Remains

OF

WILLIAM REED.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war—
In life's low vale remote hath pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown?

REMAINS

OF

WILLIAM REED,

LATE OF THORNBURY;

INCLUDING

Rambles in Ireland,

WITH OTHER

COMPOSITIONS IN PROSE, HIS CORRESPONDENCE, AND POETICAL PRODUCTIONS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE;

BY

THE REV. JOHN EVANS, AUTHOR OF THE PONDERER.

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. JUVENAL.

London:

SOLD BY OGLES, DUNCAN AND COCHRANE, 37 PATERNOSTER-ROW, AND 295 HOLBORN; ALSO BY SHEPPARD, FRY, AND FROST, BRISTOL; BULLOCK, GLOUCESTER; POVEY, WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1815.

MOTTO IN THE TITLE-PAGE.

"They do not easily emerge from obscurity, whose progress is opposed by Poverty."

Printed by John Evans & Co. 7, St. John-Street, Bristol.

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES, A.M. F.A.S.

RECTOR OF ROCKHAMPTON,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE, AND DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER;

AND TO

MR. ADRIAN STOKES,

OF ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, BRISTOL;

FROM WHOSE GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP MR. REED DERIVED A LARGE PORTION OF THE HAPPINESS OF HIS LIFE, AND TO WHOSE AFFECTIONATE REGARD FOR HIS MEMORY HIS FRIENDS ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PUBLICATION OF HIS WRITINGS,

IN TESTIMONY OF

HIGH ESTEEM FOR TALENTS AND FOR VIRTUES,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor begs to return his acknowledgments to the several friends of the late Mr. REED, for their kindness in communicating the Correspondence and the other Writings which constitute the greater portion of the following volume. He presumes that he has availed himself of their indulgence in a manner consonant with their wishes, as he has been anxious to suppress every thing in which the Public could feel no interest, or which had any tendency to wound the feelings of individuals.

If an apology should be deemed necessary for the delay which has taken place in the publication, perhaps it will be sufficient to state, that in addition to the Editor's very limited leisure for undertakings of this nature, the work itself has been benefited by its comparatively late appearance; since a greater number of Mr. REED's Letters

have in consequence been collected, and a greater degree of attention has been bestowed upon the selecting and arranging of the materials which form the volume. Upon the whole, it is hoped that the book will reflect no discredit upon the memory of a man whose "heart once beat high for praise," and that while it disappoints not the expectations of his Friends, it will prove not altogether unacceptable to the Literary World.

Academy, Kingsdown, Bristol,
October 1, 1815.

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* These verses were delivered to the Editor among the poetical productions of Mr. Reed, but not in his hand-writing. Since they were printed, doubts have arisen as to their originality.

IT's joys foregone, and each excursive flight
Of early hope suppress'd, the indignant soul
Gives up the unequal strife, to hail the goal
Of earthly happiness. Hence, to the light
And busy throng, on whom a mental blight
Ne'er fell, HE, the departed friend, to enrol
Whose humble name expands this votive scroll,
Morose appear'd, 'a strange and wayward wight.'
Yet, hid beneath his dark repulsive brow,
The kindliest sympathies of man remain'd:
The sufferer's claim his heart would still allow,
And feel delight that would not be restrain'd;
And oft, while wandering, Nature's scenes to view,
'Thy glorious works,' O God! would all his griefs subdue.

T.

Clifton, Oct. 1815.

Memoir.

WILLIAM REED, the subject of the following memoir, was born at Thornbury, a small town in Gloucestershire, on the 12th of September 1770. His paternal ancestors had lived during many generations in the village of Horton, about eight miles from the town; and there the descendants of the family still continue to reside. His mother's name was Price. Mr. Reed has given a short but interesting account of her family, in his Letters from Wales, which, from the object of his journey, he denominated 'The Welsh Estate.'* His father, at the time of his marriage, worked at his business in Thornbury, as a journeyman shoemaker; but as his wife possessed some property, he then embarked in

* See page 69.

trade as a master, and by his diligent attention to business, was enabled to bring up a family of several children, in comfort and respectability.

It has frequently happened, that men of extraordinary abilities have been little distinguished in childhood, and even in youth have been principally remarkable for an aversion from study. Chatterton, to the disgrace of his teacher, was once pronounced to be incapable of improvement; and the schoolboy days of Barrow were passed in pursuits which gave no promise that he would afterwards become the tutor and friend of Newton.

According to the representation of those who observed his progress, the childhood and youth of Mr. Reed were marked by no peculiarity, except that his love of amusement was frequently carried to excess, and that his dislike to books sometimes induced him to become a truant from school. Probably, however, it was at this early period of his life

that he acquired, from these very wanderings, his love for rural objects, and laid the foundation of that exquisite taste for the beauties of nature by which he was characterized, and which he has so poetically described:

> Oh! I have loved from earliest youth
> To climb the mountain-tracts sublimely wild,
> And range with keenest extacy of soul
> Among the woody windings of the hills,
> Whence o'er the distant precipice is heard
> The sound of falling waters.

But the period was approaching when these delightful wanderings were to be relinquished for very different occupations.

William Reed had now reached the sixteenth year of his age, and it became necessary that he should fix upon some trade which would enable him to provide for his future wants. His father proposed the business of a shoemaker; but Reed shrunk from the idea, with an antipathy bordering upon horror. His education had of necessity been limited to reading, writing and arithmetic,

such as they are taught in schools of humble fame. A passion for music had indeed displayed itself, and Reed saved his pence till he purchased a fife, which he afterwards exchanged for a flute. By the assistance of his brother, he learned the notes with a little of the science of music, and in a short time could perform upon his instrument with no inconsiderable skill. He had also acquired some knowledge of drawing, from painting letters on boards to be placed upon carts; and he requested he might be allowed to cultivate these talents, as means for obtaining a livelihood. His father consulted a neighbouring gentleman upon the subject; but it was considered that these means would furnish only a precarious supply of his wants, and Reed was accordingly consigned to the shop, to learn 'the art and mystery' of a shoemaker.

It will excite no surprise that an occupation so incompatible with his taste, and of an influence so deadly upon the talents by

which Reed had already given proof that he 'was no vulgar boy,' would be engaged in without pleasure, and submitted to only from necessity. It does not, however, appear that he sought a resource in books, or, like the author of the Baviad and Mæviad, consecrated to the cultivation of his intellect, the hours which he could steal from business or from sleep.* The energy of Reed's mind took another direction: in business indolent and careless, he became fond of amusement, particularly of fives-playing, in which he was so distinguished as to be considered without a rival for activity and skill. Destitute of nobler objects to excite or interest, he lavished his talents upon trifles; but the ability which he squandered even upon them, exhibited a luxuriance that sufficiently indicated a richness and a strength of soil, which required and deserved a better cultivation.

* See the interesting account which Mr. Gifford gives of his manner of study, in Public Characters, vol. v. for 1802-3.

In the occupations and amusements which we have described, Mr. Reed passed the first twenty years of his life; and the time was now arrived, when the mental character assumes some of those features which it seldom, perhaps never, relinquishes.

About the year 1790, the Baptists were building their meeting-house at Thornbury. A pious young woman, of that denomination of Christians, came one evening to drink tea with his mother and the family. After tea, she requested permission to repeat a prayer; and finding that her friend cordially joined in her devotions, she continued them by singing a hymn; to which Mr. Reed played an accompaniment on his flute. When the party had broken up, William Reed said to his brother, "I must be a Christian, or I shall perish for ever." He uttered this with an emphasis that shewed how deeply the sentiment had impressed his feelings. From this period he became pecu-

liarly serious and devout, relinquished every amusement, and carried his religious scruples so far as to refuse to play any except sacred music upon his flute. So true is it, that men of genius are generally enthusiasts. Whatever may be the relative importance of the objects of their pursuits, they are conducted with an ardour of feeling which, however men of moderate talents may affect to despise, they have seldom sufficient energy to emulate.

This abstraction of mind, however, was highly favourable to the strengthening as well as to the expansion of the intellectual powers. From this time, Mr. Reed applied himself to reading with an avidity which seemed insatiable. Theology doubtless engaged a portion of his attention; but his religion then seemed to have been rather the dictate of feeling than the result of investigation. Judging from an expression which he used to his brother, "It is a hard thing to be a Christian," it would appear that his

religious sentiments had not increased his happiness. They did however confer upon him a seriousness of mind and a correctness of conduct which, under every change of opinion, he ever afterward invariably preserved.

About this period also Mr. Reed gave the first indication of poetical talents. A few miles from Thornbury was a mill, in a spot as wild and romantic as Fancy herself would require; and to Reed's imagination, the miller's daughter probably appeared the Goddess of Enchantment. This however is certain, that he celebrated the beauties of this scenery in his first essay at poetry, and presented the miller's daughter with the verses. At a subsequent period of his life, he destroyed this with other writings, during a severe illness; so that at present no traces remain of his early compositions. From this action it must not be conjectured that Mr. Reed was unambitious of literary fame; but the probability is, that trembling over an early grave, he

preferred that his name should perish with him, rather than live for a short duration by means of writings which he deemed unworthy of his memory.

In the year 1791, Mr. Reed left Thornbury for a tour into the north. The object of his journey was improvement in his trade; for now concluding that Fate had determined that he must be a shoemaker, he wisely resolved to excel, and to be a perfect master of every branch of the business. During his absence, he visited Gloucester, Worcester, and Birmingham. At the end of six months he returned to Thornbury, with his object fully accomplished, as his brother, Mr. Daniel Reed, to whom we are indebted for the facts contained in this narrative, states him to have been the neatest workman that he ever saw. Soon afterward, however, a weakness of sight obliged him to desist for some time from his business, to which he never again seriously applied.

When his sight would permit him, he read, or improved his taste for drawing, by copying small pictures; and when incapable of these occupations, he would lounge in various parts of the house, and play plaintive airs upon his flute. His favourite amusement, however, was wandering among the beautiful scenery which surrounds his native town, giving vent to the feelings with which an enthusiastic love of nature inspired him, in some wild poetical effusion.

In truth he was a sad and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene:
In darkness and in storms he found delight,
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

BEATTIE.

In 1796 or 1797 a proposal was made to Mr. Reed, by a gentleman of the vicinity of Thornbury, but who was then a student at

the University of Edinburgh, to accompany him to that metropolis. The situation which was offered would to some have appeared humiliating: it was that of a servant. It afforded however an opportunity of visiting a distant and celebrated country; and a residence in Edinburgh would of necessity be favourable to the acquirement of knowledge. By a mind like Reed's, ardent in the pursuit of improvement, this opportunity of accomplishing his favourite object could upon no consideration be neglected. He therefore accepted the proposal, and not only visited the Caledonian metropolis, but made one or two excursions into the Highlands.

Mr. Reed would often speak with rapture of the stupendous and sublime scenery of Scotland, and frequently mentioned the Scots peasantry as examples of pure hospitality, simplicity of manners, and innocency of life.

During his absence, he regularly committed to paper every thing which appeared

to him worthy of observation; a practice which must have been peculiarly advantageous to the exercise of his mental powers, as well as to a habit of composition. Humble as was the sphere in which he moved, he had procured letters of introduction to some of the most distinguished literary characters in Edinburgh, and used to speak with peculiar pleasure of having visited the eloquent Dr. Blair.

He remained in Scotland somewhat longer than a year, and returned to his native town, greatly improved as well as delighted by his excursion.

These were the halcyon days in Reed's existence; but they flew with the rapidity with which, alas! human happiness too frequently hurries away.

The order of events now conducts us to the relation of a circumstance which is supposed to have exerted more than ordinary influence upon his mind, and to have been

the source of the dejection and melancholy which so frequently embittered his life.

Mr. Reed had now nearly reached the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was a regular attendant at the Baptist-meeting in Thornbury; of which congregation, indeed, he was a member. On one occasion, the people had assembled, but no minister came to officiate. After waiting some time in expectation, one of the members read a hymn, which was sung by the congregation, and Mr. Reed was requested to conclude with a prayer. With this request he readily complied. Fervour of devotion, elevation of sentiment, and chastity of language, characterised his prayer. A neighbouring gentleman, who happened to be present with his daughter, was deeply impressed with this extemporaneous effusion of piety, and requested to be introduced to a man who possessed such extraordinary talents. He solicited his acquaintance, and invited him to his house.

On the following day, his daughter called on Mr. Reed, probably to repeat the invitation. This young lady was then thirty years of age, of a fortune independent of her father, and possessing a mind cultivated by literature, and enriched with piety and benevolence. Her charities were as extended as her means were ample, and the neighbouring poor daily blessed her. That Mr. Reed should be desirous of the acquaintance and friendship of such a woman, was natural, and even laudable. He frequently visited her at her father's house, and she often called upon him. Their mutual love of books cemented their friendship; and their friendship, as might have been expected, at length ripened into mutual affection. In conversation, and by correspondence, they became acquainted with each other's sentiments; and nothing was wanting but the approbation of the lady's father to sanction the union. When, however, this was solicited, 'with a

father's frown, he sternly disapproved;' and though mature of age, and independent in fortune, the daughter's high sense of duty would not allow her to marry contrary to her father's wishes.

It is certain that great deference is always due to parental opinion and authority; and the result of experience is, that early marriages, if entered into in opposition to the wishes of parents, are seldom productive of happiness. But when, at a mature age, the comfort and enjoyment of life, is sacrificed to what may be the selfishness or caprice of another, it would appear that deference to parental authority is carried to an extreme. This at all events is certain, that no benevolent parent would require a sacrifice so costly. In this case, a similarity of taste, pursuits and sentiments, combined with a mutual esteem and affection, promised a union productive of more than ordinary felicity. Unhappiness in marriage springs from disparity of mind,

and never, at least where there is a competency and common sense, from inequality in fortune.

It is, however, just to observe, that difference in regard to fortune was not urged as the objection. The father contended that Reed's character was destitute of stability and decision; an objection which his life to this period sufficiently proved to be entirely groundless.

Under these circumstances, the lady upon whom Reed had reposed his wishes and his hopes, conceived it to be her duty, and for their mutual happines, to dissolve the intimacy. This request was of course complied with, and the letters of each party were returned and destroyed. In the letter which she wrote to urge this measure, she confessed that the sacrifice had preyed upon her spirits, injured her health, and would perhaps cost her life itself. This melancholy forboding proved too true. In a very short time she

sunk to the grave, probably the victim of dissappointed affection.

Thus vanished poor Reed's dream of happiness, and left him a solitary wanderer, amidst what, in one of his sombre moods, he calls 'the deserts of creation'!

It is however remarkable, that Mr. Reed sustained the shock with uncommon fortitude. 'There is a grief which cannot feel.' He appeared 'not to feel then;' but ever afterward was the victim of excessive sensibility. He was neither observed to shed a tear nor to utter a sigh, and was never heard to pronounce the name of 'her whom he had loved so well.' His health, however, from that time, visibly declined. His mind too had lost its soundness and its tension. He was restless and dissatisfied, sometimes elevated into extravagant gaiety, and sometimes plunged into the deepest despondency. The writer of this memoir has frequently found him in a darkened apart-

ment, secluding himself from 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day,' and a victim of the most gloomy anticipations. More frequently, however, he would sally forth alone into the fields, to inhale the freshness of the breeze, and to wander among what he emphatically called 'his native hills.' These extreme varieties of feeling attended him through life, nor left him till he laid down his head where 'the weary are at rest.'

The course of events which we have recorded has brought our narrative to the close of the year 1799, when Mr. Reed sustained a new calamity by the death of his father. This event put him in possession of a small property; but as he had now relinquished his trade, and was entirely destitute of any profession, it was by no means adequate to his support; he therefore took up his residence with his mother. Perhaps, however, this feeling of despondence contributed to

increase that unhealthy tone which disappointment had already given his mind; as it is certain that the want of regular occupation, in which he would feel himself obliged to engage, must have afforded nourishment to the melancholy which borders on madness. Happily, however, in the following year, he was induced to take charge of some young persons, in order to conduct them to Aberdeen for education; but it sufficiently indicates the state of his mind, that he returned as soon as he had executed his trust. Part of this excursion was performed by sea. In the course of the voyage, he saw two whales, and would frequently recur with fresh delight to the emotions of sublime astonishment with which this spectacle inspired him. The fact is, that Mr. Reed saw the objects of nature with the eye and with the feelings of a poet. Whatever 'was awfully grand or elegantly little' would awaken his rapture, or excite his admiration.

On his return from Aberdeen, he visited London, but after an interval of two months was recalled to Thornbury by the illness of his mother. He had the satisfaction of arriving just two days before she departed for 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.' By her decease he became possessed of some additional property, just enough, with strict economy, to supply his very moderate wants. After his mother's death, he still continued to reside in his native town, with his brother, except when absent upon those excursions to which his love of nature and of variety, combined with the restlesness of his disposition, frequently prompted him.

Mr. Reed's property also received an accession upon the decease of the lady's father, whose early death had consigned all his anticipations of happiness to the grave. This bequest consisted of a sum of money and an annuity for his life. There is every reason

for concluding that this provision was made for him in compliance with the lady's request, and in conformity to her father's promise. He was now in possession of a moderate competency, and at liberty to indulge his taste for books and for wandering, for poetry, for drawing, and for music, to an extent for which, perhaps, in early life, he had frequently and ardently wished, without daring to indulge the hope that his wishes would ever be realized. He now however found by experience, that happiness is generally the companion of pursuit, and that some portion of disappointment is inseparable from possession. The fact is, that he who lives for himself alone, though the objects to which he directs his attention be as generous and as noble, as literature and science can render them, will frequently languish for something beyond these. It is the man who dedicates his exertions to promote the happiness of his family, of his friends, and his

country, who enjoys existence with the keenest relish, and for whom even literature and science reserve their choicest sweets, to solace him in retirement, and to confer their privileged felicity upon the hours of his leisure. Though Reed ardently loved his friends, though his heart and his hand were ever open to the applications of distress, yet without definite objects of pursuit, and destitute of *one* fond breast to fill the void in his affections, he pined in solitude even in the midst of society; whilst to his diseased imagination 'this curious frame of things, thus wonderous fair,' exhibited only the sterility of a wilderness. So true is it that happiness has its seat in the mind, and depends but little upon those things which are foreign to intellectual and therefore unalienable possessions.*

* Namque ea sunt vera præsidia vitæ, quibus neque fortunæ iniquitas, neque publicarum rerum mutatio, neque belli, vastatio potest nocere. 'For those are the only

About the year 1807, Mr. Reed conceived the idea of visiting Canada, with the intention of fixing his residence there, provided the country should correspond with his expectations. The benevolence of his mind, however, suggested to him the means of benefiting his species, even in this remote region. The fact alluded to will be better described by the following letter from Dr. Jenner to Mr. Adrian Stokes; which, as containing such honourable* testimony of Reed's talents and goodness of heart, should form a part of this memoir, and is therefore transcribed, by permission of the eminently distinguished writer.

unfailing resources in human life, which neither the injustice of fortune, nor the change of public affairs, nor the devastation of war can injure.'

* Who is he so cold that hath not felt the force of the sentiment, Lætus sum laudari a laudato viro! 'I am delighted with commendation from a man who is himself the subject of praise.'

Cheltenham, Feb. 21, 1814.

DEAR SIR,

I BEG pardon for not paying attention sooner to your obliging letter respecting poor Reed. You will grant it, I know, when you are informed that I have lately, from particular occurrences, been necessitated to suspend much of my correspondence.

My acquaintance with this extraordinary man commenced many years since, I should suppose nearly twenty. He was then labouring under a severe affection of the head, accompanied with obscurity of vision. These maladies were subdued by the long continued use of setons in the temples. It was at this time that I witnessed the first flight of his fancy. While he was waiting in Mr. Jenner's surgery, to have his setons dressed, he took out his pencil and wrote some brilliant verses on the wall. Not long after this, I think he went to Edinburgh with Dr. Salmon; and from this time I lost sight of him for many years. My acquaintance recommenced with him about seven years since, and for some time, on account of what I shall mention, our intercourse was very frequent. He mentioned his design of going to Canada, on a visit to his friend Mr. Rolph; where he thought he might be essentially useful by practising vaccination among the inhabitants. This brought

him frequently to Berkeley, where his assiduity and quick comprehension soon made him intimately acquainted with the subject. He practised on a pretty large scale, among the poor at Thornbury and the neighbouring villages, with uniform success, frequently in the midst of variolous contagion. He now began to prepare a paper on the subject, with a view of laying it before the public; but alas! a train of desponding thoughts again began to haunt him. He left his home, and I think went among his friends at Bristol. After this I saw him no more.

Many things might probably occur respecting this very interesting character, if I could have an interview with you and Mr. Evans. I can only say it would afford me great pleasure to see you here, and talk the matter fully over. When I shall return to Berkeley is at present very uncertain, but I do not imagine it will be before the commencement of summer.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

EDW. JENNER.

To Adrian Stokes, Esq. Bristol.

From this period, during a considerable time, Mr. Reed appears to have directed all

the ardour of his mind to the study as well as the practice of vaccination. He seems to have read, with his usual avidity, every publication on the subject, and he had made himself master of all the arguments urged by the several disputants in this important and interesting controversy. The papers which he composed, were written in a popular form, to recommend universal inoculation for the mild disease in preference to small pox, and were principally designed to remove the prejudices then entertained against vaccination by the lower classes of society; who, though constantly desirous of change, are, notwithstanding, generally very slow in adopting such improvements as are elicited by science, or suggested by philanthropy. It is to be regretted, that these papers were not then published, as it is probable that they would have been productive of advantage. The following extract from one of Mr. Reed's letters exhibits considerable knowledge of

the subject, and besides contains facts which deserve to be universally known. On these accounts therefore, it is presumed that no apology is necessary for its insertion.

" ****** is an excellent surgeon, but he will never, I think, make a distinguished author. His hypothesis respecting the Cow-Pox degenerating into Small Pox, by passing through diseased constitutions, should never have appeared in print. It seems to be an extravagant piece of conjecture, and without the least foundation in truth. I asked the Doctor, if it made any difference from what person we extracted the matter. His answer was, that he thought there could be none; for though it was certainly more agreeable to one's feelings, to take matter from a fine healthy child, yet the cow-pock virus was a thing of itself, and had nothing to do with any ailments of the constitution; and that the virus, if it were taken at a proper time, and from a proper *vesicle** from any person, would communicate the correct

"* *Vesicle*, and not Pustule, is *now* the more approved term for the Cow-Pock. Pustule is a pock that contains pus or any purulent matter, such as that of Small-Pox, &c.; but as the contents of the Vaccine Pock are perfectly transparent, the term *vesicle* is preferred, as being more correct."

disease, leaving no ill consequences behind. I will just further remark, that Dr. Jenner believes Small-Pox to be the Cow-Pox, but in a more malignant form. He does not, like *****, pretend to account for this malignant modification of the mild disease, but believes that it is so. Bryce is of a different opinion, whose valuable Treatise, I hope by this time, you have in your possession.

" It is a principle in physiology, that two essentially different diseases cannot operate at the same time in the constitution. If you inoculate a child for the Cow-Pox, and it should have catched the Measles about the same time, whichever of the two diseases has the start of the other, *that* will regularly go through the stages peculiar to itself; and when it is over, the other, which all this while has lain dormant, will spring up into action, and proceed without interruption. This is a curious fact. Now if you make a puncture with the variolated lancet, and another close by with the vaccinated lancet, the two diseases or rather Small-Pox and the Cow-Pox will regularly proceed together; and if you choose to inoculate from this arm, you may give the genuine Cow-Pox from the *vesicle* or the genuine Small-Pox from the *pustule*. This is another very curious fact. It is therefore on account of this analogy, or, if you please, ' affinity' between the two diseases, that Dr. J. concludes they were originally one and the same disease.

"I inoculated two children about two months ago; and now the natural Small-Pox is come into the very same family. The house is but a mere hut, and so small, that the members of this humble establishment must all eat, drink, and sleep together—so that my vaccination will be put to a fiery trial; but I am not at all afraid of the results."

It was at the commencement of the year 1810, that the writer of this memoir was first introduced to Mr. Reed, of whom he had frequently heard by means of a mutual friend, and in consequence had long wished for the pleasure of his acquaintance. Reed was then preparing for his intended voyage to Canada, and his conversation generally turned upon that subject. He did not mention all the reasons which induced him to visit America; but he spoke of the Falls of Niagara in such terms of enthusiastic admiration, as to render it evident that the idea of seeing that sublime object was a leading, if not a principal motive for his voyage. A severe fit of illness,

however, obliged him to relinquish his design; and as from this period he seldom enjoyed health, it does not appear that he ever resumed his intention. He continued afterward to make Bristol his principal residence, and with the exception of his Rambles in Ireland, and his visit to Guernsey, satisfied himself with indulging his love for nature, by occasional excursions among the beautiful scenery of the neighbouring counties.

In March 1811 was commenced a series of Essays, under the title of THE PONDERER, to which Mr. Reed contributed two papers, No. 16 and 26. These were received with great approbation, and are indeed highly honourable to his talents and his taste. In the Monthly Review for July 1813, almost the whole of No. 16 is quoted; a mark of distinction which, from one of the most respectable of the critical journals, was particularly gratifying to Reed's feelings. It is only justice to these papers to add, that the highest

encomiums were very generally bestowed upon their author's powers of description; they have, therefore, been re-printed, and form the Appendix to the present volume.

During Mr. Reed's residence in Bristol, he appears to have been more than usually occupied in literary pursuits. Most of the songs set to music by Mr. Howell were published and probably composed at this period, and several of his other productions were revised and re-written with a care and attention which evidently had reference to publication, though probably with no design that it should take place immediately, or even soon. Conscious of the disadvantage under which he laboured from the want of a classical and more especially of an early education, a disadvantage for which only the most severe application in subsequent life can compensate, Reed was diffident of his abilities, though breathing the most ardent aspirations towards literary fame. He had now reached

the fortieth year of his age. A course of reading, miscellaneous indeed, but extensive, united with habits of thinking and reflection, had conferred no inconsiderable degree of vigour upon his conceptions; and constant exercise in composition had given perspicuity and correctness to his style. He probably, however, felt, that every recent year had contributed valuable accessions to the stock of his information, and hoped that the years which were before him would be at least equally propitious to the acquirement of knowledge. He therefore indulged the expectation, that when his powers should reach their full maturity, he might present the world with some production which would be a lasting and honourable memorial of his industry and talents. Like thousands of such expectations, his too were destined to prove fallacious. Beside that he was a victim to the sorrow which corrodes the heart, disease, in a variety of forms, had already made rapid

progress in undermining his constitution. The powers of his imagination, however, not only continued in their pristine vigour, but also seemed to acquire additional strength amid the ravages of his disorder. By the assistance of fancy's magic wand, he would escape from the pressure of pain and the anticipations of despondency, to revel in all the pleasures of the extatic bliss with which imagination provides her worlds of beauty and perfection. But Mr. Reed himself will best describe his feelings, which he does in a Letter as tender, and as affecting as any that ever made its appeal to the soul of sensibility.

Bristol, 1812. Autumn.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have now been more than twelve months in Bristol, living an idle life, my health not permitting me to do otherwise. I begin to grow tired of the city, and long for the country again, with as much zeal as Petrarch did, when surfeited with the dissipations of the papal court at Avignon.

I was born and grew up in the country, and shall never cease, however Providence may dispose of me, to cultivate a predilection for its woods, its gardens, its quiet fields, and the hedge-rows ornamented and perfumed with the beauty and odours of the wild-rose and honey-suckle. When sometimes my imagination scatters a ray of light on my prospect, a little cottage, neat and picturesque, is raised up for my accommodation, amidst the retirement of hills and vallies, inhabited by a people characterised only by the kindness and simplicity of their manners; but the charm, like the splendid turrets and castles which I have often seen on a summer-evening formed in the clouds, melts into air in a moment, and leaves nothing but a melancholy shade for the eye to gaze upon.

Ever since my father and mother's death, I have had no settled habitation; and though I have been driven into the wilderness in search of some little domestic sanctuary, not a single cabin has opened its doors to offer me an abiding-place; and the present moment wears an aspect equally as unpromising as any that has gone before. In consequence of the extreme derangement of my health, I am not able, like other men, to stem the tide of so much ill fortune, and place myself beyond the reach of its overwhelming influence. It is a great happiness to me, however, that those dear friends whom I have just

mentioned, and whose loss I shall ever deplore, have been saved from the pain of witnessing what I have suffered. In some of my solitary wanderings, when my imagination, with all the enthusiasm of the liveliest sensibility, has brooded over their memory, I have seemed to hear their voice in the passing breeze, and to see their apparition flit across my path, casting on me, as they hastily vanished from my sight, a glance of the tenderest sympathy; and then, with a bosom bleeding with a thousand painful recollections, I have wished to follow them into eternity. They have passed the dreary tract on which I am now so much bewildered; and though the grave has closed over them, and totally effected their annihilation in this world, I do hope to meet them in some more halcyon region; and were it not for this hope, this golden light of Heaven, that sometimes breaks on the darkness of my mind, I should soon be a maniac, and raving amongst the melancholy spectres of Bedlam.

But I will turn from this distressing subject, and inform you that I am thinking of a voyage to Madeira, or to one of the West-India islands, having for some months nearly lost the use of my limbs; and the medical oracles which I have consulted, give me no great hopes of recovery, without taking some step of this sort, to avoid the severity of the winter. In attaining this object, I perceive many difficulties in the way; but if I

can overcome them, I will immediately acquaint you with the circumstance.

The idea of travelling into new scenes always communicates a kind of electric spark to my feelings; and I have often indulged the romantic wish of visiting every interesting spot on the globe. I never think of a burning mountain without feeling the most indescribable regret that it has never been in my power to travel round the precipices of its crater, raging with hurricanes of smoke and flame; and the falls of Niagara roused the curiosity of my childhood, and have scarcely to this hour ever been absent from the picture of my dreams.

If in my intended excursion over the deep I should be so fortunate as to witness any event that would interest your feelings, I will write you a little history of it. I have already seen the 'great leviathan' gamboling amongst the azure billows, which you have heard me relate before; but the mermaid, the kraken, and the dolphin, that beautiful cameleon of the sea, I have never given you any account of. I should very much like to descry from the quarter-deck, a water-spout or a water-god. To meet Neptune, some morning, in his chariot of state, drawn by a thousand sea-horses prancing through the waves, with his whole train of trumpeters and attendants, would be a fine piece of pageantry, and furnish materials for a description not

easily paralleled for its novelty or magnificence. Or only to see one or more of the green-hair'd nymphs quitting their diamond grots or palaces of pearl, and emerging to the surface, for the purpose of displaying all the enchantments of beauty, or singing one of those dulcet airs which they have been taught to hymn whilst reposing on beds of ocean-flowers, or sauntering beneath the foliage of their coral groves, would, I think, be a spectacle sufficient to awaken enthusiasm in the bosom of a stoic, and make your friend, notwithstanding his unfortunate lameness, leap for joy!

I have to thank you for your very elegant letter of the 10th of June, and shall think myself happy in frequently hearing from you. Meanwhile, accept my best wishes for your welfare. Yours, &c. WM. REED.

From this letter it appears that Mr. Reed wished to pass the approaching winter in a climate, the mildness of which would either renovate his shattered constitution, or at least preserve him from an increase of disease. It is thus that the love of life prompts us to maintain a doubtful contest for existence, even while pain is repeating its attacks upon

the powers of action and of enjoyment. The state of his finances probably prevented the accomplishment of his wishes. At all events it is certain that he spent the winter in Bristol, and doubtless derived no inconsiderable degree of gratification from his usual avocations and amusements.

