two star-crossed lovers in wedlock is not historically correct!

I took the Carlisle road again, that road on which long ago Lord Westmorland, eloping with Miss Child, of Child's Bank, gained Gretna by shooting the leading horse of his father-in-law's team as its straining head drew level with the coach window.

There is, however, something about Gretna that makes one sympathize with the apoplectic fathers in the coach behind.

HARDY TRAVELLING BRITAN

WEEK 8 (N-E)

H. V. MORTON,

CHAPTER NINE

Tells of rain over Hadrian's Wall, of Durham and its saint, of the splendour and glory of York, ending with a glimpse into the ancient heart of this City

§ 1

COULD I make a bargain with Time I would roll back sixteen centuries so that I might meet any Roman centurion who served on the Wall of Hadrian during the three hundred years of its military occupation. I would shake him warmly by the hand, stand him a drink, and say:

'I'm sorry, Marcus! I sympathize with you! I crossed the Wall from Carlisle—which you called Luguvallium—to Newcastle-on-Tyne—which you knew as Pons Aelii—and it rained, Marcus—how it rained! Seventy-three miles of rain over the Wall, and, by Jupiter, such rain!'

He would, I am sure, look interested.

'It still comes down like Hades, does it?' he would ask. 'Fancy that! We thought it was organized by the local gods against the Empire. It used to put out the cook-house fires, get into the wine-skins, give the Spanish cavalry frog, and when you stood on the parapet it would beat up against your face, blinding you and, oozing behind your chin strap, make your face smart like blazes. Jove's bolts! What a Wall!'

'I suppose you had duck-boards; and did they send you mouth-organs and woollies from Rome? I can imagine you all sitting up there on wet nights singing, "We are Fred Karno's Army; what ruddy good are we?"'

'Yes, we had a song like that to the hymn of the Vestal Virgins. The Picts and Scots used to sit out on the other side of the Wall, too wet to raid us, and join in. We had another song in the Centurions' Mess about the troops on the Wall. There was only one Roman to every mile, you know! The rest were Dacians and Thracians and Moors and Scythians; a kind of recruiting office poster: Types of the Roman Army! The song went, "Oh, the Tungrians, the Austurians, the Batavians, and the Greeks!" It had a good chorus, and was very popular with the regulars in Deva and Eboracum . . .'

'We say Chester and York now.'

'Do you really? We had another song on the Wall: "Old soldiers never die, never die, never die; old soldiers never die, they only sneeze away-ee." Which was true. The Picts used to say that as long as a regular Legion kept its nose there was no need to sound the war-horn. We were a fine sight saluting the Governor of Britain or a visiting Caesar with the famous legionary sneeze—"the sneeze of the Faithful Thirtieth", we used to call it!'

'I suppose you got leave?'

'Leaf? Leaf? Not likely! The Wall was a life sentence. The first thing we did when we got up there was to marry and settle down. A British girl who couldn't marry on Hadrian's Wall . . . well, I can't imagine it! . . . I was Ballista Instructor to the 4th Cohort of Gauls at Vindolana. You should have seen the raw recruits from every part of the world who wandered up and down that Wall with half the gods of the earth hidden away in their vests. We spoke about twenty-five different languages, from Luguvallium to Pons Aelii. I had an old-timer in my cohort who used to be batman to Vespasian. He was always changing his religion. If a Moorish or an Egyptian god answered a prayer he would buy an image of it at once and pray to be transferred to Londinium; but the gods of the Wall knew him too well. . . .'

That rain from Carlisle to Newcastle! It swooped down from the north in great blown sheets, and it swept up from the south and met the northern sheets in mid-air above the Wall, where they fought in cross currents and fell together, lashing the earth. Every few miles I left the car by the wayside and plodded off over soggy fields to spot the Wall,

which you can trace almost without a break for seventy-three miles.

At Housesteads I stood thrilled to the marrow. I have seen Pompeii, and I have seen Timgad in Africa, but to see this great Roman monument in our own cold northern lands! That wall was the north boundary wall of the Roman Empire. At this place it runs six feet high for over twenty-five miles: you can walk on it! How it scorns the lie of the land. It marches on straight as a Roman road where possible, then wherever there is a hill the Wall climbs it; it commands all the high ground from Newcastle to Carlisle. To the north is a deep trench, to the south another trench and a military road. The Roman Wall across England is the most marvellous engineering enterprise in the country, and it is time that the Office of Works took charge of it and made it a guarded ancient monument.

The weather is rotting it slowly; miles of it should be cemented to stop decay. There are years of excavation along its course, for you can hardly dig anywhere without finding pottery or bones.

I stood wet through in Chesters, and went over the ruins of one of the largest forts on the Wall: Cilurnum it was called when the second ala of Austurian cavalry were stationed there. The foundations of the gates are to be seen; in the north gates the socket holes for the hinges are preserved; on either side are the guard-houses.

The prefect, or colonel, lived in superior quarters with a view of the Tyne. He had a bathroom and a heated sitting-room. In the centre of the fort stood a colonnaded forum. The stone gutter which took the rain drippings from the roof is still there; it was still full of rain! There are the ruts of chariot wheels in the stone pavements; three foot six inches from wheel to wheel, the same size as the chariot ruts at Pompeii. Underground is a vaulted chamber in which were found a rotted wooden chest and a pile of Roman coins; evidently the regimental pay chest. Round the central buildings are the barrack quarters for about three hundred troopers. Near the river are the regimental baths.

The Wall links up with Cilurnum on the east and leaves the little fort on the west to run on over the hills. This fort has more gates than the other stations on the Wall; it has six, three of which open to the north of the Wall, or in enemy country. This has puzzled the antiquaries. Collingwood Bruce says that he supposes these extra gates opening into No Man's Land were there simply 'because Cilurnum was larger than the other stations'. I suggest another theory. This was a cavalry depot. Any man who has done any cavalry training will realize that when the Picts attacked the Wall the first thought of this garrison would be to mount, draw swords, and get outside the Wall as quickly as possible. They could swing round through three gates upon the Picts, wheel into line, and deliver a charge in about three minutes. This, I think, is why Cilurnum has more gates than the infantry forts, and why they open to the north.

How little imagination it takes to see this Wall as it was: an eighteen-foot-high barrier from sea to sea, a tower or pill-box every mile and, dotted along the length, stone fortresses garrisoned by cohorts and alas. And behind each fort grew up villages where the married quarters were: villages with shops and workshops, and temples.

It is strange to think that for three hundred years the nations of Europe formed a defensive crust along the north of England. The Regular Army was at York and Chester, but the Wall was in the hands of the territorials, or auxiliary legions recruited wherever Rome had made conquests. Here, in the blinding rain and in the winter snows, were shivering Moors from Africa, men from Spain, from the forests of Germany, of France, of Belgium. All Europe and parts of Africa helped to defend England for three hundred years!

No doubt in time these foreign legions were alien in name only. When drafts did not come from distant lands I imagine that the villages behind the forts gave many half-British recruits to the Eagles.

The crumbling walls of Cilurnum are covered with a pretty crimson-purple rock plant, whose name is, I think, *Erinus alrinus*. It is probably a South European plant. The legend, which I believe some learned man has contradicted, is that this tiny flower came over from Spain with the fodder for the chargers of the 2nd Ala of Austurians. . . .

I left the ruins of Chesters, and saw the Wall of Hadrian lying from sea to sea, firm and straight as a legion with linked shields. I lifted my voice and shouted, 'Ave, Caesar!' and there was no answer but the drip of rain.

§ 2

I am writing beside the River Wear, surrounded by flies, small winged dragons, and minute centipedes, which paddle drearily through the ink before route-marching all over the paper. It is a beautiful day. I went, with passionate sincerity, to do nothing except to lie back and continue to look at one of the finest sights in Europe.

