields where the oat harvest was gathering, we had enchanting retrospects of the vale of Eden, spreading to the east, with all its chain of mountains chequered by the autumnal shadows.

Soon after, the road brought us to the brows of Emont, a narrow well-wooded vale, the river, from which it takes its name, meandering through it from Ullswater among pastures and pleasure-grounds, to meet the Lowther near Brougham Castle. Penrith and its castle and beacon look up the vale from the north, and the astonishing fells of Ullswater close upon it in the south; while Delemain, the house, and beautiful grounds of Mr. Hassel, Hutton St. John, a venerable old mansion, and the single tower called Dacre-castle adorn the valley. But who can pause to admire the elegancies of art, when surrounded by the wonders of nature? The approach to

this sublime lake along the heights of Emont is exquisitely interesting; for the road, being shrouded by woods, allows the eye only partial glimpses of the gigantic shapes, that are assembled in the distance, and, awakening high expectation, leaves the imagination, thus elevated, to paint the "forms of things unseen." Thus it was, when we caught a first view of the dark broken tops of the fells, that rise round Ullswater, of size and shape most huge, bold, and awful; overspread with a blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural, though according in gloom and sublimity with the severe features it involved.

Further on, the mountains began to unfold themselves; their outlines, broken, abrupt and intersecting each other in innumerable directions, seemed, now and then, to fall back like a multitude at some supreme command, and permitted an oblique glimpse into the deep vales. A close lane then descended towards Pooly-bridge, where, at length, the lake itself appeared beyond the spreading branches, and, soon after, the first reach expanded before us, with all its mountains tumbled round it; rocky, ruinous and vast, impending, yet rising in wild confusion and multiplied points behind each other.

This view of the first reach from the foot of Dunmallet, a pointed woody hill, near Pooly-bridge, is one of the finest on the Jake, which here spreads in a noble sheet, near three miles long, and almost two miles broad, to the base of Thwaithill-nab, winding round which it disappears, and the whole is then believed to be seen. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; the mountains, that impend

over the shore in front, are peculiarly awful in their forms and attitudes; on the left, the fells soften; woodlands, and their pastures, colour their lower declivities, and the water is margined with the tenderest verdure, opposed to the dark woods and crags above. On the right, a green conical hill slopes to the shore, where cattle were reposing on the grass, or sipping the clear wave; further, rise the bolder rocks of Thwaithill-nab, where the lake disappears, and, beyond, the dark precipices and summits of fells, that crown the second reach.

Winding the foot of Dunmallet, the almost pyramidal hill, that shuts up this end of Ullswater, and separates it from the vale of Emont, we crossed Barton bridge, where this little river, clear as crystal, issues from the lake, and through a close pass hurries over a rocky channel to the vale. Its woody steeps, the tufted island, that interrupts its stream, and the valley beyond, form altogether a picture in fine contrast with the majesty of Ullswater, expanding on the other side of the bridge.

We followed the skirts of a smooth green hill, the lake, on the other hand, flowing softly against the road and shewing every pebble on the beach beneath, and proceeded towards the second bend; but soon mounted from the shore among the broken knolls of Dacre-common, whence we had various views of the first reach, its scenery appearing in darkened majesty as the autumnal shadows swept over it. Sometimes, however, the rays, falling in gleams upon the water, gave it the finest silvery tone imaginable, sober though splendid. Dunmallet at the foot of the lake was a formal unpleasing

object, not large enough to be grand, or wild enough to be romantic.

The ground of the common is finely broken, and is scattered sparingly with white cottages, each picturesquely shadowed by its dark grove; above, rise plantations and gray crags which lead the eye forward to the alpine forms, that crown the second reach, changing their attitudes every instant as they are approached.

Ullswater in all its windings, which give it the form of the letter S, is nearly nine miles long; the width is various, sometimes nearly two miles and seldom less than one; but Skelling-nab, a vast rock in the second reach, projects so as to reduce it to less than a quarter of a mile. These are chiefly the reputed measurements, but the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores and the grandeur of the fells, that rise beyond; the proportions however are grand, for the water retains its dignity, notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments; a circumstance, which Derwentwater can scarcely boast.

The second bend, assuming the form of a river, is very long, but generally broad, and brought strongly to remembrance some of the passes of the Rhine beyond Coblentz: though, here, the rocks, that rise over the water, are little wooded; and, there, their skirts are never margined by pasture, or open to such fairy summer scenes of vivid green mingling with shades of wood and gleams of corn, as sometimes appear within the recesses of these wintry mountains. These cliffs, however, do not shew the variety of

hue, or marbled veins, that frequently surprise and delight on the Rhine, being generally dark and gray, and the varieties in their complexion, when there are any, purely aërial; but they are vast and broken; rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it; while the expanse of water below accords with the dignity of that river in many of its reaches. Once too, there were other points of resemblance, in the ruins of monasteries and convents, which, though reason rejoices that they no longer exist, the eye may be allowed to regret. Of these, all which now remains on record is, that a society of Benedictine monks was founded on the summit of Dunmallet, and a nunnery of the same order on a point behind Sowlby-fell; traces of these ruins, it is said, may still be seen.

Thus grandeur and immensity are the characteristics of the left shore of the second reach; the right exhibits romantic wildness in the rough ground of Dacre-common and the craggy heights above, and, further on, the sweetest forms of reposing beauty, in the grassy hillocks and undulating copses of Gowbarrow-park, fringing the water, sometimes over little rocky eminences, that project into the stream, and, at others, in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and laves the road, that winds there. Above these pastoral and sylvan landscapes, rise broken precipices, less tremendous than those of the opposite shore, with pastures pursuing the crags to a considerable height, speckled with cattle, which are exquisitely picturesque, as they graze upon the knolls and among the old trees, that adorn this finely declining park.

Leaving the hamlet of Watermillock at some distance on the left, and passing the seat of Mr. Robinson, sequestered in the gloom of beech and sycamores, there are fine views over the second reach, as the road descends the common towards Gowbarrow. Among the boldest fells, that breast the lake on the left shore, are Holling-fell and Swarth-fell, now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but shewing huge walls of naked rock, and scars, which many torrents have inflicted. One channel only in this dry season retained its shining stream; the chasm was dreadful, parting the mountain from the summit to the base; and its waters in winter, leaping in foam from precipice to precipice, must be infinitely sublime; not, however, even then from their mass, but from the length and precipitancy of their descent.

The perspective as the road descends into Gowbarrow-park is perhaps the very finest on the lake. The scenery of the first reach is almost tame when compared with this, and it is difficult to say where it can be equalled for Alpine sublimity, and so effecting wonder and awful elevation. The lake, after expanding at a distance to great breadth, once more loses itself beyond the enormous pile of rock called Place-fell, opposite to which the shore, seeming to close upon all further progress, is bounded by two promontories covered with woods, that shoot their luxuriant foliage to the water's edge. The shattered mass of gray rock, called Yew-crag, rises immediately over these, and, beyond, a glen opens to a chaos of mountains more solemn in their aspect, and singular in their shapes, than any which have appeared, point crowding over point in lofty succession. Among these is Stone-cross-

pike and huge Helvellyn, scowling over all; but, though this retains its pre-eminence, its dignity is lost in the mass of alps around and below it. A fearful gloom involved them; the shadows of a stormy sky upon mountains of dark rock and heath. All this is seen over the woody fore-ground of the park, which, soon shrouding us in its bowery lanes, allowed the eye and the fancy to repose, while venturing towards new forms and assemblages of sublimity.

Meantime, the green shade, under which we passed, where the sultry low of cattle, and the sound of streams hurrying from the heights through the copses of Gowbarrow to the lake below, were all that broke the stillness; these, with gleamings of the water, close on the left, between the foliage, and which was ever changing its hue, sometimes assuming the soft purple of a pigeon's neck, at others the silvery tint of sunshine—these circumstances of imagery were in soothing and beautiful variety with the gigantic visions we had lost.

The road still pursuing this border of the lake, the copses opened to partial views of the bold rocks, that form the opposite shore, and many a wild recess and solemn glen appeared and vanished among them, some shewing only broken fells, the sides of others shaggy with forests, and nearly all lined, at their bases, with narrow pastures of the most exquisite verdure. Thus descending upon a succession of sweeping bays, where the shades parted, and admitted the lake, that flowed even with us, and again retreating from it over gentle eminences, where it glittered only between the leaves; crossing the rude bridges of several becks, rapid, clear and foaming among dark stones, and receiving a green

tint from the closely shadowing trees, but neither precipitous enough in their descent, nor ample enough in their course, to increase the dignity of the scene, we came, after passing nearly three miles through the park, to Lyulph's Tower. This mansion, a square, gray edifice, with turreted corners, battlements and windows in the Gothic style, has been built by the present Duke of Norfolk in one of the finest situations of a park, abounding with views of the grand and the sublime. It stands on a green eminence, a little removed from the water, backed with wood and with pastures rising abruptly beyond, to the cliffs and crags that crown them. In front, the ground falls finely to the lake's edge, broken, yet gentle, and scattered over with old trees, and darkened with copses, which mingle in fine variety of tints with the light verdure of the turf beneath. Herds of deer, wandering over the knolls, and cattle, reposing in the shade, completed this sweet landscape.

The lake is hence seen to make one of its boldest expanses, as it sweeps round Place-fell, and flows into the third and last bend of this wonderful vale. Lyulph's Tower looks up this reach to the south, and to the east traces all the fells and curving banks of Gowbarrow, that bind the second; while, to the west, a dark glen opens to a glimpse of the solemn alps round Helvellyn; and all these objects are seen over the mild beauty of the park.

Passing fine sweeps of the shore and over bold headlands, we came opposite to the vast promontory, called Place-fell, that pushes its craggy foot into the lake, like a lion's claw, round which the waters make a sudden turn, and enter

Patterdale, their third and final expanse. In this reach, they lose the form of a river, and resume that of a lake, being closed, at three miles distance, by the ruinous rocks, that guard the gorge of Patterdale, backed by a multitude of fells. The water, in this scope, is of oval form, bounded on one side by the precipices of Place-fell, Martindale-fell, and several others, equally rude and awful that rise from its edge, and shew no lines of verdure, or masses of; wood, but retire in rocky bays, or projects in vast promontories athwart it. The opposite shore is less severe and more romantic; the rocks are lower and richly wooded, and, often receding from the water, leave room for a tract of pasture, meadow land and corn, to margin their ruggedness. At the upper end, the village of Patterdale and one of two white farms, peep out from among trees beneath the scowling mountains, that close the scene; pitched in a rocky nook, with corn and meadow land, sloping gently in front to the lake, and, here and there, a scattered grove. But this scene is viewed to more advantage from one of the two woody eminences, that overhang the lake, just at the point where it forms its last angle, and, like an opened compass, spreads its two arms before the eye. These heights are extremely beautiful, viewed from the opposite shore, and had long charmed us at a distance. Approaching them, we crossed another torrent, Glencoyn-beck, or Airey-force, which here divides not only the estates of the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Hodgkinson, but the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and all the fells beyond, that enclose the last bend of Ullswater, are in Patterdale. Here, on the right, at the feet of awful rocks, was spread a gay autumnal scene, in which the peasants were singing

merrily as they gathered the oats into sheafs; woods, turfy hillocks, and, above all, tremendous crags, abruptly closing round the yellow harvest. The figures, together with the whole landscape, resembled one of those beautifully fantastic scenes, which fable calls up before the wand of the magician.

Entering Glencoyn woods and sweeping the boldest bay of the lake, while the water dashed with a strong surge upon the shore, we at length mounted a road frightful from its steepness and its crags, and gained one of the wooded summits so long admired. From hence the view of Ullswater is the most extensive and various, that its shores exhibit, comprehending its two principal reaches, and though not the most picturesque, it is certainly the most grand. To the east, extends the middle sweep in long and equal perspective, walled with barren fells on the right, and margined on the left with the pastoral recesses and bowery projections of Gowbarrow park. The rude mountains above almost seemed to have fallen back from the shore to admit this landscape within their hollow bosom, and then, bending abruptly, appear, like Milton's Adam viewing the sleeping Eve, to hang over it enamoured.

Lyulph's Tower is the only object of art, except the hamlet of Watermillock, seen in the distant perspective, that appears in the second bend of Ullswater; and this loses much of its effect from the square uniformity of the structure, and the glaring green of its painted window-cases. This is the longest reach of the lake.

Place-fell, which divides the two last bends, and was immediately opposite to the point we were on, is of the boldest form. It projects into the water, an enormous mass of gray crag, scarred with dark hues; thence retiring a little it again bends forward in huge cliffs, and finally starts up into a vast perpendicular face of rock. As a single object, it is wonderfully grand; and, connected with the scene, its effect is sublime. The lower rocks are called Silver-rays, and not inaptly; for, when the sun shines upon them, their variegated sides somewhat resemble in brightness the rays streaming beneath a cloud.

The last reach of Ullswater, which is on the right of this point, expands into an oval, and its majestic surface is spotted with little rocky islets, that would adorn a less sacred scene; here they are prettinesses, that can scarcely be tolerated by the grandeur of its character. The tremendous mountains, which scowl over the gorge of Patterdale; the cliffs, massy, broken and overlooked by a multitude of dark summits, with the grey walls of Swarth and Martindale fells, that upheave themselves on the eastern shore, form altogether one of the most grand and awful pictures on the lake; yet, admirable and impressive as it is, as to solemnity and astonishment, its effect with us was not equal to that of the more alpine sketch, caught in distant perspective from the descent into Gowbarrow-park.