From the introduction to his Rambles in Ireland, it is evident that Mr. Reed had long intended to visit the islands of Guernsey and Jersey. In the spring of 1813 he resolved to execute this design, and towards the close of June embarked for Guernsey. The following extract from a letter (the last that he ever wrote) is the only account which has been preserved of his excursion.

Guernsey, July 28, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I have often regretted that it has not been in my power to write to you sooner; but I have been tossed about from wave to wave like Noah's dove, and

have not found, till this moment, a place to rest for the sole of my foot. Had I more eye-sight to spare than at present falls to my lot, I would present you with the entire olive-branch of my little rambles; but as I am unfortunate in this particular, a few of its leaves only are all that I can offer you.

I will begin by saying that we were rather more than a week before we found ourselves in the harbour of St. Pierre. On entering the Land's End, our vessel was assailed by contrary winds, which obliged us to take shelter in Mounts-Bay; and this, though very much against the captain's wishes, was a very agreeable circumstance to me, as it unfolded a variety of beautiful prospects, which I did not expect to find in so wild and remote a part of the country. We anchored about forty hours beneath the Castle of St. Michael, which stands upon a conical rock of considerable elevation, and which, at a distance, has the appearance of being supported by regular masses of basaltic columns. Marazion, Penzance, &c. lie in this Bay, which I visited, and was so charmed with the *tout ensemble* of the neighbouring scenery, that had the wizard of my destiny chosen, in one of his mysterious freaks, to bind me to the spot for life, I should have felt no great inclination to interrupt the process of his incantations.

I remained in Guernsey ten days, which was much

longer than agreeable to me, on account of the difficulty of procuring a private lodging. I was therefore obliged to put up with every species of exaction, and to endure every kind of uproar from the sons of Belial, and the Bacchantes, during my stay. I quitted the place in disgust, vowing, as I clambered over the main-chains, never to touch that shore again. But I found the same evil genius pursue me to Jersey, where I continued for the same length of time. I was almost frantic. There being no vessel at St. Helier's, bound for Southampton, and hearing there was one just ready to leave St. Pierre, I came back over a terrible sea to Guernsey, and was then informed that the vessel I was in quest of had sailed the day before!

It was the holiday of St. John, and crowds of beaux and belles were hastening to Sarke, a small island three leagues distance, for the sole purpose of making a bit of a row; and so, to amuse my despair, I mingled with these merry people, and was pretty comfortably entertained for two days, when I returned to Guernsey again; and as there was no 'Hamptoner likely to sail soon, I next took wing for Alderney; where, after continuing a few days, I entered St. Pierre the fourth time; and during this last route had missed once more my Southampton trader. Say what you will, it is of no use to struggle with Fate. The same ill-tempered star

continued to shine upon me for a week longer; when the wicket of a neat little cottage opened as I approached it, and where, ever since, I have found the most cordial reception, and the most comfortable accommodations, at a Mr. Jamonneau's, Paris-lane, Guernsey.

I will now sit down and take breath a little, and as much revenge as possible on the imp, or star, or whatever it was, that so persecuted me. I am about the same distance from the sea, as you are from the Draw-Bridge —have a pretty garden to walk in, 'stor'd with mint and thyme,' and a great variety of delicious fruits.

Most of the necessaries of life are exceedingly dear in this country. Wine and spirits, and fish, fresh air, and salt water, are however to be had in great abundance, and on the most reasonable terms.

I should like, but I perceive I have no room to spare, to give you a more particular account of these islands: their size, distance from each other, and from the French coast; their productions, and general aspect, would furnish materials for some interesting description. But I did promise myself the gratification of sending you a miniature sketch, at least, of the persons and character of the people, and selected a sheet which I thought would have been ample enough for the purpose, but in this also I am disappointed. Some other communication to England, perhaps, may contain a few remarks on this subject.

My health is not very good, but rather better than in Bristol. The rheumatism still continues to cramp my pedestrian operations, and the soreness about my lungs distresses me much more. I will bear all these things as well as I can; this is acting like a man. It will be all the same a hundred years hence; and this is reasoning like a philosopher!

I have but a very little acquaintance here, and nothing like a companion. I therefore of necessity muse alone, wander alone through the country, and witness the operations of Nature on the trees and fields. Sometimes I stroll along the desolate beach, and listen, with the deepest silence, to the sound of the billows, as they break over the rocks; but still I am always alone. I derive, it is true, sometimes a very sublime gratification from this variegated spectacle; but I cannot talk to trees and flowers, nor hold a dialogue with waves and pebble-stones: they are objects of beauty and admiration, but not of sympathy. To interchange ideas and intertwine the affections of the heart with those of others, are the privileges of human nature, and form some of the principal elements of its felicity; but so far as an exercise of these principles and feelings may be attained this country, I find a man might as well have neither the one nor the other. I don't know how long I can endure this state of things.

I very much desire to remain some time in the country, and this desire would be much augmented if I had any power over the Devil; for I do assure you, the island would be a paradise, if the old serpent could be driven from it. My fiddle would afford me some little recreation now and then, if I had it; and I wish I had followed Beake's advice, and brought it with me. I am almost tempted to desire him to send it; *but I am not decided.* If it should come, as I am nearly a mile from the centre of the town, it would be better to have it left at Mr. Coles', Free-Mason's Tavern, Market-place, Guernsey.

I have now only to beg you to offer my kind remembrance to all my friends, to every person of your own family in particular, to all the Messrs. Stokes, and to Miss ******. You will not, I know, forget Beake, and Roughsedge, and Tyson; for they are all 'right honourable men.' Adieu! WM. REED.

From this letter it would seem that Mr. Reed then enjoyed as good health as at any time in the course of the last two or three years of his life, and consequently he could entertain no apprehension that he was so rapidly approaching the termination of his

career. The trifling disappointments which he relates, probably produced a temporary depression of his spirits; but the want of society of which he complains must have had a more permanent as well as prejudicial influence upon his mind. Solitude and seclusion are by no means the appropriate medicines for a diseased imagination; which, like jealousy, 'makes the food it feeds upon.' The sympathy of friendship remains to mitigate pain, even when the power of art can furnish little or no relief. But of this sympathy Mr. Reed was deprived, and the house of a stranger was destined to be the scene of his dissolution. He appears however to have been fully sensible of the approach of death, and retaining the entire possession of his faculties to the last, expired on the 30th of September 1813, in the animating hope that hereafter 'this mortal shall put on immortality.' His remains were interred in the Friends' burying-ground in Guernsey, and

consequently 'without a stone to mark the spot.' His memory, however, will always be affectionately cherished by those whom once he loved, and who estimate the recollection of the pleasures derived from his friendship among the most valued of their possessions.

As the leading features of Mr. Reed's character have probably been sufficiently delineated in this sketch of his life, the reader's attention ought perhaps to be no longer detained from those writings, which are the principal objects of the volume. These writings are certainly the best criterions of whatever powers, either of intellect or fancy, Mr. Reed possessed; but the editor must not venture to offer an opinion of their several merits. In respect to these productions, every reader will determine for himself. It is presumed, however, that they will be found to contain animated but accurate descriptions of the beauties of nature, with indications of a solid judgment and a correct taste, and

therefore are truly honourable to the reputation of a man, who derived these powers chiefly from assiduous and solitary application.

It has before been stated that Mr. Reed was a member of the Baptist congregation in Thornbury. There is reason to suppose that his religious opinions underwent considerable change in the course of his life, though it is difficult to state with precision what the alterations were. It is certain that though he continued a dissenter, he withdrew from the Baptist communion; and it is highly probable that reading and reflection had induced him to reject as erroneous, some of the distinguishing tenets of the popular theology. But upon these important topics he always spoke with diffidence; for it is the superficial only who indulge in conceit and illiberality.

Those who knew Mr. Reed most intimately testify that his moral conduct was irreproach-

able, and his disposition eminently benevolent. His liberality indeed sometimes bordered upon profusion, as he has been known to borrow money to give away. He was, in the genuine sense of the term, a PHILANTHROPIST, and therefore detested war, though he lived in an age that not only seemed insensible to its calamities, but to consider it the only path to an honourable distinction!

In his temper Mr. Reed is represented to have been hasty, and in his anticipations rather gloomy than cheerful. The sum total of human enjoyment is formed from trifles; and perhaps the traits of character just specified do more to inflict positive suffering, than talents and wealth can effect for the production of happiness. But he who is familiar with disappointment hath seldom learned the important art of regulating his temper.

In his habits Mr. Reed was a strict economist without being parsimonious. He knew that independence arises, not from extent of

income, but from proportion of expenditure. He could moderate his wants and his wishes, so as to leave a surplus for the supply of an emergency or the relief of distress. Thousands would have escaped degradation, and even remorse, if they could have exercised a similar power.

But talents and virtues, like fortune, reputation, health and connexions, are not *ultimate* objects, but only *means* of happiness. In every case therefore in which they are possessed, it is fair to enquire into the degree of felicity they confer upon their possessor. Taking the future life into calculation, it may be affirmed that abilities are either mistaken or misemployed, and that moral qualities are defective, when they are not instruments of enjoyment. In the circle in which Mr. Reed moved, his talents procured him the friendship of the wise, and his virtues the esteem of the good; yet is it too certain that his lot was to suffer

rather than to rejoice. It is presumed that the causes of this suffering are described in the preceding pages. The plant of human happiness indeed is of delicate growth, and can be reared only by assiduous cultivation: in particular must it be guarded from the gusts of passion. At best it is sickly, and will decay. But it will revive, when transplanted to a kindlier soil, in a more genial climate; where it will put forth blossoms in all the vigour of immortality.

Errata.

P. 68, l. 2. For 'longs-hanked,' read *long-shanked*.
P. 68, l. 20. For 'never known,' r. never *been* known.
P. 69, l. 10. For 'he his,' r. he *is*.
P. 119, l. 7. For 'bestow,' r. *bestows*.
P. 124, l. 12. For 'there,' read *these*.
P. 125, l. 22. For 'songstress,' r. *songster*.
P. 159, l. 2. For 'Thursday morning,' r. *Tuesday*.

Rambles in Ireland,

OR

OBSERVATIONS

WRITTEN DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE IN THAT COUNTRY.

RAMBLES IN IRELAND.

DISAPPOINTED in procuring a cabin-berth in one of the Guernsey traders, and wishing to enjoy the benefit of a sea-breeze, I stepped into the Gulf of Paria, a fine-sailing vessel, bound for Cork, on the 15th of September 1810.

Descending into the British Channel, it was late when we passed the Steep and Flat Holmes. I was on deck, and was much pleased with the appearance of the Light-House on the latter island. It is a tall and slender building; and my imagination readily converted it into an immense torch, burning on the altar of some phantasmagorian divinity, or an eye which the Genius of the Night had most benevolently placed before us, to enable us to spy out and keep aloof from the dangers of the deep.

Early on the following morning, we had a glimpse of Lundy on our left; and then, losing every vestige of land, found ourselves in the centre of a vast circumference of waters.

The next day we came in sight of the Irish cliffs. After approaching the Ballycotton Islands, we steered through the head-lands, which form a grand entrance into Cork harbour. These head-lands are crowned with the Carlisle and Camden fortifications.

We now proceeded to Cove. The town is of considerable length, and the bay, highly picturesque with shipping, is more commodious than any which I have seen, except Milford Haven. Passage is a town higher up the river, at which place we put on shore to dine.

The man who contemplates the charms of nature with enthusiasm, will feel a very high degree of gratification in passing up the river; the banks of which are ornamented with a profusion of gentlemen's seats, environed with woods of great luxuriance, and commanding a variety of prospects; although he may chance to have his vessel boarded by a fierce crew of bandits from the Sybil frigate, called the press-gang, and by a still more troublesome set of fellows, called the Custom-House officers.

I REMAINED in Cork a few days, to recover myself from the shock I had received from the uproar of the ocean, and the wilder uproar, songs and gibberish of fifty Irish haymakers who were on board the vessel. Contrary to my expectations, I was very ill during my stay in this place, so that I did not realize one of the principal objects of my excursion, that of having my health improved by a sea-voyage; I grew, however, very sensibly better, as soon as I left the town.

The distance from Cork to Killarney is about forty-six Irish miles. I hate the Irish mile most confoundedly: it must have been the kind of mile measured out and made use of when this country was inhabited by a race of giants—by such great and brave fellows as Gog and Magog, and the Patrick O'Briens, as it contains 2240 yards.

The road between Macrompe and Millstreet becomes very interesting: it is wild and rugged in the extreme, and seems to have been broken and tossed about in heaps for sport, by the Gullivers of Romance; but on approaching Killarney, the country assumes a softer character. We now crossed a bog, which in many places quaked under the weight of our carriage-wheels; it was dreary and extensive, and bounded on the left with some beautiful mountains, called the Paps.

An Irish town invariably commences with a row of cabins; all of which smoke like so many bacon-houses, and would disgrace a village of Hottentots. I made particular enquiries, if it were possible for human beings to live in such a situation, without being smothered to death; and was answered in the affirmative. As the Irish in general live to a good old age, it may not be unfair to attribute it to the circumstance of their being effectually smoke-dried in their hovels. The Egyptians excelled all other nations in preserving the bodies of their friends after death; but the Irish, a more clever set of people, have thus hit upon a method of embalming the living.

It is not long that a mail-coach has travelled this way; and as its appearance in any little village of cabins has not yet ceased to be a novelty, the sound of the horn never fails to exhibit the most picturesque groups of the inhabitants.

At a distance of some miles we had a view of the fine Alpine country that lay before us; and I was so delighted with the wildness and grandeur of its outline, as to wish that I could be carried into the very centre of the scene, blindfolded, for the purpose of enjoying, in all its

acuteness and luxury, the impression which it is so well formed to excite.

Killarney is a considerable inland-town, having two or three long streets of pretty regularly built houses, of which the outside is much more prepossessing than their interior. It is situated more than a mile from the Lower Lake, and standing on a perfect level, presents no prospect whatever.

There is an air of slovenliness, neglect and dilapidation, pervading the whole town, which, for a place of such general and fashionable resort, very much surprized me. The habitations of the lower and even middling classes are covered with filth that must have been, one would suppose, half a century in accumulating; and as the houses are slenderly put together, it would now be bad policy to think of removing it; for acting as a sort of cement, peradventure the scrubbing-brush might bring an old house about the ears of its inhabitants. The town is more populous than a survey of its extent would seem to indicate, and is on market-days crowded with people from all parts of the country, who come to buy and sell, to drink whiskey, and break each others heads with the 'sprig of shillelah,' which they take good care never to be without.

I HAVE been a very dutiful son of the church of Rome during my visit to Ireland, having regularly attended mass at the nunnery in Killarney, at seven o'clock in the morning. I confess, however, that devotion was not so much my motive, as curiosity to see the nuns. Four of the sisterhood only were present each time; three of

whom were habited in black veils, and the other in a white one; who had not taken the vows, as I believe the white veil signifies, but was preparing to do so. She appeared very young; and her countenance, which she was at no particular pains to conceal, was highly interesting, and rivalled in loveliness the blossom of the unfolding rose. What a pity, I secretly exclaimed, that such a victim should be offered up in sacrifice to appease the demons of Superstition!

They were all fine women, in the prime of life, and in consequence, perhaps, of some trifling disappointments, had for ever renounced the world, to bury themselves alive amidst the tombs and solitudes of an ecclesiastical Bastille. Miserable and misguided that people must be, who can be brought to think it a sacred duty to forsake the great circle of society in which they might have been useful and shining ornaments, and to tread under foot the best feelings and faculties of our nature; becoming the dupes of a system that must have originated either in the grossest ignorance or the most artful hypocrisy!

The *oration* is in common use here. It is similar to what is known in England by the name of a charm, and is supposed to possess a sovereign power in expelling diseases. A priest came to the house where I lodged, to write one for a lady whose child was ill; and being in the adjoining room, I heard the holy father very seriously mutter something about St. John and his Gospel, to the great satisfaction of the afflicted mother. This specific for a mortification and convulsion-fits was to be tied round the neck of the infant; and much good was to be expected from the application. Thus, when the voice of Superstition commands them to do so, can learned and intelligent men reduce themselves to the level of gipsies and swindlers.

There are in this country, wells possessing no medicinal qualities whatever; yet people come from a great distance on pilgrimage to them. I have seen numbers of lame and blind flocking to these places, and moving round them in circles of different dimensions, reading their prayer-books and telling their beads, and casting themselves on the ground in the deepest prostrations. Mothers, stripping their children naked, would with a handful of wet dirt mark them on the back with the sign of the cross, and then plunge them with devotional extacy into the cold waters of the fountain. These credulous persons will relate to you a long catalogue of notable cures performed by these means; and the wells are distinguished by the name of Blessed Wells.

Having whilst in England often heard of the Irish howl or cry, I was anxious to attend a funeral; and an opportunity of this kind readily presented itself at Killarney. Soon as the hearse quitted the house, the women (for women are the only performers in this concert) in the midst of a vast concourse of people, began the melancholy dirge. Verses are sometimes uttered, expressive of regret for the deceased, and for the purpose of eulogizing the supposed or real virtues, or to celebrate the wealth, antiquity and exploits of the family. The following hymn, sung on the death of a young and noble warrior, I esteem a great curiosity. I lately met with it in one of the ingenious productions of the learned Dr. Adam Clarke.

The Caoinan,

OR

IRISH FUNERAL CRY.

O son of Connal! why didst thou die? Royal, noble, learned youth! valiant, active, warlike, eloquent! why didst thou die? Alas! awail a day!

Alas! alas! he who sprung from nobles of the race of Heber, warlike chief! O son of Connal, noble youth! why didst thou die? Alas! oh, alas!

Alas! oh, alas! he who was in possession of flowery meads, verdant hills, lowing herds, rivers and grazing flocks; rich, gallant, lord of the golden vale! why did he die? Alas! awail a day!

Alas! alas! why didst thou die, O son of Connal! before the spoils of victory by thy warlike arm were brought to the hall of the nobles, and thy shield with the ancient? Alas! alas!

'The music of the above,' says the Doctor, 'though rude and simple, is nevertheless bold, highly impassioned and deeply affecting, and is often used amongst the descendants of the aboriginal Irish on funeral-occasions.'

No words were used in the present instance: nothing but a melancholy vociferous cry was heard, with frequent pauses, to recruit the exhaustion of the lungs; this being absolutely necessary, as the distance to the Abbey is more than two miles. It was very easy to perceive, by the countenances of the women, that all this parade of sorrow was not real, being assumed only for the occasion. But when we came to the Abbey, many of the people, as if electrified by a thunder-cloud, flew to the tombs of their relations in the most violent and sincere,

transports of grief, beat their breasts, fell prostrate on the graves, kissed the stone or sod that covered their friends a hundred times, and filled the air with the most doleful outcries. General attention was now directed to the procession. Four priests walked before; and one of the fathers, habited in the stola, read the burial-service in Latin. When this ceremony was over, the howling increased and the people were little less than frantic. The door of the sepulchre now opened, and the relations of the deceased fell down before it, and poured tones of the most extravagant lamentation into this habitation of death. Some threw themselves on the coffin, and struck it as if they hoped to awake the dead by the noise. The paroxysm, as all violent ones generally do, soon began to subside, and the people dispersed, except a few devotees, who remained on their knees, crossing themselves, and bowing their heads to the ground.

An air of deep romantic melancholy seems to pervade the whole of this consecrated spot. It is surrounded with lofty mountains, rocks, and solitary waters. Innumerable skeletons are piled against the mouldering walls, and scattered over the ground. The monastery itself is a venerable ruin, immediately encompassed with trees, whose long elastic branches vibrate to every impulse of the passing breeze. When happening to return late in the evening from the distant country, I have seen aged females approaching this ancient sanctuary for the purposes of devotion; and at such an hour, should the Moon, emerging from the neighbouring heights, scatter her yellow light on the towers and tombs, it is not easy to picture to the imagination a scene more sublimely calculated to awaken in the soul that train of pious feelings, which ever accompanies the privilege of holding communion with its Maker.

I have never found any of those doggerel-epitaphs in this country which so much disgrace the church-yards in England. The name and age of the deceased are generally written at the beginning, and the affectionate, pathetic sentiment, 'May he rest in peace!' concludes the inscription. Sometimes, even in a protestant burying-ground, the traveller is desired to 'pray for the soul of the departed,' and this is all.

KILLARNEY has long been an object of superlative attraction. The eloquence of the poet and the magic pencil of the painter have frequently been employed in describing its varied beauties; and these fascinating pictures have not a little influenced the 'worshippers of Nature' to go thither on pilgrimage; where they have wandered with reverence and delight, and returned with as much reason for congratulation perhaps as other devotees, who have travelled over mountains and deserts to prostrate themselves in the temple of a prophet, and kiss the tomb where his ashes repose.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number,—the Lower, the Middle, (or, as it is sometimes called, Mucruss or Turk Lake) and the Upper. The Lower Lake is by far the largest, being, it is said, twenty-one miles in circumference; while that of Mucruss does not exceed seven. The Upper Lake is rather more extensive than that of Turk, and exhibits in its general outline a more romantic configuration than either of the others.

These fine inland waters, however, derive their principal charm from the exquisite scenery with which they are encompassed and adorned—the mountains, the cliffs,

and the islands, with their variegated shrubberies and forests. Such are the objects which constantly invite the attention of the traveller; and as if they were under the management of some skilful enchanter, or possessed some inherent principle of magic in themselves, are opening to the admiring eye an endless succession of novelties, from every variation of the atmosphere.

The boats which navigate the Lakes are not permitted the use of sails, in consequence of the violent blasts that suddenly descend from the mountains, and sometimes lash the waves into the wildest fury. The first view I had of the Lower Lake was from an eminence in the grounds of Lord Kenmare. It is always seen, I believe, to most advantage in a state of repose. It was then stretching its noble expanse along the neighbouring shores and to the feet of the distant hills, unruffled by a single zephyr, and resembling a sheet of polished silver. I had never before seen so enchanting a picture, the images of its woods, rocks, and the sky, being so accurately defined, and as it were painted, on the surface. The mountains in the immediate vicinity of the Lakes are, Tomies, Glenaa, Turk, and Mangerton. The Purple Mountains, and the Reeks, which are the highest in the country, are a little more distant, but raise their broken and pointed summits far above the rest, and are almost constantly veiled with the clouds of the Atlantic; and the whole assemblage exhibits a magnificent specimen of highland scenery.

Wishing to view the scene from the heights, I embraced the earliest opportunity of crossing the Lake to the Bay of Glenaa, for the purpose of ascending the mountain so named. The day was sultry, and the ascent through the young woods (for the ancient forests,

unfortunately for the landscape, have fallen before the axe) was attended with no common labour. But after contending with the acclivities for two hours, we arrived at the top of this the most beautiful mountain that borders the Lower Lake. Amidst its glens and thickets the red deer has found an abode; but is sometimes obliged to abandon its peaceful asylum, when the Lord of the Domain is pleased to treat the Nimrods of the district with the music of hound and horn, and all the varieties of the clamorous chase. On the highest ridges of the hill, we saw several herds of small wild horses, with their ragged colts, bounding from cliff to cliff with all the agility of unbridled nature. The Lake, from this elevation, had lost most of its attractions, and being covered with a thin sunny kind of mist, seemed to shrink into dimness and nothing.

Descending the mountain by a different route, through woods and among dangerous precipices, we entered a wild and solitary valley, once inhabited by a robber, who infested the country for many years, and had contrived to elude the hand of justice through the obscurity of his retreat. The vestiges of his habitation are still to be seen, but almost levelled to the ground.

Penetrating through the woody part of this defile towards the Bay, where our boat anchored, we very unexpectedly fell in with a party of artificers, who had fixed their temporary residence in the midst of the fallen forest. They were turners, and were plying their occupation with indefatigable industry, in making wooden quart-mugs, and other utensils, which the common people of the country use for holding their potatoes and butter-milk. It was an interesting and picturesque group, and would have furnished an excellent subject for the pencil

of a Morland. The master of this rural manufactory was a grey-headed venerable-looking old man, who after sawing the timber into proper lengths had retired to a little grassy seat, to enjoy the repose of his pipe. A smooth perpendicular rock, elegantly overarched with trees, furnished the party with shade and shelter. A good-looking young man worked at the lathe, whose wife turned the wheel. A pretty little boy, half naked, and half afraid of the strangers, was endeavouring to bury himself in the shavings; whilst an elder brother was busily employed in tending the fire. A diminutive coarse-haired dog, such as is commonly trained by rat-catchers for the destruction of vermin, completed the family-muster of these industrious woodlanders. At a small distance down the glen, on the borders of a murmuring stream, they had erected their humble cabin. This sequestered spot exhibited a partial glimpse of the Lake, with one or two of its islands, and the distant country; and doubtless these breaks and accidental openings among the hills would furnish the painter with more effective sketches than the wider expansions of the landscape.

The Turk Mountain, being a foreground object, and having a distinct character of its own, deserves some notice. It possesses considerable elevation, and would be an important figure in the scene, but for the close neighbourhood of its superiors. The proud aspiring form of Mangerton, which towers immediately behind the Turk, casts a shade upon its grandeur, seeming rather to claim it as an appendage than a distinct party of this vast assemblage of mountains.

The young man who generally accompanied me in my rambles had never ascended the Turk; and on proposing

the journey to him, he consented to start immediately after breakfast.

Our road lay through a lonely glen, rendered still more lonely by the erection of several cairns. A cairn is a rude heap of loose stones, which serves as the monument of one who has been murdered on the spot. It is expected of the passing stranger that he shall add two stones to the collection—a custom with which I regularly complied, although the accumulation in some instances was already so great as to impede the traveller's progress.

At some distance from these melancholy objects we found the most accessible part of the mountain, and began to ascend. We had to climb over ridges of rock, sink into hollow pits, and to labour hard without making much way. The whole of the mountain, to its very summit, presents nothing but a succession of rugged obstructions. In some places it is jagged with high and overhanging precipices, and almost every where covered with furze and brambles of dark heath. The mountain is a huge kind of hedgehog, bristling at every pore, and threatening with danger the foot that shall dare to tread upon it; nor does it possess one conciliating feature, but is characterized throughout by an air of sullen savageness and barbarian dignity, presenting the completest contrast to the opposite mountain of Glenaa that can be imagined. Its summit is obtuse, but of no great extent, covered with a coarse spongy grass, and offers an agreeable view of the surrounding regions of woods, Alps, and waters. Wishing to avoid the circuitous route by which we had ascended, we thought it practicable to descend by what we considered a shorter cut, towards the cottage; but we had not proceeded far

before we found ourselves not only knee but chin deep in furze. Undeterred, however, by these difficulties, we advanced downward about a mile and a half; when to our greater mortification we came to the brink of an impassable precipice, and were obliged to regain the heights of the hill, through the wild, and to our exhausted imagination, almost interminable plantation of furze-bushes. Not being able to find our former path, we descended a more inclined side of the mountain, and were obliged, sometimes in a sitting posture, and frequently on our backs, to slide over the sloping rocks, from one crag to another, till we reached the bottom. Many fragments both of our coats and skin were left behind in this expedition; and could we have foreseen the difficulties that attended its progress, our heroism would certainly never have aspired to the honour of such an achievement.

Skirting the western shore of the Lower Lake one afternoon with a party of friends, we stepped from our boat to examine the celebrated Cascade of O'Sullivan. The fall is heard at a great distance, but is completely invisible from the water, although so near its edge, being closely embowered with the foliage of forest-trees which have hitherto escaped the fury of the axe. The cascade is a picturesque though by no means a magnificent object. I had no means of ascertaining the height of the precipice over which the stream rushes, but I should suppose it more than fifty feet. Its beauty is considerably augmented both by the shelving interruptions of the rocks, before reaching the channel that conducts it to the Lake, and the light airy canopy of verdure which the superincumbent woods have interwoven around it. Coasting along the foot of the mountain towards the river Laune, which is the great outlet of the Lakes, we

again landed, and on climbing the ridgy shore, had a sight of the country of M'Carthy More, as it is called, near the castle of Dunloe. Straying from my companions, I wandered over a dangerously excavated and extensive bog, at the end of which I had a view of the entrance of the celebrated Gap. I flew towards it with the most ardent expectasion, and was so struck with the grandeur of the prospect, as to resolve that I would penetrate through the whole of this stupendous defile the next morning. During my absence, the party amused themselves with fishing far off the shore; but on announcing my approach through the woods by the discharge of a pistol, we soon rejoined, and sailing between some of the islands, landed near the Castle of Ross.

On the following morning we commenced our excursion on foot, over an excellent road, towards Dunloe. Passing the bridge, and leaving the castle on our left, we advanced with rapid steps toward the prodigious masses of rock that form a sort of giant's gateway to this tremendous pass. It is about three miles in extent, and displays in its winding course a variety of wild and awful scenery. This chasm divides the mountain of Tomies and Macgillycuddy's Reeks.

In some parts of the Gap, the lofty precipices of the opposite mountains nearly approach each other, excluding the horizon almost from the view; whilst the river, impeded by the narrowness of its bed, rushes along with the violence of a cataract, and as the mountains retire into a greater distance, spreads itself over the hollows, and forms throughout the whole of the glen a succession of lakes. Some of these minor lakes possess great beauty, being fringed with reeds and rushes, and adorned with a variety of water-plants, the luxuriant foliage of which

is scattered over the surface with the most charming negligence and profusion. Others again are surrounded with patches of the richest verdure, and grazed by herds of different animals, whose constantly moving figures, with a thousand other objects, are clearly reflected in the water. The precipices on each side, which are nearly perpendicular, rise so high as commonly to be hidden in the clouds; and their dark rough sides are in many places sprinkled with trees and brambles, and glittering with streams from their loftiest ridges. Large portions of rock often separate from the heights, and strew the valley with ruins. Many of these fragments become little islands in the river, and are actually covered with bog-turf and natural shrubberies. Several new stone-bridges are thrown across the stream, for the accommodation of the traveller, who at length is led to the borders of a deep valley, which for loneliness, sterility and silence, it would be difficult even for Imagination to find surpassed, in her most adventurous rambles through the deserts of creation.

The Gap is not destitute of inhabitants. On some of the broad projections of the rock, at a considerable elevation from the road, a cabin, and in some places a small group of cabins, is seen surrounded with plots of grass and garden-ground.

It is curious to consider how very differently the minds of men are affected by the same objects. I was delighted even to rapture with the scenery of Dunloe, and know of no spot in the whole region of Killarney that possesses so many sublime attractions. Mr. Holmes, an ingenious artist, now residing in Bristol, on visiting this place, felt so much fatigue, though on horseback, as to decline penetrating to its extremity! And Sir John Carr was so horror-struck with the sights which it unfolded, that he

scampered back to the castle with as much precipitation as if all the demons of the glen had been at his heels; where, had it not been for a smoking hot dinner and a bowl of whiskey-punch, no mortal man could have predicted the consequences. The Gap appeared to Sir John to be the very identical spot which the Almighty selected for the purpose of receiving the rubbish that remained after he had given the finishing stroke to the great fabric of creation! This certainly was a curious thought; but the reason does not readily present itself, why this facetious and entertaining traveller should have turned away with so hurried a step from this chaos of broken stones, and other fragments of the newly-formed world. If the supposition of the Knight had really any existence in his fanciful cranium, one would have imagined that a man of his strong and passionate turn for the picturesque ought to have been gratified to enthusiasm, on beholding the wild shapes and romantic outlines which the materials of the Gap must have assumed on being tilted from the carts and wheel-barrows of the sky!

Believing the route we had taken to be above the Upper Lake, we descended the declivities of the dell, and pursued the course of the river for nearly a mile, when the battlements of a slender newly-built tower, with its bell, rose to our view amidst a small grove of trees; and on the same premises an elegant little cottage soon presented itself, at which we applied for directions, and were hospitably received by the housekeeper. She informed us of the practicability of walking along the northern shore of the Upper Lake, and at our departure ordered one of the labourers to ferry us across the stream and put us in the right track.