High on a red sandstone hill, lifted like a challenge above the heads of the tallest trees, stands Durham Castle. Behind the battlemented walls, which are built sheer on the cliff's edge, rise the lovely, red-brown towers of Durham's Norman cathedral. Durham Castle crowns its hill like an armoured knight, and the city of Durham crowds round Durham Hill—a tight mass of houses and a main street no wider than a country lane—clustering round the fortified height as serfs might cling to the baron's keep for protection. Durham is in appearance as feudal as His Majesty's Tower of London.

What a site for a castle and a church. To sit beside this wide, slow river and to look up at this hill is to see Norman England.

How much romance, beauty, and drama can be skipped over by a guide-book! As I was standing behind the high altar of Durham Cathedral earlier in the day I saw a large platform with one word carved in the stone: 'Cuthbertus'. The guide-book says: 'In the place of honour behind the high altar is the tomb of St. Cuthbert, who died A.D 687. The body still rests below. . . .'

Now as I read this bald truth my imagination went on a long journey. At the end of a tunnel of time, 1,239 years long, I saw a strange England, and I saw the hill of Durham before its great Norman church was built, before the stone Saxon church was built, before the first little reed chapel was built: just a woody hill of red sandstone, with perhaps a speckled fawn standing in the fern. The roots of Durham go back into an England difficult to see: an England wild, bloody, savage; an England which prayed to Wotan and Thor in the ruins of Roman temples; an England beautiful at this time beyond words, because, caring nothing for the clash of kingdom on kingdom, the sound of swords and the trail of fire, Christ was walking through English meadows humbly as He walked through Galilee. The legions of Rome had returned with shaven heads bearing not a sword, but a message.

Men have done deeds in the name of God which would have made Christ weep, but the story of the conversion of England to Christianity, with which Durham is so marvellously linked, is, I believe, one of the loveliest stories since the New Testament. Look back to a time long before the Council of Whitby, and you see the pilgrim monks tramping the weed-grown Roman roads to speak to men and women under an oak tree in a wood. These simple, holy men trudged the heather, traversed the mighty woods, and crossed the lonely hills to baptize the heathen Saxon beside wells and at the edge of streams. They were uplifted by a magnificent single-mindedness, inspired with a Christ-like humility, strengthened by a superb sincerity. How real a thing in those rough days was the brotherhood of the holy men. I have always loved the touchingly humble manner in which the Venerable Bede implored

the monks of Lindisfarne to receive him as their 'little household slave'. What a picture this awakens in the mind!

You see the bearded, tawny kings of Saxon England sitting, sword on knees, listening like children to the story of Christ. (It was so often the queen and not the monk who converted the king!) And slowly the wild old gods, Wotan and Thor, left nothing behind them but the names Wednesday and Thursday, as they crept into their twilight before the coming of the Light.

The hermit monks rested together in lonely places; and you see the first monastery.

When St. Cuthbert died in the Holy Isle of Lindisfarne he told his monks that if the pirates came again they must promise to bear his body with them wherever they might go. In 870 the long boats of the Danes were beached on the north-east coast, and the monks of Lindisfarne, faithful to their word, took flight, carrying with them the body of St. Cuthbert, and in the same coffin the head of St. Oswald. They journeyed through South Scotland and North England where the many old churches dedicated to St. Cuthbert mark, no doubt, their resting-places. After eight years' wandering they settled near Durham at Chester-le-Street. Here for over one hundred years the body of the saint was undisturbed.

Then the Danes came again! Once more the faithful monks bore their coffin away, and finally in 995 they came to the high red cliff at Durham, and there they built over the sacred body a little wattle church. They built a wooden church and then a stone one. Into this stone church it is said King Canute walked barefoot to the shrine of St. Cuthbert. . . .

So Durham forms out of these far mists as a man stands beside a tomb in the dim light behind the altar.

Durham Cathedral. . . .

I shall have no emotion greater than this in any cathedral. This building is not magnificent: it is stupendous!

It is the most wonderful Norman church I have ever seen, not excepting the great church of St. Stephen at Caen. In order to understand it you must realize how and when it was built, and to understand Durham Cathedral is to understand a number of other things which have nothing to do with religion.

In 1069, three years after the Conquest, William the Conqueror sent a Norman follower to be Earl of Northumbria. The men of Durham promptly slew him and his troops. This led to that appalling reign of terror in the north of England. William and his cavalry went through the north like a cyclone. They systematically stamped out life between Durham and York. They left behind them a country of charred ruins.

After this cruel display of authority Durham Cathedral rose up on its hill under Norman chisels. Its great nave, upheld by giant stone columns, was built by the notorious Flambard. It is, with the exception of the hypostyle hall in the great temple of Karnak in Egypt, the most awe-inspiring temple I have seen. It seemed to me, as I stood near the west door of Durham and looked at this vast dim church, whose pillars are like giant oaks, whose arches are austere, whose sanctuaries are built as if to withstand a siege, that this building is a declaration of Norman policy. I almost heard the voice of the Conqueror ringing down the nave:

'Look at this church! I have conquered England, and in England I intend to stay. When you pray here remember how I went with fire and sword through the north to punish you! I am very strong!'

That, so it seems to me, is the message of Durham Cathedral. It is a proof in stone of the strong new blood that had come into England.

I stood a long time on that tomb behind the high altar. . . . I must tell you that St. Cuthbert, like many of the early saints, hated women. There is a line of dark Frosterey marble in the nave of Durham beyond which no woman

was allowed to pass. Even after his death St. Cuthbert hated women, because when in 1175 Bishop Pudsey began building the Lady Chapel at the east end of the church just behind the tomb of the saint, strange cracks appeared in the walls which the bishop took as an omen that the saint did not like a chapel even to the Virgin so near him. That is why Durham has its Lady Chapel (Called the Galilee) at the west end.

I could write you another story about this beautiful building which is like an Eastern mosque: the men who built it had been to the Crusades. I could also write about the grotesque sanctuary knocker on the cathedral door below the north porch. When the sound of that knocker rang through the church two monks, who were always stationed in the north porch, used to run down and admit whoever knocked and lead him to the sanctuary from which, no matter how terrible his crime, no man might drag him.

But it grows late. I am much bothered by mosquitoes. I look up at that lovely rock with its church whose roots go back to the first English Christians. An odd little irrelevance creeps into my mind. As I stood beside the tomb of the saintly woman-hater earlier in the morning, I watched the pretty feet of three American girls walking over his grave. But they made practically no noise: they were wearing low-heeled shoes of plaited leater.

So Time takes revenge—even on saints!

§ 3

If you are interested in old things, in beautiful things, and in the history of this country, there is one city which will exceed your expectation—York.

I entered York with a mind full of misconceived ideas, and at this moment I feel (rather fatuously) that I have discovered York. I am thrilled to the spine to find not a great bustling capital of the north, but a peaceful, astonishingly beautiful medieval town, whose over-sailing houses are encircled by white, turreted city walls, which are a hundred times more interesting than the walls of Chester. York is too good to be true.

It is, to me, incredible, that a great city which marches through English history to the sound of trumpets and cathedral bells and the beating of drums should not have disfigured itself with gasworks and factories. York is the lovely queen—as London is the powerful king—of English cities.

Why did I expect York to out-Newcastle Newcastle?

In the south of England we suffer from a false idea of the manufacturing north. It is almost within the times of our grandfathers that the coal-fields of the north became more important than the cornfields of the south and we, having perhaps seen Sheffield from the train—one of England's saddest sights—imagine that a northern city must, in the nature of things, be an ugly one. The commercial prominence of those recent giants, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, and Halifax, blinds us to the real north, which, apart from these areas of dense populations, remains, as it always has been, one of the most historically romantic and naturally beautiful divisions of England.

It is interesting to note that the industrial revolution has passed over such ancient aristocrats as Lancaster, Durham, and York. It is remarkable that Lancashire, which possesses Liverpool and Manchester, should own a delicious sleepy old county town like Lancaster, and this in itself is symbolic of the fact that the great industrial new-rich cities of northern England—vast and mighty as they are—fall into perspective as mere black specks against the mighty background of history and the great green expanse of fine country which is the real North of England.