In these views of Ullswater, sublimity and greatness are the predominating characters, though beauty often glows upon the western bank. The mountains are all bold, gloomy and severe. When we saw them, the sky accorded well with the

scene, being frequently darkened by autumnal clouds; and the equinoctial gale swept the surface of the lake, marking its blackness with long white lines, and beating its waves over the rocks to the foliage of the thickets above. The trees, that shade these eminences, give greater force to the scenes, which they either partially exclude, or wholly admit, and become themselves fine objects, enriched as they are with the darkest moss.

From hence the ride to the village of Patterdale, at the lake's head, is, for the first part, over precipices covered with wood, whence you look down, on the left, upon the water, or upon pastures stretching to it; on the right, the rocks rise abruptly, and often impend their masses over the road; or open to narrow dells, green, rocky and overlooked by endless mountains.

About half way to the village of Patterdale, a peninsula spreads from this shore into the lake, where a white house, peeping from a grove and surrounded with green enclosures, is beautifully placed. This is an inn, and, perhaps the principal one, as to accommodation; but, though its situation on a spot which on each side commands the lake, is very fine, it is not comparable, in point of wildness and sublimity, to that of the cottage, called the King's Arms, at Patterdale. In the way thither, are enchanting catches of the lake, between the trees on the left, and peeps into the glens, that wind among the alps towards Helvellyn, on the right. These multiply near the head of Ullswater, where they start off as from one point, like radii, and conclude in trackless solitudes.

It is difficult to spread varied pictures of such scenes before the imagination. A repetition of the same images of rock, wood and water, and the same epithets of grand, vast and sublime, which necessarily occur, must appear tautologous, on paper, though their archetypes in nature, ever varying in outline, or arrangement, exhibit new visions to the eye, and produce new shades of effect on the mind. It is difficult, also, where these delightful differences have been experienced, to forbear dwelling on the remembrance, and attempting to sketch the peculiarities, which occasioned them. The scenery at the head of Ullswater is especially productive of such difficulties, where a wish to present the picture, and a consciousness of the impossibility of doing so, except by the pencil, meet and oppose each other.

Patterdale itself is a name somewhat familiar to recollection, from the circumstance of the chief estate in it having given to its possessors, for several centuries, the title of Kings of Patterdale. The last person so distinguished was richer than his ancestors, having increased his income, by the most ludicrous parsimony, to a thousand pounds a year. His son and successor is an industrious country gentleman, who has improved the sort of farming mansion, annexed to the estate, and, not affecting to depart much from the simple manners of the other inhabitants, is respectable enough to be generally called by his own name of Mounsey, instead of the title, which was probably seldom given to his ancestors, but in some sort of mockery.

The village is very humble, as to the conditions and views of the inhabitants; and very respectable, as to their integrity

and simplicity, and to the contentment, which is proved by the infrequency of emigrations to other districts. It straggles at the feet of fells, somewhat removed from the lake and near the entrance of the wild vale of Glenridding. Its white church is seen nearly from the commencement of the last reach, rising among trees, and in the church-yard are the ruins of an antient yew, of remarkable size and venerable beauty; its trunk, hollowed and silvered by age, resembles twisted roots; yet the branches, that remain above, are not of melancholy black, but flourish in rich verdure and flaky foliage.

The inn is beyond the village, securely sheltered under high crags, while enormous fells, close on the right, open to the gorge of Patterdale; and Coldrill-beck, issuing from it, descends among the corn and meadows, to join the lake at little distance. We had a happy evening at this cleanly cottage, where there was no want, without its recompense, from the civil offices of the people. Among the rocks, that rose over it, is a station, which has been more frequently selected than any other on the lake by the painter and the lover of the *beau idée*, as the French and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS expressively term what Mr. BURKE explains in his definition of the word *fine*. Below the point, on which we stood, a tract of corn and meadow land fell gently to the lake, which expanded in great majesty beyond, bounded on the right by the precipices of many fells, and, on the left, by rocks finely wooded, and of more broken and spiry outline. The undulating pastures and copses of Gowbarrow closed the perspective. Round the whole of these shores, but particularly on the left, rose clusters of dark and pointed

summits, assuming great variety of shape, amongst which Helvellyn was still pre-eminent. Immediately around us, all was vast and gloomy; the fells mount swiftly and to enormous heights, leaving at their bases only crags and hillocks, tufted with thickets of dwarf-oak and holly, where the beautiful cattle, that adorned them, and a few sheep, were picking a scanty supper among the heath.

From this spot glens open on either hand, that lead the eye only to a chaos of mountains. The profile of one near the fore-ground on the right is remarkably grand, shelving from the summit in one vast sweep of rock, with only some interruption of craggy points near its base, into the water. On one side, it unites with the fells in the gorge of Patterdale, and, on the other, winds into a bold bay for the lake. Among the highlands, seen over the left shore, is Common-fell, a large heathy mountain, which appeared to face us. Somewhat nearer, is a lower one, called Glenridding, and above it the Nab. Grassdale has Glenridding and the Nab on one side towards the water, and Birks-fell and St. Sunday's-crag over that, on the other. The points, that rise above the Nab, are Stridon-edge, then Cove's head, and, over all, the precipices of dark Helvellyn, now appearing only at intervals among the clouds.

Not only every fell of this wild region has a name, but almost every crag of every fell, so that shepherds sitting at the fire-side can direct each other to the exact spot among the mountains, where a stray sheep has been seen.

Among the rocks on the right shore, is Martindale-fell, once shaded with a forest, from which it received its name, and which spreading to a vast extent over the hills and vallies beyond, even as far as Hawswater, darkened the front of Swarth-fell and several others, that impend over the first and second reach of Ullswater. Of the mountains, which tower above the glen of Patterdale, the highest are Harter's fell, Kidstow-pike, and the ridge, called the High-street; a name, which reminded us of the German denomination, *Berg-strasse*.

The effect of a stormy evening upon the scenery was solemn. Clouds smoked along the fells, veiling them for a moment, and passing on to other summits; or sometimes they involved the lower steeps, leaving the tops unobscured and resembling islands in a distant ocean. The lake was dark and tempestuous, dashing the rocks with a strong foam. It was a scene worthy of the sublimity of Ossian, and brought to recollection some touches of his gloomy pencil. "When the storms of the mountains come, when the north lifts the waves on high, I sit by the sounding shore, &c."

A large hawk, sailing proudly in the air, and wheeling among the stormy clouds, superior to the shock of the gust, was the only animated object in the upward prospect. We were told, that the eagles had forsaken their aeries in this neighbourhood and in Borrowdale, and are fled to the isle of Man; but one had been seen in Patterdale, the day before, which, not being at its full growth, could not have arrived from a great distance.

We returned to our low-roofed habitation, where, as the wind swept in hollow gusts along the mountains and strove against our casements, the crackling blaze of a wood fire lighted up the cheerfulness, which, so long since as Juvenal's time, has been allowed to arise from the contrast of ease against difficulty. *Suave mari magno, turbantibus aquora ventis*; and, however we might exclaim,

——— ——— ———"be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves!"

it was pleasant to add,

"Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
To cheer the gloom."

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

The next morning, we proceeded from Ullswater along the vale of Emont, so sweetly adorned by the woods and lawns of Dalemain, the seat of Mr. Hassel, whose mansion is seen in the bottom. One of the most magnificent prospects in the country is when this vale opens to that of Eden. The mountainous range of Cross-fell fronted us, and its appearance, this day, was very striking, for the effect of autumnal light and shade. The upper range, bright in sunshine, appeared to rise, like light clouds above the lower,

which was involved in dark shadow, so that it was a considerable time before the eye could detect the illusion. The effect of this was inexpressibly interesting.

Within view of Emont bridge, which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is that memorial of antient times, so often described under the name of Arthur's Round Table; a green circular spot of forty paces diameter, enclosed by a dry ditch, and, beyond this, by a bank; each in sufficient preservation to shew exactly what has been its form. In the midst of the larger circle is another of only seven paces diameter. We have no means of adding to, or even of corroborating any of the well known conjectures, concerning the use of this rude and certainly very antient monument. Those not qualified to propose decisions in this respect may, however, suffer themselves to believe, that the bank without the ditch and the enclosure within it were places for different classes of persons, interested as parties, or spectators, in some transactions, passing within the inner circle; and that these, whether religious, civil, or military ceremonies, were rendered distinct and conspicuous, for the purpose of impressing them upon the memory of the spectators, at a time when memory and tradition were the only preservatives of history.

Passing a bridge, under which the Lowther, from winding and romantic banks, enters the vale of Eden, we ascended between the groves of Bird's Nest, or, as it is now called, Brougham Hall; a white mansion, with battlements and gothic windows, having formerly a bird painted on the front. It is perched among woods, on the brow of a steep, but not

lofty hill, and commands enchanting prospects over the vale. The winding Emont; the ruins of Brougham Castle on a green knoll of Whinfield park, surrounded with old groves; far beyond this, the highlands of Cross-fell; to the north, Carleton-hall, the handsome modern mansion of Mr. Wallace, amidst lawns of incomparable verdure and luxuriant woods falling from the heights; further still, the mountain, town and beacon of Penrith; these are the principal features of the rich landscape, spread before the eye from the summit of the hill, at Bird's Nest.

As we descended to Brougham Castle, about a mile further, its ruined masses of pale red stone, tufted with shrubs and plants, appeared between groves of fir, beach, oak and ash, amidst the broken ground of Whinfield park, a quarter of a mile through which brought us to the ruin itself. It was guarded by a sturdy mastiff, worthy the office of porter to such a place, and a good effigy of the Sir Porter of a former age. Brougham Castle, venerable for its well-certified antiquity and for the hoary masses it now exhibits, is rendered more interesting by having been occasionally the residence of the humane and generous Sir Philip Sydney; who had only to look from the windows of this once noble edifice to see his own "Arcadia" spreading on every side. The landscape probably awakened his imagination, for it was during a visit here, that the greatest part of that work was written.

This edifice, once amongst the strongest and most important of the border fortresses, is supposed to have been founded by the Romans; but the first historical record

concerning it is dated in the time of William the Conqueror, who granted it to his nephew, Hugh de Albinois. His successors held it, till 1170, when Hugh de Morville, one of the murderers of Thomas a Becket, forfeited it by his crime. Brougham was afterwards granted by King John to a grandson of Hugh, Robert de Vipont, whose grandson again forfeited the estate, which was, however, restored to his daughters, one of whom marrying a De Clifford, it remained in this family, till a daughter of the celebrated Countess of Pembroke gave it by marriage to that of the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, in which it now remains.

This castle has been thrice nearly demolished; first by neglect, during the minority of Roger de Vipont, after which it was sufficiently restored to receive James the First, on his return from Scotland, in 1617; secondly, in the civil wars of Charles the First's time; and thirdly, in 1728, when great part of the edifice was deliberately taken down, and the materials sold for one hundred pounds. Some of the walls still remaining are twelve feet thick, and the places are visible, in which the massy gates were held to them by hinges and bolts of uncommon size. A fuller proof of the many sacrifices of comfort and convenience, by which the highest classes in former ages were glad to purchase security, is very seldom afforded, than by the three detached parts still left of this edifice; but they shew nothing of the magnificence and gracefulness, which so often charm the eye in gothic ruins. Instead of these, they exhibit symptoms of the cruelties, by which their first lords revenged upon others the wretchedness of the continual suspicion felt by themselves. Dungeons,

secret passages and heavy iron rings remain to hint of unhappy wretches, who were, perhaps, rescued only by death from these horrible engines of a tyrant's will. The bones probably of such victims are laid beneath the damp earth of these vaults.

A young woman from a neighbouring farm-house conducted us over broken banks, washed by the Emont, to what had been the grand entrance of the castle; a venerable gothic gateway, dark and of great depth, passing under a square tower, finely shadowed by old elms. Above, are a cross-loop and two tier of small pointed windows; no battlements appear at the top; but four rows of corbells, which probably once supported them, now prop some tufts of antient thorn, that have roots in their fractures.

As we passed under this long gateway, we looked into what is still called the Keep, a small vaulted room, receiving light only from loops in the outward wall; Near a large fire-place, yet entire, is a trap door leading to the dungeon below; and, in an opposite corner, a door-case to narrow stairs, that wind up the turret where, too, as well as in the vault, prisoners were probably secured. One almost saw the surly keeper descending through this door-case, and heard him rattle the keys of the chambers above, listening with indifference to the clank of chains and to the echo of that groan below, which seemed to rend the heart it burst from.

This gloomy gateway, which had once sounded with the trumpets and horses of James the First, when he visited the Earl of Cumberland, this gateway, now serving only to

shelter cattle from the storm, opens, at length, to a grassy knoll, with bold masses of the ruin scattered round it and a few old ash trees, waving in the area. Through a fractured arch in the rampart some features in the scenery without appear to advantage; the Emont falling over a weir at some distance, with fulling-mills on the bank above; beyond, the pastured slopes and woodlands of Carleton park, and Cross-fell sweeping the back-ground.

Of the three ruinous parts, that now remain of the edifice, one large square mass, near the tower and gateway, appears to have contained the principal apartments; the walls are of great height, and, though roofless, nearly entire. We entered what seemed to have been the great hall, now choaked with rubbish and weeds. It was interesting to look upwards through the void, and trace by the many window-cases, that appeared at different heights in the walls, somewhat of the plan of apartments, whose floors and ceilings had long since vanished; majestic reliques, which shewed, that here, as well as at Hardwick, the chief rooms had been in the second story. Door-cases, that had opened to rooms without this building, with remains of passages within the walls, were frequently seen, and, here and there, in a corner at a vast height, fragments of a winding stair-case, appearing beyond the arch of a slender door-way.