The borders of the Lake are extremely irregular, and intersected with deep inlets and boldly projecting promontories. Our path was blind and rugged, and scarcely ever trodden by the foot of either man or beast. For these inconveniences however we were richly indemnified, by the prospects which this fine piece of water every where opened before us. It is a sweet, enchanting, though solitary scene. A number of charming islands are perceived emerging amidst the waves; and the whole is enclosed by the circle of woods, rocks and mountains, of a wild and truly Alpine country.

Near the banks of the river which connects the Upper with the other Lakes, stands the famous cliff called the Eagle's Nest. It is almost perpendicular, and is remarkable for the commanding boldness of its figure, the proud sublimity of its lofty outline, and the music of its echoes. Several trees, hoary with moss, grow around its base; and it is embellished with different species of shrubs, to its very summit. It is called the Eagle's Nest on account of having been the habitation of that royal bird for hundreds of generations. The eyry is situated in a chasm near the top, and its present proprietors often express the strongest attachment for the family-seat of their forefathers; for on receiving the least annoyance from beneath, they are instantly on the wing, and utter the scream of defiance, as they sail in triumph around the crags of their native rock.

We forded the river below the Old Weir Bridge. When in the middle of the water, about three feet and a half deep, one of those violent gusts which so often and so suddenly rush from the mountains, fell upon us in all its fury, and we had the greatest difficulty to keep our feet.

Dinaas Island, on which we landed, is of considerable magnitude, and covered with a thick and almost impenetrable forest, of so dark and gloomy an aspect, as to awaken the liveliest recollection of those scenes we have met with in passing through the regions of Romance, when at every opening of a wood we were alarmed by the howling of a wolf or the appearance of a gang of banditti. The cottage erected for the accommodation of strangers is pleasantly situated on an eminence, amidst trees and fragments of rock, and contiguous to the Middle Lake.

This extensive sheet of water, though not destitute of islands, is but scantily furnished with these interesting ornaments. The mountain from which it derives its name is situated on the southern shore, and towers into the air with a grim and gloomy grandeur, casting on the lake below a shade of the deepest solemnity and seclusion.

We now passed over to Brikeen Island, which is separated from the peninsula of Muckruss by an old and crumbling bridge. Colonel Herbert is the proprietor of Muckruss. This delightful place has been selected by poets and other writers for the subject of their most eloquent descriptions. It has been called by them, a region of enchantment and the garden of Paradise; and if any spot on the earth deserves to be designated by such appellations, the encomiasts of Muckruss I believe have not been guilty of exaggeration. This greatly varied and considerably extended neck of land divides the Middle and the Lower Lake, and exhibits from its rising grounds and through the avenues of its woods, most magnificent prospects. The shores in general are not very lofty, but every where indented with bays and hollowed into caverns, and are shadowed with all the varieties of the

forest; among which the yew, the mountain-ash with its crimson berries, and the arbutus or strawberry-tree, predominate. Huge piles of rugged rocks here and there unexpectedly spring up before the traveller; which are also invested with the tendrils of the vine and other appropriate drapery, giving the most wild and picturesque fascination to the whole of this Elysian scenery. Some of the lawns, surrounded with young coppice-trees, have in them a small but characteristic lake, animated by the presence of a number of wild-fowl. The lawns are subject to the most exquisite arrangement: they had been mown a little before I was there. The young green springing grass displayed an image of the most tender softness and beauty; and the outline of these charming grounds strikingly resembled the fine undulations of the ocean after a storm, when the waves are gradually sinking and subsiding into tranquillity and silence. During my stay at Killarney, I often invaded the territories of Muckruss, for the gratification of lingering among the ruins of its ancient Abbey, or rambling through the scenes of its blooming wilderness, till evening has compelled me to depart.

My next excursion was to the summit of Mangerton. This mountain is distinguished more for its vastness and great elevation, than for any thing either beautiful or romantic, in its general appearance or outline. It was long supposed to be the highest mountain in this neighbourhood; but the Reeks, it is now asserted, have the advantage of it, by more than four hundred feet. The height of this mountain is differently stated: some have placed it at two thousand five hundred feet, and others at three thousand and twenty, above the level of the sea. It is almost destitute of wood, and on every side presents

an image of decided sterility. Its base is difficult of ascent. Ridges of loose stones are to be clambered over, and their corresponding gullies to be descended, before any considerable acclivities can be overcome. A track of I suppose not less than eight miles, brought us to the summit, near which, of an oval form, is the lake called the Devil's Punch-Bowl; the waters of which appear very dark and deep, and are about an English mile in circumference. The basin that contains them is said to have been the crater when Mangerton was a volcano; a supposition which its particular situation and figure render probable. The top of the mountain is an immense plain, covered with bogs and swamps, and with the coarsest kind of grass.

These lofty heights command very extensive views. Some of the great estuaries of the south-west coast are visible from them, particularly the Bay of Bantry and that of Kenmare; and several lakes are also to be seen, embosomed among the neighbouring hills. Then again, beyond the north-west shore of the Lower Lake, the Bay of Dingle and the Atlantic Ocean appear, with a large extent of inland country, intersected with curves and angles resembling the divisions of a beautifully coloured map. The day was fine, and the mountain had all the morning been without a cloud; but before we quitted its lofty brow, a vast column of vapours from the sea swept over us, and we were obliged to leave the plains of Mangerton with more precipitation than accorded with our sensations of fatigue from the labour of our ascent.

The water which runs from the Punch-Bowl over the sides of the hill, after being joined by other streams in its course, forms at the bottom of the Turk a beautiful

cascade which, passing under the bridge, glides quietly into the Lake.

Halfway down the mountain, we heard human voices, and on looking upward, saw a boy and girl sitting amongst the fragments of the rock, from which they were scarcely distinguishable. On seeing us, they flew towards the spot where we stood, more out of curiosity, I believe, than to enquire after two rambling goats, who without any good reason, it seemed, had a few days before deserted from the soberer part of the flock. I offered the girl a small piece of money, but she would not take it. This pretty little mountain-nymph had never, perhaps, wandered beyond the precincts of her native hill; but the lad, a smart lynx-eyed clever-looking little fellow, who had been as far as Killarney, pocketed the trifle which the girl refused, with the most eager satisfaction, and seemed to know the world much better than his simple untravelled companion.

The islands on the Lower Lake I have barely alluded to, and not for a moment adverted to its echoes. The former are about thirty in number, some of which may deserve a more particular reference. Ross Island is the largest in the cluster, but like other parts of the country, has seen better days than the present. Some few years ago, it was embellished with woods of the greatest beauty. The oak that once threw its giant-arms on high, and bade defiance to the mountain-blast, has fallen before the arm of the rustic; and many generations must pass away before its successors will assume the altitude of their venerable ancestors. But notwithstanding the undiscriminating havoc of the woodman, the island is not entirely deprived of its sylvan graces: some interesting relics of its ancient honours are still remaining.

The shore in some places is bold, rocky, and perforated with caverns: these are profusely shaded with branches of the holly, and with the most luxuriant arbutus in the world.

Ross Island abounds with lead and copper mines, which have been worked with various success. The speculation is now at a stand, and I believe the principal reason is, the want of a more precious metal, well known in former times by the name of gold.

Ross Castle is described by almost every traveller as a very picturesque object. I however am of a different opinion. In converting it into barracks, the architect has introduced too many strait lines into his composition, and has succeeded so well in brushing and modernizing the face of the old fabric, as to spoil the whole by robbing it of its pristine physiognomy. It is doubtless firm and commodious, as a lodgement for the soldiers; but the fine fresh newly-repaired mansion, whether it be inhabited by the lord of the manor or the general in chief, has seldom any of the picturesque in its appearance. The man of taste would be more easily furnished with ideas of this nature by the riven tower, the ivied battlement, and the broken column, half concealed with brambles and moss. I know of but one artist, the masterly tints and touches of whose pencil can give to works of this kind any thing like perfection. He is a venerable personage: his head is almost bald with age, and his beard is as white as the mountain-snow; wrapped in a cloak, tattered, and full of weather-stains, and hurrying on with a swift and silent pace, *he* seldom attracts notice—but my description is anticipated: the reader readily exclaims, Ah! this is Old Time.

As diminutive objects have little or no power to awaken in the mind any perception of sublimity or importance, they must, in order to compensate for this deficiency, possess some quality remarkable for its rareness or beauty, or sink into total neglect; and Mouse Island is a charming exemplification of this very obvious remark; for compared with the other islands, it is nothing more than a pebble in the brook; but this pebble is exquisitely polished, and presents a variety of attractions to the eye. It is a gem far more brilliant than the waves which rise and break and sparkle around its rocks, and like a delicately finished miniature-picture, it bestows an additional charm on the nymph whose bosom it is designed to adorn. The trees are small, but of the most elegant form, and resemble in the distance a plume of feathers, from the softness of their foliage.

O'Donoghue's Prison is another island, but of an opposite description. The rocks of which it is formed are lofty and almost perpendicular, covered with a deep bog, and ornamented or rather disfigured with plants and brambles which have apparently made some attempts to grow into the likeness of trees, but entirely without success.

O'Donoghue, the Prince of the district, is said to have chained his enemies to the rocks of this island. Many strange and mysterious tales are still related of this man. His exit from the world was attended with some extraordinary circumstances. One evening, as he was walking with a friend on the shore, all of a sudden he was seen mounted on a milk-white steed, galloping over the Lake, in the distance of which he soon disappeared. Some apartments of the castle are, according to the accounts of the common people, haunted by the old king to this

day; and they pretend to have seen him occasionally prancing over the waves upon his fine charger.

At a small distance from O'Donoghue's Prison is the Island of Inisfallen, which on account of the great superiority it claims over the others may not improperly be denominated 'The Lady of the Lake.' The scenery of this enchanting spot is so analogous to that of Muckruss, that it would not be one of the most delirious flights of fancy to suppose it originally formed part of that charming domain, and was purloined from it, to complete the beauty of the scene. Its figure is almost that of a triangle, and the rocks are every where broken into coves and promontories, and shaded with evergreens. The island contains about eighteen acres of meadow-land, the verdure of which never fades, and a cottage, inhabited by an old man and his family, who superintend the business of their little farm, and receive the travellers who debark on the island. Near its N.E. extremity are the ruins of a Benedictine monastery, and the small chapel originally belonging to it is now fitted up like a hermitage, with its rustic bench and table, for the accommodation of strangers. A path winds round the edge of the rocks, and conducts to those points which are most eligible for surveying the distant prospect. The trees, which give an elegant richness to the shore, and which in the interior are disposed into groups and groves, assume an air of loftier luxuriance and grace than any I have found in the other parts of the landscape. Inisfallen appears to my imagination not at all inferior in beauty to any of the 'green-haired islands,' which Poesy, in voyaging along the latitudes of Elysium, has discovered, and so enchantingly described with her pencil of fire.

Darby's Garden is the Island of the Echoes. It lies in the Bay of Glenaa, and is not very far from the foot of the Mountain. The structure of it is rather singular, being entirely composed of large loose stones; some of which are in a horizontal position and as smooth as the floor of a kitchen; and it is no unusual practice with the nymphs and swains who visit the place, to amuse themselves by dancing on the flags to the merry bag-pipe. To try the power of the echoes, we provided ourselves with a flute, a bugle-horn, a belt-pistol, and a fowling-piece.

There is always on the island a small piece of cannon, which we discharged first. Immediately on the report, we heard among the nearer hills a sound that exactly resembled a loud peal of thunder, which continued a considerable time, and then died away into profound silence. I fancied its effects had ceased; but I was exceedingly surprised, after a pause of several seconds, to hear it reiterated in another department of the mountains, and not at all diminished in force. The thunder sunk away as before; and after the usual rest, it rose a third time on the ear, and then finally retired among the distant hills. The pistol and fowling-piece uniformly produced the same results. The flute was too feeble to make any impression on the echo; but the loud blasts of the bugle were returned with tenfold interest.

It is well known to those who have studied the philosophy of sounds, that any given original tone possesses the mysterious power of generating many different tones; and on this almost magical spot the martial notes of the bugle afforded a very satisfactory demonstration of the fact; the primary sounds of which came not only richly mellowed to the ear, but brought with them their

musical vibrations which, like the instruments of a full band, mingled and melted into the sweetest harmony. This species of music was entirely new to me, and impressed my mind, as all such novelties do, with feelings which I shall long remember with delight.

There are many other islands on this little inland ocean, of uncommon beauty, and are on account of their contiguity to the shore frequently accessible in the summer-time, by means of stepping-stones. When I had no wider excursion in view, it was my custom to wander alone to these delightful retreats, that I might enjoy the shade and quiet solitude which they always afforded. In these uncultivated gardens, there is an air of negligent wildness, that is infinitely more agreeable to the eye than the most finished productions of Art. Nothing is either redundant or scanty; and Nature, in this privileged abode, seems to have the merit of being a perfect economist. The trees are finely arranged, or to use a better term, disposed in the most graceful confusion; and the shrubs and herbs scattered over the sod have the advantage of pleasing both by the delicacy of their colours and by their fragrance. There is a species of wild strawberry on the islands which I have found in great abundance. The shores are worn into caverns, some of which communicate with each other by small apertures in the thin partitions of the rocks. The natural beauty of these excavations would not perhaps sink much in comparison with the grottoes of Calypso, which Fenelon has described with such powerful and enchanting eloquence. They are not, it is true, embellished with spar, and coral, and shells of the most dazzling tint: tufts of wild fern, the branches of the willow, and the arbutus, and sometimes a spray of the thorn with its blushing

rose, constitute the ornaments of these romantic grots; and there is nothing wanting to render them equal in fascination to those which the too susceptible Telemachus visited, except the presence of the goddess and her nymphs.

In this interesting museum of nature, there are other curiosities so truly unique in their appearance, that it would be almost unpardonable to pass them over in silence; although in the very few accounts of Killarney which I have seen, they have been either entirely unnoticed, or alluded to in the most transient manner.

It has already been observed respecting the shores, that by the constant attrition of the water they are worn into bays and caverns; and near the south-east extremity of the Lower Lake are rocks, standing alone or disposed in groups, distinguished by some extraordinary peculiarities of outline, and which are doubtless the skeletons of ancient islands, the softer parts of which have been removed by the collision of the waves. These rocks have the most striking resemblance to a variety of things with which we are acquainted, and not to those 'gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire,' which Fancy, in some of her idle moods, often sketches on the interior of the cavern or on the front of the precipice.

One of these groups consists of a stone of no great size, surrounded with a numerous collection of smaller ones, which are called the Hen and Chickens, and by reason of their dark colour are well defined, and have a pretty appearance on the water. The Tables of O'Donoghue make a more conspicuous figure in the scene: they form a series, one or two of which I should suppose rises to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and in their structure are something like Stonehenge;

but the flags or coverings which rest on the pillars are of much larger dimensions. A rock not far from the Tables has assumed the figure of the Rhinoceros, and it would perfectly resemble that rugged animal, but for the absence of its horn. The attitude is stern and menacing, and the coat of mail is well imitated by an additional incrustation of stone; and to complete the deception, the colour of the rock is exactly the same as that of the living animal. The Horse is at the head of this class of objects, and is seen best from the shore of Muckruss. It is separated about thirty yards from a small island, from which it appears to have walked into the Lake to quench its thirst. It is as complete a figure of a strong cart-horse as could be wished, and is called the Horse of O'Donoghue.

These fine pieces of statuary must necessarily strike the mind of the spectator with surprize and astonishment, especially when he considers them as the productions of Blind Chance—an artist, I believe, who has never in any age acquired any great celebrity for works of this class.

On ascending the hills of Aghadoe one afternoon, I was fortunate enough to witness a phenomenon, the existence of which has by some been called in question. Whilst the distant hills were invested with a light azure hue, and melting into the horizon, the loftier and more neighbouring mountains began to assume tints of the most deep and vivid purple, and soon afterward became so exquisitely luminous as to seduce the imagination into a momentary supposition that they were transparent. These optical illusions, occasioned by the mysterious and seemingly magical operations of the atmosphere, are principally confined to hilly

countries, and never fail to cast over the landscape a deeper and more romantic charm. This extraordinary appearance continued for an hour, and was succeeded by the finest evening that I ever remember to have beheld. The rays of the Sun had been contending with a mass of vapours, of a rich brown colour, for some time without success; but as it hastened towards the ridges of the hills, the texture of the cloud broke asunder, and the edges of the apertures in a moment became tinged with an effulgence almost too intense for human sight; while the light patches of the mist, scattered over the distant sky, received a more soft and delicate illumination from the same source. A variety of broad beams of a rich yellow tint now radiated in every direction, like lines from a centre, one or two of which fell across the sides of the mountains to the very borders of the Lake, and brought most distinctly before the eye the minutest object within their immediate influence, whilst the other parts of the hills remained in the deepest gloom. When the Sun had sunk below the horizon, the brilliant vision quickly seceded from the view, and the mountains darkened the whole of the water, except a thin stripe on the opposite shore, which still retained an ominous kind of light, and after trembling and glimmering a few moments, vanished also amidst the widening shadows.

The Mountains of Killarney abound with grouse and almost every kind of game, and the Lakes with fish, particularly trout and excellent salmon, which are sold for twopence per pound. The Lakes are also haunted by numerous flocks of wild fowl; amongst which the osprey or fishing-eagle, the heron, and cormorant, are often seen; and not long since a group of swans graced

the bosom of the Lake; but, strange to relate! a civil war broke out amongst these noble birds, and in a series of desperate engagements they all perished, except one, which I saw sailing in solitary pride among the islands. Whether this dissention originated with themselves, or whether it was fomented by the jealous machinations of the osprey or the cormorant, was a secret which the people of Killarney could not satisfactorily explain.

I have thus endeavoured to describe some of the principal features of this interesting part of the country. To particularize the whole, would have enlarged my account to the size of a quarto volume; which has been almost the case under the hands of Mr. Weld. His book, entitled 'Illustrations of the Lake of Killarney,' is infinitely superior to any thing that has been printed on the subject, or that probably ever will; and it would almost have attained perfection, had it been less poetical, that is, if it had not been so profusely decorated with quotations from Thomson and other authors. I have been exceedingly fond of poetry myself, and am always pleased to find a motto or text tastefully selected from any of the inspired effusions of Parnassus, prefixed to an essay or discourse; but when the body of the work becomes thickly interlarded with these ornaments, I must object to the practice. The passages in question are in general so highly coloured and metaphorical as to interrupt and injure the sober tone of the narrative, and have a similar effect with music, when the harmony of a chord is violated by the unskilful flourishings of a young performer. Notwithstanding these brilliant defects, the work alluded to is exceedingly valuable, and reflects no small degree of credit upon the

talents and industry of the author. It is distinguished for the beauty of its engravings, for accuracy of description, and elegance of language, and deservedly ranks among the finest topographical productions of the age.

On leaving Killarney for the banks of the Shannon, I perceived, at no great distance from the town, that I no longer trod upon enchanted ground. Every trace of beauty had vanished, and the country before me resembled one long monotonous piece of beggarly patchwork. Passing through Tralee, the county-town of Kerry, I reached Abbeydorney in the evening. After securing a bed, and requesting the luxury of a little tea, to procure which I found involved no common difficulty in this corner of the world, I rambled into the neighbourhood, to examine the remains of a very spacious and venerable Abbey.

The Sun was sinking below the horizon, and threw a melancholy splendour over the walls of the ruin. In wandering among the broken columns and heaps of human skeletons which, to the disgrace of the Irish, are every where unearthed and exposed, I roused a number of owls and cormorants from their hiding-places, and was not a little startled by the flapping of innumerable wings, and the shrieks of these funereal birds, as they quitted the monastery. It seemed as though I had trodden with unhallowed feet on that consecrated spot, and excited the anger of the spirit appointed by Religion to guard the sacred place; bringing to my recollection some of those images so forcibly pourtrayed by the magic pencil of Mrs. Radcliffe, in her visions of Romance.

I now returned to my hotel, which was nothing better than a wretched cabin, reeking with smoke. The members of this humble establishment were the landlord and his wife, the servant-girl (whom presently I shall more particularly notice) the servant-man, a poor idiot, whose employment was that of beating flax, a large sow, and two she-goats. After amusing myself a little with this grotesque assembly, I was conducted to my bed of chopped straw, with a much greater chance of being smothered than of finding it a place of repose. When the family had retired, I was rather surprized at seeing the chamber-maid enter my room, with a candle in her hand. She very deliberately walked up to a large coffer, such as is used in farm-houses for holding corn, and after shaking the straw in the bottom, threw over it a coarse piece of sack or blanket. Her whole dress consisted of a serge jacket and petticoat. Neither hat, cap, stockings, shoes, nor chemise, ever enriched, I should suppose, the wardrobe of this poor country-girl. Without seeming to feel any embarrassment at my presence, on forcing a single button and pulling a single string, her jacket flew from her shoulders, and the petticoat fell as suddenly to the ground as if they had been touched by the fingers of necromancy. When this operation was performed and the candle extinguished, she bounded like a kangaroo into the chest, and thus this extraordinary vision vanished from my sight. As I could perceive several original traits in the composition of this girl, they may deserve some further specification. She was shorter by a head than the generality of women. Her hair was long and black, and stood almost in a horizontal attitude, like the ringlets of a mop frozen into icicles. Her complexion was exactly the colour of a dirty red ochre.

There was a roguish kind of sparkle in her dark eye; her nose was remarkably thin, but neither aquiline nor otherwise—her mouth wide, her chin longer, broader, and squarer at the bottom than any that I had seen before. Her neck was unusually short, so short as scarcely to deserve notice, except on account of its resting upon a noble pair of round shoulders, which would not have disgraced the form of Atlas himself. Her whole person was uncommonly stout without being corpulent, and her limbs were straight and round, and of the same size from beginning to end. Nature certainly had not been at any great pains or expence in finishing this production. It was much more calculated to endure for ages, than to fascinate for a moment by any powers of attraction: I do not recollect to have witnessed in the human form so complete an absence of all those fine flowing lines and graceful curves which, according to the laws of taste, constitute the principle of beauty. In brief, it was like one of those rude unfashioned figures which a common hedge-carpenter, half blind and half foolish, might have chipped with his hatchet from the timber of the black-thorn or crab-tree, to place as a characteristic statue on the tomb of departed symmetry. I rose early in the morning, and found this grotesque nymph milking the goats in the kitchen. She was very civil and obliging; and after drinking a basin of the milk, I once more, to use the language of the inimitable Bunyan, 'addressed myself to my journey.'

It was my intention to proceed to Ballylongford, for the purpose of getting a conveyance to Limerick in one of the turf-boats, but was persuaded to cross the river to Kilrush, by a young man who overtook me on the road, telling me that I should more readily succeed at

the latter place. At Carrick we found a small group of labourers just ready to embark in a crazy fishing skiff; and as it stood about one hundred yards from the shore, we were all huddled into a machine exactly like a baker's dough-tub, exposing ourselves to no inconsiderable danger in this prefatory voyage to gain the vessel. It blew a heavy gale, and the water, which is here three leagues wide, became so extremely agitated as to strike terror into the hearts of the passengers, one of whom cried and prayed, but to which of the saints I have now forgotten, believing his last hour was come. For myself, though among the most courageous on board, I expected in cutting the channel we should be overset. In a better vessel I should have very much enjoyed the scene. It was extremely wild and picturesque. The billows, which were of a light and almost transparent green colour, rose into mountains, and were also variegated with broken patches of thin white foam, that with every motion of the water assumed some new and strange configuration. It bore some resemblance to a Scottish landscape at the close of winter, where hills rise behind hills, as far as the eye can reach, and the last vestiges of snow are melting and vanishing from the sight.

In this excursion we passed under the shores of Scattery, a small but celebrated island. In ancient times it was much resorted to for religious purposes. Saint Senanus,* who I believe was the immediate successor of St. Patrick, chose this sequestred spot for the asylum of his old age. There are on this island a few farm-houses,

* As lately turning over the Irish Melodies, I found a note with which Mr. Moore has enriched that highly unique performance, and which, as it throws some light on the pious recluse and the scene of his residence to which I have just alluded, I cannot resist the

and a round tower, rising to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, which is said to have been a species

temptation to insert it here, together with the verses which the poet has wrought into so much elegance and spirit from the materials of the manuscript.

THE NOTE.

"In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old "Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum* "*Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and "his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party: he refused to "receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken "to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. "The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according "to his Poetical Biographer:

"*Cui Præsul, quid fœminis*
"*Commune est cum monachis,*
"*Nec te nec ullam aliam*
"*Admittemus in insulam.*"

THE SONG.

"AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

ST. SENANUS. 'O haste, and leave this sacred isle,
'Unholy bark! ere morning smile;
'For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
'A female form I see;
'And I have sworn this sainted sod
'Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!'

THE LADY. 'O Father! send not hence my bark,
'Thro' wint'ry winds, and billows dark:
'I come, with humble heart, to share
'Thy morn and evening prayer;
'Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint!
'The brightness of thy sod to taint.'

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the Saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

of ecclesiastical architecture peculiar to this country. I have seen many of them in the western parts of Ireland, but they appear to me more like places of military observation than religious temples. Although this place does not, I should think, contain more than one hundred and twenty acres of land, there are still to be seen the ruins of seven churches, which are said to have grown up spontaneously in one night, like mushrooms, not at the sound of a magician's flute, but through the powerful intercession of the Saint. The present inhabitants of the country believe these tales of superstition, and there are no tales too absurd for them to believe.

KILRUSH is a neat little and greatly improving seaport-town on the shores of the Shannon, in the county of Clare; and resting there the whole of the following day, it being the sabbath, I had an opportunity of witnessing a circumstance or two which, to a stranger, had some novelty in them.

I went to mass, but found the chapel so crouded as not to be able to proceed farther than the door. The court was also full of people; some of whom were brought, on account of their age or infirmities, in little dog-carts and wheel-barrows, counting and conning their bead-strings with all the care and punctuality of a school-boy casting up his pounds, shillings and pence. There was also among this grotesque assembly a blind woman, singing ballads in the Irish language, and who to all appearance had the power of exciting more attention than charity. The holy water was contained in a common washing-tub on the outside of the door. I,

though a Protestant, was rather shocked at this apparent vulgarity. Between the hours of mass, and after it is finally over, every trace of the sabbath is completely expunged. The people then have recourse to a variety of games and sports, among which, dancing to the bag-pipe is a common amusement. This sudden transition from the solemnities of devotion to the frivolities of an Irish jig, to say nothing of its immorality, appeared to me a very gross violation of good taste and common sense, and more closely resembled the manners of monkies than of men. The very same mortals who at twelve o'clock most devoutly sprinkle themselves with holy water on the outside, will before it strikes one as devoutly bathe their inside with whiskey. Harnessed with external forms and ceremonies, they toil by fits and starts, like a horse in a mill, dreaming that they go onward, when, alas! they are only going round. The priesthood, in the country at least, take no pains to dissolve this fatal enchantment, being either too lazy or too ignorant for its accomplishment. Whilst I was at Killarney, I heard one of the fathers violently reprimand the old apple-women who had the presumption to exhibit their fruit-stalls in the streets during service-time; and this was the only thing I heard like a Roman Catholic sermon, till I arrived in Dublin.

At Kilrush, I had another opportunity of being a spectator of the extravagancies of an Irish funeral. The deceased was a medical man, young and skilful in his profession, and alike distinguished for the elegance of his person and the courtesy of his manners. Only a week previously he was in full health; but he was now fallen to the dust, and the subject of the most poignant and general regret. When the corpse was about to be removed

from the house, his wife, children and friends, amidst the howlings of the women who attended, detained it so long, that the undertakers were at last obliged to seize their charge by actual violence. Every thing being now adjusted for departure, the sash was thrown up, and the females of the family, with looks of agony, sent forth such a wild and piercing scream, that if Stoicism had heard it, she must have stood still and wept.

As the funereal procession is generally composed of a large and motley group of persons, it not unfrequently happens, on account of some trifling circumstance, that a quarrel ensues on the road, and the passive solemnities of death are converted into a lively field of battle. When the place of interment has been the subject of dispute, the coffin has sometimes been demolished in the scuffle, and the corpse carried away in triumph by the victorious party, to their favourite place of burial. Some difference arose on the present occasion; but for once the mourners had the good manners, whilst on their sorrowful journey, to suppress the ardour of their resentment. This apparent sense of decorum was however of short duration, for when they returned to town in the evening, the flame broke out with the greater violence for having been pent up, and a general engagement took place, with sticks and with stones, in which many of the combatants were felled to the ground, and carried home to their friends dreadfully wounded. The person at whose house I lodged, had his head laid open in several places, and a relative of mine host was said to be dying through loss of blood. I went to see this unhappy man, and found him weltering in his gore and raving with delirium. His temporal artery had been opened by the stroke of a poker. The

neighbouring surgeon was sent for to close the wound; but he was found sprawling before the fire on the carpet, in a most helpless state of intoxication. Another of the profession was now applied to, who resided at the other end of the town; but this son of Æsculapius was imitating the example of his fallen brother with all possible haste, in company with an old friar, and could not on any account be prevailed upon to leave his cheerful companion of the bottle.

On the following morning I sailed round the Island of the Seven Churches. The Shannon is a river of great beauty and grandeur, and maintains its noble character from the ocean to Limerick. There are a variety of fine islands in its course, richly cultivated; and its shores are every where adorned with villages and elegant villas, situated at the foot of mountains covered with herds and flocks, and sheltered by groves of the richest verdure. In the night we cast anchor for three or four hours; and early in the morning, on being informed we were approaching Limerick, I quitted the warm cabin for the deck. I was too thinly cloathed for the suddenness of such a change, it being both very cold and foggy. But as I did not apprehend my health would sustain any injury, I did not return to my cot, although more than an hour elapsed before we reached the bridge. I procured a lodging at a small inn at the extremity of the town, opening to the fields; and after breakfast, I was seized with a violent chill that very much alarmed me. I immediately went to bed, and in the evening, when I descended to the parlour, found myself extremely ill. I should not have adverted to this circumstance, but for the purpose of giving place in these Observations to an extraordinary character, in the person of a private soldier.

This man came into the room as I was leaning my head on the table; he made several very friendly enquiries concerning my health, and retired. I soon also withdrew to my chamber, and my strength became almost exhausted in the violence of the fever which I endured through the whole of the night. Early in the morning, on hearing the latch of my door gently tinkle, I desired my unknown visitor to enter, and was somewhat surprised to recognize in him the soldier whom I had seen the preceding evening. He apologised for the intrusion, as he called it, and spoke in the following terms: "Countryman! I see you are extremely unwell. I feel "very much for you. I have known all the inconve- "niences of such a misfortune in Ireland myself. I "neither know who or what you are, nor do I care; "but as you are alone and among strangers, if I can "render you any service, I request you to command "me; and as a proof that I am not influenced by any "mercenary motive, nothing will hurt me so much as "offering a reward: I will do all in my power to assist "you, but will not receive a single sixpence at your "hands."

I was astonished and deeply affected with the generous sentiments of this address. I grew worse and worse, and remained in this state for several weeks; my life, all the time, in my own imagination, hanging by a spider's thread. This worthy man, having obtained the permission of his colonel, constantly attended me, and with an alacrity that no trouble could exhaust or tire for a moment. He would sit by my sick bed, air my clothes, report my case to the physician, and administer the drugs which he regularly procured from the apothecary. He brought his colonel, whose name was Crawford, and

who was with Lord Wellington in Spain, several times to see me, and also the surgeon of the regiment. When I became convalescent, which was very much hastened by his attentions, he led me into the fields for air and exercise, and was in every respect my good Samaritan. When I was about to quit the city, he determined that his friendship should pursue me beyond its boundaries; and I was accordingly furnished with letters of recommendation to several of his friends in Dublin, and with one to a society of religious people in particular, who would have supplied me with cash, if my remittances had prover irregular; but as every thing of this nature accorded with my wishes, I had no occasion to present this token of his regard.