As for Yorkshire, it is not a county: it is a country: it is the grand old Northumbria of Saxon England! I could find enough in Yorkshire to keep my hasty pen busy day by day for a year, and that is why I must fly from it as I flew from Cornwall.

Leeds, Sheffield, and Bradford are three small circles in a land of abbeys, churches, castles, wild moorland, and heavenly dales, unchanged in parts since that time when the first monks went through Northumbria with the first crucifix.

I walked round the wall of York—which really looks like a town wall—rejoicing in this peerless city. York is not conscious of its beauty like so many ancient towns; it is too old and too wise and too proud to trick itself out for the admiration of tourists. That is one of the many reasons why I love it and its little country-town streets and its country-town hotels, called after the name of the proprietor. Here are no 'Majestics' or 'Excelsiors', but plain 'Browns' and 'Joneses' and 'Robinsons'.

York, Rome, and London. . . . Those are, I think, the three most powerful place-names in Europe! They ring with authority. There is rock-like assurance and reliability in the sound of them which is woefully lacking in such names as Paris, Berlin, or Brussels.

The street names of York are so eloquent that no words of mine can better describe the flavour of this ancient city Listen to them: Gillygate, Fossgate, Shambles, Spurriergate, Goodramgate, Coppergate, Swinegate, Ogle Forth, Tanners' Moat, Palmers' Lane, Aldwark. . . .

Do you need any further description of the old streets that run within the walls of York? I think not! (I was amused to find that York has a street called Piccadilly!)

From a distance York Minster dominates the city: it prints its magnificence on the eye and on the memory. Its exterior is magnificent: its interior is England's most triumphant anticlimax. No work of man could live up to the grandeur of those twin towers above the perfect west porch in which 'Great Peter', the biggest bell in England, takes hourly stock of Time.

I went round behind a guide with a crowd of Americans.

Americans know more about York than we do: I wish more English people took the same anxious interest in our antiquities. There was only one fool in the party, an elderly and obviously too wealthy woman with a silver-headed cane, who asked more idiotic questions than I have ever heard in half an hour, culminating with:

'Say, guide, do you have an Archbishop of York these days?'

Her knowledge may have been naked, but it was unashamed.

The glory of York Minster is the glory of its glass. It is said to contain two-thirds of the fourteenth-century glass in England. The guide told us how many acres it would cover. I lost him and the Americans when I saw the 'Five Sisters' window. This window is a queen among windows, a tall, slender, mellow poem in glass for which I have no words. No words can describe it: it must be seen.

And, could I stand on the wall of York at sunset with all those men and women who have written to tell me that they love the beauty and the history of England. . . .

The sun sinks below a featureless plain right in the eye of the west porch of the minster. I stood on the white wall and saw it dip lower in great clouds and spirals of flame. Small pink clouds sailed above, and the little leaded panes of glass in the west windows shimmered like red-gold scales. This beautiful old city! How any Londoner must love it! London and York sprang from the same mother. Eboracum! Londinium! Twin cities of the Eagles.

The streets of York have seen so much—no wonder they doze with half-shut eyes! They have seen the Roman lictors clear the way for Hadrian. Two Caesars died at York. It was here that the Emperor Severus came in A.D. 210 after his campaign in the north: a poor, broken, miserable master of the world, hiding his swollen limbs in a silk litter. Among his generals rode his own son, who was waiting for him to die. They said that birds of ill-omen cried on the gates of York when the Caesar passed in, broken in mind but not in spirit, for he is said to have quelled a mutiny from his litter. When the miserable mutineers knelt before him he raised himself on the cushions and, pointing to his swollen limbs, said: 'It is the head and not the feet which commands!' I would like to have heard the dying master of the world say that. . . .

Trumpets blew and shields were beaten when Constantine the Great was proclaimed Emperor in York. How strange to think that Yorkshire sheep once gazed up from the grass to hear a great shout, 'Ave, Caesar!' from the walls as another master took the purple and went on to his destiny!

The clouds wheel in coloured splendour over York. . . .

In the crypt of the minster, hidden away in the dark, is a well. This well lay there before the great cathedral was built; the cathedral was, in fact, built to cover this well. The first cathedral of York was a wooden chapel erected over this well for the baptism on Easter Day, A.D. 627, of King Edwin of Northumbria and all his court. . . .

Now the sun sets. The face of the minster is washed by a pink flush from the west. In a few moments the quiet dusk will be stealing through the streets of York and 'Great Peter' will solemnly tick another hour from the slate of eternity.

§ 4

Now and then if a man loves a city he is rewarded with a glimpse of her heart. . . .

I was standing by Stonegate, talking to an American (who is also in love with York), when down the dark street from the direction of the minster came, holding the centre of the narrow road, a procession of considerable splendour. First came the Chief Constable of York, booted and spurred, then came the Town Clerk in his robes, following him was a man wearing a fur-edged cap of the Richard II period, and holding aloft the great sword of the Emperor Sigismund, which always goes before the Lord Mayor of York.

His Lordship followed, in a scarlet gown edged with brown fur. The Aldermen walked two by two in blue robes, chatting, and—strange and beautiful climax to such civic glory—there then came a long line of young orphans—little Blue Coat boys and little Grey Coat girls, very quiet, grave, impressed.

'Well,' whispered the American, 'what do you know about that?'

The Lord Mayor and the Corporation of York walking in state with the sword of the Emperor Sigismund before a regiment of poor little orphans! I gave it up and asked a policeman.

'It's like this,' he said. 'Every year the Lord Mayor and the Corporation attend a church service with the orphans, and when that's over he gives away prizes to the boys and girls in the Guildhall. That's all.'

'And it isn't advertised, officer?' asked the American. 'People aren't put wise to it?'

'No, sir, it just happens.'

'Well, what do you know about that?' said the American. 'Here's a great sight going on that hundreds of rubbernecking tourists would pay anything to see just quietly slipping through the streets as if it happened every day. Gosh, that's so darned English! I like that. The wonderful thing about England is that you have so much that doesn't need advertising. . . . Say, officer, will they let us in on this cery-mony?'

'I should just walk in, if I were you!'

So we walked into the Guildhall, unprepared for the sight that met us there. . . .

York Guildhall is one of the most picturesque halls in England. Its wooden roof is upheld by oak pillars, each one a great tree. The walls glitter with arms; the dim light falls through stained glass. . . .

Beneath a canopy on a dais at the far end of the hall sat the Lord Mayor in his scarlet robes; before him on the table lay the great sword of Sigismund and the silver mace of York. Grouped round the Lord Mayor were the civic dignitaries. Facing them, girls to the left and boys to the right, were the quiet, grave little orphans. The sun slanted through the west window behind the Lord Mayor's throne, and fell in a coloured pool on the stone floor. We stood rooted to the spot by the marvellous contrasts in this scene: the grave old men in their robes, the lovely hall, the glint of swords and pistols on the walls, and the fresh faces of the children. Timidly, two little girls, in grey print dresses, walked out and began to dance in the pool of sunlight.

A piano played a simple morris dance, and the two small maids, with their neat little waists, their tight, braided hair, their slim little legs in coarse black woollen stockings, passed and repassed, advanced and retreated, smiling with parted lips, blushing at their ordeal, moving gracefully with many a twirl of rat-tail plaits.

And the Lord Mayor of York leaned his chin on his hand and looked down gravely over the sword of York, completing the sweetest picture I have seen in any city in England.

So it went on. The little girls danced two by two or in groups, and the bullet-headed little boy orphans gazed on solemnly and applauded wildly after each dance.

'There's something in this,' whispered the American, 'that gets me right in the throat; and I can't find words for it.'

'It's good,' I whispered back, 'to think that the Lord Mayor of one of the grandest and oldest cities in the world can give half a day to poor children, not fling them half a day, but devote half a day to them and bring out the city regalia for them!'