We were tempted to enter a ruinous passage below, formed in the great thickness of the walls; but it was soon lost in darkness, and we were told that no person had ventured to explore the end of this, or of many similar passages among the ruins, now the dens of serpents and other venomous

reptiles. It was probably a secret way to the great dungeon, which may still be seen, underneath the hall; for the roof remains, though what was called the Sweating Pillar, from the dew, that was owing to its damp situation and its seclusion from outward air, no longer supports it. Large iron rings, fastened to the carved heads of animals, are still shewn in the walls of this dungeon. Not a single loop-hole was left by the contriver of this hideous vault for the refreshment of prisoners; yet were they insulted by some display of gothic elegance, for the pillar already mentioned, supporting the centre of the roof, spread from thence into eight branches, which descended the walls, and terminated at the floor in the heads, holding the iron rings.

The second mass of the ruin, which, though at a considerable distance from the main building, was formerly connected with it, shews the walls of many small chambers, with reliques of the passages and stairs, that led to them. But, perhaps, the only picturesque feature of the castle is the third detachment; a small tower finely shattered, having near its top a flourishing ash, growing from the solid walls, and overlooking what was once the moat. We mounted a perilous stair-case, of which many steps were gone, and others trembled to the pressure; then gained a turret, of which two sides were also fallen, and, at length, ascended to the whole magnificence and sublimity of the prospect.

To the east, spread nearly all the rich vale of Eden, terminated by the Stainmore hills and other highlands of Yorkshire; to the north-east, the mountains of Cross-fell bounded the long landscape. The nearer grounds were

Whinfield-park, broken, towards the Emont, into shrubby steeps, where the deep red of the soil mingled with the verdure of foliage; part of Sir Michael le Fleming's woods rounding a hill on the opposite bank, and, beyond, a wide extent of low land. To the south, swelled the upland boundaries of Bampton-vale, with Lowther-woods, shading the pastures and distantly crowned by the fells of Hawswater; more to the west, Bird's Nest, "bosomed high in tufted trees;" at its foot, Lowther-bridge, and, a little further, the neat hamlet and bridge of Emont. In the low lands, still nearer, the Lowther and Emont united, the latter flowing in shining circles among the woods and deep-green meadows of Carleton-park. Beyond, at a vast distance to the west and north, rose all the alps of all the lakes! an horizon scarcely to be equalled in England. Among these broken mountains, the shaggy ridge of Saddleback was proudly pre-eminent; but one forked top of its rival Skiddaw peeped over its declining side. Helvellyn, huge and misshapen, towered above the fells of Ullswater. The sun's rays, streaming from beneath a line of dark clouds, that overhung the west, gave a tint of silvery light to all these alps, and reminded us of the first exquisite appearance of the mountains, at Goodesberg, which, however, in grandeur and elegance of outline, united with picturesque richness, we have never seen equalled.

Of the walls around us every ledge, marking their many stories, was embossed with luxuriant vegetation. Tufts of the hawthorn seemed to grow from the solid stone, and slender saplings of ash waved over the deserted door-cases, where, at the transforming hour of twilight, the superstitious eye might

mistake them for spectres of some early possessor of the castle, restless from guilt, or of some sufferer persevering from vengeance.

THE TOWN AND BEACON OF PENRITH.

Having pursued the road one mile further, for the purpose of visiting the tender memorial of pious affection, so often described under the name of Countess' Pillar, we returned to Emont-bridge, and from thence reached Penrith, pronounced Peyrith, the most southern town of Cumberland. So far off as the head of Ullswater, fourteen miles, this is talked of as an important place, and looked to as the store-house of whatever is wanted more than the fields and lakes supply. Those, who have lived chiefly in large towns, have to learn from the wants and dependencies of a people thinly scattered, like the inhabitants of all mountainous regions, the great value of any places of mutual resort, however little distinguished in the general view of a country. Penrith is so often mentioned in the neighbourhood, that the first appearance of it somewhat disappointed us, because we had not considered how many serious reasons those, who talked of it, might have for their estimation, which should yet not at all relate to the qualities, that render places interesting to a traveller.

The town, consisting chiefly of old houses, straggles along two sides of the high north road, and is built upon the side of a mountain, that towers to great height above it, in steep and

heathy knolls, unshaded by a single tree. Eminent, on the summit of this mountain, stands the old, solitary beacon, visible from almost every part of Penrith, which, notwithstanding its many symptoms of antiquity, is not deficient of neatness. The houses are chiefly white, with door and window cases of the red stone found in the neighbourhood. Some of the smaller have over their doors dates of the latter end of the sixteenth century. There are several inns, of which that called Old Buchanan's was recommended to us, first, by the recollection, that Mr. Gray had mentioned it, and afterwards by the comfort and civility we found there.

Some traces of the Scottish dialect and pronunciation appear as far south as Lancashire; in Westmoreland, they become stronger; and, at Penrith, are extremely distinct and general, serving for one among many peaceful indications of an approach, once notified chiefly by preparations for hostility, or defence. Penrith is the most southern town in England at which the guinea notes of the Scotch bank are in circulation. The beacon, a sort of square tower, with a peaked roof and openings at the sides, is a more perfect instance of the direful necessities of past ages, than would be expected to remain in this. The circumstances are well known, which made such watchfulness especially proper, at Penrith; and the other traces of warlike habits and precautions, whether appearing in records, or buildings, are too numerous to be noticed in a sketch, which rather pretends to describe what the author has seen, than to enumerate what has been discovered by the researches of others. Dr. Burn's History

contains many curious particulars; and there are otherwise abundant and satisfactory memorials, as to the state of the debateable ground, the regulations for securing passes or fords, and even to the public maintenance of slough dogs, which were to pursue aggressors with hot trod, as the inhabitants were to follow them by horn and voice. These are all testimonies, that among the many evils, inflicted upon countries by war, that, which is not commonly thought of, is not the least; the public encouragement of a disposition to violence, under the names of gallantry, or valour, which will not cease exactly when it is publicly prohibited; and the education of numerous bodies to habits of supplying their wants, not by constant and useful labour, but by sudden and destructive exertions of force. The mistake, by which courage is released from all moral estimation of the purposes, for which it is exerted, and is considered to be necessarily and universally a good in itself, rather than a means of good, or of evil, according to its application, is among the severest misfortunes of mankind. Tacitus has an admirable reproof of it—

> "Ubi manu agitur, modestia et probitas nomina superioris sunt."

Though the situation of Penrith, looking up the vales of Eden and Emont, is remarkably pleasant, that of the beacon above is infinitely finer, commanding an horizon of at least an hundred miles diameter, filled with an endless variety of beauty, greatness and sublimity. The view extends over Cumberland, parts of Westmoreland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and a corner of Northumberland and Durham. On a clear day,

the Scottish high lands, beyond Solway Firth, may be distinguished, like faint clouds on the horizon, and the steeples of Carlisle are plainly visible. All the intervening country, speckled with towns and villages, is spread beneath the eye, and, nearly eighty miles to the eastward, part of the Cheviot-hills are traced, a dark line, binding the distance and marking the separation between earth and sky. On the plains towards Carlisle, the nearer ridges of Cross-fell are seen to commence, and thence stretch their barren steeps thirty miles towards the east, where they disappear among the Stainmore-hills and the huge moorlands of Yorkshire, that close up the long landscape of the vale of Eden. Among these, the broken lines of Ingleborough start above all the broader ones of the moors, and that mountain still proclaims itself sovereign of the Yorkshire heights.

Southward, rise the wonders of Westmoreland, Shapfells, ridge over ridge, the nearer pikes of Hawswater, and then the mountains of Ullswater, Helvellyn pre-eminent amongst them, distinguished by the grandeur and boldness of their outline, as well as the variety of their shapes; some hugely swelling, some aspiring in clusters of alpine points, and some broken into shaggy ridges. The sky, westward from hence and far to the north, displays a vision of Alps, Saddleback spreading towards Keswick its long shattered ridge, and one top of Skiddaw peering beyond it; but the others of this district are inferior in grandeur to the fells of Ullswater, more broken into points, and with less of contrast in their forms. Behind Saddleback, the skirts of Skiddaw spread themselves, and thence low hills shelve into the plains of Cumberland,

that extend to Whitehaven; the only level line in the scope of this vast horizon. The scenery nearer to the eye exhibited cultivation in its richest state, varied with pastoral and sylvan beauty; landscapes embellished by the elegancies of art, and rendered venerable by the ruins of time. In the vale of Eden, Carleton-hall, flourishing under the hand of careful attention, and Bird's Nest, luxuriant in its spiry woods, opposed their cheerful beauties to the neglected walls of Brougham Castle, once the terror, and, even in ruins, the pride of the scene, now half-shrouded in its melancholy grove. These objects were lighted up by partial gleams of sunshine, which, as they fled along the valley, gave magical effect to all they touched.

The other vales in the home prospect were those of Bampton and Emont; the first open and gentle, shaded by the gradual woods of Lowther-park; the last closer and more romantic, withdrawing in many a lingering bend towards Ullswater, where it is closed by the pyramidal Dunmallard, but not before a gleam of the lake is suffered to appear beyond the dark base of the hill. At the nearer end of the vale, and immediately under the eye, the venerable ruins of Penrith Castle crest a round green hill. These are of pale red stone, and stand in detached masses; but have little that is picturesque in their appearance, time having spared neither tower, or gateway, and not a single tree giving shade, or force, to the shattered walls. The ground about the castle is broken into grassy knolls, and only cattle wander over the desolated tract. Time has also obscured the name of the founder; but it is known, that the main building was repaired, and some addition made to it by Richard the Third, when

Duke of Gloucester, who lived here, for five years, in his office of sheriff of Cumberland, promoting the York interest by artful hospitalities, and endeavouring to strike terror into the Lancastrians. Among the ruins is a subterraneous passage, leading to a house in Penrith, above three hundred yards distant, called Dockwray Castle. The town lies between the fortress and the Beacon-hill, spreading prettily along the skirts of the mountain, with its many roofs of blue slate, among which the church rises near a dark grove.

Penrith, from the latter end of the last century, till lately, when it was purchased the Duke of Devonshire, belonged to the family of Portland, to whom it was given by William the Third; probably instead of the manors in Wales, which it was one of William's few faulty designs so have given to his favourite companion, had not Parliament remonstrated, and informed him, that the Crown could not alienate the territories of the Principality. The church, a building of red stone, unusually well disposed in the interior, is a vicarage of small endowment; but the value of money in this part of the kingdom is so high, that the merit of independence, a merit and a happiness which should always belong to clergymen, is attainable by the possessors of very moderate incomes. What is called the Giant's Grave in the church yard is a narrow spot, inclosed, to the length of fourteen or fifteen feet, by rows of low stones, at the sides, and, at the ends, by two pillars, now slender, but apparently worn by the weather from a greater thickness. The height of these is eleven or twelve feet; and all the stones, whether in the borders, at the sides, or in these pillars, bear traces of rude carving, which

shew, at least, that the monument must have been thought very important by those that raised it, since the singularity of its size was not held a sufficient distinction. We pored intently over these traces, though certainly without the hope of discovering any thing not known to the eminent antiquarians, who have confessed their ignorance concerning the origin of them.

FROM PENRITH TO KESWICK.

The Graystock road, which we took for the first five or six miles, is uninteresting, and offers nothing worthy of attention, before the approach to the castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk. The appearance of this from the road is good; a gray building, with gothic towers, seated in a valley among lawns and woods, that stretch, with great pomp of shade, to gently-rising hills. Behind these, Saddleback, huge, gray and barren, rises with all its ridgy lines; a grand and simple back-ground, giving exquisite effect to the dark woods below. Such is the height of the mountain, that, though eight or ten miles off, it appeared, as we approached the castle, almost to impend over it. Southward from Saddleback, a multitude of pointed summits crowd the horizon; and it is most interesting, after leaving Graystock, to observe their changing attitudes, as you advance, and the gradual disclosure of their larger features. Perhaps, a sudden display of the sublimest scenery, however full, imparts less emotion, than a gradually increasing view of it; when

expectation takes the highest tone, and imagination finishes the sketch.

About two miles beyond Graystock, the moorlands commence, and, as far as simple greatness constitutes sublimity, this was, indeed, a sublime prospect; less so only than that from Shap-fell itself, where the mountains are not so varied in their forms and are plainer in their grandeur. We were on a vast plain, if plain that may be called, which swells into long undulations, surrounded by an amphitheatre of heathy mountains, that seem to have been shook by some grand convulsion of the earth, and tumbled around in all shapes. Not a tree, a hedge, and seldom even a stone wall, broke the grandeur of their lines; what was not heath was only rock and gray crags; and a shepherd's hut, or his flocks, browsing on the steep sides of the fells, or in the narrow vallies, that opened distantly, was all that diversified the vast scene. Saddleback spread his skirts westward along the plain, and then reared himself in terrible and lonely majesty. In the long perspective beyond, were the crowding points of the fells round Keswick, Borrowdale, and the vales, of St. John and Leyberthwaite, stretching away to those near Grasmere. The weather was in solemn harmony with the scenery; long shadows swept over the hills, followed by gleaming lights. Tempestuous gusts alone broke the silence. Now and then, the sun's rays had a singular appearance; pouring, from under clouds, between the tops of fells into some deep vale, at a distance, as into a focus.

This is the very region, which the wild fancy of a poet, like Shakespeare, would people with witches, and shew them at

their incantations, calling spirits from the clouds and spectres from the earth.