This, I think, was no common man. His name was COUCH, and he played the tambourine in the North Cork militia. After enlisting for a soldier, a circumstance which he always regretted, his father, a respectable ironmonger in the West of England, would never notice him, although he had frequently solicited his forgiveness. I could say much more in his praise, but this must be unnecessary: the most studied eulogium would afford but a very inadequate idea of his merits. There is, in the bare mention of such virtue as he displayed, a force and a charm which the most elaborate eloquence has no power to pourtray; and whilst a thousand passing events may affect my heart with admiration or gratitude, not one, I am sure, will leave a more imperishable feeling behind it than the circumstance which I have now recorded.

On account of my unfortunate detention at Limerick, the plan of my intended route through Kilkenny was entirely deranged. My physician ordered me to leave Ireland with all possible expedition; but being very

anxious first to see the metropolis, I took a place in the day-coach, and arrived in that celebrated city after a journey of two days, over an almost level and to the eye an uninteresting country. The Curragh of Kildare, however, forms a very striking exception to this remark. It is one of the most beautiful downs in the kingdom, and exhibits, on a very extensive scale, a lovely picture of pastoral simplicity, which would be perfectly Arcadian, were it more frequently enlivened by the soft and melodious enchantment of the shepherd's flute.

One great city being much like another, and as a particular description of its parts is in general dull and uninteresting, I shall, after briefly noticing a few of the particular features of the Hibernian metropolis, hasten to that country, the contemplation of whose charms always furnishes me with more congenial amusements.

Dublin is one of the finest cities I have ever visited, except London, to which, however, in some respects, it is superior, especially in the elegance and splendour of its public buildings. The Custom-House, the Exchange, the Four Courts, and above all, what before the Union was the Parliament-House but is now the Bank of Ireland, would have been ornaments to Athens or Palmyra, in the zenith of their magnificence and glory.

The population of this city has been variously stated; but it is supposed, from the most accurate surveys, to contain about two hundred thousand persons. One of the most conspicuous objects in Dublin is the monument of Lord Nelson, which rises from the ground to the height of one hundred and seventy feet, with a bold and

exceedingly well executed statue of his lordship on the top, dressed in his naval uniform, and leaning against the capstern of his ship, his left hand resting on his sword. The shaft of the monument is circular and fluted; the pedestal is of a square form and rather high. The tablets bear only a simple inscription, being entirely destitute of those appropriate basso relievo enrichments which I always contemplate with rapture when finely executed, and which the genius of antiquity so profusely scattered over the tombs of its heroes and philosophers. The monument, however, is a noble and commanding spectacle, and stands in the centre of Sackville-street, one of the most elegant streets in the world. The gallery of this pillar commands a complete view of the city, with its beautiful Bay. The Bay of Dublin is said to be the finest in Europe except that of Naples, which it very much resembles. Travellers speak of it with enthusiasm, when entering it on a summer-morning. I never had that pleasure, but have surveyed it from many points of the surrounding country, particularly from the hills of Howth, and from the entire range of mountains on the opposite side. The whole is an ever-living, moving, variegated scene. A thousand ships are constantly approaching and receding from this great emporium of commerce.

IRELAND, in some remote period, must (to use a somewhat highly coloured expression) have been a favourite haunt of the sylvan deities; as no doubt can be entertained that the bogs which abound every where in the country were the site of the most luxuriant woods.

It is asserted on good authority, that the relics of three different forests have been found at certain depths below each other, and which must have flourished at different eras. But it has not been proved with so much clearness to my mind, what mighty agency was employed in this vegetable overthrow. If you ask, the people will reply, it was the deluge; but unfortunately for this statement, the deluge happened but once. Bog-timber is found in such abundance as to become an article of pretty considerable traffic in Dublin and other places. I have seen the peasantry perforating the ground eight or ten feet in search of these treasures; and a large trunk of the fir, firm and undecayed, and standing perpendicularly on its roots, has been the reward of their labour. It is said that in these pursuits they are guided by the dew, which remains unabsorbed much longer over the tree than on the neighbouring turf. There are however now but few trees in the country; and though the soil is rich, the absence of this woodland drapery, always so agreeable to the eye, casts over the whole scene a bleak and desolate appearance.

The condition of the Irish farmer, one of the most necessary and useful members of the community, is less to be envied perhaps than that of the common beggar. As the land which he cultivates passes through two or three hands from the head-landlord before it comes into his possession, he is obliged, in order to keep himself from gaol, to work like a slave and half-starve himself and his family, to make his payments good. The habitation in which he lives is miserably inconvenient, frequently without a barn, so that it is no common thing to see him threshing his corn on the ground in the open air; and the mischief arising from such a course of

mismanagement is too obvious to need a detail. The want of neighbouring markets, for the disposal of his goods, forms not one of the least of his embarrassments; as he is under the necessity of travelling fifty, seventy, and sometimes one hundred miles, to Cork, with two kegs of butter bound with cords of straw to a little wild ragged-looking horse. To atone in some degree for the loss of so much time, the horse picks up his subsistence by the way-side, sleeping under a hedge at night; and the master fares no better than his beast.

Most writers have had occasion to notice the superior shrewdness of the common people of this country; but they have not, as I recollect, told us from what source this intellectual acuteness is derived—whether from the extraordinary softness of the atmosphere, the juice of the 'elegant potatoe,' or from any particular mode of hereditary tuition. It is however a well-known fact. I have myself heard persons of the lowest class maintain a conversation with each other which, for smartness of repartee and genuine humour, would not have disgraced the convivial parties of a Pope or a Swift. I was once complimenting the gentlemen of Ireland upon the handsomeness of their persons, and happened at the same time to observe, that I thought the English ladies were superior in this respect to the Hibernian; when a female, who was somewhat hurt by the remark, very archly said, "This is true enough, no doubt; but then you have to thank my countrymen for the balance in your favour."

I can also bear testimony to the cheerful promptitude of the common people in the service of a stranger. When rambling through the solitudes of some of the more mountainous districts, I frequently experienced

proofs of that wild eccentric kind of hospitality which seems to enter into the very essence of the Irish peasant's character. In travelling through Wales, if you meet a native of that country and ask him the way to any place, it is ten to one but you will receive some such mortifying answer as "Indeed, Sir! I don't know, indeed." Put the same question to a Scotsman, and he will tell you to "keep strate to the sooth, and turn round by the dyke," and so describe to you the whole of your route, with all the accuracy of a map-maker. But when you request the same favour of a poor Irishman, with no expectation of a reward, he will go along with you, and would almost part with his skin into the bargain, without ever troubling himself with the idea that he might want it the next day.

The Irish cabin is a wretched habitation. It is built with sod, cemented with mud, and thatched with turf, the stalks of the potatoe, straw, or heath gathered from the mountains. It has generally neither window nor chimney, the door alone being made to answer both these purposes; and in this humble shed, the man, his wife and children, the hog, cow, goat, poultry, and other bog-trotters, all eat, drink and pig together with the greatest good humour imaginable. It is a model of the most perfect republic the world ever saw. Among its motley inmates no quarrel ever arises about precedence or quality: all are perfectly equal and at ease; and one would be almost tempted to believe that some of those patriotic enthusiasts, who figured away so brilliantly during the French revolution, had studied politics and philosophy in the seminary of an Irish cabin.

The Union is every where spoken against: the people say it has swindled them out of their independence,

brought them none of the advantages which it promised, and relaxed the best energies and springs of the public mind, by withdrawing the nobility and gentry from Ireland; who, fascinated by the attractions of England, forget to return to their native country, which by their presence they should animate and improve.

The Roman Catholic religion appearing to my imagination somewhat like a cabinet of natural curiosities, I wished to be better acquainted with its real character; but the people of whom I made enquiries, although they were sons of this infallible church, and in other respects intelligent enough, could give me no more information than the Man in the Moon. If I only put this simple question to them, "What is the reason for lighting up candles in the chapel when the Sun shines?" the best answer I could procure was, "Indeed Sir! it was always so;" or, "Mass cannot be said without them."

On arriving in Dublin, I was desired to consult Dr. Betagh, who was said to be the most learned and best-informed man in Ireland, and who added to these accomplishments an amenity of manners that was almost enchanting. Accordingly one morning I knocked at the door of this venerable monk, but could not have access to him then, as he was giving audience to two bishops. The next morning I found this ancient oracle alone; for he was more than fourscore years of age. Requesting to know my business, he desired me to draw my chair nearer the fire; and we soon entered into the depths of the most serious conversation. I questioned him on the subjects of purgatory, indulgencies, the use of holy-water, praying for the dead, transubstantiation, praying to the saints, and particularly the Virgin Mary, whom

they call *the Mother of God.* On all these topics, and on many others which arose in our interview, I found him very eloquent. He defended every part of his system with an acuteness and force that astonished me. But notwithstanding his ingenuity and masterly address, I left his habitation a more inveterate protestant than ever. His proofs of truths were derived from the usages of the church to which he belonged, and not from that better criterion, the steady illuminations of reason. On leaving this gentleman, who had received me with great politeness, I was determined to put his liberality to a trial, by saying, "Dr. Betagh! you have lived a great "many years in the world, and have thought a great deal "on the subject, no doubt; will you have the goodness "to tell me, what is your opinion respecting the future "state of the protestants?" He shook his head, and pausing a moment, spoke as follows: "Why, to say "they will be damned would be very harsh; although "I cannot see how it is possible to be otherwise. "There are some protestants I may think favourably of: "they are those who live in remote country-places, and "who have no opportunity of coming at the truth. I "place such on a level with the heathens, and they may "fare as well."

That a monk of the middle ages, constantly immersed in his cloister, should express a sentiment of this kind, would not have excited my surprize; but to hear Dr. Betagh, a man of learning and science, and mixing with the great and polite world every day, betray such a want of intellectual amelioration, almost confounded me. Surely Wisdom must have harnessed her steeds and descended from Heaven in vain, if men are too deaf or too infatuated to listen to the voices she has uttered from

every part of the creation. Whilst in company with this grey-bearded father, I found that learning and liberality of sentiment were different things. The discovery was simple, and might easily have been made before. Roman Catholicism is Roman Catholicism in all ages. No time can soften its asperities. The great political revolutions and the wonderful improvements in science which are every day taking place, communicating a new pulse and figure to all human affairs, possess not the least power to cast a smile of charity upon the grim unbending physiognomy of this ecclesiastical system. 'It came from Heaven,' say they, 'and is infallible; and to talk about mending what is infallible, and therefore perfect, is as foolish as the attempt to add new splendour and beauty to the firmament.'

A desire of education begins to manifest itself, and very generally, amongst the lower orders of the people. In my wanderings through the country, I found several very humble seminaries, called hedge-schools. Not having any other convenience, the scholars are taught reading, writing, &c. in the open air, under the shade of some embowering hedge or branching tree; and very often the green bank or smooth shelves of the rock answer the purposes of the bench and the desk. There are also itinerant teachers, who become inmates of a cabin for several weeks together, and who receive only a temporary lodging and a few potatoes for instructing its juvenile inhabitants. In travelling through one of the lonely districts of the island, I met with one of these tutors. He was young, sprightly and intelligent, and offered himself as my guide through the mountains, although he was entirely unacquainted with the comfortable equipments of hat, stocking, or shoe. This humble

attempt to communicate knowledge to the human mind is, it is to be hoped, the harbinger of better and happier days, and cannot fail of meeting encouragement from the more enlightened and wealthy part of the community. At present it affords an interesting spectacle to the contemplative mind—Human Nature struggling to free herself from the chaos of ignorance with which she has been surrounded for ages.

It is a curious phenomenon that there is neither snake, viper nor toad in this country. The people attribute the absence of these plagues, as they call them, to the powerful intercessions of St. Patrick. They speak of this circumstance with a sort of triumph, and congratulate themselves on being a highly favoured nation. I have often told them that they have a more venemous reptile amongst them, which they take to their very bosom, and which it would be well if some modern St. Patrick would rise up to destroy with his prayers—*It is Whiskey*. Almost half the people sell this fatal poison, and almost the whole nation swallow it with as much greediness and rapture as if it had the power of conferring upon them the prize of immortality.

To conclude, I will not say that Ireland deserves to be inhabited by a better set of men; but I will say that it deserves to be inhabited by a more enlightened people.

THE

LODGING-HOUSE.

An Essay.

THE LODGING-HOUSE.

"The proper Study of mankind is Man."

IN turning over the variegated pages of our essayists, nothing perhaps within the whole range of their speculations is read with a more pleasing avidity, than their occasional sketches of the human character. In this department, their object would seem to be directed by the motto which I have prefixed to this paper, the principle of which they have exemplified in almost every point of view. These sketches not only exhibit single figures, but sometimes many, grouped together in small or larger portions, as may have suited the talents or convenience of the writer. The pale misanthrope, the half-starved miser, the man of genius, the coquette, and the travellers in a stage-coach whom chance had jostled together for a few hours, or those more systematic associations known by the name of clubs, have always afforded a variety of materials to amuse the good-natured philosopher, or impart the keenest point to the arrows of the satyrist. Addison, Goldsmith, and others, employed their pencil with infinite felicity in these delineations. A Lodging-House, I think, would furnish writers of this class with a very good subject. The inmates of such a

habitation meet as in a focus from all points of the compass, and after exhibiting some glimpses of their particular habits and pursuits, pass into fresh scenes, and are succeeded by those who assume other attitudes and strike out other systems of manners. In this place of rendezvous new lights and shades appear and disappear every moment. It is a kind of magic lanthorn, in which an endless succession of novelties is brought before the eye. Human nature is certainly an interesting if not always an entertaining study.

The names which fill our catalogue at present are, Mr. CALEDON; Lieutenant BOUNCE; Captain MARYGOLD; Miss WOODCOCK, the lady of the house; JERRY SNIPE, her nephew; Dr. MAC NAB; the Servants of the Officers, and the Rev. Mr. BLUNDERBUSS.

I am not sure that there is a greater portion of whatever is calculated either to attract or repel in this assemblage, than may have been found under any other roof. But sure I am, that a good description of the present group would, like the romantic figures of an evening-cloud, furnish the spectator with an agreeable though fugitive entertainment.

Mr. CALEDON is a native of one of the most romantic districts of Invernesshire. His parents inhabit a cottage and keep a few sheep for a livelihood. He speaks of their condition with the utmost frankness, and of the wild little glen in which he was born, with the most impassioned enthusiasm. These simple ingenuous traits of character, so descriptive of a mind undebauched by the corrupt practices of the age, have very much endeared him to me. He has now a post in the army, and has

hitherto, at least, escaped the grosser taint of that pestiferous example which is so common to the military order.

When Mr. Caledon first quitted the home of his forefathers, he regularly attended to the duties of religion: it covered him like his plaid, but I am afraid it has not only lost some of its bloom and freshness, but has also suffered in other respects, from travelling; as it now hangs upon him like the tatters of a pauper, suspended only by a few slender threads, and just ready to be trodden to the ground. Reading a chapter in the Bible on a Sunday evening, and humming over one of the most doleful dirges which the ears of man ever heard, a Scots psalm, now constitute, as far as I can perceive, the whole of his religion. This dereliction of duty in a matter of so much importance, ought to excite our apprehension for his virtue; and it would do so if the circumstance were not so common. Lukewarmness in such a cause generally precedes a more systematic violation of its principles. I shall only add respecting Mr. Caledon, that he reads the poets, and particularly those of his own country, with an extacy of pleasure and with romantic feeling. He has also a taste for music and drawing, and the artless freedom and sincerity by which the whole of his temper is characterised, impart the most agreeable charm to his conversation and manners.

The character of Lieutenant Bounce is of a different complexion. He has no resource in books, nor any taste for the fine arts. He lounges on the sofa, plays a series of inimitable melodies upon the trinkets of his watch-chain, struts before the mirror, sprinkles his hair and cambric with essence of violets, rings the bell like a country-lord in Bond-street, damns his servant

for not knowing what's o'clock, hurries to drill without his sword, hastens back, tumbles over an old woman's oyster-basket, storms like Jupiter, and wastes the whole afternoon in recapitulating the particulars of his misfortunes and repairing the damages sustained in his person and accoutrements. The evening is spent at cribbage or domino, or at the Theatre, where our hero, instead of listening to the enchanting strains of a Catalani or a Braham, is more delightfully employed in toying with a pretty little damsel, till the curtain drops. Mr. Bounce has a rich uncle, who supplies him with three hundred pounds a year for pocket-money, till he is of age, which may take place on the first day of the fourth month 1813. Some people, from this circumstance, have called him an April-fool; but I have no inclination, myself, to tolerate such a want of good manners, particularly where the epithet is applied to so fine a gentleman. He certainly has had but little experience, and may without any great injustice be likened to a chicken that has been extracted from the shell somewhat too soon; and the world will doubtless at his expence, take advantage of this unfortunate prematurity.

In strolling through the streets one evening, a thirty-pound note vanished from his pocket, and the magician (for none but a magician could have executed the business with such science and dexterity) vanished also, and in a moment became invisible amongst the crowd that contemplated the wonders of a puppet-show. When our Lieutenant returned home, he appeared highly agitated, but not so much on account of his absent note as of information received at the mess-room, that the regiment had orders to march immediately into barracks. The idea of leaving the city to winter in barracks seemed

to him the greatest of all possible misfortunes. It was quitting the blandishments of Elysium for the rocks and sand-hills of a desart. He complained of illness the whole evening, and on the following morning ordered his servant to say, that as his illness continued, he should have only three rounds of buttered toast and two of dry sent up for his breakfast. "And are they," asked a visitor, "such soft luxurious beings as this, whom England se-"lects to command her armies?" "Yes!" replied a person of greater penetration and shrewdness; "and the very best that can be brought into the service; for if they cannot beat the French by fair fighting, who can question their capacity to devour them?"

Captain MARYGOLD is an extraordinary man, and to some peculiarities in his character I shall immediately advert. About two or three years ago he conceived the most romantic passion for a young lady who was then the mistress of the Major. His connexion with this versatile beauty was but of short duration; but it produced in his mind such a train of reflections, and stung him with such keen remorse, as to give an entirely new colour to his principles and conduct. From being one of the principal figures in the convivial circle, he now condemns himself to the solitude and privations of a hermit. He holds no conversation with his brother-officers, except what the service requires, and on all other occasions shrinks from their company with as much apprehension as the school-boy feels, when passing those places in the dark that are said to be haunted by an apparition. When in the house, he is constantly on his knees at prayer, or pacing the room with all the wildness and distraction of a spectre, repeating a passage

from the Night-Thoughts, or learning what is the decree of Omnipotence from Theron and Aspasia. His life is a life of abstinence and abstraction. When first he came amongst us, he ate the customary breakfast; this was soon reduced to a basin of milk only, which also in as short a period was dispensed with; and now he tastes no sort of food except once a day, believing perhaps with the pious Papist, that before a sinner can go to heaven, it is first necessary that he should starve himself. Exactly thus poor Marygold conducts himself,

> Wearing out life in his religious whim,
> Till his religious whimsy wears out him.

He occupied the drawing-room apartment for the first two or three weeks; but this he conceived was too great an indulgence, and immediately requested to give it up for one on the other side of the house, the accommodations of which are scarcely equal to those of a cloister. In addition to these acts of penance, he will not allow himself the use of fire; for during the late very sharp weather, when the thermometer was eight degrees below the freezing-point, not a single chip was permitted to blaze on his hearth. The looking-glass is hung with its face towards the wall, but from what cause cannot be known; his personal attractions not being of an order so transcendant as to warrant the suspicion that a temporary inspection of them could possibly intoxicate the possessor with any thing like vanity; it is therefore most natural to conclude that for reasons best known to himself, he is really ashamed to look even at his own shadow.

Captain Marygold is admired for a gentleness of demeanour towards those under his command. He is also what is called a man of family and fortune; but his

riches are tied up in bags, and never see the light of heaven. To some excellent qualities which he may possess, his religion has not added the noble virtue of scattering his gold and silver abroad for the purpose of instructing ignorance, eliciting genius, or soothing the miseries of mankind.

Miss Woodcock is an unfortunate woman; a series of adverse events having reduced her from a respectable situation in society to the very humble sphere in which she now moves. Once she had servants—now she is the servant of all. But notwithstanding this reverse of fortune and the circumstance of being an old maid, she preserves a temper freer from acerbity than could be expected. Nature bestowed on this lady a fine capacity; but it was spoiled by an imperfect education. She would have excelled in drawing; having given, almost in her infancy, several striking proofs of this talent; but her friends, ignorant of its value, never cast a single ray of encouragement upon the precious germ; on the contrary, they did every thing in their power to prevent a developement of its luxuriance and beauty, and succeeded accordingly. She possesses a brilliancy of wit, and there is scarcely an author of our own country or any event in history, or secret in commercial transactions, with which she is not familiarly acquainted. She has read every thing worth reading and not worth reading, which the circulating-libraries afford. Her knowledge is extremely miscellaneous, and as extremely confused. It resembles the chaos of a broker's shop, where chairs, looking-glasses, old pictures, and china-ware, are huddled together in heaps up to the very ceiling, rather than the furniture of a room ornamented and arranged by the enchantments of Taste.

If you propose a question, she will not answer it in the usual way, but give you a quotation from the poets. In conversations of common life this has often a ludicrous effect; for it seems like violently snatching Shakespeare or Pope from their starry sphere to tell what 'tis o'clock, what is the state of the atmosphere, or to witness the settlement of a washerwoman or an apothecary's bill. She is much too learned to converse with the illiterate, and much too illiterate to interest the learned: the former cannot place themselves on a level with the sublimity of her blank verse, nor the latter tolerate the incoherence of her poetical rhapsodies. Possessing in the greatest exuberance the faculty of saying much to every body, she has the misfortune not to be deemed worth listening to by any one. Her half-formed thoughts and figures of speech, like the busts and broken images exhibited in the window of an Italian statuary, excite no regard, being nearly as unpropitious to a rational interchange of sentiments, as it would be to attempt a conversation with that class of personages.

At certain periods of the Moon, Miss Woodcock falls a victim to the most violent passions. She then becomes hysterical and almost delirious. But to make atonement for these momentary ebullitions of unguarded sensibility, she afterwards, according to her own testimony, is ashamed of herself, and repents in dust and ashes. In order to expel the demons, the method she has recourse to is rather curious, and a disclosure of the secret, simple as it is, may peradventure benefit a number of worthy citizens. When the paroxysm comes on, all the tea-kettles are put in requisition; and she continues to absorb the almost boiling fluid, till a profuse perspiration takes place, which scarcely ever happens until the kettles

are exhausted. The imps, it would seem, cannot endure this operation, but hastily escape through the pores of the skin; and the mind then resumes its former tranquillity. The reader may probably be disposed to laugh at the idea of forcing a legion of devils through the almost invisible pores of the skin; but according to Milton and other learned authorities, these personages are composed of a substance so mysteriously elastic, that they can assume not only any particular form, but reduce themselves to a point, or enlarge their figure to the size of a mountain, without the least difficulty!

After all, I should be guilty of injustice, were I not to bear testimony to a variety of excellent qualities that distinguish the character of Miss Woodcock; at the same time she certainly is not a whit behind any of the sisterhood in the practice of the two great vices so common to the sex,—excessive elocution, and a propensity to fall in love, without ever attempting to ascertain whether the person on whom her best affections are lavished be worthy of them or not.

Nature, neither in a personal nor mental respect, can be said to have been very bountiful to Jerry Snipe. If we view him in the gross, his whole figure strikes us as a mere piece of anatomy; and if we descend to particulars, no extraordinary advantages will be gained by the examination. His mouth is an aperture of unusual dimensions, and ornamented with rows of ivory that would not disgrace the Hippopotamus or any of the prodigies of the Nile. Then his nose is almost as thin and as transparent as a piece of lanthorn-horn or carpenter's shaving; whilst his hair, shooting horizontally from his

head, fits him as badly as the wig of a scarecrow. His eyes, small, dark, and constantly in motion, exactly resemble those of a puppet moved by catgut. Although he is very short-sighted, he can read by a much smaller portion of light than any other person I know. When under some extraordinary agitation, his eyes seem to cast out sparks of fire, and possess, like the tail of the glow-worm, a natural illumination, rendering in some degree other lights less necessary. Whether this phenomenon arise from the incessant motion of these organs, or from some more hidden cause, I have not penetration enough to determine; but I one day asked him if it were not a fact? To which he very simply answered, that he believed there was some truth in it. His gait is like that of a blind man, lifting up his feet knee-high, when scampering to avoid a drove of pigs, or fearful ofplunging into a cart-rut, or of overturning the stall of a termagant apple-woman. His pockets, always crammed full of the most heterogeneous substances, and spreading out on each side like leathern wings, have often excited the suspicion of his being a smuggler of small wares. But Jerry's religious principles would not permit him to meddle with contraband goods. He is a strict Churchman, reads divinity tolerably well, can repeat the Liturgy by heart, and often blames his evil star for not having been bred a clergyman. In consequence, however, of the present deranged affairs of his aunt, he would gladly accept of the humblest station in the ecclesiastical department; such as blowing the organ-bellows, ringing the bell for prayers, carrying the silver rod before the Dean, or acting as parish-clerk; which last office he assures me he could discharge with as much precision, grace and edification, as the generality of the brethren.

In speaking of the temper of this young man, I should not trespass on the limits of truth by saying, that if you thwart him, he is obstinate as a mule and irascible as a hedge-hog; but if you flatter his vanity or promise him a good dinner, he is all smoothness and complaisance. Poor Jerry would not only, I believe, sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, but almost his very soul. He is a perfect model of those ill-made country-clocks which require a constant application of oil to set them in motion, but when this is effected, will perform works of super-erogation, and run, whenever you please, through the twenty-four hours in almost the same number of minutes. Notwithstanding the unfortunate imbecility and general obtuseness of his faculties, he has acquired the power of arithmetical calculation in a degree that is not only astonishing but almost miraculous. To such questions as these—How many pence or farthings are there in fifty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and nine pence? How many seconds have elapsed since the birth of King George? or since the Crucifixion of our Saviour?—in a few moments, without the aid of pen or pencil, he will give you the answer with as much accuracy as if he had seen it written on the wall in characters of fire.

Dr. Mac Nab, as far as I can perceive, is a man of no character at all; and as my pen is not equal to the task of describing a non-entity, I must beg leave to pass him over in silence.

The Servants are idle, insolent, and perfectly well versed in the accomplishment for which the Spartans were so infamously famous: I mean thieving.

Lazarus Spareribs, one of the number, is an odd-looking fellow, remarkably tall and longs-hanked. His face is of a pale saffron-colour, and as full of indentations, as if it had been trodden upon by the foot of an unwieldy clod-hopper, whose shoes had recently been encrusted with large-headed sparrow-bills; it is also uncommonly meagre in the outline, owing, as I should suppose, to the too much frequenting of an empty cupboard. In good truth his whole figure does not ill resemble a red herring upon stilts, and would do admirably well to head a party of raw unfledged recruits drawn out for the heroic purpose of fighting with the air.

Adam Bellweather, although the last I shall notice, is in reality the first of the flock to which I have just alluded. He is now an old man, and his person and manners are a composition of such unimprovable materials, as to have rendered all the mellowing touches of Time without avail. Towards the other servants, and towards every body, he maintains the most surly demeanor, which has never known to relax even for a single day. In a word, poor Adam very forcibly reminds me of Mr. O'Flin, the Irish butler, whom Carolan, the blind bard, attempted to follow into the cellar for a mug of brown ale; but being harshly repulsed, the bard took vengeance on the butler by the following Epigram:

> What a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flin!
> For so surly a dog would let nobody in.

In the character of the Rev. Mr. Blunderbuss there are some peculiarities not undeserving of notice. He is about forty years of age, and would be a good-looking man, were his stature not so much enlarged above the

common size; but when he is present, you feel as though you were in the society of a giant; and if you should have the misfortune to irritate and set his massy figure in motion, which the slightest contradiction will accomplish, it is impossible to avoid being under great personal alarm; as a single stroke of his arm, like the scythe of Destiny, would sweep a whole army of little men to the shades. His natural disposition is boisterous in the extreme. In the domestic and in every other circle he his domineering and tyrannical; and if chance had placed him on a throne, he would have been as great a plague to the human race as any of the crowned monsters of ancient or modern times. When disputing about religion, he seems to be in his own element; and to quarrel with mankind about politicks is one of the highest enjoyments of which his nature seems capable. Positive and complete master of the art of bantering, and at times communicating to his Philippies no small portion of shrewdness and strong sense, I have scarcely met with a man capable of contending with him. Buonaparte, in his opinion, is the greatest man the world ever saw, whom I have sometimes heard him call the Missionary and great Apostle of Heaven. The clergy participate but little in his mercy. They are a band of jugglers who, finding their profession lucrative, strain every nerve to dupe mankind, by playing off a few solemn tricks of legerdemain, for which the craft in every age has been celebrated. His observations on men and manners, though generally abounding with extravagant rant, may not be entirely destitute of some little portion of truth.

Blunderbuss may have some good qualities which it would be unjust not to acknowledge, though they do not

predominate sufficiently to be distinguished amidst the general elements of his character; as a garden over-run with hemlock and nettles may contain a daisy or a violet beneath its dark and venomous foliage. He is a man of strong natural parts, which by an incessant devotion to books have been excited into a wild kind of phrenzy, rather than improved by judicious discipline. Study has not tempered his mind with a spirit of mild and elegant philosophy, but, like an evil genius, infected it with a morbid sensibility, which often hurries him with all the violence of a torrent, into altercations and cabals that commonly terminate to his own disadvantage, by imparting new energy to the animosity of his enemies, and diminishing the good opinion of his friends. He is considered by some as an elegant preacher, and by others as a great wit. I have heard him preach several times, and found him in the pulpit often respectable and sometimes even sublime; but his discourses are characterised more by an exuberance of imagination than by any beauty of arrangement or propriety of expression. To the character of a wit I do not think he has so fair a title. He is indeed excessively fond of saying odd things, and often without any regard to time or place, delicacy of phrase, or common politeness. A few examples may suffice.

Whilst putting on a pair of old patched gaiters, he said, "Now I look like the Devil wrapped up in old thatch."

"Well, Madam! (addressing himself to the lady of the house) have you heard any news from the Devil to-day? What! is there no Courier arrived from Pandemonium? No Journal of Pluto, conducted by *****, the great grand-son of Felix Farley?"

Busy one morning in copying a passage from the works of Sir William Jones on the cure of the Elephantiasis, "What are you doing now?" asked Miss Woodcock. "Doing," said Blunderbuss, "I am writing out a scheme to poison the Devil with ducks' eyes."

"Hold your tongue!" says Blunderbuss to a lady who was holding large discourse; "Stop, I say, that clack of yours! I wish it were stuck under the tail of a jack-ass, to keep it from wagging so infernally."

I might, without imposing a hard task upon my memory, increase the catalogue of these brilliant flashes of the fancy; but it must be already sufficiently copious to satisfy any reasonable curiosity; and my reader must be at the trouble to make what comment on them he pleases.

Blunderbuss, under the management of a better education, might have become a great man; but alas! he now carries the mark of the beast on his forehead; and it would be doing no injustice, perhaps, to such disturbers of the public mind, to have them banished into a desert, to herd with its ferocious rulers; or if this should be deemed a little too severe, they might be placed on a pedestal in some of our public squares, well fenced round with iron palisadoes, whence they would have the pleasure of gazing on the passing show as single statues; or they might be mounted on a great horse, like King Charles or William, if that proved more agreeable to their taste or ambition.