'Yes . . . and there's something more. I tell you it's one of the finest things I ever hope to see. This is my memory of England. Gee! look at that little ginger-headed girl . . . the way the light shines right through that mop of hair! I guess they couldn't tie that up in a plait. She's a picture!'

The piano became silent. The dancers left the floor, very pink, to flop down in their seats and smooth their print dresses over their knees and look prim and solemn. The Lord Mayor of York rose as a pile of books was carried in and he made a speech. He told them that York was proud of them, that York looked to them to become good men and women. They must not think that there was any bar to their progress. He turned to the little boys, and reminded them that a recent Lord Mayor of York was an orphan.

The children who have no fathers and mothers sat very still and wide-eyed, listening to the voice of the parent city.

The prizes were given.

'Jenny Jones, prize for kindness to her juniors!' (Great applause from the boys!)

Up walked Jenny, all blushes, curtsied low over the sword and mace of York, and retired clutching a book to her grey print chest.

'John Robins, prize for gardening!'

Up walked sturdy John, saluted, and retired clutching a book to his blue brass-buttoned frock coat. . . .

A great pile of oranges was planted down beside the sword—with two masers full of new-minted sixpences. In two long files the orphans of York marched through the pool of sunlight and took from the hands of the Lord Mayor an orange and a sixpence. As the last child walked away there was a rising up on the dais and the ring of the Chief Constable's spurs on the stone floor. Up went the old sword of the Emperor Sigismund, up went the big silver mace glittering in the shaft of light, and, with a rich gleam of scarlet, the Lord Mayor of York, the Town Clerk, the Aldermen, rose up and went slowly out into the late afternoon sunlight.

The American and I walked out into the ancient glory of York with the feeling that this solemn, friendly old city had

shown us great favour by admitting us to its annual children's party. Outside we encountered a band of busy tourists with their noses in guide-books.

'Say,' whispered the American, 'we know more about York now than a guy with a guide-book can know in a million years.'

And that, I think is, to some extent, true.

Letter 9

Sir, – I am now come back, as the French say, *sur mes pas*, to the same bank of the Trent, though lower down, towards the east, and shall gather up some fragments of Nottinghamshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, as I go, and then hasten to the sea side, where we have not cast our eye yet.

Passing Newark Bridge, we went through the lower side of Nottinghamshire, keeping within the River Idle. Here we saw Tuxford in the Clays, that is to say, Tuxford in the Dirt, and a little dirty market town it is, suitable to its name. Then we saw Rhetford, a pretty little borough town of good trade, situate on the River Idle; the mayor treated us like gentlemen, though himself but a tradesman; he gave us a dish of fish from the River Idle, and another from the Trent, which I only note, to intimate that the salmon of the Trent is very valuable in this country.

From Rhetford, the country on the right or east lies low and marshy, till, by the confluence of the Rivers Trent, Idle, and Don, they are formed into large islands, of which the first is called the Isle of Axholm, where the lands are very rich, and feed great store of cattle. But travelling into those parts being difficult, and sometimes dangerous, especially for strangers, we contented our selves with having the country described to us, as above, and with being assured that there were no towns of note, or any thing to be called curious, except that they dig old fir trees out of the ground in the Isle of Axholm, which they tell us have lain there ever since the Deluge; but, as I shall meet with the like more eminently in many other places, I shall content my self with speaking of it once for all, when we come into Lancashire.

There are some few market towns in these low parts between this place and the Humber, though none of great consideration, such as Thorne upon the Don, Snathe upon the

Aire, Selby upon the Ouse, and Howdon near the same river; the two last are towns of good trade, the first being seated where the Ouse is navigable for large vessels, has a good share in the shipping of the river, and some merchants live and thrive here; the latter is one of the towns in England, where their annual fairs preserve the name of a mart, the other Lyn, Boston, Ganesborough, Beverley, though of late they begin to lose the word. The fair or mart held here is very considerable for inland trade, and several wholesale tradesmen come to it from London.

Having found nothing in this low part of the country but a wonderful conflux of great rivers, all pouring down into the Humber, which receiving the Aire, the Ouse, the Don and the Trent, becomes rather a sea than a river, we left it on the right; and we turned up into the post road, where, as I said, I left it before near Brotherton, and went on for Tadcaster.

On this road we passed over Towton,[1] that famous field where the most cruel and bloody battle was fought between the two houses of Lancaster and York, in the reign of Edward IV. I call it most cruel and bloody, because the animosity of the parties was so great, that though they were countrymen and Englishmen, neighbours, nay, as history says, relations; for here fathers killed their sons, and sons their fathers; yet for some time they fought with such obstinacy and such rancour, that, void of all pity and compassion, they gave no quarter, and I call it the most bloody, because 'tis certain no such numbers were ever slain in one battle in England, since the great battle between King Harold and William of Normandy, called the Conqueror, at Battle in Sussex; for here, at Towton, fell six and thirty thousand men on both sides, besides the wounded and prisoners (if they took any).

Tradition guided the country people, and they us, to the very spot; but we had only the story in speculation; for there remains no marks, no monument, no resemblance of the action, only that the ploughmen say, that sometimes they plough up arrow-heads and spear-heads, and broken javelins, and helmets, and the like; for we could only give a short sigh to the memory of the dead, and move forward.

Tadcaster has nothing that we could see to testify the antiquity it boasts of, but some old Roman coins, which our landlord the post master showed us. Here is the hospital and school, still remaining, founded by Dr Oglethorp,[2] Bishop of Carlisle, who, for want of a Protestant archbishop, set the crown on the head of Queen Elizabeth. Here also we saw plainly the Roman highway, as seen at Aberforth; and, as ancient writers tell us, of a stately stone bridge here, I may tell you, here was no bridge at all; but perhaps no writer after me will ever be able to say the like; for the case was this, the ancient famous bridge, which, I suppose, had stood several hundred years, being defective, was just pulled down, and the foundation of a new bridge, was laid, or rather begun to be laid, or was laying; and we were obliged to go over the river in a ferry boat; but coming that way since, I saw the new bridge finished, and very magnificent indeed it is.

From Tadcaster it is but twelve miles to York; the country is rich, fruitful and populous; it bears good corn, and the city of York being so near, and having the navigation of so many rivers also to carry it to Hull, they never want a good market for it.

The antiquity of York, though it was not the particular enquiry I proposed to make, yet showed it self so visibly at a distance, that we could not but observe it before we came quite up to the city, I mean the mount and high hills, where the ancient castle stood, which, when you come to the city, you scarcely see, at least not so as to judge of its antiquity.

The cathedral, or the minster, as they call it is a fine building, but not so ancient as some of the other churches in the city seem to be. The mount I mentioned above, and which, at a distance, I saw was a mark of antiquity, is called the old Bale,[3] which was some ages ago fortified and made very strong; but time has eaten through not the timber and plank only, which they say it was first built with, but even the stones and mortar; for not the least footstep of it remains but the hill.

York is indeed a pleasant and beautiful city, and not at all the less beautiful for the works and lines about it being demolished, and the city, as it may be said, being laid open, for the beauty of peace is seen in the rubbish; the lines and bastions and demolished fortifications, have a reserved secret pleasantness in them from the contemplation of the public tranquillity, that outshines all the beauty of advanced bastions, batteries, cavaliers, and all the hard named works of the engineers about a city.

It boasts of being the seat of some of the Roman emperors, and the station of their forces for the north of Britain, being it self a Roman colony, and the like, all which I leave as I find it; it may be examined critically in Mr Cambden,[4] and his continuator, where it is learnedly debated.

But now things infinitely modern, compared to those, are become marks of antiquity; for even the castle of York, built by William the Conqueror, anno 1069, is not only become ancient and decayed, but even sunk into time, and almost lost and forgotten; fires, sieges, plunderings and devastations, have often been the fate of York; so that one should wonder there should be any thing of a city left. But 'tis risen again,[5] and all we see now is modern; the bridge is vastly strong, and has one arch which, they tell me, was near 70 foot in diameter; it is, without exception, the greatest in England, some say it's as large as the Rialto at Venice, though I think not.