On the now lonely plains of this vast amphitheatre, the Romans had two camps, and their Eagle spread its wings over a scene worthy of its own soarings. The lines of these encampments may still be traced on that part of the plain, called Hutton Moor, to the north of the high road; and over its whole extent towards Keswick a Roman way has been discovered. Funereal urns have also been dug up here, and an altar of Roman form, but with the inscription obliterated.

Nearer Saddleback, we perceived crags and heath mingling on its precipices, and its base broken into a little world of mountains, green with cultivation. White farms, each with its grove to shelter it from the descending gusts, corn and pastures of the brightest verdure enlivened the skirts of the mountain all round, climbing towards the dark heath and crags, or spreading downwards into the vale of Threlkeld, where the slender Lowther shews his shining stream.

Leaving Hutton Moor, the road soon began to ascend the skirts of Saddleback, and passed between green hillocks, where cattle appeared most elegantly in the mountain scene, under the crags, or sipping at the clear stream, that gushed from the rocks, and wound to the vale below. Such crystal rivulets crossed our way continually, as we rose upon the side of Saddleback, which towers abruptly on the right, and, on the left, sinks as suddenly into the vale of Threlkeld, with precipices sometimes little less than tremendous. This mountain is the northern boundary of the vale in its whole

length to Keswick, the points of whose fells close the perspective. Rocky heights guard it to the south. The valley between is green, without wood, and, with much that is grand, has little beautiful, till near its conclusion; where, more fertile and still more wild, it divides into three narrower vallies, two of which disclose scenes of such sublime severity as even our long view of Saddleback had not prepared us to expect.

The first of these is the vale of St. John, a narrow, cultivated spot, lying in the bosom of tremendous rocks, that impend over it in masses of gray crag, and often resemble the ruins of castles. These rocks are overlooked by still more awful mountains, that fall in abrupt lines, and close up the vista, except where they also are commanded by the vast top of Helvellyn. On every side, are images of desolation and stupendous greatness, closing upon a narrow line of pastoral richness; a picture of verdant beauty, seen through a frame of rock work. It is between the cliffs of Threlkeld-fell and the purple ridge of Nadale-fell, that this vale seems to repose in its most silent and perfect peace. No village and scarcely a cottage disturbs its retirement. The flocks, that feed at the feet of the cliffs, and the steps of a shepherd, "in this office of his mountain watch," are all, that haunt the "dark sequestered nook."

The vale of Nadale runs parallel with that of St. John, from which it is separated by the ridge of Nadale-fell, and has the same style of character, except that it is terminated by a well wooded mountain. Beyond this, the perspective is overlooked by the fells, that terminate the vale of St. John.

The third valley, opening from the head of Threlkeld, winds along the feet of Saddleback and Skiddaw to Keswick, the approach to which, with all its world of rocky summits, the lake being still sunk below the sight, is sublime beyond the power of description. Within three miles of Keswick, Skiddaw unfolds itself, close behind Saddleback; their skirts unite, but the former is less huge and of very different form from the last; being more pointed and seldomer broken into precipices, it darts upward with a vast sweep into three spiry summits, two of which only are seen from this road, and shews sides dark with heath and little varied with rock. Such is its aspect from the Penrith road; from other stations its attitude, shape and colouring are very different, though its alpine terminations are always visible.

Threlkeld itself is a small village, about thirteen miles from Penrith, with a very humble inn, at which those, who have passed the bleak sides of Saddleback, and those, who are entering upon them, may rejoice to rest. We had been blown about, for some hours, in an open chaise, and hoped for more refreshment than could be obtained; but had the satisfaction, which was, indeed, general in these regions, of observing the good intentions, amounting almost to kindness, of the cottagers towards their guests. They have nearly always some fare, which less civility than theirs might render acceptable; and the hearth blazes in their clean sanded parlours, within two minutes after you enter them. Some sort of preserved fruit is constantly served after the repast, with cream, an innocent luxury, for which no animal has died.

It is not only from those, who are to gain by strangers, but from almost every person, accidentally accosted by a question, that this favourable opinion will be formed, as to the kind and frank manners of the people. We were continually remarking, between Lancaster and Keswick, that severe as the winter might be in these districts, from the early symptoms of it then apparent, the conduct of the people would render it scarcely unpleasant to take the same journey in the depths of December.

In these countries, the farms are, for the most part, small, and the farmers and their children work in the same fields with their servants. Their families have thus no opportunities of temporary insight into the society, and luxuries of the great, and have none of those miseries, which dejected vanity and multiplied wishes inflict upon the pursuers of the higher ranks. They are also without the baseness, which such pursuers usually have, of becoming abject before persons of one class, that by the authority of an apparent connection with them, they may be insolent to those of another; and are free from the essential humiliation of shewing, by a general and undistinguishing admiration of all persons richer than themselves, that the original distinctions between virtue and vice have been erased from their minds by the habit of comparing the high and the low.

The true consciousness of independence, which labour and an ignorance of the vain appendages, falsely called luxuries, give to the inhabitants of these districts, is probably the cause of the superiority, perceived by strangers in their tempers and manners, over those of persons, apparently better

circumstanced. They have no remembrance of slights, to be revenged by insults; no hopes from servility, nor irritation from the desire of unattainable distinctions. Where, on the contrary, the encouragement of artificial wants has produced dependence, and mingled with the fictitious appearance of wealth many of the most real evils of poverty, the benevolence of the temper flies with the simplicity of the mind. There is, perhaps, not a more odious prospect of human society, than where an ostentatious, manœuvring and corrupted peasantry, taking those, who induce them to crimes, for the models of their morality, mimic the vices, to which they were not born, and attempts the coarse covering of cunning and insolence for practices, which it is a science and frequently an object of education to conceal by flagitious elegancies. Such persons form in the country a bad copy of the worst London society; the vices, without the intelligence, and without the assuaging virtues.

DRUIDICAL MONUMENT.

After passing the very small, but neatly furnished church of Threlkeld, the condition of which may be one testimony to the worthiness of the neighbourhood, and rising beyond the vales before described, we came to the brow of a hill, called Castle Rigg, on which, to the left of the road, are the remains of one of those circular monuments, which, by general consent, are called Druids' Temples. This is formed of thirty-seven stones, placed in a circle of about twenty-eight yards

diameter, the largest being not less than seven feet and a half high, which is double the height of the others. At the eastern part of this circle, and within it, smaller stones are arranged in an oblong of about seven yards long, and, at the greatest breadth, four yards wide. Many of those round the circle appear to have fallen and now remain at unequal distances, of which the greatest is towards the north.

Whether our judgment was influenced by the authority of a Druid's choice, or that the place itself commanded the opinion, we thought this situation the most severely grand of any hitherto passed. There is, perhaps, not a single object in the scene, that interrupts the solemn tone of feeling, impressed by its general characters of profound solitude, greatness and awful wildness. Castle Rigg is the central point of three vallies, that dart immediately under it from the eye, and whose mountains form part of an amphitheatre, which is completed by those of Derwentwater, in the west, and by the precipices of Skiddaw and Saddleback, close on the north. The hue, which pervades all these mountains, is that of dark heath, or rock; they are thrown into every form and direction, that Fancy would suggest, and are at that distance, which allows all their grandeur to prevail; nearer than the high lands, that surround Hutton Moor, and further removed than the fells in the scenery of Ullswater.

To the south open the rocks, that disclose the vale of St. John, whose verdant beauty bears no proportion to its sublimity; to the west, are piled the shattered and fantastic points of Derwentwater; to the north, Skiddaw, with its double top, resembling a volcano, the cloudy vapours

ascending from its highest point, like smoke, and sometimes rolling in wreaths down its sides; and to the east, the vale of Threlkeld, spreading green round the base of Saddleback, its vast side-skreen, opened to the moorlands, beyond which the ridge of Cross-fell appeared; its dignity now diminished by distance. This point then is surrounded by the three grand rivals of Cumberland; huge Helvellyn, spreading Saddleback and spiry Skiddaw.

Such seclusion and sublimity were, indeed, well suited to the deep and wild mysteries of the Druids. Here, at moonlight, every Druid, summoned by that terrible horn, never awakened but upon high occasions, and descending from his mountain, or secret cave, might assemble without intrusion from one sacrilegious footstep, and celebrate a midnight festival by a savage sacrifice—

> ——"rites of such strange potency
> As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
> Tho' thron'd in noontide brightness."
>
> CARACTACUS.

Here, too, the Bards,

> "Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,
> Descend, with harps, that glitter to the moon,
> Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,
> Of earth, of water, nay of heav'n itself,
> Do listen to their lay; and oft, 'tis said,

In visible shapes, dance they a magic round
To the high minstrelsy."

As we descended the steep mountain to Keswick, the romantic fells round the lake opened finely, but the lake itself was concealed, deep in its rocky cauldron. We saw them under the last glow of sun-set, the upward rays producing a misty purple glory between the dark tops of Cawsey-pikes and the bending peaks of Thornthwaite fells. Soon after, the sun having set to the vale of Keswick, there appeared, beyond breaks in its western mountains, the rocks of other vallies, still lighted up by a purple gleam, and receiving strong rays on shaggy points, to which their recesses gave soft and shadowy contrast. But the magical effect of these sunshine rocks, opposed to the darkness of the nearer valley, can scarcely be imagined.

Still as we descended, the lake of Derwentwater was screened from our view; but the rich level of three miles wide, that spreads between it and Bassenthwaite-water in the same vale, lay, like a map, beneath us, chequered with groves and cottages, with enclosures of corn and meadows, and adorned by the pretty village of Crossthwaite, its neat white church conspicuous among trees. The fantastic fells of Derwentwater bordered this reposing landscape, on the west, and the mighty Skiddaw rose over it, on the east, concealing the lake of Bassenthwaite.

The hollow dashings of the Greta, in its rocky channel, at the foot of Skiddaw, and in one of the most wizard little glens that nature ever fancied, were heard long before we

looked down its steep woody bank, and saw it winding away, from close inaccessible chasms, to the vale of Keswick, corn and meadows spread at the top of the left bank, and the crags of Skiddaw scowling over it, on the right.

At length, we had a glimpse of the north end of Derwentwater, and soon after entered Keswick, a small place of stone houses, lying at the foot of Castle Rigg, near Skiddaw, and about a quarter of a mile from the lake, which, however, is not seen from the town.

We were impatient to view this celebrated lake, and immediately walked down to Crow-park, a green eminence at its northern end, whence it is generally allowed to appear to great advantage. Expectation had been raised too high: Shall we own our disappointment? Prepared for something more than we had already seen, by what has been so eloquently said of it, by the view of its vast neighbourhood and the grandeur of its approach, the lake itself looked insignificant; and, however rude, or awful, its nearer rocks might have appeared, if seen unexpectedly, they were not in general so vast, or so boldly outlined, as to retain a character of sublimity from comparison. Opposed to the simple majesty of Ullswater, the lake of Derwent was scarcely interesting. Something must, indeed, be attributed to the force of first impressions; but with all allowance for this, Ullswater must still retain an high pre-eminence for grandeur and sublimity.

Derwentwater, however, when more minutely viewed, has peculiar charms both from beauty and wildness, and as the

emotions, excited by disappointed expectation, began to subside, we became sensible of them. It seems to be nearly of a round form, and the whole is seen at one glance, expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky, but not vast, broken into many fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow vallies to the view of rocks, that rise immediately beyond and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overshoot the water, but are arranged at some distance, and the shores swell with woody eminences, or sink into green, pastoral margins. Masses of wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits, and a white cottage sometimes peeps from out their skirts, seated on the smooth knoll of a pasture, projecting to the lake, and looks so exquisitely picturesque, as to seem placed there purposely to adorn it. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture, and so even and brilliantly translucent is its surface, that it rather heightens, than obscures the colouring. Its mild bosom is spotted by four small islands, of which those called Lords' and St. Herbert's are well wooded, and adorn the scene, but another is deformed by buildings, stuck over it, like figures upon a twelfth-cake.

Beyond the head of the lake, and at a direct distance of three or four miles from Crow-park, the pass of Borrowdale opens, guarded by two piles of rock, the boldest in the scene, overlooked by many rocky points, and, beyond all, by rude mountain tops which come partially and in glimpses to the view. Among the most striking features of the eastern shore are the woody cliffs of Lowdore; then, nearer to the eye,

Wallow-crags, a title used here as well as at Hawswater, of dark brown rock, loosely impending; nearer still, Castle-hill, pyramidal and richly wooded to its point, the most luxuriant feature of the landscape. Cawsey-pike, one of the most remarkable rocks of the western shore, has its ridge scolloped into points as if with a row of corbells.

The cultivated vale of Newland slopes upward from the lake between these and Thornthwaite fells. Northward, beyond Crow-park, rises Skiddaw; at its base commences the beautiful level, that spreads to Bassenthwaite-water, where the rocks in the west side of the perspective soon begin to soften, and the vale becomes open and cheerful.

Such is the outline of Derwentwater, which has a much greater proportion of beauty, than Ullswater, but neither its dignity, nor grandeur. Its fells, broken into smaller masses, do not swell, or start, into such bold lines as those of Ullswater; nor does the size of the lake accord with the general importance of the rocky vale, in which it lies. The water is too small for its accompaniments; and its form, being round and seen entirely at once, leaves nothing for expectation to pursue, beyond the stretching promontory, or fancy to transform within the gloom and obscurity of the receding fell; and thus it loses an ample source of the sublime. The greatest breadth from east to west is not more than three miles. It is not large enough to occupy the eye, and it is not so hidden as to have the assistance of the imagination in making it appear large. The beauty of its banks also, contending with the wildness of its rocks, gives opposite impressions to the mind, and the force of each is,

perhaps, destroyed by the admission of the other. Sublimity can scarcely exist, without simplicity; and even grandeur loses much of its elevating effect, when united with a considerable portion of beauty; then descending to become magnificence. The effect of simplicity in assisting that high tone of mind, produced by the sublime, is demonstrated by the scenery of Ullswater, where very seldom a discordant object obtrudes over the course of thought, and jars upon the feelings.