I now finish my portrait of a man whom I can never contemplate either with esteem or complacency. Restless, dissatisfied, overbearing and dogmatical, he seems more qualified to scatter the fire-brands of discord over the field of life, than to bind its sheaves together with

the silken cords of unanimity and affection. Such a person but too nearly resembles an Odin, whose face was set against every man—or a Cerberus, barking at every shadow that happens to cross his path—or a Bethlem Gabor, who would not hesitate to plunge even his best friend into a dungeon of fire, if that friend's generous nature should prompt him to pursue a course which the miserable misanthropist could not approve.

THE

Welsh Estate,

IN

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

The Preface.

WHOE'ER may read this little book,
Pray throw aside the Critic's look!
'Twas not design'd for him to mend,
But written just to please a Friend;
And if that friend a little while
Should on the simple story smile,
And find, as o'er he turns the page,
Some scene his feelings to engage,
The nodding cliff or flowery lawn
By Nature's magic pencil drawn,
Blue prospects opening from the hills,
Or what th' adjacent country fills;
Where from the wood in dying notes
The nightingale's sweet spirit floats;
Or find some tale of rural swain,
Whose heart is pierc'd with tender pain;
Or passage drest in colours gay,
To drive one gloomy thought away;
Or Poesy, like love-lorn maid,
Strewing wild flowers that soon will fade;
Or aught to point the mental eye
To regions opening in the sky;
And for the author's sake respect
What otherwise he would reject,—
I shall not deem the effort vain,
Tho' others treat it with disdain.

THE WELSH ESTATE.

"A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot."

September 12, 1798.

My Dear Friend,

FOR not answering your kind letter sooner, I beg leave to apologize; but in order to make some atonement for this apparent neglect, I shall not only send you a single letter, but a series; though their perusal will perhaps lay a heavy tax upon your patience.

Very lately I have been travelling in Wales, a journey of about five hundred miles, with a most agreeable companion, the Reverend Mr. S——; the particulars of which I mean to give you in the following pages; and lest the title I have prefixed to them should wear an air of whimsicality, I shall say a word in explanation.

My mother's father was a native of Carew Castle, in Pembrokeshire. He left home when young, and came to Bristol. After staying there some little time, he came to Thornbury and married, but did not live above three or four years afterward. My mother was his only surviving child, and too young to be sensible of any loss. He was accustomed to tell his wife, that his parents were in the farming-business, that they had an Estate of their own, and were getting rich—that he was the eldest son, and heir to the property. After his decease, my maternal grandmother being at such a distance from Pembroke-

shire, never attempted to go thither, nor made any further enquiries about the matter. As my mother grew up, the story was related to her, and she in her turn related it to us. That such a circumstance should excite some little anxiety was natural. This prompted enquiry; but the information we obtained was too imperfect to give satisfaction; hence my father was induced to send me in quest of the Welsh Estate. But in truth, I might as well have stayed at home: seventy years had nearly elapsed since my grandfather left the country, and the name being extinct in the neighbourhood, no person could be found to give the desired information. As I went without expectation, I returned without being disappointed. And having said thus much about our Welsh inheritance, I shall now proceed to relate the particulars of the journey.

After breakfast, July 16, 1798, my companion and myself galloped to the Old-Passage, where we found some friends waiting to cross the Severn. The morning opened with all the beauty of the season, and in a few minutes, ' smooth went our boat upon the summer-seas.' But this promising state of things was quickly succeeded by a tremendous storm from the west. The lightning darted through the clouds, the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder sullenly muttered in the distance, which together with the blasphemous uproar of the boatmen, began to fill the passengers with some degree of alarm. We reached the other side however, without material injury, in somewhat less than two hours. The weather continued unfavourable; but as we had to seek adventures, poor Dapple and Rozinante were urged forward with scarcely less heroism than if the genius of Don Quixote himself had been commander in chief.

In passing through Chepstow, the old Castle attracted my attention. It affords one or two very picturesque points of view to the painter. We visited the interior, and particularly that part of it where Henry Martin was confined. Martin was one of the Judges of King Charles; and the following lines from Southey's Poems will open to your view a scene of suffering which, though it has long been closed, still possesses power to revive the sympathetic feelings.

> " For thirty years secluded from mankind,
> Here Martin linger'd. Often have these walls
> Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
> He paced around his prison. Not to him
> Did Nature's fair varieties exist:
> He never saw the Sun's delightful beams,
> Save when thro' yon high bars it pour'd a sad
> And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
> He had rebell'd against his King, and sat
> In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
> Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
> And Peace and Liberty. Wild dreams! but such
> As Plato lov'd; such as with holy zeal
> Our Milton worshipp'd—blessed hopes, awhile
> From man withheld, e'en to the latest days,
> When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfill'd!"

We left Ragland a little to the right, but had no time to examine the fine old castle; which stands upon an eminence, and brought to my recollection the ruins of Balclutha, so forcibly and affectingly described by Ossian:

> " .....I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out, from the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers."

Passing the seat of Mr. Jones, called Clytha, which is situated in a beautiful valley, we arrived about an hour before night at Abergavenny, a town of considerable magnitude, and surrounded with noble mountains; one of which, of a rude disjointed appearance, is called the Holy Mountain, or St. Michael's Mount. The Roman Catholics, who are here very numerous, maintain a tradition, that this is one of the rocks that rent asunder at the crucifixion of Christ. In the evening we strolled into the church-yard, where we found a particular spot exclusively appropriated to the interment of Catholics; a circumstance that appeared singular, as I never before met with any such distinction in a burying-ground. However much the Papist dreaded the infection of heresy from the Protestant whilst on earth, he cannot have much to apprehend, one would suppose, when in the grave! Bigotry is odious in every place and in every form; but when she is seen carrying her scruples and muttering her displeasure amongst the tombs, a spectre or a demon might be viewed with almost an equal degree of complacency.

One more circumstance I shall mention before I quit the church-yard. The Catholics are laid side by side, but their priest in the contrary position: his feet are toward those of his people, in order that he may greet them with the greater facility on the morning of the resurrection!

I now conclude this letter, leaving the Catholics to their peculiarities and superstitions; but ardently wishing that the day may not be far distant, when Truth, in all her beauty and resplendence, shall dissipate the clouds which have for so many ages involved the world of intellectual beings.

LETTER II.

We travelled some miles upon the banks of the Usk, which are finely ornamented with wood. This is the chief river in the county, and dispenses beauty and refreshment to the vallies, through which it takes its course. I almost envy the people whose habitation is contiguous to a river, so many are the advantages and harmless pleasures connected with it. They can sail on its bosom, bathe in its waters, admire its various reflections of trees, clouds, and castles; and the poor man, by casting in the hook or the net, may supply his family with money and with food. "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers," is an expression of one of the Prophets, which I have frequently admired; and I have often thought that A RIVER would afford an interesting subject for a poem. As you are a votary of the muses, I hope it will not be suffered to escape your attention.

At a small village in our way to Crickhowel, we made some stay, and learned that the celebrated Mr. Thelwall resides in the neighbourhood; where he keeps a little farm, and devotes the greatest part of his time to rural employments and literature. But even into the midst of these sequestered retreats, his evil genius follows him. The neighbouring gentlemen view him with suspicion, and avoid him with as much care as they would a wild beast; and such is the infectious quality of this ridiculous prejudice, that the vulgar believe it to be also their duty to shun him, averring that he holds communion with the Devil, because he is frequently seen wandering

in the woods by night! They cannot, however, deprive him of the society of his own family; and that man cannot be miserable, though living in a hut, who is surrounded with the smiles of relatives by whom he is beloved. By solacing himself in the midst of these, he can soften the anguish of reflection, and bear the 'whips and scorns o' the time' with manly fortitude. The noble independent spirit by which Thelwall was actuated during his confinement, is entitled to admiration; and the following sonnet, taken from his Poems, will inform you from what quarter he obtained support.

THE CELL.

Within the dungeon's noxious gloom,
The Patriot, still with dauntless breast,
The cheerful aspect can assume,
And smile—in conscious virtue blest!

The damp foul floor, the ragged wall,
And shatter'd window, grated high,
The trembling ruffian may appal,
Whose thoughts no sweet resource supply.

But he, unaw'd by guilty fears,
(To Freedom and his Country true)
Who o'er a race of well-spent years
Can cast the retrospective view,
Looks inward to his heart, and sees
The objects that must ever please.

Newgate, October 24.

[Here the writer details a few incidents in his way through Brecknock, Trecastle and Llandovery, but which are not of sufficient interest or novelty for the general reader.]

LETTER III.

EARLY in the morning, we steered our course for Newcastle-Emlyn, about thirty-eight miles from Llandovery.

We soon found ourselves at Llansowell, with a fine appetite for breakfast; and hearing the sound of a Welsh harp in the house, I sent an invitation to the minstrel; who immediately appeared in the parlour, and played a variety of movements with variations, as long as we chose. I was much pleased with the fellow, for he handled the instrument not only with great adroitness, but gave it an expression which I could not have expected.

It is an observation of Shakespeare, I think, that the man who has no passion for music cannot be an honest man. This is saying too much; but I think it may be said of him, that he is a stranger to some of the sweetest emotions of which the heart is susceptible.

We had now a wilderness of mountains to pass, exceeding fifteen miles, very steep and rugged, and remarkable for the most frightful barrenness. Having penetrated some miles into this horrid region, a variety of ways opened before us; and as there was no directing-post, our embarrassment was painful in the extreme. We were now 'far from the track and blest abode of man,' and overcome with suspense and fatigue. We at last found a cottage in the midst of this dreary solitude, where travellers used to get refreshment. The inhabitants had formerly been in the habit (and were

then, indeed, to persons whom they knew and could entrust) of selling gingerbread at an extravagant price, and giving away spirits, in order to avoid the expence of a license. We applied for these tempting luxuries, but in vain, for the poor women would neither understand nor speak English. I shewed them money, that most excellent interpreter of languages, but to no purpose: they had lately suffered for their disposition to accommodate, and doubtless suspected that our visit would produce another visitation by royal authority.

At Llandysill we fared better. Llandysill is a neat village on the banks of the Tyvy, the most considerable river in South-Wales. Before night we found ourselves in Newcastle-Emlyn, a town of some note. The bridge separates the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan. It being fair-time, the town was filled with people and confusion; but even here we tasted the pleasures of solitude. 'To be delivered,' says a celebrated author, 'from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude;' and I am sure we were quite free from many of the passions which existed amongst the crowd. Two or three of the scenes were to myself quite new. I refer to the Welsh method of fighting and of courtship. A Welshman in a passion is one of the most furious animals that can be found, and here it was that I had an opportunity of studying the muscles of a Welsh face.

THE BATTLE.

Look for a moment at the young combatants—they come together provided with sticks, and burning with vengeance. Their abettors are also provided with sticks, which rattle and crash at times, threatening destruction! A multitude of females interfere, screaming out in Welsh,

'Murder! murder! For God's sake have more sense!' But all their efforts are ineffectual, and the fair peace-makers are instantly compelled to retire with the loss of their best hats, caps, and aprons; which are torn from them in the scuffle, and trodden to the ground. The antagonists pause—but meet again in a moment with increasing fury. See them now reeling, bleeding, and tumbling in the dirt. Now again listen to the shouts, the cries, and the rattling of the sticks. 'Look—still look—Well done, Davy! Now, Morgan, at him again!' Oh! what broken heads! and oh! what fractured bones! But what is it all about? Some pretty innocent cottage-girl, or maid of the farm, perhaps, was the cause of all this disturbance and mischief.

THE COURTSHIP.

The following relation is no less a story of real truth. The young women who come to the fair, and who feel a wish to enter into the state of 'holy matrimony,' stand all in a row, in a very conspicuous place in the town—which at Newcastle is the bridge. The young men who are influenced by the same motive, also come, and view with a critical eye this assemblage of Cambrian beauty; each noting the damsel for whom a predilection is felt. The lover then hastens, as did his father before him, to the Salutation Inn, or any other house, and calls to his friend, saying, 'Go to the Bridge, and tell Peggy Morgan (or whatever be the name of his favourite) to come hither.' The friend returns, leading by the hand this rival of the summer-rose; who asks the young man his business; and he, poor fellow, with a heart palpitating between hope and fear, sputters out his honest story. If she like his person and character, a falling in with the

proposal ensues; if not, she resumes her station on the bridge, to try the better fortune of the day. This, my friend, is the Welsh way of 'making up matters;' and any way shall have my approbation, provided it be an honest one.

When night came on we walked to Kilgwin, the seat of Captain Lloyd, to sleep. And oh! how sweet is rest to the wearied traveller!

LETTER IV.

KILGWIN is about half a mile from Newcastle. The house is large and well built, elegantly furnished, and inhabited by a man whose eye sparkles with wit, intelligence, and good-nature. He was a Captain in the Royal Navy, but threw up his commission during our contest with America, from political feeling.

Ceremony and restraint, forming no part of his creed, are perfect strangers to his house. His door is always open to a friend, and to the friend of his friend; and come at what hour they may, a candle is always burning to light them to bed. During our stay in the neighbourhood, which was some days, Kilgwin was accordingly our home; where we received every expression of hospitality, politeness, and respect. The Captain has seen much of the great world, and his conversation abounds with lively anecdote and the most varied information. He was never married, is rather of small stature, but full of vivacity. His age is about fifty years. He has a good

fortune, is very liberal to the poor, and indulgent to his tenants.

A little more than a mile from Kilgwin my fellow-traveller has an estate, comprising eighty-one acres of wood, corn, and pasture land, pleasantly situated on the side of a mountain, at the foot of which the river Kerry forms a beautiful cataract, and then quietly steals along the neighbouring valley, for the benefit of an old corn-mill. Several poor cottages on the premises are occupied by persons of different professions. In one, and for which he pays the enormous rent of ten shillings per year, resides a young methodist-preacher. He has one of the prettiest black-eyed Susans for a wife that I have seen a long time, and two children; and from the satisfaction which seemed to diffuse itself over the features of this interesting group, contentment appears to be their constant companion. The Bible and two or three other books compose the whole of this good man's library. He goes about from village to village, teaching and preaching, and receives a shilling for every sermon that he preaches, as is the custom of the country! The contemplation of so much apostolic simplicity excited my admiration and most cordial esteem.

Cardigan lies on the banks of the Tyvy, and is the county-town. The buildings are rather low, but snug and comfortable.

Newport next claims our attention, not from any thing remarkable in the town itself, for the streets are very shabbily built; but from its romantic situation, being erected at the foot of one of the most barren mountains in Wales. It scarcely produces a single shrub, or flower, or blade of grass; and when we rode by, its summit was lost amongst the clouds. The ruins of

an old castle, hanging by a sort of magic in the air, are seen above the town; which, though it has the honor of being governed by a mayor, is no less barren of accommodations, than its mountain is of beauty and vegetation.

In the afternoon we reached the town of Fisguard, which is situated upon a steep cliff, overlooking an inlet of St. George's Channel. A little fort, built on the rock commanding the bay, is mounted with eight great guns. The French having effected a landing near this place on the 22d of February 1797, it is now become an object of curiosity and importance to the inquisitive traveller.

From a 50-gun ship, and three smaller vessels, about 1400 of these miserable adventurers were put on shore, with a considerable quantity of ammunition and provisions. Early on the following morning the vessels set sail again, leaving the troops without any hope of retreat or of further support. Thus circumstanced, they on the 25th laid down their arms on Goodwick Sands, surrendering themselves prisoners, without risking a battle, to the following inferior force: Lord Cawdor's troop of horse, Colonel Knox's corps of Fisguard and Newport fencibles, Captain Ackland's Pembroke fencibles, and part of the Cardiganshire militia; amounting in all to about 600. A great number of gentlemen farmers, peasantry, and colliers, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and such other weapons as could first be had, flocked from every quarter to see the great sight, and assist in repelling the enemy, who it is supposed were greatly disappointed by meeting with such opposition instead of encouragement. On this occasion also a multitude of women covered themselves with their red flannels, and fell into ranks upon the adjoining hills, to increase

the formidable appearance of our army. About 300 grenadiers, amongst the French, were fine well-disciplined men, and very unwilling to give up the matter so easily; nor would the enemy it is said have surrendered without fighting, but for a division which took place amongst themselves, in consequence of a theft. A Frenchman who was bare-footed, meeting a poor Welshman, insisted upon having his shoes. The latter felt himself considerably embarrassed at this demand, for having only three guineas in the world, he had in the morning resorted to the simple stratagem of putting them into his shoes, believing they would be as safe there as in the bank; but in the transfer alluded to, Monsieur not only put the shoes on his own feet, but the guineas into his pocket, and instantly decamped. This transaction was soon made known to the French officers, and the fellow was condemned to be shot for the offence. Part of the army acquiesced in the determination; but the other part opposing it, disunion among the whole was the result, and consequently a want of power to concentrate their energies against their opponents. We visited the spot where they landed, now called 'the camp,' a fine, level, square piece of ground, surrounded with deep glens, rendering it difficult of ascent. Before they could gain this desirable position, they had to climb over a precipice of rocks, nearly of the colour and hardness of iron, full of dangerous chasms, and almost perpendicular, to the height of one hundred or a hundred and fifty feet. They offered no kind of violence to the persons of the natives. The farm-houses were all visited by them it is true, and cleared of most of their provisions; they also took considerable liberty with the pigs, geese, fowls, and calves; but decreed to all of them the honour of boiling in milk

and butter. Two or three Welshmen lost their lives by their own imprudence; and about an equal number of the enemy was killed. A Frenchman was pushed off one of the most frightful cliffs that I ever saw, for stealing something from one of his comrades. His skeleton is still seen amongst the rocks.

LETTER V.

In our way to Haverfordwest, we passed by, or rather between, Trowgane-Rocks, which are entitled to some notice on account of their magnitude and singularity of form. At the distance of six or eight miles, they resemble the columns of an old castle in ruins; but on a nearer approach, every appearance of art vanishes, and the sight becomes truly astonishing. These rocks are thrown up with an air of the wildest sublimity, on a prodigious mountain, and seem only the remnants of what they once were, the sides of the hill being loaded with loose fragments, as if shaken from the summit by some mighty convulsion. The bottom of the mountain is cut through, to render travelling more agreeable. To the left is a valley, which though not fertile, is made pleasant by the windings of a small river. It is bounded by a sweep of hills, which are ornamented with slender trees to an uncommon extent, exhibiting in one view an assemblage of the most grand and beautiful scenery.

Haverfordwest is a large handsome town, seated on the side of a hill, on a creek of Milford-Haven. It contains three or four churches and a castle, which is now converted into a prison.

In our way to Carew, we had a near view of Picton-Castle, the seat of Lord Milford. It is delightfully situated, and built in the gothic style. We rode through the park, which is well stocked with deer, sheep, and other cattle, and greatly resembles the enchanted forests of which we read in books of chivalry and romance.

After crossing Longshipping-Ferry, which is about three fourths of a mile over, we passed through the neat little village of Crisswell, and in the afternoon reached Carew-Castle, the native place of my forefathers. It is a large pleasant village, four miles from Pembroke, and has two or three public-houses. We put up at the Three Crowns, but the entertainment we had there was not worth three pence, as the answers to the following queries will abundantly prove.

Have you any corn for our horses? We never keep any corn.

Have you any hay? We have hay, but it is not yet brought from the field, which is at some distance.

Have you any meadow we can turn the horses into? We have no place of that kind this year.

Have you any girl to go to the mill for oats or bran? There is nobody about the house that we can send.

Have you any thing for ourselves to eat? We have some bacon hung up in the chimney.

Can you dress a slice, with an egg or two? We have no eggs just now; for the old hen has done laying some ten days ago.

We wasted no more time in questions, but went to the French Mills, about a quarter of a mile off, where we got food for our horses, and dined upon black barley-bread.

Carew Castle is a large uninhabited building, but in a better state of preservation than any I have seen before. The church and tower excel most in this country, for beauty of workmanship; the churches in general being at as great a remove from elegance as can be well imagined, and mostly without steeples or towers. As a substitute for the latter, a rude little arch is thrown up, a yard or two above the roof, containing a bell, a trifle bigger than that used by a town-crier; from which a chain depends on the outside of the wall; and the sexton, having a long rod with a hook at the end, takes hold of one of the links, and by this simple device calls the village to their sabbath-duties.

We went to the oldest people in the neighbourhood, to make enquiries respecting my ancestors; but as I have already told you, we could obtain no satisfactory information. We visited one man who was nearly a hundred years old, but so excessively deaf that we could not make him understand our business. This was very unfortunate for my mission, as he had lived in the village all his days, and would have been more likely than any other to give us the history of my relatives. But they are doubtless steeping with the rest of the departed villagers. Sleep on, then!—quietly sleep!

LETTER VI.

We had now to go to Letterson, where my companion preached in Welsh; and in the evening he preached again at Treecoon, the seat of Miss Patty Vaughan, sister of the late Admiral Vaughan. On our arrival at

this place, we were led up stairs by the steward into a very commodious apartment, the walls of which were ornamented with tapestry, maps, and ancient paintings. Soon afterward the lady of the manor made her appearance, in the old Welsh dress and made several graceful courtesies to her visitors. We now descended to the chapel, and after the service was over, Miss Vaughan shewed us into the drawing-room, where we remained, admiring the family-pictures and conversing till supper-time. This lady is far advanced in years, but cheerful as a young plow-boy, whistling and singing to herself, like him, as she walks along. She is a member of the Moravian society, very liberal in her sentiments, and of the most engaging manners. Her conversation chiefly turned on moral and religious subjects: but she could indulge her fancy in repartee, and now and then shoot an arrow from the bow of satire. I will give you a specimen of her talent. She enquired where we had been, and what curiosities we had seen in the country. We replied that we had been to Haverford-west, Picton Castle, and Letterson. She then asked if we had seen Milford-Haven. The answer being in the negative, "O Mr. S—!" exclaimed our hostess, "I can hardly forgive you for this; for after bringing this young man so far into the country, you are about to take him back again without seeing any thing worth notice. Milford-Haven is supposed to be the finest bay in Europe; and it is almost a crime to visit the neighbourhood without seeing it." This conversation hurt me a little. I regretted the not seeing this beautiful expanse of water, having been so near it; and observed that I must cease to hope for such a pleasure, as I never expected to come into that country. "O," she

exclaimed, "you must come to see Letterson again!" This she designed as a chastisement for Mr. S——, and uttered it with an air of gravity which could not fail of producing the intended effect. Letterson is merely a a village of miserable huts, and was peopled till very lately by a most infamous gang of robbers. The Methodists, with a zeal almost peculiar to themselves, have ventured to expostulate with this community of freebooters; and hopes are already entertained, that 'those who lately stole, will steal no more.'

We slept at Trecoon, and agreed to go to Milford-Haven, but proposed first to visit the ancient city of St. David. Whatever the place might have been formerly, it is now only a scattered village, situated in the midst of barrenness, on the banks of the river Ilen. We went to the cathedral, and visited the shrine of the saint after whom it is named. This memorable character, as we were informed, lived about one thousand three hundred years since, and is regarded by the Ancient Britons with a superstitious kind of veneration; for within the limits of his diocese, death-fires, ghosts, and other mysterious appearances are seen, the very mention of which would make

> Each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

The cathedral stands at the bottom of a hill, at the end of the town, and does considerable credit to the architectural genius of antiquity; but the situation, from its lowness, is extremely ineligible. All magnificent structures should, as much as possible, command some interesting points of view. If this circumstance be overlooked, the money of the public and the labours of the artist

will be exhausted, without producing any great or corresponding effects; and if it should be thought necessary, in times so far removed from the pageantry and extravagance of the Jewish dispensation, to build Temples for the worship of God, let some little hill of Sion be chosen for the purpose, instead of the solitary glen or the gloomy concealment of the valley. From a cape in this neighbourhood, is a view into Ireland; and the inhabitants told us that they could very distinctly hear the noise of the battle lately fought with the rebels at Wicklow.

We now proceeded to Milford-Haven along the coast, having a fine prospect of St. George's Channel; and a fleet of ships heaving in sight, and in full sail, gave additional interest to the scene. Arriving at the Haven, we wandered on its banks till after sun-set. It is a deep inlet of the Irish Sea, and branches off into a variety of creeks, in which one thousand sail of the line may ride in perfect security. As this fine sheet of water is encompassed with rocks and elevated ground, it almost continually exhibits the smoothness of a mirror, to such an extent as to render it one of the most beautiful and magnificent objects in nature. There are two or three villages or towns on the Haven, and one new regular town is now building on the side of a hill, commanding a view of the whole harbour.

As we are soon to leave Pembrokeshire, I shall finish this letter with a few observations on the people and county itself. Although it is not so mountainous as some of the Welsh counties, its general aspect is that of barrenness; the sides of the hills susceptible of culture, are divided into fields by hedges, or what might more properly be called banks, as they are entirely without trees or any kind of shrub, excepting furze. Trees

cannot flourish in so wild and open a country, so much exposed to the ocean-winds. Every other kind of vegetation must likewise be impeded in its progress, and the cattle pinched for want of provision and shelter. Culm and turf are the common fuel of the country. Culm is a species of small dull coal, which is mixed with clay and made into balls fitting the fire-places. The farm-houses, with some few exceptions, are little better than huts, without any kind of neatness or convenience; and the farmers are not such good husbandmen as those of our neighbourhood; as they make it a rule to sleep two hours after dinner, even in the midst of harvest. The women lounge about the lanes, knitting coarse stockings, when they should be tedding grass and singing in the hay-fields, like our English girls. The people, however, are friendly to each other and civil to strangers, whom they never pass without taking off the hat, or shewing some token of respect. The holy kiss likewise, is in much greater request amongst them than the English. We can meet a cousin, a sister, or a friend, without bestowing such a testimony of esteem, uncivil as we are! But it is not thus that the worthy Cambrians conduct themselves; for they will kiss, and kiss, meet where they may, though it be in the open market-place!

LETTER VII.

Mr. S—— had an engagement to preach in Cardigan at twelve o'clock, which is about eighteen miles from Buckett, along the common horse-road. The way over the mountains being said to be much the shorter,

we reached the bottom of the hills and began to ascend. After lashing and climbing for about an hour, we found ourselves in as wild and forlorn a situation as it is possible to conceive: the surface of the ground through which we had to pass, was covered with large fragments of rock, to a considerable distance. We passed over the summit of the highest ground in Pembrokeshire, from which the most extensive prospects open, but they are prospects of the most dismal sterility. Small patches and stripes of heathy land, in the midst of pastures 'speckled o'er with sheep,' add to the beauty of the landscape, by giving it an air of diversity; but scenes of such diffusive and eternal barrenness pain the eye and incline the heart to despondence. Amidst this wilderness of moor and mountain, we lost ourselves; and so great was the depression of my spirits, that I not only could have quarrelled with my companions, but with the poor innocent cattle that were searching for the herb by the way-side. After whipping and spurring for hours in this dejected manner, we had to travel over a most dangerous precipice. It was impossible to ride across it, being so steep and frightful; but knowing no other way, we led our horses over a ledge that scarcely afforded room to tread upon, without meeting any accident. Getting once more upon solid ground, we were engaged in a species of warfare almost as romantic as that which roused the noble energies of Don Quixote, when he fought with the windmills. Field-banks and unmortared walls were our opponents; several of which we vanquished in the most gallant and heroic manner, before we could publish either the number or splendour of our achievements in the streets of Cardigan!

Although we did not arrive at this place till one o'clock, the congregation was not dispersed, and a sermon both in Welsh and English was preached. We dined with Mr. Williams, the pastor of the Baptist-church, who is also a justice of the peace, and a very intelligent man. He is exceedingly averse to the title of reverend, when applied to man, and says, 'it is a painted rag of the old lady's petticoat.'*

A finer country cannot be seen than that between Cardigan and Pennywenalt: the Tivy rolls its fruitful stream through the plain, and the neighbouring hills are either covered with wood or in the highest state of cultivation. Pennywenalt is the seat of Mr. Griffiths, an American gentleman, and its situation is truly desirable. The house, which is well built, stands on the side of a hill near the banks of the river, and is surrounded with the finest woodland views. Griffiths's character exhibits a variety of excellence: his knowledge of the world is great, and his conversation is elegant and unreserved. His political feelings on some occasions are, perhaps, the feelings of enthusiasm. The American constitution, with him, is the perfection of human wisdom. He contem-

* I have been sorry to hear that this good man soon after dropped down in the midst of his family, and suddenly expired. He possessed an ample fortune, with great benevolence of heart. In person, he was one of the most handsome men I ever saw, and his manners were as mild and engaging as his figure was dignified and commanding. Eloquence attended him in the pulpit, and piety every where. He was loved with the most affectionate enthusiasm by his family and congregation, and looked up to for advice on the most emergent occasions by the neighbourhood at large. All classes and denominations of men bore testimony to the wisdom and excellence of his character. But there is no pity in death—for in the prime of his years, and surrounded with prospects of usefulness, he is fallen a prey to the king of terrors, and is buried amongst the clods of the valley.

plates the present system of ruling this country in the same point of view with a man in a consumption, who, after struggling and gasping a little while, will be swallowed up in the tomb of destruction! He does not intend to be a spectator of the last agonies of this expiring empire, but hopes that before the tremendous moment arrives, he shall be wandering through the beautiful savannahs of his mother-country, and reposing himself beneath the shade of her ancient and venerable woods. Such are the political anticipations and melancholy 'bodements' of this worthy man. As a religious character, Griffiths sets an example of a superior order. The family-devotions are performed in Welsh; on these occasions all the servants and labouring people are called together; the master then repeats a verse of scripture, and the rest are required, in their turn, to do the same. A chapter is then read, which is succeeded by a hymn, and the service is concluded by prayer. I was much pleased with this mode of domestic instruction; as it affords not only a present stimulus to pious feeling, but replenishes the memory with texts and sentiments calculated to inspire this feeling amidst all the incidents and business of life.

In the morning we sauntered a mile or two through the woods, by the side of the river, the frequent windings of which open new and picturesque scenery, that must highly gratify every contemplative mind.

The fishermen in this country use boats called corricles, which are made with a few twigs, interwoven in a proper form, covered with sail-cloth pitched on the outside, and are carried at the back with ease, not being much heavier than a large basket. Two men will frequently commit themselves to the mercy of the deep river in one of these corricles.

Near Kennarth-bridge the river is opposed by a mass of irregular rocks, over which it tumbles with astonishing violence, forming many beautiful cascades, and scooping its flinty bed into basins, by the incessant friction of its waves.

LETTER VIII.

CARMARTHEN is the best town in South Wales, and lies on the river Towy. The parade near the town commands one of the most beautiful prospects in all the principality. In its vicinity are some large iron-works and several artificial cascades.

Swansea is seated at the entrance of the river Towy, in Glamorganshire, and is become a town of fashionable resort. The streets are well-built, and the inhabitants seem versed in all the arts of politeness and dress. The harbour is very capacious; and a new key is building, by means of which the landing of goods will be greatly facilitated. A chapel belonging to the religious society patronised by Lady Huntingdon, is lately erected in this place, and in the elegance of its architecture, is equal, if not superior, to any building of the kind that I ever saw.

We now proceeded to Neath, a corporate town, lying on a river of the same name, contiguous to which are the ruins of a fine old monastery.

The next place that claims our notice is Pyle, a small village containing the largest inn in Wales, and I think almost equal in point of magnificence and accommodations to any hotel in England. We had some conversation with the landlord, who is a very sensible man.