The cathedral too is modern; it was begun to be built but in the time of Edward the First, anno 1313 or thereabouts, by one John Roman, who was treasurer for the undertaking; the foundation being laid, and the whole building designed by the charitable benevolence of the gentry. It was building during the lives of three archbishops,[6] all of the Christian name of John, whereof the last, (viz.) John Thoresby, lived to see it finished, and himself consecrated it.

It is a Gothic building, but with all the most modern addenda that order of building can admit; and with much more ornament of a singular kind, than we see any thing of that way of building graced with. The royal chapel at Windsor, and King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, are indeed very gay things, but neither of them can come up to the minster of York on many accounts. The only deficiency I find at York Minster, is the lowness of the great tower, or its want of a fine spire upon it, which, doubtless, was designed by the builders; he that lately writing a description of this church, and that at Doncaster, placed high fine spires upon them both, took a great deal of pains to tell us he was describing a place where he had never been, and that he took his intelligence grossly upon trust.

As then this church was so completely finished, and that so lately that it is not yet four hundred years old, it is the less to be wondered that the work continues so firm and fine, that it is now the beautifullest church of the old building that is in Britain. In a word, the west end is a picture, and so is the building, the outsides of the choir especially, are not to be equalled.

The choir of the church, and the proper spaces round and behind it, are full of noble and magnificent monuments, too many to enter upon the description of them here, some in marble, and others in the old manner in brass, and the windows are finely painted; but I could find no body learned enough in the designs that could read the histories to us that were delineated there.

But to return to the city it self; there is abundance of good company here, and abundance of good families live here, for the sake of the good company and cheap living; a man converses here with all the world as effectually as at London; the keeping up assemblies among the younger gentry was first set up here, a thing other writers recommend mightily as the character of a good country, and of a pleasant place; but which I look upon with a different view, and esteem it as a plan laid for the ruin of the nation's morals, and which, in time, threatens us with too much success that way.

However, to do the ladies of Yorkshire justice, I found they

did not gain any great share of the just reproach which in some other places has been due to their sex; nor has there been so many young fortunes carried off here by half-pay men, as has been said to be in other towns, of merry fame, westward and southward.

The government of the city is that of a regular corporation, by mayor, aldermen and common-council; the mayor has the honour here, by ancient prescription, of being called My Lord. The city is old but well built; and the clergy, I mean such as serve in, and depend upon the cathedral, have very good houses, or little palaces rather here, adjoining the cemetery, or churchyard of the minster; the bishop's is indeed called a palace, and is really so; the deanery is a large, convenient and spacious house; and among these dwellings of the clergy is the assembly house. Whence I would infer, the conduct of it is under the better government, or should be so.

No city in England is better furnished with provisions of every kind, nor any so cheap, in proportion to the goodness of things; the river being so navigable, and so near the sea, the merchants here trade directly to what part of the world they will; for ships of any burthen come up within thirty mile of the city, and small craft from sixty to eighty ton, and under, come up to the very city.

With these they carry on a considerable trade; they import their own wines from France and Portugal, and likewise their own deals and timber from Norway; and indeed what they please almost from where they please; they did also bring their own coals from Newcastle and Sunderland, but now have them down the Aire and Calder from Wakefield, and from Leeds, as I have said already.

The old walls are standing, and the gates and posterns; but the old additional works which were cast up in the late rebellion, are slighted; so that York is not now defensible as it was then. But things lie so too, that a little time, and many hands, would put those works into their former condition, and make the city able to stand out a small siege. But as the ground seems capable by situation, so an ingenious head, in our comornament of a singular kind, than we see any thing of that way of building graced with. The royal chapel at Windsor and King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, are indeed very gay things, but neither of them can come up to the minster of York on many accounts. The only deficiency I find at York Minster, is the lowness of the great tower, or its want of a fine spire upon it, which, doubtless, was designed by the builders; he that lately writing a description of this church, and that at Doncaster, placed high fine spires upon them both, took a great deal of pains to tell us he was describing a place where he had never been, and that he took his intelligence grossly upon trust.

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While we were at York, we took one day's time to see the fatal field called Marston Moor,[7] where Prince Rupert, a third time, by his excess of valour, and defect of conduct, lost the royal army, and had a victory wrung out of his hands, after he had all the advantage in his own hands that he could desire. Certain it is, that charging at the head of the right wing of horse with that intrepid courage that he always showed, he bore down all before him in the very beginning of the battle, and not only put the enemies' cavalry into confusion, but drove them quite out of the field.

Could he have bridled his temper, and, like an old soldier, or rather an experienced general, have contented himself with the glory of that part, sending but one brigade of his troops on in the pursuit, which had been sufficient to have finished the work, and have kept the enemies from rallying, and then with the rest of his cavalry, wheeled to the left, and fallen in upon the croup of the right wing of the enemies' cavalry, he had made a day of it, and gained the most glorious victory of that age: for he had a gallant army. But he followed the chase clear off, and out of the field of battle; and when he began to return, he had the misfortune to see that his left wing of horse was defeated by Fairfax[8] and Cromwell, and to meet his friends flying for their lives; so that he had nothing to do but to fly with them, and leave his infantry, and the Duke, then Marquis of Newcastle's, old veteran soldiers to be cut in pieces by the enemy.

I came back extremely well pleased with the view of Marston Moor, and the account my friend had given of the battle; 'twas none of our business to concern our passions in the cause, or regret the misfortunes of that day; the thing was over beyond our ken; time had levelled the victors with the

vanquished, and the royal family being restored, there was no room to say one thing or other to what was passed; so we returned to York the same night.

York, as I have said, is a spacious city, it stands upon a great deal of ground, perhaps more than any city in England out of Middlesex, except Norwich; but then the buildings are not close and thronged as at Bristol, or as at Durham, nor is York so populous as either Bristol or Norwich. But as York is full of gentry and persons of distinction, so they live at large, and have houses proportioned to their quality; and this makes the city lie so far extended on both sides the river. It is also very magnificent, and, as we say, makes a good figure every way in its appearance, even at a distance; for the cathedral is so noble and so august a pile, that 'tis a glory to all the rest.

There are also two fine market-houses, with the town-hall upon the bridge, and abundance of other public edifices, all which together makes this city, as I said, more stately and magnificent, though not more populous and wealthy, than any other city in the king's dominions, London and Dublin excepted. The reason of the difference is evidently for the want of trade. Here is no trade indeed, except such as depends upon the confluence of the gentry. But the city, as to lodgings, good houses, and plenty of provisions, is able to receive the King, Lords and Commons, with the whole Court, if there was occasion; and once they did entertain King Charles I with his whole Court.

We went out in a double excursion from this city, first to see the Duke of Leeds's[9] house, and then the Earl of Carlisle's, and the Earl of Burlington's in the East Riding; Carlisle House is by far the finest design, but it is not finished, and may not, perhaps, [be] in our time; they say his lordship sometimes observes noblemen should only design, and begin great palaces, and leave posterity to finish them gradually, as their estates will allow them; it is called Castle Howard. The Earl of Burlington's is an old built house, but stands deliciously, and has a noble prospect towards the Humber, as also towards the Woulds.

At Hambledon Down, near this city, are once a year ver great races, appointed for the entertainment of the gentr and they are the more frequented, because the king's plate a hundred guineas is always run for there once a year; gift designed to encourage the gentlemen to breed goo horses.

From York we did not jump at once over the whole cou try, and, like a late author, without taking notice on an thing, come out again sixty or seventy miles off, like a apparition, without being seen by the way. The first thin we did, we took a view of the suburb of York over the rive opposite to the city, and then entering the East Riding, to our audience *de conge* in form, and so stood over that divisio towards Hull.

The River Derwent, contrary to the course of all the rive in Yorkshire, (as I have observed) runs north and south, risin in that part of the country called Cleveland, and runnin through, or hard by, several market towns, as Pickering, Poc lington, North Malton, and others, and is, by the course, good guide to those who would take a view of the who country.