But it is much pleasanter to admire than to examine, and in Derwentwater is abundant subject for admiration, though not of so high a character as that, which attends Ullswater. The soft undulations of its shores, the mingled wood and pasture, that paint them, the brilliant purity of the water, that gives back every landscape on its bank, and frequently with heightened colouring, the fantastic wildness of the rocks and the magnificence of the amphitheatre they form; these are circumstances, the view of which excites emotions of sweet, though tranquil admiration, softening the mind to tenderness, rather than elevating it to sublimity. We first saw the whole beneath such sober hues as prevailed when

> "the gray hooded Even,
> Like a sad votarist, in Palmer's weed,
> Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain."

The wildness, seclusion, and magical beauty of this vale, seem, indeed, to render it the very abode for Milton's Comus, "deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;" and, while we

survey its fantastic features, we are almost tempted to suppose, that he has hurled his

"dazzling spells into the air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion
And give it false presentments,"

Nay more, to believe

"All the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimæras and enchanted isles;"

and to fancy we hear from among the woody cliffs, near the shore,

"the sound
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,"

succeeded by such strains as oft

"in pleasing slumbers lull the sense,
And, in sweet madness, rob it of itself."

SKIDDAW.

On the following morning, having engaged a guide, and with horses accustomed to the labour, we began to ascend this tremendous mountain by a way, which makes the

summit five miles from Keswick. Passing through bowery lanes, luxuriant with mountain ash, holly, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, to a broad, open common, a road led us to the foot of Latrigg, or, as it is called by the country people, Skiddaw's Cub, a large round hill, covered with heath, turf and browsing sheep. A narrow path now wound along steep green precipices, the beauty of which prevented what danger there was from being perceived. Derwentwater was concealed by others, that rose above them, but that part of the vale of Keswick, which separates the two lakes, and spreads a rich level of three miles, was immediately below; Crossthwaite-church, nearly in the centre, with the white vicarage, rising among trees. More under shelter of Skiddaw, where the vale spreads into a sweet retired nook, lay the house and grounds of Dr. Brownrigg.

Beyond the level, opened a glimpse of Bassenthwaite-water; a lake, which may be called elegant, bounded, on one side, by well-wooded rocks, and, on the other, by Skiddaw.

Soon after, we rose above the steeps, which had concealed Derwentwater, and it appeared with all its enamelled banks, sunk deep amidst a chaos of mountains, and surrounded by ranges of fells, not visible from below. On the other hand, the more cheerful lake of Bassenthwaite expanded at its entire length. Having gazed a while on this magnificent scene, we pursued the path, and soon after reached the brink of a chasm, on the opposite side of which wound our future track; for the ascent is here in an acutely zig-zag direction. The horses carefully picked their steps along the narrow

precipice, and turned the angle, that led them to the opposite side.

At length, as we ascended, Derwentwater dwindled on the eye to the smallness of a pond, while the grandeur of its amphitheatre was increased by new ranges of dark mountains, no longer individually great, but so from accumulation; a scenery to give ideas of the breaking up of a world. Other precipices soon hid it again, but Bassenthwaite continued to spread immediately below us, till we turned into the heart of Skiddaw, and were enclosed by its steeps. We had now lost all track even of the flocks, that were scattered over these tremendous wilds. The guide conducted us by many curvings among the heathy hills and hollows of the mountain; but the ascents were such, that the horses panted in the slowest walk, and it was necessary to let them rest every six or seven minutes. An opening to the south, at length, shewed the whole plan of the narrow vales of St. John and of Nadale, separated by the dark ridge of rock, called St. John's rigg, with each its small line of verdure at the bottom, and bounded by enormous gray fells, which we were, however, now high enough to overlook.

A white speck, on the top of St. John's rigg, was pointed out by the guide to be a chapel of ease to Keswick, which has no less than five such, scattered among the fells. From this chapel, dedicated to St. John, the rock and the vale have received their name, and our guide told us, that Nadale was frequently known by the same title.

Leaving this view, the mountain soon again shut out all prospect, but of its own vallies and precipices, covered with various shades of turf and moss, and with heath, of which a dull purple was the prevailing hue. Not a tree, or bush appeared on Skiddaw, nor even a stone wall any where broke the simple greatness of its lines. Sometimes, we looked into tremendous chasms, where the torrent, heard roaring long before it was seen, had worked itself a deep channel, and fell from ledge to ledge, foaming and shining amidst the dark rock. These streams are sublime from the length and precipitancy of their course, which, hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act, as it were, in sympathy upon the nerves, and, to save ourselves from following, we recoil from the view with involuntary horror. Of such, however, we saw only two, and those by some departure from the usual course up the mountain; but every where met gushing springs, till we were within two miles of the summit, when our guide added to the rum in his bottle what he said was the last water we should find in our ascent.

The air now became very thin, and the steeps still more difficult of ascent; but it was often delightful to look down into the green hollows of the mountain, among pastoral scenes, that wanted only some mixture of wood to render them enchanting.

About a mile from the summit, the way was, indeed, dreadfully sublime, laying, for nearly half a mile, along the ledge of a precipice, that passed, with a swift descent, for probably near a mile, into a glen within the heart of Skiddaw; and not a bush, or a hillock interrupted its vast length, or, by

offering a mid-way check in the descent, diminished the fear it inspired. The ridgy steeps of Saddleback, formed the opposite boundary of the glen, and, though really at a considerable distance, had, from the height of the two mountains, such an appearance of nearness, that it almost seemed as if we could spring to its side. How much too did simplicity increase the sublime of this scenery, in which nothing but mountain, heath and sky appeared!

But our situation was too critical, or too unusual, to permit the just impressions of such sublimity. The hill rose so closely above the precipice as scarcely to allow a ledge wide enough for a single horse. We followed the guide in silence, and, till we regained the more open wild, had no leisure for exclamation. After this, the ascent appeared easy and secure, and we were bold enough to wonder, that the steeps near the beginning of the mountain had excited any anxiety.

At length, passing the skirts of the two points of Skiddaw, which are nearest to Derwentwater, we approached the third and loftiest, and then perceived, that their steep sides, together with the ridges, which connect them, were entirely covered near the summits with a whitish shivered slate, which threatens to slide down them with every gust of wind. The broken state of this slate makes the present summits seem like the ruins of others; a circumstance as extraordinary in appearance as difficult to be accounted for.

The ridge, on which we passed from the neighbourhood of the second summit to the third, was narrow, and the eye reached; on each side, down the whole extent of the

mountain, following, on the left, the rocky precipices, that impend over the lake of Bassenthwaite, and looking, on the right, into the glens of Saddleback, far, far below. But the prospects, that burst upon us from every part of the vast horizon, when we had gained the summit, were such as we had scarcely dared to hope for, and must now rather venture to enumerate, than to describe.

We stood on a pinnacle, commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had been before considered separately as a great scene, were now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the north, lay, like a map, the vast tract of low country, which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress from the lake. Whitehaven and its white coast were distinctly seen, and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye. A long blackish line, more to the west, resembling a faintly formed cloud, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man, who, however, had the honesty to confess, that the mountains of Down in Ireland, which have been sometimes thought visible, had never been seen by him in the clearest weather.

Bounding the low country to the north, the wide Solway Firth, with its indented shores, looked like a gray horizon, and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen dimly through mist beyond, like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprisingly near us, though at fifty miles distance, and the guide said, that, on a bright day, its shipping could plainly be discerned. Nearly in the north, the heights seemed to soften into plains, for no object was there visible

through the obscurity, that had begun to draw over the furthest distance; but, towards the east, they appeared to swell again, and what we were told were the Cheviot hills dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England, looking from the Irish Channel, on one side, to the German Ocean, on the other, which latter was, however, so far off as to be discernible only like a mist.

Nearer than the county of Durham, stretched the ridge of Cross-fell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire highlands, whose lines disappeared behind Saddleback, now evidently pre-eminent over Skiddaw, so much so as to exclude many a height beyond it. Passing this mountain in our course to the south, we saw, immediately below, the fells round Derwentwater, the lake itself remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom. Southward and westward, the whole prospect was a "turbulent chaos of dark mountains." All individual dignity was now lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

Over the fells of Borrowdale, and far to the south, the northern end of Windermere appeared, like a wreath of gray smoke, that spreads along the mountain's side. More southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaster sands extended to the faintly seen waters of the sea. Then to the west, Duddon sands gleamed in a long line among the fells of High Furness. Immediately under the eye, lay Bassenthwaite, surrounded by many ranges of mountains,

invisible from below. We overlooked all these dark mountains, and saw green cultivated vales over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over these vales in many ridges, whilst innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings and seen uniting behind the hills with others, that also sloped upwards from the lake.

The air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold and difficult to be inspired, though the day was below warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point, on which we stood, upon the lake of Bassenthwaite and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almost as if

> "the precipitation might down stretch
> Below the beam of sight."

Under the lee of an heaped up pile of slates, formed by the customary contribution of one from every visitor, we found an old man sheltered, whom we took to be a shepherd, but afterwards learned was a farmer and, as the people in this neighbourhood say, a 'statesman'; that is, had land of his own. He was a native and still an inhabitant of an adjoining vale; but, so laborious is the enterprise reckoned, that, though he had passed his life within view of the mountain, this was his first ascent. He descended with us, for part of our way, and then wound off towards his own valley, stalking amidst the wild scenery, his large figure wrapt in a dark cloak and his steps occasionally assisted by a long iron pronged pike, with which he had pointed out distant objects.

In the descent, it was interesting to observe each mountain below gradually re-assuming its dignity, the two lakes expanding into spacious surfaces, the many little vallies, that sloped upwards from their margins, recovering their variegated tints of cultivation, the cattle again appearing in the meadows, and the woody promontories changing from smooth patches of shade into richly tufted summits. At about a mile from the top, a great difference was perceptible in the climate, which became comparatively warm, and the summer hum of bees was again heard among the purple heath.

We reached Keswick, about four o'clock, after five hours passed in this excursion, in which the care of our guide greatly lessened the notion of danger. Why should we think it trivial to attempt some service towards this poor man? We have reason to think, that whoever employs, at Keswick, a guide of the name of Doncaster, will assist him in supporting an aged parent.

BASSENTHWAITE WATER.

In a gray autumnal morning, we rode out along the western bank of Bassenthwaite to Ouse Bridge, under which the river Derwent, after passing through the lake, takes its course towards the Sea. The road on this side, being impassable by carriages, is seldom visited, but it is interesting for being opposed to Skiddaw, which rises in new attitudes over the opposite bank. Beyond the land, that separates the two lakes,

the road runs high along the sides of hills and sometimes at the feet of tremendous fells, one of which rises almost spirally over it, shewing a surface of slates, shivered from top to bottom. Further on, the heights gradually soften from horror into mild and graceful beauty, opening distantly to the cheerful country that spreads towards Whitehaven; but the road soon immerges among woods, which allow only partial views of the opposite shore, inimitably beautiful with copses, green lawns and pastures, with gently sweeping promontories and bays, that receive the lake to their full brims.

From the house at Ouse Bridge the prospect is exquisite up the lake, which now losing the air of a wide river, re-assumes its true character, and even appears to flow into the chasm of rocks, that really inclose Derwentwater. Skiddaw, with all the mountains round Borrowdale, form a magnificent amphitheatrical perspective for this noble sheet of water; the vallies of the two lakes extending to one view, which is, therefore, superior to any exhibited from Derwentwater alone. The prospect terminates in the dark fells of Borrowdale, which by their sublimity enhance the beauty and elegance, united to a surprising degree in the nearer landscape.

Beyond Ouse Bridge, but still at the bottom of the lake, the road passes before Armithwaite-house, whose copsy lawns slope to the margin of the water from a mansion more finely situated than any we had seen. It then recedes somewhat from the bank, and ascends the skirt of Skiddaw, which it scarcely leaves on this side of Keswick. On the opposite

shore, the most elegant features are the swelling hills, called Wythop-brows, flourishing with wood from the water's edge; and, below the meadows of the eastern bank, by which we were returning, two peninsulæ, the one pastoral, yet well wooded and embellished by a white hamlet, the other narrow and bearing only a line of trees, issuing far into the lake. But the shores of Bassenthwaite, though elegant and often beautiful, are too little varied to be long dwelt upon; and attention is sometimes unpleasantly engaged by a precipice, from which the road is not sufficiently secured; so that the effect of the whole upon the imagination is much less than might be expected from its situation at the foot of Skiddaw, and its shape, which is more extended than that of Derwentwater.

BORROWDALE.

A serene day, with gleams of sunshine, gave magical effect to the scenery of Derwentwater, as we wound along its eastern shore to Borrowdale, under cliffs, parts of which, already fallen near the road, increased the opinion of danger from the rest; sometimes near the edge of precipices, that bend over the water, and, at others, among pleasure-grounds and copses, which admit partial views over the lake. These, with every woody promontory and mountain, were perfectly reflected on its surface. Not a path-way, not a crag, or scar, that sculptured their bold fronts, but was copied and distinctly seen even from the opposite shore in the dark

purple mirror below. Now and then, a pleasure-boat glided by, leaving long silver lines, drawn to a point on the smooth water which, as it gave back the painted sides and gleaming sail, displayed a moving picture.