He gave us an account of some of the greatest natural and artificial curiosities in the neighbourhood, and said, that within five or six miles of Neath were two of the largest water-falls in all the country. I regretted the not learning this before, as the 'sounding cataract' ever 'haunted me like a passion;' but time would not permit us to return. The land in the neighbourhood of Pyle is in the finest state of cultivation: the country is exceedingly beautiful, and the construction of the farm-houses borders upon elegance. Glamorganshire is called the 'garden of Wales,' and travellers universally acknowledge that nothing can exceed in fruitfulness a track of country named the Vale of Glamorgan. Its mountains also contain inexhaustible treasures.

I now call your attention to a very singular people, of whose conduct I was anxious to be an observer—I mean the *Religious Jumpers*. In passing through Bridgend, we observed the people unusually in motion, and asking the reason, were told that they were going to meeting. I enquired of a girl if they were Jumpers, and was answered in the negative. We had now reached the end of the town, when I put the same question to a woman, and her answer was Yes; for she had seen the same congregation jumping at a neighbouring village in the morning; and she was herself, I believe, one of the society. I then said to my companion, who was unwilling to return, I will certainly see this extraordinary sight, now I am here.' The woman then very boldly exclaimed, 'If curiosity, Sir, be your only motive, you had better pursue your journey; for if the spirit of God does not work upon your heart, things may go ungainly with you; as it is exceedingly sinful to go for the sake of mocking.' I told the good woman that though I was

solely actuated by curiosity, it was far from my intention to make a mockery of the matter; and so, after putting up our horses at the inn, we joined the congregation. They were assembled in a barn, which was very large and lofty, hung round with curtains of cobweb that depended from every part of the roof, to the very centre of the building; and so fantastically grotesque was the arrangement of this curious drapery, that it must have taken half a century at least for the spiders to complete so voluminous a production! I suppose there were not less than three hundred people assembled on this occasion, all remarkably attentive, and two ministers. The first who preached was a grey-headed venerable-looking man; and in delivering his discourse, he appeared highly animated. The other, named Ebenezer Morris, was much younger, possessing a coarse but strongly marked countenance. Nature had given this bold and impetuous orator a firm constitution, and a wider mouth than falls to the lot of one in ten thousand. Taking advantage of these physical endowments, he would sometimes roar so tremendously, as almost to endanger the organization of the ear! The qualifications of this man for making a noise could not, I believe, have received any material improvement, had he imbibed the rudiments of his education at the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, or taken lessons from Stentor himself! Neither of them spoke a word in English. The congregation, during Mr. Morris's harangue, were in considerable agitation, but no jumping took place. The loud Amen! frequently reverberated from every part of the tabernacle; and one of the females now and then would throw her arm over the heads of the people and exclaim, *Gogoniant i Ddiw!* that is, 'Glory to God.' At the close of the ministerial

service, a hymn was given out, and the preachers immediately left the place, which I believe is the custom. The singing threw the congregation into a rocking attitude, which was soon followed by a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion. About thirty of the people, of both sexes, were engaged in these violent exercises. We stood upon a chair, and had a distinct view of the whole group; they were all intermixed and near together. Some were jumping and shouting; others, with their countenance most frightfully distorted, wrung their hands and cried in the most lamentable manner. They would then shake hands, fling their arms over each other's shoulders, and jump again till they became exhausted with fatigue. Some of the women were led away from the rest, completely worn out by their exertions. From the clamour, it was almost impossible to distinguish any thing they said. Now and then we could hear such expressions as *Bendigedig fyddo Duw!* and *Dragywyddoldeb! O Dragywyddoldeb!* that is, 'Blessed be God!' and 'Eternity! O Eternity!' Being pretty well tired of the scene, we quitted these devout but obstreporous enthusiasts before their adorations were concluded, thinking them rather entitled to pity than censure. They certainly appeared more like the votaries of Bacchus, or some Hottentot divinity, than worshippers of the true God. Religion seems to be a transaction of the heart; there can therefore be no illumination, no purity, no sublimity of conception, about those people who imagine that such a scene of tumult is the most acceptable homage that can be offered to the Deity. It is no matter of wonder that the human intellect should remain low and stationary, when there is no stimulus to improvement: the wonder is, that coming within the sphere of

better examples, it does not feel a promptitude to display a similar character; and especially when there is no powerful motive to lead a different way. But so great are the prejudices of education, the force of habit, the contagion of vulgar example, or the pleasure of mental indolence, that the people whom I have described, though surrounded with more enlightened modes of worship, can never dream of changing their own, and perhaps would treat a proposal to do so as a temptation of the wicked one!

The next place at which we alighted was Llantrissent, a small market-town, where we learned that we had to go 'three large miles' to Pont-y-Pryddal. I laughed at the expression 'large miles,' and wished to know what sort of miles they were. We found them about six of the English measure; three or four of which we had to ride through the clouds on the mountains. We could hear the river roaring in the valley, but every thing was hidden from our view.

LETTER IX.

Pont-y-Pryddal is a small village, lying in a deep romantic valley on the banks of the Taffe. It has been much frequented by travellers for many years, on account of the famous bridge thrown over that river. In the morning we were taken about two miles from the village, to visit a water-fall, the sound of which at a distance resembled thunder. To see a large river pouring its whole mass of water over a craggy precipice into deep chasms, where it foams and boils, and from whence it

rushes with the most impetuous velocity, to lose itself amidst the obscurity of the woods, is an object much too magnificent to be viewed without emotion. Before we returned to breakfast, we went upon the bridge. It was built by Mr. William Edwards, a Presbyterian minister, in the year 1750. The former bridge consisted of twenty-five arches, which were too small to admit the trees and hay-stacks so frequently brought down by the torrent in rainy seasons; for in one night the flood, rising higher than usual, swept down the whole building. Edwards being consulted, thought it practicable to span the river with one grand arch; and taking the rainbow for his model, he immediately set to work and completed his design. But in consequence of some defect in its principle of construction, the bridge broke in the middle; and down came many a hard day's labour, and I suppose many a thousand pound. This must have been a most mortifying circumstance to the architect. His reputation, however, was not to be destroyed by one misfortune. His penetrative genius, and the well-known integrity of his character, entitled him to the most unlimited confidence. The difficulties with which he had to encounter were many;

> Red came the river down, and loud and oft
> The angry spirit of the water shriek'd—

But his ardent mind was not terrified at these, for he once more undertook the Herculean task, and by varying his plan a little, completed his work to the admiration of all. It is built with a common kind of stone, and being in a valley, cannot be seen at any great distance. This trully elegant and magnificent piece of architecture has three cylinders worked at each end, graduating in size. The want of such perforations occasioned the former

disaster. The iron bridge at Coalbrook-Dale, in Shropshire, and that at Sunderland, in the county of Durham, have justly excited the attention of the curious; but I have been told that there is only one bridge in Europe built with similar materials, of equal magnitude and upon the same plan with this of Taffe; which is somewhere in Italy.

To shew the honest simplicity of Mr. Edwards's character, take the following anecdote. The Corporation of Bristol, as I was informed, hearing of the talents of Mr. Edwards, sent for him to draw the plan of the stone-bridge in that city. He came and executed the business to their satisfaction; but fearing they might offend him by saying 'What is your demand?' they generously threw a purse of guineas upon the table, begging him to accept it as a compensation for his services. He refused the compliment, observing that it was more than he merited, and contented himself with a very small part of the money. After his return, a neighbouring lawyer said to him, "Well, William! you have been to Bristol, I understand, to draw the plan of the new bridge. I hope you have pleased your employers." "I believe that I have," said Mr. Edwards. "Well, and what did they give you for all your trouble?" "With many expressions of politeness," said the artist, "they requested my acceptance of a purse of gold; but my conscience would not suffer me to take more than three guineas, one for defraying my expences to Bristol, another for maintaining myself there, and a third to bring me back again." "O William!" exclaimed the lawyer, "had you but my conscience, you would have swept all the cash into your pocket, without making the least scruple about the matter."

We now travelled through a valley of considerable extent, bounded by lofty mountains and cliffs; whose high and perpendicular sides were ornamented with the foliage of slender trees and brush-wood, resembling a plantation or shrubbery suspended in the air! The pleasant openings and richness of the country, the soft blue hills emerging in the distance, with other hills still more remote rising above them—the village with its simple spire on one hand, and the house of opulence on the other—the multitude of locks upon the artificial river, and the boats gliding along, bearing the treasures of other countries, presented a scene of the most romantic beauty, with all the enjoyments of industry and peace!

Merthyr Tidvill comes next in our way; and though there is nothing worthy of notice in the town itself, it deserves particular mention, from its contiguity to some of the largest iron-works in the kingdom. The principal of these is at Cyfartha, a short mile from Merthyr. On approaching the place, our ears were stunned with the clang of the ponderous smiting-hammers. The greatest curiosity I think in the whole foundery, is the bellows or engine that blows the fires. The mechanism of this instrument is truly astonishing —so grand, so complex, so apparently confused, yet so exactly regular in all its operations! It is set in motion by a wheel that is driven by a shoot of water from the canal. The magnitude of this wheel exceeded every thing of the kind that I had seen, being one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and the whole is made with thin plate-iron, excepting the huge axle, and the spokes that immediately spring from it, which are of wood. Including the various pressures laid upon it, together with its own burden, it is supposed to carry round a weight equal to

one hundred tons. The air is received in capacious cylinders, and driven through large pipes, in a variety of directions, with all the vengeance of a tempest; rousing up the furnaces to such intense heat, as to make the flinty stone flow in streams of fire, almost as soon as it is thrown into them. There are also machines of considerable magnitude for rolling and hammering the iron, of most admirable construction. About one thousand men are employed here night and day, relieving each other like soldiers on guard; some of whom are dressed in a kind of tin armour, to skreen themselves from the burning showers which are perpetually flying from the smiting-block. The proprietors frequently make in the course of four or five weeks, one hundred ton of iron; and pay four thousand pounds a month to the journey men for wages. Every necessary article for carrying on this extensive concern is brought into the most convenient focus. The mountains, which contain the iron-ore in inexhaustible abundance, are contiguous to the foundery; the coal-works are also in close neighbourhood; and then the canal brings these things to the very doors, and conveys away the various productions of the manufactory; which may be transported to the ends of the earth.

At Cyfartha some of the most magnificent specimens of human ingenuity may be found. I was here most powerfully struck with the great difference that exists between civilized man, and man in a state of nature—the latter exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons, the former surrounded with every comfort and luxury; the one without knowledge or any of the arts of rational life, the other endowed with great resources of thought and corresponding powers of action. The savage, naked

and cold, wanders through his native woods feeding on berries and acorns, or perishing with hunger; whilst the man of science, to obtain the gratification of his wishes, rises like a pyramid in the scene, and gives commandment to the winds and the waves!

We now pursued our journey over a rough unbeaten road to Pontypool, and in our way saw a flock of goats, browsing and bounding with unspeakable merriment over the side of a little hill. This was the only flock of those animals that I saw in Wales.

LETTER X.

I NOW sit down to finish my story; and if any thing in the preceding letters has been said, worth your attention, my reward is more than secured. You may perhaps have frequently felt a disposition to laugh at me for taking notice of things evidently trifling in their nature; but you are not aware that I can shelter myself under the wing of Robinson, who, in writing the history of *One Day*, spoke of 'rousing the girls to milking—hunting up the wheelbarrows—lighting his pipe—feeding the hogs—filling the wooden bottles—cutting thongs for the whips of the plough-boy,' and many other important matters, and for which I have never yet heard that he has been reproached. Had I been sent to view the falls of Niagara, measure the height of the Andes, or discover the source of the Nile, I might have entertained you with descriptions of far greater interest; or had I been called to witness the siege of cities, the death of tyrants, and the wreck of empires, I might then have

astonished you with the relation of mighty achievments, stunned your ears with the sound of battles, and called up all your soul to the contemplation of sublime distress! But milder scenes have opened before us. I have only led your thoughts over the little mountains of South Wales, and bid you listen to the dash of streams. I have, it is true, told you how a parcel of hungry Frenchmen slew a detachment of pigs, and devoured an army of geese, near Fisguard; and how the lads of Newcastle rattle their cudgels at fair-time: but as I was under the necessity of blending these things with the tenderest recitals of love, I presume you saw nothing in them to excite the sensation of terror, or merit the name of destruction! The way in which we have been treading is a lowly one, but covered over, upon the whole, with the flowers of friendship and of peace.

We now passed through a fertile tract of country to Carleon and the New Passage, where my fellow-traveller left me. I intended to stay here all night; but strolling along the barren shore without a companion, and hearing no other sound than the hoarse murmuring of the ebbing tide, or the melancholy screaming of the sea-gul, my spirits were so overwhelmed with despondence, that I was under the necessity of quitting the place. These sudden and almost mysterious transitions of feeling make a part of the constitution of man; but I was never, I believe, so painfully sensible of the circumstance before. Musing a little on the subject, I composed some of the following lines, and have illustrated the idea by a more extended reference to the varied imagery with which nature and imagination so exuberantly supply us. If you think proper, you may call this poetical trifle the

VICISSITUDE.

How variegated is the plan
Of thy brief destiny, O Man!
Mark how the child, with clamorous glee,
Darts from his mother's fostering knee,
Sounds his blythe whistle and his bells,
And gambols o'er the primrose-dells;
Or hies, where 'mid the secret shade,
The bird's green mossy nest is made.
Poor simple boy! how soon the charm
Thy fluttering breast will cease to warm,
And more impassion'd scenes engage
The genius of thy ripening age.
Love, then, disdaining all controul,
Pours wild delirium thro' the soul:
A smile from Sara's sparkling eye,
Lifts thy light spirit to the sky;
But if a frown should harbour there,
It sinks in sorrow and despair!

The dream is fled—and following years
Laugh at his folly and his fears.
Thus life no even tenor knows,
From morn to evening's latest close.
Now fann'd by health's enlivening breeze,
And now the prey of dire disease;
Now cares, like thorns, infest the way,
Or rosy pleasures round him play;
A dreary desert then appears,
Which no meandering fountain cheers.
This past, green vallies open round,
And groves with golden fruitage crown'd:
But soon some heavy hanging steep,
O'er which the steps of danger creep,
Impedes his course. But when he gains
The frightful top, sweet pastoral plains
And mountains melting in the sky
Rush on his keen romantic eye;
And isles which summer-seas invest,
Far in the blue perspective rest;
But hurrying on, the prize to share,
The fairy scene dissolves in air.
Thus mock'd by fancy's flattering art,
His bosom bleeds with torturing smart;

And now he seeks the willowy dell,
Where disappointment loves to dwell;
And where by grot or chrystal stream,
Pursuing nature's simple scheme,
He now resolves in calm repose
His weary pilgrimage to close.
But hark! sweet Hope, the tempter, tries
The magic of her symphonies.
He hears—he starts—and hears again
The soft intoxicating strain,
Quits his design, and flies along,
Blythe as the lark's aspiring song;
Fans the bright flame of new delight,
Aims at the sky—but sinks in night!

And is it thus thy feelings flow,
Prone thus to change in every feature—
Now rapt in bliss—now plung'd in woe?
O thou unsteady foolish creature,
By joy too much elated, and by pain perplex'd,
Pleas'd in a moment—in a moment vex'd!

Arriving once more at Chepstow, I amused myself in the afternoon by walking so far as Piercefield, the seat of Colonel Wood. The house itself is characterised more by an elegant simplicity than by princely magnificence. It is built with a light freestone. The library and dancing-room constitute its two wings. The stair-case is ornamented with four pictures of most exquisite tapestry, the production of a French nunnery; and the other apartments are decorated with furniture, paintings, and statuary, of the most costly and excellent kind. The stile of the building is uncommonly fine, possessing considerable elevation; and it is surrounded with extensive grounds, here rising into gentle swells, and there as gently sloping into vallies. The woods also, and the walks, are disposed in the most fascinating manner; the latter extend several miles, overlooking the Wye and the Severn, with all their diversified scenery.

There is in this neighbourhood an eminence called Wind-Cliff, which I had frequently heard of, and was very anxious to visit. I found my way thither through a plantation of firs that crowns the summit, at the end of which a landscape of such transcendant beauty and magnificence opened before me, as cast a sort of shade on every former scene within my observation. I felt as if I had been conducted to the spot by the hand of some invisible agent, to contemplate the regions of Enchantment or the gardens of Elysium! It embraces a thousand picturesque objects; yet as a whole it is not picturesque, but possesses something of a superior kind, that cannot be easily described. The man of taste would ever gaze upon it with rapture and astonishment; but he would never think for a moment of sketching its likeness on canvas: he knows that his labour would be in vain. The scene is of too variegated, too immense, and too resplendent a character, to receive any just delineation from either the pencil of the painter or the inspiration of the poet.

But might not the proprietor of this imperial domain have built a Temple on Wind-Cliff, consecrating it to the Genius of the place? He might have done so; but in forbearing the attempt, he has done better. The precipice itself is a temple, which the 'worshippers of Nature' will always approach with 'unsandel'd foot,' considering the embellishments of Art as a profanation of her sacred grandeur!

Wind-Cliff, I believe, makes a part of the Piercefield estate, and is about two miles from Chepstow, in the road to Tintern-Abbey.

What now shall I say, to make a final close? Much surely can always be said to a beloved friend; but as I have

already perhaps been guilty of prolixity, I shall not trespass much longer on your time. I have visited a country which I may never see again; and as I was among a people with whom I could not always converse, for want of acquaintance with their language, I was of course deprived of many pleasures; yet upon the whole, I must acknowledge that I was not a little gratified. The different aspect of the country made very different impressions on my mind. Sometimes I was gay and light-hearted, at other times excessively quarrelsome, without striking a blow or saying a word. The long wild hills fatigued me much, and depressed my spirits; but the smooth green vale and the smile of a friend made amends for all.

And now, with all sincerity, I subscribe myself,

Your's, &c.

WILLIAM REED.

POETRY.

SONG.

Set to Music by Mr. G. LANZA.

'MONG those who tread the blooming green
With sprightly foot and cheerful mien,
There's none mine eye hath ever seen,
To be compar'd with Fanny.

Sweet is the golden ray of morn,
And sweet the dew-drop on the thorn,
And sweet the flower that's newly born;
But sweeter far is Fanny.

How fair an image of the dove,
Her soothing voice, her eye of love!
'Tis heaven, descending from above,
To sit and talk with Fanny.

How blest were he who, 'mid the strife
And various ills that vex'd his life,
Could find such virtue in a wife,
As can be found in Fanny!

And when grim death should close his eye,
With so much goodness standing by,
'Twere almost rapture then to die,
Clasp'd in the arms of Fanny.

Had I a monarch's wide domain,
And all that India mines contain,
I'd give them all, this prize to gain,
The lovely charming Fanny!

SUMMER.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. HUGHES.

No more, in stormy chariot wild,
Drear Winter drives along the plain:
The vernal season sweetly smil'd,
And Summer now, so gay and mild,
Leads forth her happy train.

Touch'd by the Sun's creative ray,
With insect-life what swarms are blest,
To haunt the fountain's murmuring way,
Or 'mid the melting ether play,
Till evening's hour of rest!

Sweet is the morning's genial gale,
And sweet the foliage of the grove,
And sweet the view of new-mown vale,
Where cottage-swains rehearse the tale
Of pure ingenuous love.

To please the poet's musing eye
Ten thousand flowery forms appear,
While music warbles round the sky,
To hush the life-consuming sigh,
And soothe his pensive ear.

But one there is, for whom the mead,
With all its flowers, no charm bestow:
His verdant fields are wrapt in shade,
And every bower in ruin laid,
That offer'd sweet repose.

Could HUGHES but dwell near Severn's stream,
Those bowers again might bloom awhile;
The vernal months more gay would seem,
The Summer pour a brighter beam,
And Winter wear a smile.

SONG.

Set to Music by Mr. T. HOWELL.

BENEATH the white thorn in the vale
Young Lucy had tun'd her guitar;
It rung to some sorrowful tale,
Of Edwin who fell in the war.
She sung most enchantingly sweet:
Soft Pity the music inspir'd.
I wish'd her the verse to repeat,
And heard what I so much desir'd.

I griev'd that thus Edwin should die,
From home be consign'd to the grave;
And the tear that rush'd into my eye,
I gave to the tomb of the brave.
But now she had finish'd the strain,
To hymn the sweet sonnet of love,
Compos'd for some favorite swain,
Whose cottage stood fast by the grove,

And as my low cot in the vale
Was built near the wide-spreading tree,
I hop'd that this same little tale
Might have some allusion to me.
With transport I gaz'd on her cheek,
Where the tints of the rose were imprest,
But could not yet venture to speak
Of the passion that glow'd in my breast.

At length, from behind the white thorn
I stept all in view of the fair;
She blush'd like the sweet summer-morn:
I thought it was wrong to despair.
I prest her soft hand—and I prest
The kind maiden my suit to approve;
I obtain'd her consent, and am blest,
Am blest in the cot of the grove.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS ——,

And deposited in the Cage soon after the Death of her favorite Bird.

His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed,
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling.
EDWIN—BEATTIE's MINSTREL.

No more, dear girl! one soaring pinion
Fast 'mid this wiry prison bind;
But wild through Nature's wide dominion,
O let it flutter unconfined,
Dip in the stream, or negligently rove
Through the deep foliage of the mazy grove.

What though with artificial note,
Taught by some flageolet or flute,
The feather'd minstrel swells his throat,
The soft voluptuous mind to suit?
I'd rather hear his gay untutor'd strain
Blithely careering o'er the rural plain.

If charm'd with music's melting power,
Till feeling into rapture swell,
O seek at morning's fragrant hour
The fresh green field, or warbling dell,
Or wood, where Philomel doth all night long
Sing to the Moon her melancholy song!

Then never more one soaring pinion
Fast 'mid this wiry prison bind;
But wild through Nature's wide dominion,
Let it expatiate unconfined,
Skim the blue lake, or negligently rove,
Through the soft foliage of the mazy grove.

THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

Set to Music by Mr. T. Howell.

No more shall Passion lead astray,
With soft seducing art:
I'll crush the tyrant's fatal sway,
And Truth shall form my heart.

Thus the young warrior, clad in arms,
For Britain's honour burns,
Fights 'mid the battle's fierce alarms,
Till victor he returns.

THE ORPHAN-BOY.

My heart bleeds for him. See! along the street
Slowly he wanders now, with hunger wild;
And now he weeps, like poor Misfortune's child,
And plucks the deep thorn from his shoeless feet.

To you, ye Rich! I call; for I am poor,
Else would I screen his cold unshelter'd head;
O smile upon the lad, and give him bread,
Nor send him naked from your wealthy door;
Nor slight the tale pronounc'd with falt'ring breath,
His father in the distant battle fell;
With broken heart his mother sunk in death;
And he was forc'd to leave his native vale,
Forc'd o'er the rugged wilds of life to stray,
With no kind guardian, to point out the way.

THE CHILD's SONG.

To me my dear parents have ever been tender,
And in future I hope still their goodness to prove;
O what in return unto them shall I render,
For the proofs of their generous attachment and love?

When an infant, I call'd forth the whole of their pity:
In the lamb's whitest fleece I was mantled, so warm!
And if ever I whimper'd, they chaunted some ditty,
Till I fell fast asleep on my mother's kind arm.

When the summer-time comes, so gay and inviting,
And the blackbird's fine strains through the woodlands are trill'd,
I am call'd, and they lead me with looks so delighting,
To crop the sweet cowslip that grows in the field!

To the door when the beggar, all ragged, comes knocking,
And fainting with hunger, and shivering with cold,
They say, while for silver the desk is unlocking,
'Tis surely more blessed to give than withhold.

Each morning and night, at my bedside low kneeling,
To the God of all mercy they teach me to pray,
And impress on my mind, with a heart full of feeling,
That wretched are those who from Christ go astray.

Then to me, I will sing, they have ever been tender,
And in future I hope still their goodness to prove;
And while my life lasts, unto them will I render
The tribute of grateful obedience and love.

REFLECTIONS.

Set to Music by Mr. T. Howell.

The moments flew on airy wing,
When round the blest enchanted ring
Of infancy I play'd;
When the green hills I pac'd along,
Blithe as the woodlark's early song,
Soft warbling through the glade.

The sports of day, the games of night,
Alternate brought me new delight,
With every trifling toy;

Young Fancy danced with magic mien,
And painted o'er each rising scene
With tints of golden joy.

O happy hours, and scenes so fair!
How soon ye melted into air,
Like the gay rainbow's form!—
The victim now of Sorrow's dart,
And Disappointment's bleeding smart,
And sport of every storm.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUTHERN BREEZE.

Set to Music by Mr. T. Howell.

O BREATHE once more, soft southern breeze!
And wake my harp's Eolian powers:
Too long you linger 'mong the trees,
Or sleep on beds of violet-flowers.

Hark! the mysterious music moves,
So wildly plaintive, o'er the strings,
Sweet as the bird in myrtle-groves,
Or when some rosy cherub sings!

If tones like these the heart inspire,
Or give the love-lorn spirit ease,
With one bright flash the genius fire,—
O breathe once more, soft southern breeze!

THE MOTHER's ADDRESS TO HER CHILD.

A SONG.

O HUSH, dear boy! that mournful cry;
No moonlight phantoms hither stray.
To chase the tear-drop from thine eye,
I'll sing some wild melodious lay:
Then softly on thy mother's breast,
In rosy slumbers, sink to rest.

Clos'd are the leaves of yon sweet flower,
Which morning's silver light outspread;
The sky-lark nestles in her bower,
The lambkin on his daisied bed:
Then calmly on thy mother's breast,
In rosy slumbers, sink to rest.

The star is up that rules the night,
The glow-worm lights his golden spark;
On leathern wing the bat takes flight,
The owl is screaming through the dark:
Then quickly on thy mother's breast,
In rosy slumbers, sink to rest.

Again O hush that mournful cry,
And Nature's balmy fountain sip!
Chase far the tear that dims thine eye,
And wreathe in smiles that rosy lip:
Then softly on thy mother's breast,
In golden slumbers, sink to rest.

THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

Set to Music by Mr. T. Howell.

These simple flowers, of purple hue,
'Mid Clifton's fairy-landscape grew:
They blossom'd near the rock's grey thorn,
And drank the sparkling drops of morn;
But ere the star of evening rose,
I saw their transient beauties close,
Torn from their lowly native bed,
And all their dewy fragrance fled.

How much, ye lovely heath-born flowers!
Maria's fate resembles yours:
She 'mid the village-garden smil'd,
Bud of the rose, sweet Nature's child—
In youth's soft vernal bloom array'd,
Like you was destin'd soon to fade;
For Sorrow's dark and deepening storm
Press'd to the earth her angel form.

MORNING.

A SONNET.

See! o'er the mountains, like a virgin drest,
The Morning comes, and every green-wood sings!
The wanton zephyrs fan her crimson vest,
And flutter thro' the trees on fragrant wings.

The Sun, half seen, now rising o'er the deep,
Tinges the fleecy clouds with golden beams;
And as beneath the hoary hill I creep,
A mild effulgence round the country gleams.
The soften'd scene with rapture I behold.
Far down the vale I hear the whistling swains;
And now the simple sheep-boy seeks the feld,
To pour his white flocks o'er the dewy plains;
And now the flutt'ring larks with raptures rise,
Bearing their songs of triumph to the skies.

EVENING.

A SONNET.

As now the Sun is trembling o'er the wave,
Mild Evening comes, with her sweet hours of rest,
Sweet to the reeking ox, that patient slave;
Sweet to the swain, with sultry hours opprest.
The cooling dews from heavenly climes descend,
Whilst the gay landscape fades before the eye;
Rocks, hills, and vales, in soft confusion blend,
As Evening throws her mantle round the sky.
The time for toil is past. The groves are mute;
Nor bleating lamb, nor cheerful note I hear,
Save when the distant shepherd's simple flute
O'er the dark mountain soothes the listening ear;
Or when the gentle pinions of the western gale
Conduct the village-chimes across the vale.

WINTER.

A SONNET.

WINTER is come, to desolate the year;
Wrapt in his cloudy vest, along he creeps,
Beneath whose torpid touch Creation weeps,
And all its Eden-prospects disappear.
Hark, how he bellows thro' the mournful wood!
The herds and flocks pour forth a bitter wail;
His looks congeal the streamlets of the vale,
And chain the wild waves of the mountain-flood.
When will the faded landscape smile again?
When will the woodland-hymns our ear salute?
Ah me! the little song-birds now are mute,
Or only chirp a melancholy strain.
The groves are stript; commotion fills the skies,
Whilst the loud whirlwind o'er the mountain flies.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

His curious net a spider wove,
To catch the flies which near might rove,
And hoped a feast to gain.
The dark assassin all the day,
With steady gaze, in ambush lay;
But all his wiles were vain.

At length, grown furious with despair,
He fix'd his threads with nicer care,
And soon success he found:
A little new-born wanton fly
In evil moment flutter'd by,
And in the snare was bound.

The cruel foe, with anger fell,
Dragg'd the poor victim to his cell,
And tore his silken wings.
In vain the fly address'd his pray'r:
The hoary ruffian would not spare
Such undiscerning things.

But ere I close this tragic tale,
Another story I'll reveal;
A story just as true.
From bees and spiders, traps and flies,
I sometimes like to moralize,
Instruction to pursue.

Once I beheld a careless youth,
Far wandering from the path of truth,
With rapture in his eye;
I saw him dance, with hope elate,
Around the tottering verge of fate,
More heedless than the fly.

Whene'er Temptation spread her arms,
He wildly flew to seize the charms,
And cropt the fatal flower;
Whilst, like the spider at his loom,
With hurried hand Death wove his doom,
And stript him of his power.

With doleful scream I heard him cry,
Whilst tears of anguish dimm'd his eye,
Nor shield nor friend could screen.
Wet with the dewy damps of death,
He gasp'd, he struggled now for breath,
And dropt behind the scene.

To you, ye dissolute and gay,
Who cast your few short years away!
With friendly voice I call.
View the gulph!—a moment think!
Then start aghast from ruin's brink,
Ere headlong down you fall!

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

WHERE Wollstonecraft's cold relics lie,
May soft-wing'd breezes, passing by
O'er Death's low mansions fling around perfume!
May Genius bend his honour'd head,
Respectful, o'er her narrow bed;
And there the wild-flower smile in constant bloom.

Vast was her energy of mind;
And few there be of woman-kind,
In power of intellect with her could vie:
For her's was Nature's sterling ore,
And Fancy's fascinating lore,
And boundless thought, that proudly soar'd on high.

What boots it that her genius fired,
Or that Philosophy acquired
For her a seraph's praise, and wide renown?
She climb'd up Wisdom's summit high,
But just to look around, and sigh,
And meet Despair, and feel Misfortune's frown.

Since then nor skill nor genius give
Their blest inheritor to live,
Screen'd from the shafts that wound the feeling soul,
Mine be the virtuous maid sincere,
Who blithely fills an humble sphere,
Though Fame refuse her merits to enroll.

THE PARTERRE.

I RAIS'D a little fairy bower,
And fenc'd it round with care,
And gemm'd it too, with many a flower,
To scent the ambient air.

I plac'd a little elfin there,
The fairest of her kind;
And as her form was passing fair,
As fair believ'd her mind.

I offer'd there, my treasur'd heart,
A tribute at her feet,
Nor sigh'd with liberty to part,
But deem'd such bondage sweet.

And there grew HONESTY around
To shew the heart sincere;
And there the SENSITIVE was found,
And trembled still with fear.

HEART'S EASE there my fancy placed,
And there methought it grew;
And VIOLETS, which my bosom graced,
Brought Constancy to view.

And there the am'rous WOODBINE twined
Around the blushing ROSE—
Such were the scenes that bless'd my mind,
And gave my soul repose.

Oh! yes, it was the sweetest bower
That Fancy ever wove;
And heedless of Misfortune's power,
I liv'd alone to love.