I observed the middle of this riding or division of Yorkshi is very thin of towns, and consequently of people, being ove spread with wolds, that is to say, plains and downs, li those of Salisbury; on which they feed great numbers sheep, and breed also a great many black cattle and horse especially in the northern part, which runs more mou tainous, and makes part of the North Riding of York. But t east and west part is populous and rich, and full of towns, t one lying on the sea coast, and the other upon the River De went, as above; the sea coast or east side, is called Holdernes

After passing the Derwent we saw little of moment, bu keeping under the wolds or hills mentioned above, we cam to your old acquaintance John a Beverley, I mean the famou monastery at that town.

It is a large and populous town, though I find no conside able manufacture carried on there. The great collegiate churc

s the main thing which ever did, and still does, make the town known in the world. The famous story of John of Beverley,[10] is, in short, this: that one John, Archbishop of York, a learned and devout man, out of mere pious zeal for religion, and contempt of the world, quitted or renounced his honours and superiority in the Church, and, laying aside the pall, and the mitre, retired to Beverley, and lived here all the rest of his time a recluse. This story will prompt you to enquire how long ago 'twas, for you know as well as I, and will naturally observe, that very few such bishops are to be found now; it was indeed a long time ago, for it is this very year just five year above a thousand year ago that this happened; for the good man died Anno Dom. 721, you may soon cast up the rest to 1726.

The memory of this extraordinary man has been much honoured; and had they gone no farther, I should have joined with them most heartily. But as to sainting him, and praying to him, and offering at his shrine, and such things, that we Protestants must ask their leave to have nothing to say to. However, King Athelstan, after making a vow to him if he got the victory over the Danes, made him his tutelar saint, and gave great gifts and immunities to this place on his account; among the rest, the king granted his peace to it, as was the word in those days; that is to say, made it a sanctuary, as he did much about the same time to the church at Rippon.

The minster here is a very fair and neat structure; the roof is an arch of stone, in it there are several monuments of the Piercy's, Earls of Northumberland, who have added a little chapel to the choir, in the windows of which are the pictures of several of that family drawn in the glass at the upper end of the choir. On the right side of the altar-place stands the freed stool, made of one entire stone, and said to have been removed from Dunbar in Scotland, with a well of water behind it. At the upper end of the body of the church, next the choir, hangs an ancient table with the picture of St John (from whom the church is named) and of King Athelstan the founder of it, and between them this distich:

Als free make I thee,
As heart can wish, or egh can see.

Hence the inhabitants of Beverley pay no toll or custom in any port or town in England; to which immunity (I suppose) they owe, in great measure, their riches and flourishing condition; for indeed, one is surprised to find so large and handsome a town within six miles of Hull. In the body of the church stands an ancient monument, which they call the Virgins' Tomb, because two virgin sisters lay buried there who gave the town a piece of land, into which any freeman may put three milch kine from Ladyday to Michaelmas.

Near the minster, on the south side of it, is a place named Hall Garth, wherein they keep a court of record, called the Provost's Court. In this may be tried causes for any sum arising within its liberties; (which are very large, having about a hundred towns and parts of towns in Holderness, and other places of the East Riding belonging to it). It is said to have also a power in criminal matters, though at present that is not used.

But to come to the present condition of the town, it is above a mile in length, being of late much improved in its buildings, and has pleasant springs running quite through its streets. It is more especially beautified with two stately churches, and has a free-school that is improved by two fellowships, six scholarships, and three exhibitions in St John's College, in Cambridge, belonging to it; besides six alms-houses, the largest whereof was built lately by the executors of Michael Warton, Esq;[11] who, by his last will, left one thousand pounds for that use.

The principal trade of the town is making malt, oatmeal, and tanned leather; but the poor people mostly support themselves by working bone-lace, which of late has met with particular encouragement, the children being maintained at school to learn to read, and to work this sort of lace. The clothing trade was formerly followed in this town, but Leland[12] tells us, that even in his time it was very much decayed.

They have several fairs, but one more especially remarkable, called the Mart, beginning about nine days before Ascension Day, and kept in a street leading to the Minster Garth, called Londoners Street, for then the Londoners bring down their wares, and furnish the country tradesmen by wholesale.

About a mile from Beverley to the east, in a pasture belonging to the town, is a kind of spa, though they say it cannot be judged by the taste whether or no it comes from any mineral; yet taken inwardly it is a great drier, and washed in, dries scorbutic[13] scurf, and all sorts of scabs, and also very much helps the king's evil.

It is easy to conceive how Beverley became a town from this very article, namely, that all the thieves, murtherers, housebreakers and bankrupts, fled hither for protection; and here they obtained safety from the law whatever their crimes might be.

After some time, the town growing bigger and bigger, the church was also enlarged; and though it fell into the king's hands, King Henry VIII having done by this as he did by others; and the monks of Beverley were suppressed, yet the town continues a large, populous town; and the River Hull is made navigable to it for the convenience of trade.

I remember, soon after the Revolution,[14] when the late King William hired six thousand Danish auxiliaries to assist him in his wars in Ireland, they landed at Hull, and, marching from thence for West-Chester, in order to embark for Carrickfergus, they came through this town, and halted here a few days for refreshment. Here two of their foot soldiers quarrelled and fought a duel, in which one of them was killed. The other being taken, was immediately tried and sentenced to a court marshal of their own officers, and by the rules of war, such as were in force among them, was sentenced and put to death, and was then buried in the same grave with the man he had killed; and upon their grave is set up a stone with an English inscription thus:

Under this stone two Danish soldiers lie.

There are other lines mentioning the story, as above, but I do not remember them, it being some years since I made this observation.

From Beverley I came to Hull, distance six miles. If you would expect me to give an account of the city of Hamburgh or Dantzick, or Rotterdam, or any of the second rate cities abroad, which are famed for their commerce, the town of Hull may be a specimen. The place is indeed not so large as those; but, in proportion to the dimensions of it, I believe there is more business done in Hull than in any town of its bigness in Europe; Leverpool indeed of late comes after it apace; but then Leverpool has not the London trade to add to it.

In the late war, the fleets from Hull to London were frequently a hundred sail, sometimes including the other creeks in the Humber, a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty sail at a time; and to Holland their trade is so considerable, that the Dutch always employed two men of war to fetch and carry, that is, to convoy the trade, as they called it, to and from Hull, which was as many as they did to London.

In a word, all the trade at Leeds, Wakefield and Hallifax, of which I have spoken so justly and so largely, is transacted here, and the goods are shipped here by the merchants of Hull; all the lead trade of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, from Bautry Wharf, the butter of the East and North Riding, brought down the Ouse to York. The cheese brought down the Trent from Stafford, Warwick and Cheshire, and the corn from all the counties adjacent, are brought down and shipped off here.

Again, they supply all these countries in return with foreign goods of all kinds, for which they trade to all parts of the known world; nor have the merchants of any port in Britain a fairer credit, or fairer character, than the merchants of Hull, as well for the justice of their dealings as the greatness of their substance or funds for trade. They drive a great trade here to Norway, and to the Baltick, and an important trade to Dantzick, Riga, Narva and Petersburgh; from

whence they make large returns in iron, copper, hemp, flax, canvas, pot-ashes, Muscovy linen and yarn, and other things; all which they get vent for in the country to an exceeding quantity. They have also a great importation of wine, linen, oil, fruit, &c. trading to Holland, France and Spain; the trade of tobacco and sugars from the West-Indies, they chiefly manage by the way of London. But besides all this, their export of corn, as well to London as to Holland and France, exceeds all of the kind, that is or can be done at any port in England, London excepted.

The town is situated at the mouth of the River Hull, where it falls into the Humber, and where the Humber opens into the German Ocean,[15] so that one side of their town lies upon the sea, the other upon the land. This makes the situation naturally very strong; and, were there any occasion, it is capable of being made impregnable, by reason of the low situation of the grounds round it.