The colouring of the mountains was, this day, surprisingly various and changeful, surpassing every thing of the same nature, that we had seen. The effect of the atmosphere on mountainous regions is sometimes so sublime, at others so enchantingly beautiful, that the mention of it ought not to be considered as trivial, when their aspect is to be described. As the sun-beams fell on different kinds of rock, and distance coloured the air, some parts were touched with lilac, others with light blue, dark purple, or reddish brown, which were often seen, at the same moment, contrasting with the mellow green of the woods and the brightness of sunshine; then slowly and almost imperceptibly changing into other tints. Skiddaw itself exhibited much of this variety, during our ride. As we left Keswick, its points were overspread with pale azure; on our return, a tint of dark blue softened its features, which were, however, soon after involved in deepest purple.

Winding under the woods of Barrowside, we approached Lowdore, and heard the thunder of his cataract, joined by the sounds of others, descending within the gloom of the nearer rocks and thickets. The retrospective views over the lake from Barrowside are the finest in the ride; and, when the road emerges from the woods, a range of rocks rises over it, where many shrubs, and even oaks, ash, yew, grow in a surprising manner among the broken slates, that cover their

sides. Beyond, at some distance from the shore, appear the awful rocks, that rise over the fall of Lowdore; that on the right shooting up, a vast pyramid of naked cliff, above finely wooded steeps; while, on the opposite side of the chasm, that receives the waters, impends Gowdar-crag, whose trees and shrubs give only shagginess to its terrible masses, with fragments of which the meadows below are strewn. There was now little water at Lowdore; but the breadth of its channel and the height of the perpendicular rock, from which it leaps, told how tremendous it could be; yet even then its sublimity is probably derived chiefly from the cliff and mountain, that tower closely over it.

Here Borrowdale begins, its rocks spreading in a vast sweep round the head of the lake, at the distance, perhaps, of half a mile from the shore, which bears meadow land to the water's brink. The aspect of these rocks, with the fragments, that have rolled from their summits, and lie on each side of the road, prepared us for the scene of tremendous ruin we were approaching in the gorge, or pass of Borrowdale, which opens from the centre of the amphitheatre, that binds the head of Derwentwater. Dark rocks yawn at its entrance, terrific as the wildness of a maniac; and disclose a narrow pass, running up between mountains of granite, that are shook into almost every possible form of horror. All above resembles the accumulations of an earthquake; splintered, shivered, piled, amassed. Huge cliffs have rolled down into the glen below, where, however, is still a miniature of the sweetest pastoral beauty, on the banks of the river Derwent; but description cannot paint either the wildness of the

mountains or the pastoral and sylvan peace and softness, that wind at their base.

Among the most striking of the fells are Glaramara, shewing rock on rock; and Eagle-crag, where, till lately, that bird built its nest; but the depredations, annually committed on its young, have driven it from the place. Hence we pursued the pass for a mile, over a frightful road, that climbs among the crags of a precipice above the river, having frequently glimpses into glens and chasms, where all passage seemed to be obstructed by the fallen shivers of rock, and at length reached the gigantic stone of Bowther, that appears to have been pitched into the ground from the summit of a neighbouring fell, and is shaped, like the roof of a house reversed.

This is one of the spectacles of the country. Its size makes it impossible to have been ever moved by human means; and, if it fell from the nearest of the rocks, it must have rolled upon the ground much further than can be readily conceived of the motion of such a mass. The side towards the road projects about twelve feet over the base, and serves to shelter cattle in a penn, of which it is made to form one boundary. A small oak plant and a sloe have found soil enough to flourish in at the top; and the base is pitched on a cliff over the river, whence a long perspective of the gorge is seen, with a little level of bright verdure, spreading among more distant fells and winding away into trackless regions, where the mountains lift their ruffian heads in undisputed authority. Below, the shrunk Derwent serpentized along a wide bed of pebbles, that marked its wintry course, and left a wooded

island, flourishing amidst the waste. The stillness around us was only feebly broken by the remote sounds of many unseen cataracts, and sometimes by the voices of mountaineer children, shouting afar off, and pleasing themselves with rousing the echoes of the rocks.

In returning, the view opened, with great magnificence, from the jaws of this pass over the lake to Skiddaw, then seen from its base, with the upper steeps of Saddleback obliquely beyond, and rearing itself far above all the heights of the eastern shore. At the entrance of the gorge, the village or hamlet of Grange lies picturesquely on the bank of the Derwent among wood and meadows, and sheltered under the ruinous fell, called Castle-crag, that takes its name from the castle, or fortress, which from its crown once guarded this important pass.

Borrowdale abounds in valuable mines, among which some are known to supply the finest wadd, or black lead, to be found in England. Iron, slate, and free stone of various kinds, are also the treasures of these mountains.

FROM KESWICK TO WINDERMERE.

The road from Keswick to Ambleside commences by the ascent of Castle-rigg, the mountain, which the Penrith road descends, and which, on that side, is crowned by a Druid's temple. The rise is now very laborious, but the views it

affords over the vale of Keswick are not dearly purchased by the fatigue. All Bassenthwaite, its mountains softening away in the perspective, and terminating, on the west, in the sister woods of Wythop-brows, extends from the eye; and, immediately beneath, the northern end of Derwentwater, with Cawsey-pike, Thornthwaite-fell, the rich upland vale of Newland peeping from between their bases, and the spiry woods of Foepark jutting into the lake below. But the finest prospect is from a gate about halfway up the hill, whence you look down upon the head of Derwentwater, with all the alps of Borrowdale, opening darkly.

After descending Castle-rigg and crossing the top of St. John's vale, we seemed as going into banishment from society, the road then leading over a plain, closely surrounded by mountains so wild, that neither a cottage, or a wood soften their rudeness, and so steep and barren, that not even sheep appear upon their sides. From this plain the road enters Legberthwaite, a narrow valley, running at the back of Borrowdale, green at the bottom, and varied with a few farms, but without wood, and with fells of gray precipices, rising to great height and nearly perpendicular on either hand, whose fronts are marked only by the torrents, that tumble from their utmost summits, and perpetually occur. We often stopped to listen to their hollow sounds amidst the solitary greatness of the scene, and to watch their headlong fall down the rocky chasms, their white foam and silver line contrasting with the dark hue of the clefts. In sublimity of descent these were frequently much superior to that of

Lowdore, but as much inferior to it in mass of water and picturesque beauty.

As the road ascended towards Helvellyn, we looked back through this vast rocky vista to the sweet vale of St. John, lengthening the perspective, and saw, as through a telescope, the broad broken steeps of Saddleback and the points of Skiddaw, darkly blue, closing it to the north. The grand rivals of Cumberland were now seen together; and the road, soon winding high over the skirts of Helvellyn, brought us to Leathes-water, to which the mountain forms a vast side-skreen, during its whole length. This is a long, but narrow and unadorned lake, having little else than walls of rocky fells, starting from its margin. Continuing on the precipice, at some height from the shore, the road brought us, after three miles, to the poor village of Wythburn, and soon after to the foot of Dunmail Rays, which, though a considerable ascent, forms the dip of two lofty mountains, Steel-fell and Seat Sandle, that rise with finely-sweeping lines, on each side, and shut up the vale.

Beyond Dunmail Rays, one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland, Helm-crag rears its crest, a strange fantastic summit, round, yet jagged and splintered, like the wheel of a water-mill, overlooking Grasmere, which, soon after, opened below. A green spreading circle of mountains embosoms this small lake, and, beyond, a wider range rises in amphitheatre, whose rocky tops are rounded and scolloped, yet are great, wild, irregular, and were then overspread with a tint of faint purple. The softest verdure margins the water, and mingles with corn enclosures and

woods, that wave up the hills; but scarcely a cottage any where appears, except at the northern end of the lake, where the village of Grasmere and its very neat white church stand among trees, near the shore, with Helm-crag and a multitude of fells, rising over it and beyond each other in the perspective.

The lake was clear as glass, reflecting the headlong mountains, with every feature of every image on its tranquil banks; and one green island varies, but scarcely adorns its surface, bearing only a rude and now shadeless hut. At a considerable height above the water, the road undulates for a mile, till, near the southern end of Grasmere, it mounts the crags of a fell, and seemed carrying us again into such scenes of ruin and privation as we had quitted with Legberthwaite and Leathes-water. But, descending the other side of the mountain, we were soon cheered by the view of plantations, enriching the banks of Rydal-water, and by thick woods, mingling among cliffs above the narrow lake, which winds through a close valley, for about a mile. This lake is remarkable for the beauty of its small round islands, luxuriant with elegant trees and shrubs, and whose banks are green to the water's edge. Rydal-hall stands finely on an eminence, somewhat withdrawn from the east end, in a close romantic nook, among old woods, that feather the fells, which rise over their summits and spread widely along the neighbouring eminences. This antient white mansion looks over a rough grassy descent, screened by groves of oak and majestic planes, towards the head of Windermere, about two miles distant, a small glimpse of which is caught beyond the

wooded steeps of a narrow valley. In the woods and in the disposition of the ground round Rydal-hall there is a charming wildness, that suits the character of the general scene; and, wherever art appears, it is with graceful plainness and meek subjection to nature.

The taste, by which a cascade in the pleasure-grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude bridge, amidst the green tint of woods, is shewn through a darkened garden-house, and, therefore, with all the effect, which the opposition of light and shade can give, is even not too artificial; so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light, that is admitted, fall upon the objects, which are chiefly meant to be observed.

The road to Ambleside runs through the valley in front of Rydal-hall, and for some distance among the grounds that belong to it, where again the taste of the owner is conspicuous in the disposition of plantations among pastures of extraordinary richness, and where pure rivulets are suffered to wind without restraint over their dark rocky channels. Woods mantle up the cliffs on either side of this sweet valley, and, higher still, the craggy summits of the fells crowd over the scene. Two miles among its pleasant shades, near the banks of the murmuring Rotha, brought us to Ambleside, a black and very antient little town, hanging on the lower steeps of a mountain, where the vale opens to the head of

WINDERMERE,

Which appeared at some distance below, in gentle yet stately beauty; but its boundaries shewed nothing of the sublimity and little of the romantic wildness, that charms, or elevates in the scenery of the other lakes. The shores, and the hills, which gradually ascend from them, are in general richly cultivated, or wooded, and correctly elegant; and when we descended upon the bank the road seemed leading through the artificial shades of pleasure-grounds. It undulates for two miles over low promontories and along spacious bays, full to their fringed margin with the abundance of this expansive lake; then, quitting the bank, it ascends gradual eminences, that look upon the vast plain of water, and rise amidst the richest landscapes of its shores. The manners of the people would have sufficiently informed us that Windermere is the lake most frequented; and with the great sublimity of the more sequestered scenes, we had to regret the interesting simplicity of their inhabitants, a simplicity which accorded so beautifully with the dignified character of the country. The next day, we visited several of the neighbouring heights, whence the lake is seen to great advantage; and, on the following, skirted the eastern shore for six miles to the Ferry.

Windermere, above twelve miles long and generally above a mile broad, but sometimes two, sweeps like a majestic river with an easy bend between low points of land and eminences that, shaded with wood and often embellished with villas, swell into hills cultivated to their summits; except that, for about six miles along the middle of the western shore, a

range of rocky fells rise over the water. But these have nothing either picturesque or fantastic in their shape; they are heavy, not broken into parts, and their rudeness softens into insignificance, when they are seen over the wide channel of the lake; they are neither large enough to be grand, or wooded enough to be beautiful. To the north, or head of Windermere, however, the tameness of its general character disappears, and the scene soars into grandeur. Here, over a ridge of rough brown hills above a woody shore, rise, at the distance of a mile and half, or two miles, a multitude of finely alpine mountains, retiring obliquely in the perspective, among which Langdale-pikes, Hardknot and Wry-nose, bearing their bold, pointed promontories aloft, are pre-eminent. The colouring of these mountains, which are some of the grandest of Cumberland and Westmoreland, was this day remarkably fine. The weather was showery, with gleams of sunshine; sometimes their tops were entirely concealed in gray vapours, which, drawing upwards, would seem to ascend in volumes of smoke from their summits; at others, a few scattered clouds wandered along their sides leaving their heads unveiled and effulgent with light. These clouds disappearing before the strength of the sun, a fine downy hue of light blue overspread the peeping points of the most distant fells, while the nearer ones were tinged with deep purple, which was opposed to the brown heath and crag of the lower hills, the olive green of two wooded slopes that, just tinted by autumn, seemed to descend to the margin, and the silver transparency of the expanding water at their feet. This view of Windermere appears with great majesty from a height above Culgarth, a seat of the Bishop of Landaff;

while, to the south, the lake after sweeping about four miles gradually narrows and disappears behind the great island, which stretches across the perspective.

At the distance of two or three miles beyond Culgarth, from a hill advancing towards the water, the whole of Windermere is seen; to the right, is the white mansion at Culgarth, among wood, on a gentle eminence of the shore, with the lake spreading wide beyond, crowned by the fells half obscured in clouds. To the south, the hills of the eastern shore, sloping gradually, run out in elegant and often well wooded points into the water, and are spotted with villas and varied above with enclosures. The opposite shore is for about a mile southward a continuation of the line of rock before noticed, from which Rawlinson's-nab pushes a bold headland over the lake; the perspective then sinks away in low hills, and is crossed by a remote ridge, that closes the scene.

The villages of Rayrig and Bowness, which are passed in the way to the Ferry, both stand delightfully; one on an eminence commanding the whole lake, and the other within a recess of the shore, nearly opposite the large island. The winding banks of Windermere continually open new landscapes as you move along them, and the mountains, which crown its head, are as frequently changing their attitudes; but Langdale-pikes, the boldest features in the scene, are soon lost to the eye behind the nearer fells of the western shore.