Yet soon the dream was chased away:
Inconstancy appear'd,
And blighted every flower so gay
Which Self-Delusion rear'd.

My VIOLETS, bruis'd, were scatter'd round;
There HONESTY o'erthrown;
There LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING on the ground
And HEART'S EASE trampled down.

The SENSITIVE, Affection's pride,
Beneath a blast so rude,
Shrunk by the deadly NIGHT-SHADE'S side,
From base Ingratitude.

The WOODBINE too was rudely torn
From the fond blushing tree;
Whose flowers all withered—while a THORN
Alone remains for me.

Yes, deep within this injured heart
Lies hid the thorn of Care;
And till with life itself I part,
It still will rankle there.

MARY AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

In the first chapter of Philomellico-Historico, and at the last verse, those who have eyes good enough to see in the dark, may read there words: "And Mary being moved in spirit, said unto "William, remember the nightingale, for he soon cometh to our "borders! And William, bowing his head towards the ground, "said unto Mary, I will remember the nightingale; for he hath "comforted me in the days of old, when deep troubles came "upon me!"

O MARY! when, from climes remote,
The nightingale, with plaintive note,
Shall warble in your native vale,
And you th' auspicious minstrel hail;
Or when amid th' embowering shade,
With hoary moss, the nest is made,
Round which, with fondly fluttering wing,
He prompts the infant-quire to sing,

Or calls them where the silky breeze
Stirs with soft plume the neighbouring trees,
Or with a parent's tender care
Decoys them into fields of air;
When this is seen and this is heard,
O send your humble poet word!
And he, should Health her roses bring,
And o'er his path their fragrance fling,
Will haste, with gay romantic mien,
To Tockingtonia's rural scene,
With thee to range the woodlands round,
And tread as 'twere on fairy-ground;
What time the Moon serenely rolls
Her silver chariot round the poles—
And FANNY too, like sandall'd muse,
Shall brush away the pearly dews,
And seek with us the secret bower,
Hung round with many a glittering flower;
The secret bower where Philomel
His speckled throat delights to swell;
And where entranc'd, we'll linger long,
And praise the songstress and the song.
Then come, sweet bird! from those blest isles,
Where the gay loitering Summer smiles;
Come, and thy choicest strains repeat,
In every grove and green retreat!
O come! and Echo, listening to the sound,
Shall spread the tuneful magic all around!

ON WAR.

O shame to Men! Devil with Devil damn'd,
Firm concord holds. Men only disagree,
Of creatures natural. MILTON.

How long, alas! shall the proud Lord of War
Affright the Earth with his terrific roar—
Urge rudely on his desolating car,
And stain its teeming fields with human gore?

Once Heaven-born Peace her olive-branch display'd,
And breathed rich fragrance from its opening flowers;
Wide empires sat beneath the pleasant shade,
And feast and harp led on the jocund hours.

Green look'd the mountains, towering to the sky,
And harvests rose to cheer the lonely vale;
Contentment then was seen in every eye,
And sounds of pleasure flow'd with every gale.

Fair Commerce smil'd, to see her ample stores,
And to the winds the fluttering sail unfurl'd;
Tempted by golden visions from the shores,
She rode in triumph round the happy world.

But ah! those days are past, unvex'd by care,
When prosperous suns diffused their kindliest rays;
For Discord lifts her lurid torch in air,
And prostrate Europe sickens at the blaze.

Swift o'er the world wild Ruin pours the storm,
And Desolation plows the fertile plains;
Pale Famine stalks about, with haggard form,
And vile Oppression clanks her iron chains.

*Commerce no more unfurls the swelling sail;
No harvests wave beneath the solar beam;
Industry now forsakes the lonely vale,
Where long he whistled to his tinkling team.

O War! infernal War! compar'd to thee,
Earthquakes and storms are ministers of love,
And wasting whirlwinds, sent by Heaven's decree,
Put on the mildness of the turtle-dove.

Ye cruel Despots, at whose dire command
Out flew the monster from his murderous den,
Who bade him sweep, with wild tempestuous hand,
To worlds unknown, the feeble sons of men!

Think on the widow's tear—the mother's wail—
The famish'd orphan, wandering far astray—
The bleeding father, trembling, wild, and pale,
Lur'd from his rural home, to swell the fray.

Stoop down a moment from your air-built tower,
The horrors of this tragic scene to view!
Drunk with ambition—madly pleas'd with power,
Meek Mercy pleads, alas! in vain with you.

* This verse more immediately refers to those parts which have been the seat of war, where the business of agriculture and other useful arts have been suspended, and social enjoyment cut up by the roots.

The hostile shout still rings upon the ear,
And thousands in the field resign their breath.
Turn from the scene! Soft Pity bleeds to hear
The roar of battle, and the groan of death.

But He, before whose awful throne on high,
Rapt in extatic gaze, Archangels fall;
Who wheels the flaming planets round the sky,
Can hush the tumults of this little ball—

Can bring from seeming evil, lasting good;
With rays of light the darkest cave illume;
Can deluge Earth, or stay the whelming flood,
And clothe the barren wilderness in bloom.

Then let us trust in Heaven's Almighty King,
And breathe before his throne the ardent pray'r,
That Peace may spread around her seraph-wing,
And Earth's remotest bounds the blessing share!

LINES

Addressed to a Young Man, on his leaving the Country to engage in business in Town; accompanied with a copy of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.'

To you, my young, my much-respected friend!
I now present what Hope's sweet muse hath penn'd;
Turn then to scan the heavenly-pencil'd page,
That melts to tears or moves with generous rage:

Oh! who can chuse but listen and admire,
When CAMPBELL 'wakes the music of his lyre;
And while you hear him smite th' impassioned strings,
Scorn not the lay an humbler poet sings.

Since Eden witness'd man's unhappy fate,
Ten thousand evils on his footsteps wait.
Once he was blest, and with devout desire,
Held high communion with th' Almighty Sire;
All Paradise was open'd to his view,
Through which he ranged, with raptures ever new,
Lean'd o'er the brook, and mark'd at opening day,
How Nature carol'd from each blooming spray,
And when at night all other sounds were mute,
Heard the soft hymning of the seraph's lute.
O happy man! why leave this blest abode,
The haunt of angels and the seat of God?
Why to these sunny fields and tranquil bowers
Prefer the desert, where the tempest lowers?
Why, when Temptation breath'd her syren strain,
Why did you follow in her fatal train,
Where at her shrine you bow'd the guilty knee,
And, daring, tasted of the sacred tree?
'Twas thus that man transgress'd the law of Heaven,
Call'd down God's wrath, and was from Eden driven,
Doom'd like an outcast o'er the world to roam,
Far from the spot where Peace hath built her home;
Where now for him no Eden pours its bloom,
Nor heavenly vision breaks the midnight gloom—
No seraph's lute soft sounding floats on air,
To charm his griefs and soothe his deep despair:
Care, like a serpent, round his bosom twines,
And Disappointment blasts his fair designs;

The grin of Scorn, the pang of pale Disease,
The fountain of his feelings quickly freeze;
And deep he'd sink 'mid Death's tremendous gloom,
But Hope appears, and triumphs o'er the tomb!

Lo! on the busy world's tempestuous tide,
Your little bark adventurous soon must ride:
Yes! you will quit fair * * * 's flowery vales,
Where welcome smiles and sympathy prevails;
Where round the cottage-door the robin comes,
With blithe petition for his morning-crumbs;
Where the white flocks and lowing cattle stray,
And bask and revel in the noon-tide ray,
Crop the green herb on which the dew distills,
And call the echo from the neighbouring hills.
Say where's the heart that must not inly grieve,
Such lovely, peaceful, healthful scenes to leave?
Where is the eye, by Nature's charms refined,
That would not cast one lingering look behind?
Yes, you would mourn, and drop the parting tear,
Had not sweet Hope thus whisper'd in your ear:
'Fear not, my son! the world's tumultuous deep,
'O'er which your bark is destined soon to sweep:
'Some heavenly power will steer it free from harm,
'Lull the fierce billow, and the tempest charm;
'For you command the gentlest gales to blow,
'That waft to lands where milk and honey flow;
'Where greener fields your raptur'd eye shall meet,
'And fortune lay her treasures at your feet.'
Thus, thus she sings, to tempt you from the shore,
And soothes your mind with visions as before;
And as she holds the golden prize in view,
Oh! may you find at last the story true.

You well remember, when a little boy,
The thoughts of school did all your peace destroy;
You wish'd to range the woods and mountains, free,
And cried and whimper'd on your mother's knee;
And she, with heart affectionate and mild,
Was griev'd to see the sorrows of her child;
Who told of tasks that were to him assign'd,
And other trials of his infant-mind;
Then dwelt again upon the sad review,
Though more than half the tale was not quite true:
Such arts he used, his mother to deceive,
And she was almost ready to believe;
But when he breath'd the supplicating prayer,
The long, warm, frequent holiday to share,
His mournful tale, though eloquent, was vain,
Because restraint inflicted needful pain;
And while she felt what only parents feel,
She knew what balm his bleeding heart would heal,
Wiped the big tear that trickled from his eye,
Produced the earnest-cake of hallow'd-pie.
With promises like these, his courage rose;
This fast to school the youthful champion goes;
Thro' woodland glades, and lanes with sweet-briar lined,
Thinks on his pie, and whistles to the wind.
Thus Hope, sweet Hope, with heavenly smiling eye!
Tends on our youth, nor leaves us till we die;
Turns pain to pleasure, cheers the darkest hours,
And fills our path with sunshine, and with flowers.

LETTERS.

TO MR. ****** * *******.

December 14, 1799.

DEAR SIR,

I INTENDED to visit with you the beautiful ruins of Tintern Abbey, but must deny myself the pleasure for some time yet, as the season of the year is putting on a most unjoyous aspect:

> " See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
> Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
> Vapours, and clouds, and storms."

When therefore this desolating tyrant shall have exhausted his bitterness and rage upon us, and the lovely Spring shall make her appearance, clothed with etherial mildness, decking the earth with flowers, and filling the woodlands with melody, I may once more commit myself to the mercy of the Severn, and see you in Chepstow; till then I wish you

Health, Peace, and Prosperity!

TO THE SAME.

Thornbury, March 20, 1801.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE sent you the Fast-Day lines which you expressed a wish to see, and a Poem entitled The Dutiful Child, which perhaps is the best of my poetical productions. I myself am desirous of setting some value upon it, as it brings to our recollection the happy days of childhood, it may be the happiest that we are destined to know in this world, but which will never return. Yes! they were days of merriment, hilarity, and peace. I composed this little song but a few days before I saw you last.

I have also sent for your perusal two volumes of Poems, with which I think you will be much pleased. The Prefaces of the one, and the Biographical Sketch in the other, are particularly interesting. The keen, satirical, and celebrated Letters of Junius, you will also find in the box, and are well worth your attention.

I intend coming to you, when the Genius of the Severn will permit me to cross and recross on the same day. Perhaps I shall accomplish this journey in about a month or six weeks, when the Spring will be putting forth its beauties on every side.

My respects to Mrs. P——, and to little Tom, if he be there. So fare you well!

TO MR. ***** *****.

Thornbury, February 1802.

DEAR *****,

You asked me to write. I said, furnish me with a subject! You then told me to look around. This was certainly proper, because we are environed with a multitude of objects, that are perpetually soliciting the attention of our senses. Above us are the blue Heavens, with all their retinue of suns and stars—then, there is the green Earth, embroidered with flowers and variegated with all the foliage of the seasons. Now, he must be dull indeed, and devoid of common ingenuity, who could not from such a collection of beauty derive both instruction and pleasure, and find a sufficient quantity of materials to form a letter or an essay. But one of our poets has told us, that

The proper study of mankind is man,

And I think you will confess that the sentiment is correct. The book of human nature is always unfolding to our view sketches of character, which we shall do well to investigate with all the acuteness we possess. Such a perusal will be interesting in the extreme. All the passions will be awakened and called into vigorous exercise, and the mind receive new accessions of useful and important knowledge. The contents of one page will excite our admiration—that of the following kindle our resentment. Here we shall behold much to pity—there, much to condemn. it is by the study of mankind that we become acquainted

with ourselves: it furnishes us with the history of our own feelings, makes us acquainted with the extent of our charities, the strength of our attachments, and the purity of our principles. I have frequently thought that there is nothing within the whole compass of human insignificance and folly, from which we may not learn something, and in the course of our pursuits, turn it to our advantage. As a confirmation of this statement, I present you with the following picture, and ridiculously grotesque as it is, I take it from real life, for it has lately fallen under my own observation.

Cleocinda, a beautiful young lady, of respectable connexions, received the addresses of Alcander with the utmost apparent satisfaction. He was young, his person interesting, and his mind stored with all the treasures of virtue and knowledge. The day was appointed to crown their wishes and consummate their felicity. Alcander was affectionate and sincere, but he was not rich. Before the time selected for the solemnization of their nuptials had arrived, Sir Robert Scaramouch, who had never seen Cleocinda but once before, drove up to the door of her father's house in his chariot. He soon made known to the family the purport of his visit, and offered his hand to Cleocinda; which, in spite of all the remonstrances of her father, and the sacredness of prior engagements, was accepted. Sir Robert was old—his complexion tawny, and his whole figure dwarfish and contemptible in the extreme. But

" His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse!"

Some time has now elapsed since their marriage; and Cleocinda was lately heard to say, that in consequence of her not being likely to have any child, she was the most miserable creature in existence. Cleocinda has affections, but they are estranged from her husband; for he has long become insufferable to her. Wherever there are affections, they will be looking out for some object to rest upon; and to this remark the conduct of Cleocinda has lately borne testimony; for having grown melancholy at the remembrance of her situation, she was seized with the romantic idea of falling in love with her neighbour's *White Cat.* The cat was therefore purchased at a most exorbitant price, and no longer permitted to engage in the vulgar business of catching mice. She was now brought into the parlour, nursed upon the cushion of the sofa, and treated by her mistress with all the expressions of the most tender solicitude. "Sweet Priscilla!" would she cry (for that was the name the lady gave to her new favourite) "how beautiful, how lovely! what symmetry in thy form! what grace in thy motions!" and then, again and again would she press Priscilla to her bosom, with the most enthusiastic ardour. Cleocinda's felicity, in imagination, was almost complete; but, alas! how short and visionary are all earthly enjoyments! The red meteor of night sweeps not with greater rapidity along the sky, than the pleasures of this world fade and pass away! Poor Scaramouch beheld the progress of this cattish attachment with a jealous eye, and finding himself of no importance in the scale, would often pace the room with a mind given up to the most unquiet reflections. Sometimes he would stamp, rave and swear, and even threaten the very existence of the beautiful Priscilla. Cleocinda grew pale with terror at these expres-

sions of resentment, and to save her beloved object from the storm that was preparing to burst, sent her away to the next village, with the following note:

TO MRS. A.

"As cruel necessity compels me to send from home my dear favourite Cat, you will lay me under infinite obligations, by affording her all the protection in your power. She is one of the most fascinating objects in nature! and as she has always been treated by me with the most *studied politeness*, and accustomed to hear nothing but the most soft and gentle things! she will expect the same from you, till circumstances be so adjusted, that I may receive her once more with safety to herself and with happiness to my own feelings; which I hope will soon be the case; and give me leave meanwhile to inform you, that I will most amply reward you for these your attentions. Your's, &c. CLEOCINDA."

After this prudent arrangement, things were expected to take a more prosperous turn; but while the unfortunate lady was dreaming of success, information was brought, before three days had elapsed, that her beloved Priscilla had forsaken her new lodgings, and could no where be found. One of the neighbours, it seems, saw her the night before, in company with a *Black Cat;* and much has been said by some, about seduction, stratagems, and plots, to the great disparagement of his character; while others, for the sake of thinking at all, have thought more favourably. But whether they are gone to Gretna Green, to be married, or whether the object of their elopement be of a less justifiable nature, no one can tell. It is not easy, however, to conceive what an impression this news made on the delicate sensibilities of Cleocinda. For a considerable time her whole frame was motionless with horror, except her tongue; which, notwithstanding her paralyzed situation, was yet able, by fits and starts, to pour a whole torrent

of reproach on the unparalleled cruelty of her husband. After the violence of this unexpected calamity had a little subsided, messengers were dispatched in every direction, in quest of this dearest idol of her affections; but, like the messengers of Job, they all returned with evil tidings. Splendid rewards were now offered, and fresh search made, but with the like success. Mrs. A. was threatened with vengeance for neglecting her charge. As all these efforts, however, were attended with the most cruel disappointment, Cleocinda determined to make one grand trial herself, and regularly for this purpose hastened to the village every day for the space of three weeks; during which period, every hay-loft, and every corner, was examined with the most scrupulous exactness. Emerging from these disagreeable retreats, she would wander the streets, stopping every body she met, and confounding them with the number of her enquiries. Now she would shed tears—then, with a certain wildness in her manner, walk a few paces—then stop again, seemingly to muse and ponder on the gloomy prospects that were gathering around her. Obtaining, however, no satisfactory intelligence respecting the object of her pursuit, and completely exhausted with the toil of her exertions, she has given up all for lost, and, as the neighbours say, has made a vow never to see any more company, but bury herself amidst the solitude of the fields and the woods, where, unobserved by the frivolous world, she may indulge her sorrows, and write elegies, lamentations and epitaphs, to rescue the memory of her Priscilla from the oblivion of future generations!

Now, my dear Sir! every story should have a moral. I shall extract one from the tale of Cleocinda, and direct

its application to *you*. Prudence, coinciding with inclination, may perhaps induce you soon to select a partner for life; and in the course of your search, your senses will be attracted by a variety of fine articles, such as rouge, perfumes, ribbons, and rings. Now, a wise man will not severely condemn these baubles, neither will he suffer his eyes to be dazzled by them. As they possess no power to augment the felicities of domestic life, he will search for more substantial qualifications. He will penetrate beyond the surface—will look into the mind, and make himself acquainted with the character, the sentiments and the habits of her with whom he is to associate for life. You, my friend! must do likewise; else your happiest hopes will terminate in the bitterest disappointment. You must not fall in love with a lady at first sight: No! you will enter into her father's house, and if you find there more pretty little dogs and cats than are just necessary to bark at the robber and catch the mice, you may suspect that all is not right; and I would advise you not to make your selection there, but pass on in quest of intellect and of virtue; for it would be one of the most terrible misfortunes that could befal you, should you be so unhappy as to realize in the person of a Pompey or a Priscilla, a rival in the affections of your wife!

Your's, &c.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

Thornbury, June 5 [1802.]

DEAR SIR,

As a young Lady wishes to give my Gleanings a perusal, I am under the necessity of troubling you for the return (I think it is) of the third volume, which you have, when convenient. I am very sorry to vex you thus, but who can resist what is irresistible, the importunities of a lady? You need not hurry yourself, however, in this case, although the impatience of the fair sex is every where proverbial.

A very sensible friend of mine, well acquainted with the late political revolutions in France, is exceedingly desirous of having more correct information respecting the Religion of the French people. The accounts which he has read of it, he says, have been very few and very little to the purpose, if not contradictory. Those persons whom he has seen, that have visited France, can give him no account at all! Travellers in general care but little about religion: they fly, not on the wings of Devotion, but of Pleasure. They go to see the Opera, the dancing, the fashions, the pictures, the statues, the mummies, the ladies, and the great man riding on his great horse; and return again, not like the bee, laden with honied spoils, but like the drone, attracting our notice only by their idle parade and buzzing insignificance. Your clerical relation, Mr. George Jenner, must have had higher objects in view—must have been inspired with a 'nobler rage,' when he visited Paris. Religion, whether it be

found amid the solitudes of a desert or in the populous city, whether its altars are approached by the stupid Hottentot or the enlightened philosopher, is, as it sets human nature in a dignified attitude, always an interesting spectacle; but I think more especially so in these times; when the world, through the uproar and confusion of its political elements, threatens it with total abolition. Religion is natural to man: it has survived every shock; there is a sort of omnipotence in its principle and operations; and though a few daring spirits may of late have attempted to destroy it, its impression was too mighty to be overthrown, and the French people still have a religion.

What is that religion?

Is it established by law?

How is it supported—by tithes, or otherwise?

Are the priests as numerous as they were under the old government?

Must they observe celibacy?

Are the people allowed to follow what religion they please, as in England?

If the religion be Roman Catholic, who is acknowledged as its head, Jesus Christ, the Pope, or Buonaparte?

The above questions Mr. George Jenner would be as likely to answer as any man whom I know, having been on the spot where the subject must have obtruded itself upon his attention; and as you see him often, you will greatly oblige me by sending the necessary information.

Mr. S—— told me that I might consider you as a purchaser of a book of which I desired him to speak to you. I shall therefore procure a copy for you. It is written by a particular friend of mine, whose sentiments on some subjects perhaps may differ from your own; but if you expect a singularly original manner of thinking, and a

style ornamented with all the beauties and graces of which our language is susceptible, I think you will not be disappointed. I should have written to you before now, but have lately been overwhelmed with an affliction, as disastrous as any that could possibly happen to me.

Your's, &c.

TO MISS *** *******.

Thursday Morning.

I HAD much wished to see Miss *******, with a view to inform her of Foster's publication; knowing that its perusal, to a person of her taste and sense, must be a gratification of no common order; and I intended some few weeks ago to send it, merely for the purpose of her reading but was prevented by the consideration, that as she was then surrounded by her friends, it might interfere with the exercise of her affections.

I have been anxious to extend the sale of these Essays, because by so doing I benefit one of the best, one of the cleverest, though one of the most unfortunate men whom I know. If there is any fault in the book, it is in the sentences being of too classical a structure; but the few difficulties of this sort that may present themselves, I am persuaded will vanish on a second perusal. Though this is the first specimen of Foster's authorship, and though he is as little known as almost any man in the world, the book has already had an uncommon circulation.

Mr. Hall says, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, that 'if this work does not sell rapidly, it will be a greater satire on our country than Swift ever invented;' and that he is 'surprised even to extacy, to think that human nature is endowed with so much genius.' These are extravagant encomiums, I confess; but they are highly gratifying to me, as they coincide so well with my own sentiments; and though I am well persuaded that the partialities of friendship may frequently induce an obliquity of judgment, in the present case I have no doubt but that Foster will survive all the shock and storms which rage with so much fury in the critical hemisphere, and which have overwhelmed many a respectable adventurer in the deep. If mighty masses of thought—great knowledge of human nature—luminous reasoning—striking imagery—felicitous allusion—rational piety, and the splendid embellishments of fancy, are qualities essential to a good writer, the victory I think is gained. I have some small objection to his stile: in some places it is obscure; but this obscurity a little attention will dissipate. I however could wish that the fine flowing grace and beauty of Cicero, the impetuosity and fire of Demosthenes, and the fascinating simplicity of Dr. Franklin, had been combined, because I know Foster is able to command such a combination. In a future book he will improve. Meanwhile I am thankful for this; because, in passing through it, I have been sensible to a luxury of feeling, equal, if not quite analagous, to that which is felt in passing through the vales, and groves, and solitudes of a terrestrial Paradise. Miss ********, however, must read for herself; and I will only add one thing more: if I shall be so happy as to be informed that her opinion coincides with my own, this Paradise will put on a brighter verdure, and a more interesting bloom.

TO MISS **** ********.

I HAVE been pleased with some of the Conversations, and greatly pleased with the Poetry interspersed amongst them. The poem on The Bee, which your little niece repeated, has the pre-eminence in point of beauty, in my opinion, to them all. But it would be wrong if I were not to say that it received many additional beauties from her manner of reciting it. She is a very enchantress! It is a good thing that I am not her father: I should use her so ill, if I were: I should idolize her, most certainly.

The Camoen-Strangford Poems are very elegant effusions of the amatory muse; but this species of poetry has but little power to interest my attention. Why it should have lost its magic I do not know. It is not because I am either *insensible* or *splenetic;* and if it be not that I am at so great a remove from the gay enthusiasm of eighteen, and therefore less intoxicated with human existance than that age is, I cannot so much as form a conjecture of the reason.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

Jan. 2, 1804.

THE book which you were so kind as to lend me, I take this opportunity of returning, with the sincerest acknowledgments for the loan. He who could read

such a work without being either entertained or instructed, must be a dolt of the most consummate character. Johnson, most certainly, was a king in literature, and could wield the sceptre of criticism in a most dexterous and imperial manner. I cannot however but think, that if he had omitted some of the smaller names, and supplied that omission by inserting those of Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, the work would have been more perfect, without being more voluminous. I exceedingly regret this circumstance, and am at a loss to account for his passing over in silence the achievements of men of such illustrious memory.

I am, with all respect, yours, &c.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

Saturday, March 31, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN your books with many thanks. I have received much entertainment, and I hope some little improvement, in their perusal. I had long wished to see the treatise on the Cuckoo. It is a most ingenious performance; and, independently of the illustrious name* attached thereto (which ought never to be mentioned but with admiring gratitude and the most animated esteem) forms a most brilliant page in the volume of our Natural History.

* Dr. JENNER.

TO * * * *.

Thursday Morning, March 19, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to deprive myself of the pleasure of your Concert this evening; but I have an engagement every Tuesday night at Thornbury; and last Tuesday I broke it, in consequence of being in Bristol; so that I cannot this evening very agreeably repeat the violation. And on Thursday night also I decline accepting your favour; but lest you should accuse me of inattention to your kindness, I offer my reasons. Were I to come, I must either be a mere spectator, which would be very awkward; or play at cards without knowing how, which would be very foolish; or dance without understanding a single caper, which would be very ungraceful; or kiss the ladies, which, for want of practice, would be performed in so bungling a manner, as to excite the ridicule and laughter of the whole company.

You see then, my good Sir! my talent does not lie this way. When I was a young man (but the grey hair that hangs on my head tells me I am not so now), I was *mainly* fond of cards, and dancing, and kissing; and kissing in those days was *profoundly* in fashion, as I well remember—and, as we live in a very scientific age, I should not wonder if this art, as well as all others, had undergone many alterations and improvements, and of which, for want of paying due attention thereto, I must confess myself entirely ignorant. I should therefore,

Sir! at the present day, be at an entire loss to know how this sacred rite ought to be administered; whether on the right cheek or on the left—or whether, to be completely accurate, it would not be proper to do it on both —or whether, to use a musical phrase, it ought to be performed in the *fortissimo* or the *pianissimo* manner, that is, when translated into plain English, as loud as the crack of a coachman's whip, or soft as the sigh of a dying zephyr. But it were idle to multiply words. The unhappy peculiarity of my situation is manifest enough, and is the foundation on which I beg to be excused. Yet, all joking apart, you will believe me when I say, that your generous invitation and politeness affect me very sincerely, and deserve a more animated eulogium than it is in the power of my heart to express.

Yours, &c.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

Saturday Night, June 7th.

We musical loggerheads, whose names are underwritten;

Edward Pierce,
John Shepherd,
Thomas Adams,
John Player, and
William Reed;

Intend meeting at Mrs. T——'s on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of making a melodious uproar; and

if you should be in this neighbourhood, I hope you will do us the honour of being present.

By the bye, loggerheads as we unquestionably are, our names are of a musical character, or nearly allied to it, and might be used with some propriety in the construction of a musical sentence. The sentence might run thus.

Adam's first and favourite instrument in Paradise was the oaten *Reed,* upon which he was so skilful a *Player,* as to *Pierce* the heart with the tenderest feelings of rapture, while he reposed beneath the shade of the cedar, or wandered to the pasture with his sheep, like a *Shepherd.*

This is certainly a play upon words; but nevertheless I think it would be uncommonly difficult to find an equal number of men meeting for the same purpose, whose names would answer such a particular appropriation so well.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

July 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE this opportunity of returning your Sermon, begging your pardon for keeping it so long. A bad cold was the cause of this detention. I have just given it a second perusal, and pronounce it a most excellent performance. It has a claim on my admiration upon two accounts—first, as it contains principles of universal importance and application; and secondly, as it exhibits

an animated eulogium on the order of Masonry, of which you are now the disciple. You are proud of being a mason; and the masons ought to be proud of having you for their orator.

Yours, &c.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM DAVIES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I now return your manuscripts, with which I have been greatly amused, and more particularly with the little piece of Fosbrooke. He seems capable of any exploit in the field of poesy. I have seen, by your means I believe, a long poem of his, in the stanza of Spenser, a performance of great ingenuity; but the subject is too much enveloped in the mist of 'hoar antiquity,' to give general pleasure. I want him therefore to write a poem that will; such as Beattie's Minstrel, or Thomson's Castle of Indolence, in the very same stanza; for I like it better than any other. Let him quit the gloomy caverns of monks and nuns, and open his mind to all the beauties and inspirations of Nature. Let him brush the dews from the summit of the vernal mountains, range through the melodious woodlands, stretch himself on a bank of violets, and listen to the murmurs of a neighbouring stream. Let him enter the village, sympathise with the unfortunate, dance with the gay, and instruct the ignorant by some simple but pathetic tale. Let him paint the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the occupations and manners, of rural life. Let him do this, and

he shall have our blessing. I wish he would take a subject of this sort into consideration: he is more than competent to it. Country scenes and country manners will always exist; and a description of them must always please. A good poem therefore, built on such a foundation, will interest and delight all generations. Burns's Cotter's Saturday-Night, though consisting of but a few stanzas, would have been sufficient, had he written nothing else, to immortalize his name.

Yours, sincerely.

TO MR. ****** *******.

Thornbury, July 30, 1806.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your friendly letter, and as you say a line by the post will not be unacceptable, I sit down to thank you for your kind invitation. I should be happy to make an excursion to Chepstow, and sail with you once more on the 'sylvan Wye;' for nothing can be more delightful than the variegated scenery of its woods, and the sound of the echoes vibrating among the rocks. The grounds, the walks, the groves, and the views of Piercefield, are still recollected by me with no common feelings of pleasure; and the beauty, variety, and extent of the prospect that opens to the eye on the summit of Wind-Cliff, make me anxious to behold the sight a second time; a sight which, though many years have

passed away since I witnessed it, is still in my remembrance, gilded over with all the splendours of enchantment. The great tree, or vegetable rock, or Emperor of the Oaks (if you please), before which you and I bowed with a sort of reverence in the fields of Tintern, and which for so many ages has borne all the blasts and bolts of Heaven, I should deem it a gratification of a superior kind, to approach again with 'unsandel'd foot,' to pay the same homage, and to kindle with the same devotion. ——But I should find amidst the magnificent ruins of the adjoining Abbey, something of a sublimer cast, to interest and give poignancy to my feelings. I must be alone. My mind must be calm and pensive. It must be midnight. The Moon, half-veiled in clouds, must be just emerging from behind the neighbouring hills. All must be silent, except the wind, gently rushing among the ivy of the ruin—the river, lulling, by its faint murmurings, its guardian genius to repose, and the owl, whose funereal shriek would sometimes die along the walls in mysterious echoes. I should then invoke the ghosts of the Abbey; and Fancy, with one stroke of her magic wand, would rouse them from their dusty beds, and lead them into the centre of the ruin. I should approach these shadowy existences with reverence, make enquiries respecting the customs, and manners, and genius, and fate of Antiquity—desire to have a glimpse of the destiny of future ages, and enter upon conversations which (I entreat your excuse for mentioning it) would be too sacred and even dangerous to communicate.

But why, then, you will say, do you not cross the Severn and repeat these pleasures? The reason is, that as my health is still bad, I am trying medical advice, and

wish to give it a fair trial. I have no great opinion, however, of medicine. The famous Dr. Parry, of Bath, has recommended in a case similar to mine, exercise alone. Ever since I heard this, I have been wishing for a farm, that would just enable me to keep a few sheep and cows, and a little doggerel kind of horse, to canter me through the fields and to market; or a donkey, if he would roar sometimes, and put on a mettlesome spirit, would set bounds to the utmost extravagance of my ambition.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. O———'s external man decays most certainly, but his internal man is as strong and as intelligent as ever; and when Providence shall take him away, I am snre we shall never look upon his like again.