The greatest imperfection, as to the strength of Hull in case of a war, is, that, lying open to the sea, it is liable to a bombardment; which can only be prevented by being masters at sea, and while we are so, there's no need of fortifications at all; and so there's an end of argument upon that subject.

The town is exceeding close built, and should a fire ever be its fate, it might suffer deeply on that account; 'tis extraordinary populous, even to an inconvenience, having really no room to extend it self by buildings. There are but two churches, but one of them is very large, and there are two or three very large meeting-houses, and a market stored with an infinite plenty of all sorts of provision.

They show us still in their town-hall the figure of a northern fisherman, supposed to be of Greenland, that is to say, the real Greenland, being the continent of America to the north of those we call the north west passage; not of Spiltbergen, where our ships go a whale fishing, and which is, by mistake, called Greenland. He was taken up at sea in a leather boat, which he sate in, and was covered with skins, which drew together about his waist, so that the boat could not fill; and he could not sink; the creature would never feed nor speak, and so died.

They have a very handsome exchange here, where the merchants meet as at London, and, I assure you, it is wonderfully filled, and that with a confluence of real merchants, and many foreigners, and several from the country; for the navigation of all the great rivers which fall into the Humber centres here.

There is also a fine free-school, over which is the merchant's hall. But the Trinity-House here is the glory of the town. It is a corporation of itself, made up of a society of merchants. It was begun by voluntary contribution for relief of distressed and aged seamen, and their wives and widows; but was afterwards approved by the government, and incorporated. They have a very good revenue, which increases every day by charities, and bounties of pious minded people.

They maintain thirty sisters now actually in the house, widows of seamen; they have a government by twelve elder brethren and six assistants; out of the twelve they choose annually two wardens, but the whole eighteen vote in electing them, and two stewards. These have a power to decide disputes between masters of ships and their crews, in matters relating to the sea affairs only; and with this limitation, that their judgement be not contrary to the laws of the land; and even in trials at law, in such affairs they are often called to give their opinions.

The old hospital, called GOD's House, stands near it, with a chapel rebuilt since the late war, and the arms of Michael de la Pole,[16] the first founder, set up again; so that the foundation is restored, the building is nobly enlarged, and an entire new hospital built as an addition to the old one. Sir Michael de la Pole was a merchant of Hull, but first at a place called Raven's Rood in Brabant, where, growing rich, he advanced to King Richard II several thousand pounds in gold for his urgent occasions in his wars; upon which the king invited him to come and live in England, where he did; here the

king knighted him, made his son, Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and gave him several lordships in Holderness.

Farther east from Hull there is a little pleasant town called Headon, handsome, well built, and having a little haven from the sea, which threatens Hull, that it will in time grow up to be a great place, for it indeed increases daily; but I fear for them, that their haven will do nothing considerable for them, unless they can do something very considerable for that.

They tell us at Headon, that the sea encroaches upon the land on all that shore, and that there are many large fields quite eaten up; that several towns were formerly known to be there, which are now lost; from whence they may suppose, that as the sea by encroachment had damnified their harbour, so if it grows upon them a little more they shall stand open to the sea, and so need no harbour at all, or make a mole, as 'tis called abroad, and have a good road without it. But this is a view something remote.

The Spurn Head, a long promontory thrusting out into the sea, and making the north point of Humber, is a remarkable thing. But I leave that to the description of the sea coasts, which is none of my work; the most that I find remarkable here, is, that there is nothing remarkable upon this side for above thirty miles together; not a port, not a gentleman's seat, not a town of note; Bridlington or Burlington is the only place, and that is of no note, only for a bay or road for shipping, which is of use to the colliers on this coast to defend them, in case of extremity of weather.

The country people told us a long story here of gipsies which visit them often in a surprising manner. We were strangely amused with their discourses at first, forming our ideas from the word, which, in ordinary import with us, signifies a sort of strolling, fortune-telling, hen-roost-robbing, pocket-picking vagabonds, called by that name. But we were soon made to understand the people, as they understood themselves here, namely, that at some certain seasons, for none knows when it will happen, several streams of water gush out of the earth with great violence, spouting up a huge height, being really natural *jette d'eaus* or fountains; that they make a great noise, and, joining together, form little rivers, and so hasten to the sea. I had not time to examine into the particulars; and as the irruption was not just then to be seen, we could say little to it. That which was most observable to us, was, that the country people have a notion that whenever those *gipsies*, or, as some call 'em, *vipseys*, break out, there will certainly ensue either famine or plague.

Scarborough next presents it self, a place formerly famous for the strong castle, situate on a rock, as it were hanging over the sea, but now demolished, being ruined in the last wars. The town is well built, populous and pleasant, and we found a great deal of good company here drinking the waters, who came not only from all the north of England, but even from Scotland. It is hard to describe the taste of the waters; they are apparently tinged with a collection of mineral salts, as of vitriol, alum, iron, and perhaps sulphur, and taste evidently of the alum. Here is such a plenty of all sorts of fish, that I have hardly seen the like, and, in particular, here we saw turbets of three quarters of a hundred weight, and yet their flesh eat exceeding fine when taken new.

At the entrance of a little nameless river, scarce indeed worth a name, stands Whitby, which, however, is an excellent harbour, and where they build very good ships for the coal trade, and many of them too, which makes the town rich. From hence the North Riding holds on to the bank of Tees, the northern bounds of Yorkshire, and where there are two good towns, (viz.) Stockton and Yarum, towns of no great note.

I began now to consider the long journey I had to go, and that I must not stop at small matters. We went from Stockton to Durham. North Allerton, a town on the post road, is remarkable for the vast quantity of black cattle sold there, there being a fair once every fortnight for some months, where a prodigious quantity are sold.

I have not concerned this work at all in the debate among us in England, as to Whig and Tory. But I must observe of this town, that, except a few Quakers, they boasted that they had not one Dissenter here, and yet at the same time not one Tory, which is what, I believe, cannot be said of any other town in Great Britain.

I must now leave Yorkshire, which indeed I might more fully have described, if I had had time; for there are abundance of rarities in nature spoken in this North Riding, which I had not leisure to enquire into; as the alum mines or pits near Moultgrave or Musgrave. Next here are the snake stones, of which nothing can be said but as one observes of them, to see how nature sports her self to amuse us, as if snakes could grow in those stones. Then the glates or gargates, that is, in short jet, a black smooth stone found in Cleveland; also a piece of ground, which, if the wild geese attempt to fly over, they fall down dead. But I cannot dwell any longer here.

Darlington, a post town, has nothing remarkable but dirt, and a high stone bridge over little or no water, the town is eminent for good bleaching of linen, so that I have known cloth brought from Scotland to be bleached here.

Durham is next, a little compact neatly contrived city, surrounded almost with the River Wear, which with the castle standing on an eminence, encloses the city in the middle of it; as the castle does also the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and the fine houses of the clergy, where they live in all the magnificence and splendour imaginable.

I need not tell you, that the Bishop of Durham is a temporal prince, that he keeps a court of equity, and also courts of justice in ordinary causes within himself. The church of Durham is eminent for its wealth; the bishopric is esteemed the best in England; and the prebends and other church livings, in the gift of the bishop, are the richest in England. They told me there, that the bishop had thirteen livings in his gift, from five hundred pounds a year to thirteen hundred pounds a year; and the living of the little town of Sedgfield, a few miles south of the city, is said to be worth twelve hundred pounds a year, beside the small tithes, which maintain a curate, or might do so. Going to see the church of Durham, they showed us the old Popish vestments of the clergy before the Reformation, and which, on high days, some of the residents put on still. They are so rich with embroidery and embossed work of silver, that indeed it was a kind of a load to stand under them.

The town is well built but old, full of Roman Catholics, who live peaceably and disturb no body, and no body them; for we being there on a holiday, saw them going as publicly to mass as the Dissenters did on other days to their meeting-house.