The ferry is considerably below Christian's island, and at the narrowest span of the lake, where two points of the shore

extend to meet each other. This island, said to contain thirty acres, intermingled with wood, lawn and shrubberies, embellishes, without decreasing the dignity of the scene; it is surrounded by attendant islets, some rocky, but others, beautifully covered with wood, seem to coronet the flood.

In crossing the water the illusions of vision give force to the northern mountains, which viewed from hence appear to ascend from its margin and to spread round it in a magnificent amphitheatre. This was to us the most interesting view on Windermere.

On our approaching the western shore, the range of rocks that form it, discovered their cliffs, and gradually assumed a consequence, which the breadth of the channel had denied them; and their darkness was well opposed by the bright verdure and variegated autumnal tints of the isles at their base. On the bank, under shelter of these rocks, a white house was seen beyond the tall boles of a most luxuriant grove of plane-trees, which threw their shadows over it, and on the margin of the silver lake spreading in front. From hence the road ascends the steep and craggy side of Furness-fell, on the brow of which we had a last view of Windermere, in its whole course; to the south, its tame but elegant landscapes gliding away into low and long perspective, and the lake gradually narrowing; to the north, its more impressive scenery; but the finest features of it were now concealed by a continuation of the rocks we were upon.

Windermere is distinguished from all the other lakes of this country by its superior length and breadth, by the gentle hills,

cultivated and enclosed nearly to their summits, that generally bind its shores, by the gradual distance and fine disposition of the northern mountains, by the bold sweeps of its numerous bays, by the villas that speckle and rich plantations, that wind them, and by one large island, surrounded by many islets, which adds dignity to its bosom. On the other lakes the islands are prettinesses, that do not accord with the character of the scene; they break also the surface of the water where vast continuity is required; and the mind cannot endure to descend suddenly from the gigantic sublimity of nature to her fairy sports. Yet, on the whole, Windermere was to us the least impressive of all the lakes. Except to the north, where the retiring mountains are disposed with uncommon grandeur of outline and magnificence of colouring, its scenery is tame, having little of the wild and nothing of the astonishing energy that appears on the features of the more sequestered districts. The characters of the three great lakes may, perhaps, be thus distinguished:

Windermere: Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence.

Ullswater: Severe grandeur and sublimity; all that may give ideas of vast power and astonishing majesty. The effect of Ullswater is, that, awful as its scenery appears, it awakens the mind to expectation still more awful, and, touching all the powers of imagination, inspires that "fine phrensy" descriptive of the poet's eye, which not only bodies forth unreal forms, but imparts to substantial objects a character higher than their own.

Derwentwater: Fantastic wildness and romantic beauty, but inferior to Ullswater in greatness, both of water and rocks; for, though it charms and elevates, it does not display such features and circumstances of the sublime, or call up such expectation of unimaged and uncertain wonder. A principal defect, if we may venture to call it so, of Derwentwater is, that the water is too small in proportion for the amphitheatre of the valley in which it lies, and therefore loses much of the dignity, that in other circumstances it would exhibit. The fault of Windermere is, perhaps, exactly the reverse; where the shores, not generally grand, are rendered tamer by the ample expanse of the lake. The proportions of Ullswater are more just, and, though its winding form gives it in some parts the air of a river, the abrupt and tremendous height of its rocks, the dark and crowding summits of the fells above, the manner in which they enclose it, together with the dignity of its breadth, empower it constantly to affect the mind with emotions of astonishment and lofty expectation.

FROM WINDERMERE TO HAWKSHEAD, THURSTON-LAKE AND ULVERSTON.

After ascending the laborious crags and precipices of Furness-fell, enlivened, however, by frequent views of the southern end of Windermere, the road immediately descends the opposite side of the mountain, which shuts out the beautiful scenery of the lake; but the prospect soon after opens to other mountains of Furness, in the distance, which

revive the expectation of such sublimity as we had lately regretted, and to Esthwait-water in the valley below. This is a narrow, pleasant lake, about half a mile broad and two miles long, with gradual hills, green to their tops, rising round the margin; with plantations and pastures alternately spreading along the easy shores, and white farms scattered sparingly upon the slopes above. The water seems to glide through the quiet privacy of pleasure-grounds; so fine is the turf on its banks, so elegant its copses, and such an air of peace and retirement prevails over it. A neat white village lies at the feet of the hills near the head of the lake; beyond it is the gray town of Hawkshead, with its church and parsonage on an eminence commanding the whole valley. Steep hills rise over them, and, more distant, the tall heads of the Coniston-fells, dark and awful, with a confusion of other mountains.

Hawkshead, thus delightfully placed, is an antient, but small town, with a few good houses, and a neat town-house, lately built by subscriptions, of which the chief part was gratefully supplied by London merchants, who had been educated at the free school here; and this school itself is a memorial of gratitude, having been founded by Archbishop Sandys for the advantage of the town, which gave him birth. Near Hawkshead are the remains of the house, where the Abbot of Furness "kept residence by one or more monks, who performed divine service and other parochial duties in the neighbourhood." There is still a court-room over the gateway, "where the bailiff of Hawkshead held court, and distributed justices in the name of the abbot."

From the tremendous steeps of the long fell, which towers over Hawkshead, astonishing views open to the distant vales and mountains of Cumberland; overlooking all the grotesque summits in the neighbourhood of Grasmere, the fells of Borrowdale in the furthest distance, Langdale-pikes, and several small lakes, seen gleaming in the bosom of the mountains. Before us, rose the whole multitude of Coniston-fells; of immense height and threatening forms, their tops thinly darkened with thunder mists, and, on the left, Furness-fells sinking towards the bay, which Ulverston sands form for the sea.

As we advanced, Coniston-fells seemed to multiply, and became still more impressive, till, having reached at length the summit of the mountain, we looked down upon Thurston-lake immediately below, and saw them rising abruptly round its northern end in somewhat of the sublime attitudes and dark majesty of Ullswater. A range of lowers rocks, nearer to the eye, exhibited very peculiar and grotesque appearance, coloured scars and deep channels marking their purple sides, as if they had been rifted by an earthquake.

The road descends the flinty steeps towards the eastern bank of the lake, that spreads a surface of six miles in length and generally three quarters of a mile in breadth, not winding in its course, yet much indented with bays, and presenting nearly its whole extent at once to the eye. The grandest features are the fells, that crown its northern end, not distantly and gradually, like those of Windermere, nor varied like them with magnificent colouring, but rising in haughty abruptness, dark, rugged and stupendous, within a quarter of

a mile of the margin, and shutting out all prospect of other mountain-summits. At their feet, pastures spread a bright green to the brim of the lake. Nearly in the centre of these fells, which open in a semicircle to receive the lake, a cataract descends, but its shining line is not of a breadth proportioned to the vastness of its perpendicular fall. The village of Coniston is sweetly seated under shelter of the rocks; and, at a distance beyond, on the edge of the water, the antient hall, or priory, shews its turret and ivyed ruins among old woods. The whole picture is reflected in the liquid mirror below. The gay, convivial chorus, or solemn vesper, that once swelled along the lake from these consecrated walls, and awakened, perhaps, the enthusiasm of the voyager, while evening stole upon the scene, is now contrasted by desolation and profound repose, and, as he glides by, he hears only the dashing of his oars, or the surge beating on the shore.

This lake appeared to us one of the most charming we had seen. From the sublime mountains, which bend round its head, the heights, on either side, decline towards the south into waving hills, that form its shores, and often stretch in long sweeping points into the water, generally covered with tufted wood, but sometimes with the tender verdure of pasturage. The tops of these woods were just embrowned with autumn, and contrasted well with other slopes, rough and heathy, that rose above, or fell beside them to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring, which the reddish tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright golden gleams of broom, spread over these elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulations of the marginal

hills and bays, the richness of the woods, the solemnity of the northern fells and the deep repose, that pervades the scene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumstances, which render Thurston-lake one of the most interesting and, perhaps, the most beautiful of any in the country.

The road undulates over copsy hills, and dips into shallow vallies along the whole of the eastern bank, seldom greatly elevated above the water, or descending to a level with it, but frequently opening to extensive views of its beauties, and again shrouding itself in verdant gloom. The most impressive pictures were formed by the fells, that crowd over the upper end of the lake, and which, viewed from a low station, sometimes appeared nearly to enclose that part of it. The effect was then astonishingly grand, particularly about sun-set, when the clouds, drawing upwards, discovered the utmost summits of these fells, and a tint of dusky blue began to prevail over them, which gradually deepened into night. A line of lower rocks, that extend from these, are, independently of the atmosphere, of a dull purple, and their shaggy forms would appear gigantic in almost any other situation. Even here, they preserve a wild dignity, and their attitudes somewhat resemble those at the entrance of Borrowdale; but they are forgotten, when the eye is lifted to the solemn mountains immediately above. These are rich in slate quarries, and have some copper mines; but the latter were closed, during the civil wars of the last century, having been worked, as we are told in the descriptive language of the miners, from *the day to the evening end*, forty fathom,

and to the *morning end* seven score fathom; a figurative style of distinguishing the western and eastern directions of the mine. The lake, towards the lower end, narrows and is adorned by one small island; but here the hills of the eastern shore soar into fells, some barren, craggy and nearly perpendicular, others entirely covered with coppice-wood. Two of these, rising over the road, gave fine relief to each other, the one shewing only precipices of shelving rock, while its rival aspired with woods, that mantled from the base to the summit, consisting chiefly of oak, ash and holly. Not any lake, that we saw, is at present so much embellished with wood as Thurston. All the mountains of *High* and the vallies of *Low Furness* were, indeed, some centuries ago, covered with forests, part of which was called the Forest of Lancaster; and these were of such entangled luxuriance as to be nearly impenetrable in many tracts. Here, wolves, wild boars, and a remarkably large breed of deer, called Leghs, the heads of which have frequently been found buried at a considerable depth in the soil, abounded. So secure an asylum did these animals find in the woods of High Furness, that, even after the low lands were cleared and cultivated, shepherds were necessary to guard the flocks from the ravages of the wolves. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the upper forests also were nearly destroyed.

In winter, the shepherds used to feed their stocks with the young sprouts of ash and holly, a custom said to be still observed; the sheep coming at the call of the shepherd and assembling round the holly-tree to receive from his hand the young shoots cropped for them[2]. Whenever the woods are

felled, which is too frequently done, to supply fuel for the neighbouring furnaces, the holly is still held sacred to the flocks of these mountains.

Soon after passing the island, the road enters the village of Nibthwaite, rich only in situation; for the cottages are miserable. The people seemed to be as ignorant as poor; a young man knew not how far it was to Ulverston, or as he called it Ulson, though it was only five miles.

On the point of a promontory of the opposite shore, embosomed in ancient woods, the chimnies and pointed roof of a gray mansion look out most interestingly. The woods open partially to the north, and admit a view of the *Swiss* scenery at the head of the lake, in its fine position. On the other sides, the oaks so embower the house and spread down the rocks, as scarcely to allow it a glimpse of the water bickering between the dark foliage below.

At Nibthwaite, the lake becomes narrow and gradually decreases, till it terminates at Lowick-bridge, where it glides away in the little river Crake, which descends to Ulverston sands. We stopped upon the bridge to take a last view of the scene; the distant fells were disappearing in twilight, but the gray lake gleamed at their base. From the steeps of a lofty mountain, that rose near us on the right, cattle were slowly descending for the night, winding among the crags, sometimes stopping to crop the heath, or broom, and then disappearing for a moment behind the darker verdure of yews, that grew in knots upon the cliffs.

It was night before we reached Ulverston. The wind sounded mournfully among the hills and we perceived our approach to the sea only by the faint roaring of the tide, till from a brow, whence the hills open on either hand with a grand sweep, we could just discern the gray surface of the sea-bay, at a distance below, and then, by lights that glimmered in the bottom, the town of Ulverston, lying not far from the shore and screened on the north by the heights, from which we were to descend.

Ulverston is a neat but ancient town, the capital and chief port of Furness. The road from it to the majestic ruin of Furness Abbey lies through Low Furness, and loses the general wildness and interest of the country, except where now and then the distant retrospect of the mountains breaks over the tame hills and regular enclosures, that border it.

About a mile and a half on this side of the Abbey, the road passes through Dalton, a very ancient little town, once the capital of Low Furness, and rendered so important by its neighbourhood to the Abbey, that Ulverston, the present capital, could not then support the weekly market, for which it had obtained a charter. Dalton, however, sunk with the suppression of its neighbouring patrons, and is now chiefly distinguished by the pleasantness of its situation, to which a church, built on a bold ascent, and the remains of a castle, advantageously placed for the command of the adjoining valley, still attach some degree of dignity. What now exists of the latter is one tower, in a chamber of which the Abbot of Furness held his secular Court; and the chamber was afterwards used as a gaol for debtors, till within these few

years, when the dead ruin released the living one. The present church-yard and the scite of this castle are supposed to have been included within the limits of a *castellum*, built by Agricola, of the fosse of which there are still some faint vestiges.

Beneath the brow, on which the church and tower stand, a brook flows through a narrow valley, that winds about a mile and a half to the Abbey. In the way thither we passed the entrance of one of the very rich iron mines, with which the neighbourhood abounds; and the deep red tint of the soil, that overspreads almost the whole country between Ulverston and the monastery, sufficiently indicates the nature of the treasures beneath.

In a close glen, branching from this valley, shrouded by winding banks clumped with old groves of oak and chesnut, we found the magnificent remains of

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FURNESS ABBEY.