Yours affectionately, &c.

TO * * * *

As I was returning from Bristol to Thornbury, on the evening of August 31st, 1808, being overtaken in the rain, I rode amongst a clump of trees at Ridgeway, for shelter. I remained there about a quarter of an hour, and on my emerging from this umbrageous retreat, I perceived a light streak on the horizon, and what at the first glance I supposed to be a column of smoke ascending from a chimney of one of the adjoining cottages. But being now entirely free from the interposing skreen

of the trees, I found that what I had mistaken for a column of smoke, was a perfect Iris Lunaris, or Moonlight Rainbow. As I had never seen or heard of such a phenomenon before, I was greatly surprised and delighted with the appearance; and under these circumstances, it had all the novelty of a vision seen only amidst the shadowy magnificence and works of fairy-land. The Sun had been down nearly an hour, and the Moon was rising amongst the clouds, in the most beautiful and picturesque manner. There were none of the fine prismatic tints about this rainbow which form the Iris Solaris, nor any colour whatever, unless the faint light blue, resembling the smoke of a cottage-fire, deserve that denomination. I have since read that the Iris-Lunaris sometimes exhibits all the hues of the Solar Rainbow, only of a somewhat less brilliant character. The same account* says, that Aristotle is supposed to have been the first observer of it; that he saw only two in the space of fifty years, and that they are indications of tempestuous weather. I viewed this beautiful meteor while it lasted (which was about twenty minutes) in company with some labouring men, who were crossing the road at the same time; when it almost suddenly vanished, and nothing was seen but the dark mass of shade on which it had been delineated with so much correctness and elegance.

* New Annual Register, 1783.

TO **** *******.

December 21, 1808.

I HASTEN to return these volumes, in mercy to your friends; who peradventure might die with expectation, were I to withhold them any longer. Expectation is a disease as bad as any, and sometimes more fatal in its consequences. So you see I know how to sympathise with suffering humanity, having for a great number of years been afflicted with the same incurable distemper. Some other time, when perhaps you may have Raymond's edition of the Poems of the same unhappy author, I may beg the loan of the whole together, as I scarcely reckon any thing on the present perusal, it being performed in so hurried a manner; and I like as little to read as to run myself out of breath.

I had better inform you of a truth at once, perhaps, than conceal it any longer. My progress through a book, then, very much resembles the movements of a snail, when on an April morning he sallies forth from his hole, with all his household furniture on his shoulders. He now advances a little way, then turns back to repose on some green leaf, or some beautiful blossom; then he proceeds once more; but he is soon tempted by these vernal delicacies to indulge in the same retrogade perambulations and the same zig-zag pursuits, making it evident that he cannot quickly get to the end of his journey. Other readers again, like a young flea, hop and skip, and get even to the very Amen of the whole, while a common plodding fellow is spelling over the title-page, and wondering at the meaning of its outlandish

motto; and what is so miraculously strange, and excites my wonderment so much, is, that when you converse with them on the subject, they appear to know the whole contents of the performance! I admire the penetrating force of such minds. They accomplish their purposes by a kind of intellectual sorcery, the secrets of which must not be made known; and if they could, would not be comprehended by mortals made of common clay. I am only sorry to remark that such common clay runs through the whole lump of my composition, and that my genius, when compared to that of such persons, is, to use a geographical expression, a perfect antipode. When therefore, with my small faculties, I take a book in hand, with a view to pick its bones and suck its marrow, I must be content to follow the example of my sober friend and worthy cousin, the snail; who, notwithstanding the slug-gish nature of his motions, and apparent dulness of his character, is according to some, the very paragon of deliberation, and the essense of sound philosophy!

All these sapient and right excellent reflections (worthy to be bound up with the inspirations of Tom Thumb, or engraven on the margin of a pewter platter) all these things I say, do I cast with due submission at your feet; desiring thereby to let you better into the light of my particular habits, that you might enlarge the sphere of your indulgence, whenever you shall be pleased to lend me books in future.

I could write much on the subject of poor Dermody. But we will converse upon it when next we meet. He was assuredly a most sad dog; but that person must have a heart 'hard and alien to humanity,' who could read his history without being affected to tears. That

so fine a genius should be united to so wretched a character, and—But stop, my pen! it is time to stop, when the ink, the only blood thou hast, freezes within thee.

Dermody's volumes, however, will be a valuable accession to your library, as they will always have the power, not only to excite your admiration, but to interest your affections.

TO **** *******.

Tuesday Morning.

I WAS at Dr. Jenner's yesterday, and found on a piece of paper the following lines. There were two others in conclusion, but they were torn off, and lost. They are a beautiful fragment, and were written by Mr. Worgan, the young man of whom I was speaking to you, a little before he left Dr. Jenner's to go home and die. His posthumous writings are preparing for the press, which you will no doubt make your own, as they will assort so well with those of Smith and Chatterton, White and Dermody—Alas! and wail a day!

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Sweet poet of the mead, whose artless muse,
To Virtue sacred, and to Genius dear,
Robed the bright landscape in unfading hues,
And sang the beauties of the varying year!

Long as the wild thrush carols thro' the wood,
Long as the pansy decks the tufted lea,
So long thy strains shall charm the wise and good,
And Glory twine her fairest wreathes for thee—

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

You will do me a favour if you will call on Mrs. S——, and tell her, I intend coming to see her children on Friday, after dinner. I shall be there about two o'clock perhaps; and she will have the goodness to tell Mrs. H—— to meet me there with her children, at the same time. If you can persuade any more of the little unvaccinated village-ragamuffins to meet me there likewise, you shall have the praises of Vaccina—you shall be deemed worthy to occupy a niche in her temple. I can tell Dr. Jenner to secure a place of that sort for you, as I know very well that you would make two excellent marble statues.

TO * * *

The Welsh Estate has undergone a considerable metamorphosis since you saw it. I have added many things, and omitted others, with a view to give more beauty and a better culture to the premises. How well I have succeeded, I do not know: but I do know, that if I were to write another edition, I would give it a still more considerable improvement. Some few lines of the

'Vicissitude' belonging to a smaller performance, which you may have seen before, but which, with the whole cargo of my poetical nothings, went to the bottom some time ago, as you have been told.

I hope you will not forget to press the young poet we saw at your house, to write an elegy on the death of your canary-bird. He seems to have an exuberant imagination, together with an obsequious docility of disposition; and it would be curious to know how they would be employed on so pathetic and interesting a subject. He will scorn, I know, to imitate common versifiers, who write to be understood, but will move in a sphere entirely his own. Should he soar to some very sublime height, and become entirely incomprehensible, it will be so much the better; for folly, when it becomes extravagantly foolish, possesses a faculty to entertain which common sense can make no pretensions to. He would compose any thing, no doubt, at your bidding; and a volume of such divine musings would be a valuable acquisition to the library of any virtuoso.

Yours, &c.

TO **** ******.

MY SWEET LITTLE ROGUE!

THIS probably is the last specimen of my penmanship which you will ever be at the trouble of reading. Perhaps

too, I may never, at least not soon, see you again. I am much in your debt. I have occasionally met you at your brother's, who is one of the best fellows in England; where you have shewn me a kindness and a good nature, which I shall always think of with the most animated esteem. But I am much more in F****'s debt than in thine; and what is worse than all, neither of you will ever be paid. I however have honesty enough to acknowledge it; and if I cannot make my accounts good with you, 'tis not for want of will, but want of power.'——My future fortunes are covered with a darkness that I cannot penetrate; and where the bounds of my habitation will be fixed, or whether I shall ever have any habitation, Heaven only knows. I think sometimes of London, and then of Thornbury, without being able to assign any reason for the choice. 'Tis no matter. But I am heartily sick of the world; and if I had, as one of our inspired poets says, 'the wings of a dove, I then would flee away and be at rest.' I desire however to say, that no circumstance shall ever be able to extinguish those recollections which are due to the generous friendship I have always found at E * *.———The lines I have sent were written some years ago. Jenner used to force all the ladies he could lay his hands upon into the shop, to read them; when some debates and some fun used to follow. I have given F**** the lines on the unfortunate M. W. She is better acquainted with her character and misfortunes than yourself, and for that reason they are her's.———I shall now, my good girl! bid, thee farewell; but before I do so, shall offer up a most *serious prayer* for thy happiness and welfare.———O all ye Powers that preside over the destinies of men, wherever it is that ye dwell, whether in the Dog-Star, or in the Moon, or a thousand miles beyond

the Moon! listen, I beseech you, to my devout supplications. Give, O give, I intreat you, to this excellent girl, the best understanding and the best heart ye have to bestow. And when she walketh out into the fields for the purpose of religious meditation, cause the light of two Suns to shine upon her; and the violet, the cowslip, and the primrose, to spring up around her footsteps, perfuming the air with all the odours of Paradise. And O! to crown all, and complete her felicity, grant her, I beseech you, and very soon too, a smart, straight-buttoned, good-natured young fellow, for a husband—a man that weareth a three-cornered hat, and whose principal business shall be to guide his beloved safely amid the slippery paths of life; and to keep her very shadow out of harm's way. As I can think of no greater blessings, my supplication endeth here. Amen.——— And now, ****, farewell!

TO MR. ADRIAN STOKES.

Dublin, Nov. 25th, 1810.

DEAR STOKES,

You sent me a very friendly and a very whimsical letter when I was in Bristol, which I did not answer. I was then about quitting the country for Jersey and Guernsey, but was disappointed; and so I stepped into the 'Gulf of Paria,' a fine-sailing vessel, bound for Cork.——— Ireland, with its highly diversified scenery, for some

weeks, presented me with a thousand innocent and agreeable pleasures, and would have presented me with a thousand more, if illness had not thrown a cloud over my imagination, and rendered my mind unsusceptible of any enjoyment whatever. Some of the circumstances that led to this unfortunate event are already known to you, so that I need not recapitulate them in this place.

I have now been in Dublin a fortnight. My health is somewhat better than it was, but still very far from what I could wish it to be. I do however most sincerely believe, that the Almighty intends our profit by these chastisements; that he makes use of them to convince us of our frailty, to excite in our minds a spark and a flame of devotion, and to rouse into action all the energies of the soul, to lay hold on eternal life. And viewing the subject in this way, I have, I think, a thousand times at midnight, and at all other times of the night, when I have found it impossible to take a moment's sleep, and when I have had for my companion only a poor solitary candle, been enabled to exclaim, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' And I do hope that these feelings and sentiments will be so deeply written on my mind, as that life, with all its train of shadows, pageantry, and variegated events, shall never have the power to obliterate them.

After having been stunned by the eternal gibberish of the Irish language in the country places, I seem to be again in England, now that I am in the Hibernian metropolis; where the native dialect is entirely unspoken, and where you will find as good English as in London itself. Dublin is certainly the finest city I was ever in, except London; and in some respects, it is superior to that place. It is superior to London in the elegance and

splendour of its public buildings. The Custom-House, the College, the Four Courts, and, above all, what before the Union was the Parliament-House, but what is now the Bank of Ireland, would have been ornaments to Athens or Palmyra, in the highest zenith of their magnificence and glory. The population of this city is said to exceed two hundred thousand souls. This I think is an over-ratement. It is, however, very considerable; and the inhabitants are as gay, and as fashionable, as witty, and as wild, as any you will meet with in the united empire.

Your's, affectionately, &c.

TO **** *******.

Bristol, Feb. 7th, 1813.

I AM so unfortunate at present as to be under the necessity of making use of other people's eyes and hands, whenever I am impelled either by inclination or otherwise to write to my friends. I have been a close prisoner the whole of this melancholy winter, deprived of the use of my limbs by the rheumatic gout, or something very similar to it; and in consequence of this confinement and want of exercise, my whole constitution has received a violent shock, and particularly injured my organs of vision. This distresses me more than all the rest.

I have read a great many interesting books this winter; the last of which was the Tragedies of Sophocles, the Shakespeare of Ancient Greece. I rose one morning earlier than usual, intending to finish the book that day; but on taking it in my hands, was painfully alarmed at finding a mist hanging on the page, which my spectacles had no power to disperse. This is about a month ago, and no alteration has yet taken place for the better. If my sight should continue thus, I shall be entirely ruined as a literary projector, and as a correspondent. The elements of my being, I think, must have been very ill assorted and put together, at the beginning; but there is no help for it now. If by thrusting the constitution, like an old rusty nail, into the fire, it could be made new, I would rush, like a salamander, into the flames, and cheerfully submit to the necessary hammering upon the anvil afterward.

> Pity the sorrows of a poor blind man,
> Whose limbs can scarcely hobble round the floor;
> Who scrapes his fiddle blithely, when he can;
> But hangs it, when he cann't, behind the door.

I have to thank you for the very handsome present of apples you sent me. I never saw finer in my life. You have in your village a very clever knack of manufacturing apples; or, if you do not superintend the process yourselves, you must have received, one would suppose, a key from the hands of your familiar, by which you can introduce yourselves to the orchards of Elysium, and rifle them of their choicest treasures. The trees which produce such fruit must certainly possess some very extraordinary natural qualities, or a species of artificial culture, equally as extraordinary. Did you not hear a

swarm of bees murmuring with a sweet and rapturous enchantment around their foliage? And did you not see the Nymphs of Pomona scatter on their roots the essence of the honey-dew?———What tho' the blight fell on the clusters of your vine, and the spider, its guardian genius, instead of attacking the enemy, skulk'd, like a coward, into his hole? What tho' your goosberry-bushes cast their unripened crops to rot on the ground, and the slug and house-snail pierce your apricots and melons to the very core? What tho' the cocks and hens, transported with the wildest emotions, lay bare with their heels the deepest foundations of your strawberry-beds; and the caterpillars, like a cloud of locusts, spread the most fatal devastation through the whole extent of your filberd-groves? What tho' your currants, cherries and plums, black, white and blue,

All go to wrack,
For little Will or little Jack?—

I shall not easily become the victim either of excessive disappointment or clamorous regret, whilst the orchard supplies me with fruit of such beautiful tint and exquisite flavour.

I flattered myself, in the summer, with the idea of spending a week in your neighbourhood; when we should have had many rare walks and conversations, and sometimes held communion with the Genii of Paradise on the top of Mount-Pleasant; but this gratification, if ever I enjoy it again, will suffer a long and cruel postponement. The whole realm of purgatory must be waded through, from north to south, before this comes to pass. Life has but few real pleasures, at best. We feast on the

shadows of imagination, and are constantly led astray by the ignis fatuus and illusions of hope. And—but I am out of patience, and so hurl my pen against the wall.

Farewell! May God preserve you in his holy keeping!

TO **** *******.

Bristol, No. 2, Wells-Street.

DEAR FRIENDS,

You have not more frequently requested me to write to you, than I have felt an inclination to do so; but a series of the most disastrous health, although perhaps it has not entirely extinguished my epistolary faculty, has made an occupation of this nature extremely fatiguing to my spirits; and this must form an excuse for my long pauses of silence; for no one used to be more prompt in writing to my friends, as they all can testify, than myself, having always found in it a source of innocent recreation and pleasure. I wish my friends had served me as well; but—but—but—

If, as I intended at the commencement of this dull, drab-coloured summer, I had been excursionising into any part of the country remarkable for peculiarities which a person of any sensibility and enthusiasm might be enchanted to contemplate, I would now give you an account of my ramblings; but I have remained at home all the season, so that I cannot entertain you with any new descriptions of nature, nor interest your feelings by

the history of any wild romantic adventures. But though I have been close at home, I have lately been compelled to take a journey, much against my will, to the very borders of the other world; where I have had another tremendous view of the 'dark valley and shadow of death,' heard the wailing of its troubled ghosts, and where to my delirious imagination a thousand monstrous but undefinable forms threatened to plunge me into the deepest horrors. I am, however, thank God! once more returning, with slow and feeble steps, to the world I have so long been accustomed to; which circumstance pleases me not a little, as I could not reconcile my feelings to the scene towards which I was so unfortunately urged. I have lost almost all my flesh in this encounter, so that I verily think no farmer would hire me even for a scarecrow, being much too insignificant and thin to fill an office of that sort with any satisfaction to my employer. You, I believe, would scarcely know me; for I hardly know myself when I look in the glass, so much do I resemble a skeleton in a doctor's shop, all except being hanged up to the ceiling: I still keep my feet on the ground; which, amidst all my calamities, is some comfort, and I think some honour to my character, especially in an age like this, when so many knights and squires, and idle gentlemen, are called upon to occupy the most elevated *posts* in the state.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of spending a day at T——— some time before Christmas; but may I not expect to hear from you soon? Perhaps I may come over about graping-time. The thought of your grapes has made me long for them more than six weeks ago, and I most heartily wish myself amongst your gooseberry and currant trees at this moment; for I should not only

make their foliage rustle, but plunder them of their fruit, which I suppose is, according to custom, running to waste. I have not seen a gooseberry or currant growing on a tree this year; but those lovely nymphs, those roaring nightingales, those sooty blackbirds, or whatever else they may be called, who inhabit Kingswood and thereabout, bring them every day into the streets, demanding an enormous price, and crying them about in tones just as agreeable to my feelings as the oratory of a herd of donkies, when in full conclave assembled. I really sigh for the country once more, for its woods, its gardens, its quiet fields, and the hedge-rows ornamented and perfumed with the beauty and odours of the wild rose and the honeysuckle.

I was about to say something to you of poetry, and to present you with a morsel thereof; but you are out of patience and I am out of breath, and so for the present I bid you

Farewell!

May 28th, 1812.

'DEAR LADIES, LISTEN TO MY TALE!'

You will excuse me for the apparent neglect in not sending you the Æolian harp so soon as I promised, when I inform you that Mrs. Howell had not one in the house, of the exact dimensions which your window required, but was under the necessity of sending to London, to have one made on purpose. It is neat, as

Dr. Johnson perhaps would say, without being gaudy, and elegant without embellishment; and this circumstance I know will suit your taste to the eighth of an inch. I hope also you will be delighted with the music of this poetical instrument, have your cares (and I know you have a numerous host of them) dispersed by day, and your dreams inspired by night. If I could confer any additional tones of magic on the harp, by which a more exquisite enchantment would be thrown over the beautiful scenery that opens from your window, I certainly would; but I do not possess this mysterious wand. And with this confession of my weak and limited powers, I bid you

Farewell!

APPENDIX.

No. I.

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO BROCKLEY-COOMBE, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

[*Published in* THE PONDERER, *No.* XVI. 12*mo.* 1814.]

Oh! I have lov'd from earliest youth
To climb the mountain-tracks, sublimely wild,
And range with keenest extacy of soul
Among the woody windings of the hills,
Whence, o'er the distant precipice, is heard
The sound of falling waters.

IT has often fallen to my lot, when rambling through the country, to tread almost upon the very threshold of scenes that would have inspired me with tenderness, transported me with admiration, or filled me with awe, without the least knowledge of having been near them; and it was not till I had travelled on so far as to make it either impossible or inconvenient to return, that I heard of the mountain-cataract, the glen, the mouldering abbey, or the soft, green, pastoral vale, that almost rivalled in loveliness the beautiful landscapes of Arcadia.

Some months ago, on my return from a watering-place on the Somersetshire coast, I called at the house of a clergyman who, on hearing the route which I had taken, asked if I had seen Brockley-Coombe; and replying that I had not heard of it before, he added, that the sight of it would have afforded high gratification to my feelings;

and on entering into a more particular detail of its beauties, I resolved at no very distant period to visit this interesting spot. This I have since done, and the impression which the visit made upon my mind, induces me to devote this essay to a description of its beauties, in the expectation that as they become better known, they will be more frequented.

In my excursion to this little scene of rural attraction, my friend Mr. H*****, who to an enthusiastic fondness for whatever is great or beautiful in nature, adds the enviable talent of transferring the images of that greatness and beauty to canvas, was so obliging as to accompany me. The morning was foggy, but brightened as it advanced. The road to the village of Brockley, which is about nine miles from Bristol, leads through Long-Ashton; and access to the Coombe is immediately obtained from the main road, through a large gate, almost opposite the mansion of its wealthy proprietor. I do not know how to give a better general idea of the place than by saying, it is an immense chasm in the mountain, winding for a mile and a half, or somewhat more, and terminating on a range of fine heathy downs. But what constitutes the principal charm of this delightful glen, is the circumstance of its being so abundantly enriched with wood. It is a kind of paradise, which the sylvan deities would be pleased to call their own. Trees of all shapes and characters are here scattered, in the most interesting confusion. The young aspiring ash mixes its elegant foliage with that of the oak; whilst the ivy, and the more gay and flowering shrubs, by wreathing their tendrils around the trunks and branches of the more naked trees, bestow an additional grace on the whole. One side of the Coombe is a lofty mass of limestone-rock; yet

this rock is so profusely ornamented with vegetation, as to resemble a garden fantastically suspended in the air. Some of the rocks on the summit of these cliffs were finely illuminated, resembling, in detached portions, the fortifications of a city in the distance. The rays of the Sun broke in through several openings amongst the trees, and cast upon the variegated foliage, on the ground, on the broken masses of stone, and on whatever object they chanced to fall, a beautifully transparent golden light, which the painter knows how to appreciate in nature, better perhaps than any other man, and to appropriate to the purposes of art.

If I were disposed to indulge in the speculations of many learned and ingenious men, by contending for the perceptivity of vegetables, I should (after adducing as proofs, the various species of the Mimosa, the Flores Solares, and the celebrated American plant, Dionæa Muscipula, which is said not only to catch flies, but to absorb their juices for nutriment) strengthen my arguments by the phenomena observable in Brockley-Coombe. The perpendicular rocks, I have already said, are profusely adorned with verdure; and amongst this variety there are several trees of different dimensions shooting from the fissures of the precipice, and which, from their increasing size, cannot in that barren situation supply themselves with the common means of support; but, as if conscious that they must soon wither and perish, it is curious to behold them casting out fresh roots down the sides of the rock; some of which, notwithstanding a variety of obstructions, and from a considerable height, have reached the ground. The love of life is a living energetic principle, pervading the whole system of animated nature; and shall we deny to plants and brambles

the attribute of perceptivity, merely because they are plants and brambles; and especially when we behold them making use of means to attain necessary ends, which never could be attained without the exertion of some such power? 'The motions of the sensitive plant,' says an elegant writer, 'have long been noticed with admiration, as exhibiting the most obvious signs of perception.' And if we admit such motions as criteria of a like power in other beings, to attribute them in this instance to mere mechanism, actuated solely by external impulse, is to deviate from the soundest rule of philosophising, which directs us not to multiply causes when the effects appear to be the same. But I must finish my description, and not be seduced into philosophical speculations.

Brockley-Coombe is susceptible of improvement. A stream of water winding through it would be a great addition to its beauty; and this might easily be brought from the adjoining hills. A tree, here and there, should be taken down, to open finer views of the rocks, which, when the branches are in full leaf, are too much concealed. The only building in this romantic solitude is a cottage, inhabited by an old woman; but the woman and the cottage are much too neat and trim to be very picturesque. The cottage might easily be transformed into the grot of a hermit; but as the metamorphosis of the old woman into the grey-bearded recluse would be attended with more difficulty, I shall not at present recommend the experiment.

The ruins of an old monastery, with the last notes of its organ pealing through the avenues of this umbrageous wilderness, or the harmony of invisible flutes and voices echoing from the cliffs, would have finely accorded

with the solemnity of the situation, and have cast a more animated spirit of enchantment over a scene which, without such accompaniments, is really enchanting.

But to appreciate the beauties of Brockley-Coombe, it should be viewed at all times and seasons of the year—in a storm, and by the soft lustre of the rising Moon—in the spring, when the trees are unfolding their verdure and flowers, and made vocal with the music of a thousand birds—and in winter, when those beauties are passed away, and succeeded by others of a less enduring but more brilliant character; when the branches are changed, as by an instantaneous kind of magic, into plumes of snow, or spangled with icicles.

Quitting the interior, we rambled over the summits of the rocks, contemplating the effects of the fine masses of light and shade on the woods, enriched as they then were with all the tints of Autumn.

No. II.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE DARGLE, NEAR DUBLIN.

[*From* THE PONDERER, *No.* XXVI.]

" Thither he hied, enamoured of the scene;
For rocks on rocks, piled as by magic spell,
Fenced from the north and east this tangled dell,
Where, thro' the cliffs th' enraptur'd eye survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd."

Not long since, one of these essays was devoted to a description of Brockley-Coombe; the charming scenery of which, it was wished, might be more generally known. How much sketches of this simple nature may interest the readers of The Ponderer, I have no means of ascertaining—to my own feelings they have ever been, not only a source of delight, but of exquisite and sublime gratification, affording a repast which, instead of cloying the intellectual appetite, stimulates it with keener desires of enjoyment. There are still to be found in the wilderness of creation, certain spots of such transcendent loveliness, that perhaps it would not be incurring the charge of extravagance, to denominate them relics of the primitive paradise. The aged forest; the deep cavern, with its mysterious echoes; the lake, embosomed amidst lofty mountains, with groups of innumerable islands floating on its surface, have always been contemplated with an ardour of enthusiasm which the most eloquent language

would fail to express. It is my intention, in the present essay, to relate the particulars of an excursion to the county of Wicklow; a part of the kingdom not more distinguished for the richness of the soil, than for the uncommon romanticity of its views.

Some years before I came to this country, I heard the Dargle spoken of as one of its principal beauties; and though Ireland in general is not so profuse of picturesque scenery as some other parts of the United Kingdom, yet, when she does exhibit specimens, they are of the most enchanting character. Wishing to visit this delightful retreat, I left Dublin early one morning, and passing through the villages of the Black Rock, Donleary, and Dalky, ascended a stony mountain to the Telegraph, and proceeded to the Obelisk, on a still higher eminence, which commands a view of the bay of Dublin, with the whole line of its populous and beautifully wooded shores. Descending the hill, my road lay through a series of romantic hamlets; and stopping at one of them for refreshment, I was desired by my host to turn a little out of the way, to examine what he called a 'table-stone.' In going to it, he very seriously told me, that he had been informed the stone in question was a thing of such extraordinary consequence as to be spoken of in the scriptures! It was a Cromlech, in better preservation than any I had ever before seen, wreathed with thorn, and a species of silver moss; and on approacing it from the distance, it rose on the eye like the ghost of antiquity, guarding with sullen silence the ashes of some once-famed saint or hero, the remembrance of whose virtues, or exploits, and even name, has long been lost amidst the darkness of succeeding ages. The solid piece of rock, serving for the roof, rests on large

mis-shapen columns, and is of such an immense size as to make the supposition reasonable, that no less than the genius of an Archimedes could have been employed in the construction of this rude and solitary sepulchre.

The entrance to the Dargle commences a few paces beyond the village of Facerow. It is a glen of the most wild and retired character; the sides of which are thickly wooded, and in particular situations, rise into bold and overhanging precipices. The Fisherman's Cave, the Hermitage, and the Lover's Leap, are objects of singular attraction, and never fail to interest the feelings and awaken the enthusiasm of the traveller. The cliffs present delightful views of the adjacent country and the sea; but the river, rolling through the bottom of this romantic dell, while it constitutes one of its principal features, is at the same time one of its greatest ornaments, as the large fragments of stone fallen from the heights form a constant impediment to its progress, amongst which it thunders, and foams, and breaks into a thousand cascades.

On a comparative view of the respective beauties of Brockley-Coombe and the Dargle, I should find it difficult to establish a preference. Brockley-Coombe exhibits finer masses of rock, and possesses altogether a most soft and vernal appearance; whilst the Dargle assumes that kind of deep seclusion and solemnity, which strikes the moral sense with so much force, and pours such delicious rapture on the feelings. The trees of the latter place are more numerous, but of inferior growth, and make no splendid promises to futurity; whilst those of the former already display a richness, variety, and exuberance, scarcely ever equalled, and never exceeded, perhaps, by any other spot in the world. Brockley-Coombe offers

greater facilities for an examination of its particular beauties; but the circumstance that denies this accommodation to the Dargle, forms one of its principal embellishments. The most inviting prospects open from the summits of the Somersetshire glen; but those of the Hibernian are equally fortunate in placing before the spectator, the milder charms of the Elysian landscape, with the addition of being environed with mountains that tower almost into Alpine sublimity.

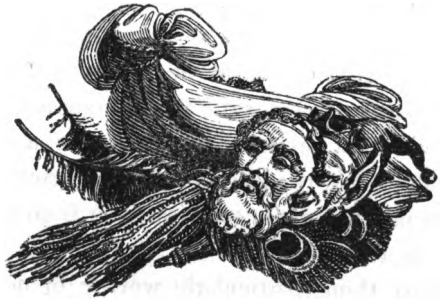
The tour to the Dargle is never considered complete without visiting the waterfall, in the park of Lord Powerscourt. The black flinty rock over which it tumbles, rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet; and though it meets with few interruptions in its descent from the projections of the crags, is certainly a magnificent spectacle. The summit of the mountain is accessible by climbing over a series of tremendous cliffs, which the fearful traveller will not easily be induced to encounter; but the intrepid enthusiast, who never complains of fatigue or dreams of danger, and is only intent upon the gratification of his passion for the picturesque, presses onward to the highest pinnacle, and is rewarded even to extacy—for a scene of all the soft and wild varieties of nature, stretching into immensity, meets the eye; whilst the torrent, rushing among the rocks below, seems, with its voice of thunder, nobly to celebrate the whole. A lawn of the most exquisite verdure encircles the abyss, and is adorned with trees of unusual luxuriance; amongst which the river glides with a smooth and widening stream, reflecting, with the distinctness of a mirror, the varied imagery of its banks. It is one of those selected spots which the fine imagination

of Romance would have peopled with a group of fairies, dancing by moonlight, to sounds of the most enchanting minstrelsy.

The Glen of the Downs being not more than four miles from the Park, I hastened thither with my little barefooted guide. It is an interesting situation, wild, lofty, and precipitous. The declivities are covered with trees and brambles, with fragments of the shattered rock, and in several points, assume an air of savage gloominess and grandeur. But this harshness is agreeably relieved by the presence of a clear rivulet, and some cottages, that give a romantic cheerfulness to the whole scene. The Irish excel in the structure of the cottage. No building ever agreed so well with my ideas of this beautiful species of architecture, as those I have met with in this country; though it is not meant to insinuate that this kind of beauty is very general here: it is only to be found in such parts of the island as the Dargle, the Glen of the Downs, and Killarney. Situations of this kind are always haunted and inhabited by the spirits of genius, opulence, and taste; and at the command of such powerful enchanters, these little picturesque mansions spring up in the vallies, on the sides of the hills, and sometimes on the shelves of the jutting precipice, giving to Nature a charm not her own, and receiving from her a similar tribute in return.

The last thing particularly worthy of notice in this neighbourhood, is a chasm in the mountain, called the Scalp. The common people refer all such productions to the agency of the deluge. But the supposition that the fracture was occasioned by an earthquake, or the action of subterraneous fire, consuming the natural props of the

superincumbent strata, the whole sinking into the caverns beneath, is more reasonable; or, probably, it was the effect of the explosion of some terrible volcano; for on examining the adjoining country, it was found to be covered with enormous pieces of rock, exactly similar to those which form such a chaos of ruins on the sides of the gap, and which, it is not unlikely, were projected into the air, and fell like a tempest of hailstones on the meadows; and could I have ensured my own safety by hovering over the mountain on the wings of an eagle, or balancing myself in the air by some internal principle of buoyancy, I should have been highly gratified, by witnessing an event so tremendous in its operation, and so sublime and picturesque in its effects.



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