The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its gothic arches and the luxuriant yet ancient trees, that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn yet delightful emotion. This glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally from its ancient title Bekangs-gill, the "glen of deadly nightshade,"

that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood. Its romantic gloom and sequestered privacy particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and in the most retired part of it King Stephen, while Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, founded, in the year 1127, the magnificent monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fontain's-abbey in Yorkshire.

The windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins, till they are closely approached, and the bye road, that conducted us, is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are finely preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought us within view of the northern gate of the Abbey, a beautiful gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriantly festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane-trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the Abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the great northern window and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls capped with oaks, which in some places spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the Abbey, an area said to contain sixty-five acres, now called the Deer-park. It is enclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings and the

faint vestiges of others, still appear; such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens and kilns that once supplied the monastery, some of which, seen under the shade of the fine old trees, that on every side adorn the broken steeps of this glen, have a very interesting effect.

Just within the gate, a small manor house of modern date, with its stables and other offices, breaks discordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the scene. Except this, the character of the deserted ruin is scrupulously preserved in the surrounding area; no spade has dared to level the inequalities, which fallen fragments have occasioned in the ground, or shears to clip the wild fern and underwood, that overspread it; but every circumstance conspires to heighten the solitary grace of the principal object and to prolong the luxurious melancholy, which the view of it inspires. We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the Abbey, entirely roofless, but shewing the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding stair-case are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice are seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender gothic window frames, and on the west a remnant of the nave of the Abbey and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

To the south, but concealed from this point of view, are the chapter-house, some years ago exhibiting a roof of beautiful gothic fretwork, and which was almost the only part of the Abbey thus ornamented, its architecture having been characterised by an air of grand simplicity rather than by the elegance and richness of decoration, which in an after date distinguished the gothic style in England. Over the chapter-house were once the library and scriptorium, and beyond it are still the remains of cloisters of the refectory, the locutorium, or conversation-room, and the calefactory. These, with the walls of some chapels, of the vestry, a hall, and of what is believed to have been a school-house, are all the features of this noble edifice that can easily be traced: winding stair-cases within the surprising thickness of the walls, and door-cases involved in darkness and mystery, the place abounds with.

The abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale-red stone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed by time and weather to a tint of dusky brown, which accords well with the hues of plants and shrubs that every where emboss the mouldering arches.

The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast, shattered frame that once contained a richly-painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of distant arches, remains of the nave of the abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is[3] said to be two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only twenty-eight feet inside, but the nave is

seventy: the walls, as they now stand, are fifty-four feet high and in thickness five. Southward from the choir extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels, now laid open to the day; the chapter-house, the cloisters, and beyond all, and detached from all, is the school-house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts a roof.

As, soothed by the venerable shades and the view of a more venerable ruin, we rested opposite to the eastern window of the choir, where once the high altar stood, and, with five other altars, assisted the religious pomp of the scene; the images and the manners of times, that were past, rose to reflection. The midnight procession of monks, clothed in white and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the "mind's eye" issuing to the choir through the very door-case, by which such processions were wont to pass from the cloisters to perform the matin service, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chanting of voices was heard, and the organ swelled a solemn peal. To fancy, the strain still echoed feebly along the arcades and died in the breeze among the woods, the rustling leaves mingling with the close. It was easy to image the abbot and the officiating priests seated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four stalls, that still remain entire in the southern wall, and high over which is now perched a solitary yew-tree, a black funereal memento to the living of those who once sat below.

Of a quadrangular court on the west side of the church, three hundred and thirty-four feet long and one hundred and two feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the

foundation of a range of cloisters, that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks on days of high solemnity passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower, that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

The school-house, a heavy structure attached to the boundary wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness, but, here and there, a chasm discloses the stair-cases, that wind within them to chambers above. The school-room below, shews only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar in the eastern corner, on which the teacher's pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar's attention to his book.

These are the principal features, that remain of this once magnificent abbey. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monastery of Savigny in Normandy, who were called Gray Monks, from their dress of that colour, till they became Cistercians, and, with the severe rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the dissolution of monastic orders in England.

The original rules of St. Bernard partook in several instances of the austerities of those of La Trapp, and the society did not very readily relinquish the milder laws of St. Benedict for the new rigours imposed upon them by the parent monastery of Savigny. They were forbidden to taste flesh, except when ill, and even eggs, butter, cheese and milk, but on extraordinary occasions; and denied even the use of linen and fur. The monks were divided into two classes, to which separate departments belonged.— Those, who attended the choir, slept upon straw in their usual habits, from which, at midnight, they rose and passed into the church, where they continued their holy hymns, during the short remainder of the night. After this first mass, having publicly confessed themselves, they retired to their cells, and the day was employed in spiritual exercises and in copying or illuminating manuscripts. An unbroken silence was observed, except when, after dinner, they withdrew into the locutorium, where for an hour, perhaps, they were permitted the common privilege of social beings. This class was confined to the boundary wall, except that, on some particular days, the members of it were allowed to walk in parties beyond it, for exercise and amusement; but they were very seldom permitted either to receive, or pay visits. Like the monks of La Trapp, however, they were distinguished for extensive charities and liberal hospitality; for travellers were so scrupulously entertained at the Abbey, that it was not till the dissolution that an inn was thought necessary in this part of Furness, when one was opened for their accommodation, expressly because the monastery could no longer receive them.

To the second class were assigned the cultivation of the lands, and the performance of domestic affairs in the monastery.

This was the second house in England, that received the Bernardine rules, the most rigorous of which were, however, dispensed with in 1485 by Sixtus the Fourth, when, among other indulgences, the whole order was allowed to taste meat on three days of the week. With the rules of St. Benedict, the monks had exchanged their gray habit for a white cassock with a white caul and scapulary. But their choir dress was either white or gray, with caul and scapulary of the same, and a girdle of black wool; over that a mozet, or hood, and a rochet[4]. When they went abroad they wore a caul and full black hood.

The privileges and immunities, granted to the Cistercian order in general, were very abundant; and those, to the Abbey of Furness were proportioned to its vast endowments. The abbot, it has been mentioned, held his secular court in the neighbouring castle of Dalton, where he presided with the power of administering not only justice but injustice, since the lives and property of the villain tenants of the lordship of Furness were consigned by a grant of King Stephen to the disposal of my lord abbot! The monks also could be arraigned, for whatever crime, only by him. "The military establishment of Furness likewise depended on the abbot. Every mesne lord and free homager, as well as the customary tenants, took an oath of fealty to the abbot, to be true to him against all men, excepting the king. Every mesne lord obeyed the summons of the abbot, or his steward, in

raising his quota of armed men, and every tenant of a whole tenement furnished a man and horse of war for guarding the coast, for the border-service, or any expedition against the common enemy of the king and kingdom. The habiliments of war were a steel coat, or coat of mail, a falce, or falchion, a jack, the bow, the bill, the cross-bow and spear. The Furness legion consisted of four divisions:—one of bowmen horsed and harnessed; bylmen horsed and harnessed; bowmen without horse and harness; bylmen without horse and harness[5]."

The deep forests, that once surrounded the Abbey, and overspread all Furness, contributed with its insulated situation, on a neck of land running out into the sea, to secure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hostilities on the borders. On a summit over the Abbey are the remains of a beacon, or watch-tower, raised by the society for their further security. It commands extensive views over Low Furness and the bay of the sea immediately beneath; looking forward to the town and castle of Lancaster, appearing faintly on the opposite coast; on the south, to the isles of Wanley, Foulney, and their numerous islets, on one of which stands Peel-castle; and, on the north, to the mountains of High Furness and Coniston, rising in grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Irish Channel. Description can scarcely suggest the full magnificence of such a prospect, to which the monks, emerging from their concealed cells below, occasionally resorted to sooth the asperities, which the severe discipline of superstition inflicted on the temper; or, freed from the observance of jealous eyes, to indulge, perhaps, the

sigh of regret, which a consideration of the world they had renounced, thus gloriously given back to their sight, would sometimes awaken.

From Hawcoat, a few miles to the west of Furness, the view is still more extensive, whence, in a clear day, the whole length of the Isle of Man may be seen, with part of Anglesey and the mountains of Caernarvon, Merionethshire, Denbighshire and Flintshire, shadowing the opposite horizon of the channel.

The sum total of all rents belonging to the Abbey immediately before the dissolution, was 946l. 2s. 10d. collected from Lancashire, Cumberland, and even from the Isle of Man; a sum, which considering the value of money at that period; and the woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries, retained by the society in their own hands; the quantity of provisions for domestic use brought by the tenants instead of rent, and the shares of mines, mills, and salt-works, which belonged to the Abbey, swells its former riches to an enormous amount.

Pyle, the last abbot, surrendered with twenty-nine monks, to Henry the Eighth, April the 9th 1537, and in return was made Rector of Dalton, a situation then valued at thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight-pence a year.

FROM ULVERSTON TO LANCASTER.

From the Abbey we returned to Ulverston, and from thence crossed the sands to Lancaster, a ride singularly interesting and sublime. From the Carter's house, which stands on the edge of the Ulverston sands, and at the point, whence passengers enter them, to Lancaster, within the furthest opposite shore, is fifteen miles. This noble bay is interrupted by the peninsula of Cartmel, extending a line of white rocky coast, that divides the Leven and Ulverston sands from those of Lancaster. The former are four miles over; the latter seven.

We took the early part of the tide, and entered these vast and desolate plains before the sea had entirely left them, or the morning mists were sufficiently dissipated to allow a view of distant objects; but the grand sweep of the coast could be faintly traced, on the left, and a vast waste of sand stretching far below it, with mingled streaks of gray water, that heightened its dreary aspect. The tide was ebbing fast from our wheels, and its low murmur was interrupted, first, only by the shrill small cry of seagulls, unseen, whose hovering flight could be traced by the sound, near an island that began to dawn through the mist; and then, by the hoarser croaking of sea-geese, which took a wider range, for their shifting voices were heard from various quarters of the surrounding coast. The body of the sea, on the right, was still involved, and the distant mountains on our left, that crown the bay, were also viewless; but it was sublimely interesting to watch the heavy vapours beginning to move, then rolling in lengthening volumes over the scene, and, as they gradually dissipated, discovering through their veil the various objects they had concealed—fishermen with carts and nets stealing

along the margin of the tide, little boats putting off from the shore, and, the view still enlarging as the vapours expanded, the main sea itself softening into the horizon, with here and there a dim sail moving in the hazy distance. The wide desolation of the sands, on the left, was animated only by some horsemen riding remotely in groups towards Lancaster, along the winding edge of the water, and by a muscle-fisher in his cart trying to ford the channel we were approaching.

The coast round the bay was now distinctly, though remotely, seen, rising in woods, white cliffs and cultivated slopes towards the mountains of Furness, on whose dark brows the vapours hovered. The shore falls into frequent recesses and juts out in promontories, where villages and country seats are thickly strewn. Among the latter, Holker-hall, deep among woods, stands in the north. The village and hall of Bardsea, once the site of a monastery, with a rocky back-ground and, in front, meadows falling towards the water; and Conishead priory, with its spiry woods, the paragon of beauty, lie along the western coast, where the hills, swelling gently from the isle of Walney, nearly the last point of land visible on that side the bay, and extending to the north, sweep upwards towards the fells of High Furness and the whole assemblage of Westmoreland mountains, that crown the grand boundary of this arm of the sea.

We set out rather earlier than was necessary, for the benefit of the guide over part of these trackless wastes, who was going to his station on a sand near the first ford, where he remains to conduct passengers across the united streams of the rivers Crake and Leven, till the returning tide washes him

off. He is punctual to the spot as the tides themselves, where he shivers in the dark comfortless midnights of winter, and is scorched on the shadeless sands, under the noons of summer, for a stipend of ten pounds a year! and he said that he had fulfilled the office for thirty years. He has, however, perquisites occasionally from the passengers. In early times the Prior of Conishead, who established the guide, paid him with three acres of land and an annuity of fifteen marks; at the dissolution, Henry the Eighth charged himself and his successors with the payment of the guide by patent.

Near the first ford is Chapel Isle, on the right from Ulverston, a barren sand, where are yet some remains of a chapel, built by the monks of Furness, in which divine service was daily performed at a certain hour, for passengers, who crossed the sands with the morning tide. The ford is not thought dangerous, though the sands frequently shift, for the guide regularly tries for, and ascertains, the proper passage. The stream is broad and of formidable appearance, spreading rapidly among the sands and, when you enter it, seeming to bear you away in its course to the sea. The second ford is beyond the peninsula of Cartmel, on the Lancaster sands, and is formed by the accumulated waters of the rivers, Ken and Winster, where another guide waits to receive the traveller.

The shores of the Lancaster sands fall back to greater distance and are not so bold, or the mountains beyond, so awful, as those of Ulverston; but they are various, often beautiful, and Arnside-fells have a higher character. The town and castle of Lancaster, on an eminence, gleaming afar off over the level sands and backed by a dark ridge of rocky

heights, look well as you approach them. Thither we returned and concluded a tour, which had afforded infinite delight in the grandeur of its landscapes and a reconciling view of human nature in the simplicity, integrity, and friendly disposition of the inhabitants.

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FOOTNOTES:

1: Mrs. Barbauld.

2: West's "Antiquities of Furness."

3: "Antiquities of Furness."

4: "Antiquities of Furness."

5: "Antiquities of Furness."

FINIS.

[The end of *A Journey made in the summer of 1794 (...) Vol. 2* by Ann Radcliffe]