From hence we kept the common road to Chester in the Street, an old, dirty, thoroughfare town, empty of all remains of the greatness which antiquaries say it once had, when it was a Roman colony. Here we had an account of a melancholy accident, and in it self strange also, which happened in or near Lumley Park, not long before we passed through the town. A new coal pit being dug or digging, the workmen worked on in the vein of coals till they came to a cavity, which, as was supposed, had formerly been dug from some other pit; but be it what it will, as soon as upon the breaking into the hollow part, the pent up air got vent, it blew up like a mine of a thousand barrels of powder, and, getting vent at the shaft of the pit, burst out with such a terrible noise, as made the very earth tremble for some miles round and terrified the whole country. There were near three-score poor people lost their lives in the pit, and one or two, as we were told, who were at the bottom of the shaft, were blown quite out, though sixty fathom deep, and were found dead upon the ground.

Lumley Castle is just on the side of the road as you pass between Durham and Chester, pleasantly seated in a fine park, and on the bank of the River Were. The park, besides the pleasantness of it, has this much better thing to recommend it, namely, that it is full of excellent veins of the best coal in the country, (for the Lumley coal are known for their goodness at London, as well as there).

From hence the road to Newcastle gives a view of the inexhausted store of coals and coal pits, from whence not London only, but all the south part of England is continually supplied; and whereas when we are at London, and see the prodigious fleets of ships which come constantly in with coals for this increasing city, we are apt to wonder whence they come, and that they do not bring the whole country away; so, on the contrary, when in this country we see the prodigious heaps, I might say mountains, of coals, which are dug up at every pit, and how many of those pits there are; we are filled with equal wonder to consider where the people should live that can consume them.

Newcastle is a spacious, extended, infinitely populous place; 'tis seated upon the River Tyne, which is here a noble, large and deep river, and ships of any reasonable burthen may come safely up to the very town. As the town lies on both sides the river, the parts are joined by a very strong and stately stone bridge of seven very great arches, rather larger than the arches of London Bridge; and the bridge is built into a street of houses also, as London Bridge is.

Here is a large hospital built by contribution of the keel men, by way of friendly society, for the maintenance of the poor of their fraternity, and which, had it not met with discouragements from those who ought rather to have assisted so good a work, might have been a noble provision for that numerous and laborious people. The keel men are those who manage the lighters, which they call keels, by which the coals are taken from the staithes or wharfs, and carried on board the ships, to load them for London.

Here are several large public buildings also, as particularly a house of state for the mayor of the town (for the time being) to remove to, and dwell in during his year. Also here is a hall for the surgeons, where they meet, where they have two skeletons of human bodies, one a man and the other a woman, and some other rarities.

The situation of the town to the landward is exceeding unpleasant, and the buildings very close and old, standing on the declivity of two exceeding high hills, which, together with the smoke of the coals, makes it not the pleasantest place in the world to live in; but it is made amends abundantly by the goodness of the river, which runs between the two hills, and which, as I said, bringing ships up to the very quays, and fetching the coals down from the country, makes it a place of very great business. Here are also two articles of trade which are particularly occasioned by the coals, and these are glass-houses and salt pans; the first are at the town it self, the last are at Shields, seven miles below the town; but their coals are brought chiefly from the town. It is a prodigious quantity of coals which those salt works consume; and the fires make such a smoke, that we saw it ascend in clouds over the hills, four miles before we came to Durham, which is at least sixteen miles from the place.

Here I met with a remark which was quite new to me, and will be so, I suppose, to those that hear it. You well know, we receive at London every year a great quantity of salm pickled or cured, and sent up in the pickle in kits or tu which we call Newcastle salmon; now when I came to Ne castle, I expected to see a mighty plenty of salmon there, was surprised to find, on the contrary, that there was great quantity, and that a good large fresh salmon was no be had under five or six shillings. Upon enquiry I found, really this salmon, that we call Newcastle salmon, is ta as far off as the Tweed, which is three-score miles, and brought by land on horses to Shields, where it is cu pickled, and sent to London, as above; so that it ought called Berwick salmon, not Newcastle.

They build ships here to perfection, I mean as to stren and firmness, and to bear the sea; and as the coal trade sions a demand for such strong ships, a great many are here. This gives an addition to the merchants' busines requiring a supply of all sorts of naval stores to fit out ships. Here is also a considerable manufacture of hard or wrought iron, lately erected after the manner of She

which is very helpful for employing the poor, of which this town has always a prodigious number.

West of this town lies the town of Hexham, a pass upon the Tine, famous, or indeed infamous, for having the first blood drawn at it, in the war against their prince by the Scots in King Charles the First's time, and where a strong detachment of English, though advantageously posted, were scandalously defeated by the Scots.[17] The country round this town is vulgarly called Hexamshire.

I was tempted greatly here to trace the famous Picts Wall, built by the Romans, or rather rebuilt by them, from hence to Carlisle; of the particulars of which, and the remains of antiquity seen upon it, all our histories are so full; and I did go to several places in the fields through which it passed, where I saw the remains of it, some almost lost, some plain to be seen. But antiquity not being my business in this work, I omitted the journey, and went on for the north.

Northumberland is a long coasting county, lying chiefly on the sea to the east, and bounded by the mountains of Stainmore and Cheviot on the west, which are in some places inaccessible, in many unpassable. Here is abundant business for an antiquary; every place shows you ruined castles, Roman altars, inscriptions, monuments of battles, of heroes illed, and armies routed, and the like. The towns of Morpeth, Alnwick, Warkworth, Tickill, and many others, show heir old castles, and some of them still in tolerable repair, s Alnwick in particular, and Warkworth; others, as Bamough, Norham, Chillingham, Horton, Dunstar, Wark, and numerable more, are sunk in their own ruins, by the mere ngth of time.

We had Cheviot Hills so plain in view, that we could not t enquire of the good old women every where, whether y had heard of the fight at Chevy Chace[18]. They not only d us they had heard of it, but had all the account of it at ir fingers' end; and, taking a guide at Woller to show us road, he pointed out distinctly to us the very spot where engagement was, here, he said Earl Piercy was killed, and there Earl Douglas, here Sir William Withington fought upon his stumps, here the Englishmen that were slain were buried, and there the Scots.

A little way off of this, north, he showed us the field of battle, called Flodden Field, where James IV, King of Scotland, desperately fighting, was killed, and his whole army overthrown by the English, under the noble and gallant Earl of Surrey, in the reign of King Henry VIII upon their perfidiously invading England, while the king was absent on his wars in France.

I must not quit Northumberland without taking notice, that the natives of this county, of the ancient original race or families, are distinguished by a shibboleth upon their tongues, namely, a difficulty in pronouncing the letter *r*, which they cannot deliver from their tongues without a hollow jarring in the throat, by which they are plainly known, as a foreigner is, in pronouncing the *th*. This they call the Northumbrian *r*, and the natives value themselves upon that imperfection, because, forsooth, it shows the antiquity of their blood.

From hence lay a road into Scotland, but at present not willing to omit seeing Berwick upon Tweed, we turned to the east, and visited that old frontier, where indeed there is one thing very fine, and that is, the bridge over the Tweed, built by Queen Elizabeth, a noble, stately work, consisting of sixteen arches, and joining, as may be said, the two kingdoms. As for the town it self, it is old, decayed, and neither populous nor rich; the chief trade I found here was in corn, and salmon.

I am now on the borders of Scotland, and must take in my way, the three north west counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland and Cumberland.

I cannot but say, that since I entered upon the view of these northern counties, I have many times repented that I so early resolved to decline the delightful view of antiquity, here being so great and so surprising a variety, and every day more and more discovered; and abundance since the tour which the learned Mr Cambden made this way, for as the trophies, the buildings, the religious, as well as military remains, as well of the Britains, as of the Romans, Saxons, and Normans, are but, as we may say, like wounds hastily healed up, the callous spread over them being removed, they appear presently; and though the earth, which naturally eats into the strongest stones, metals, or whatever substance, simple or compound, is or can be by art or nature prepared to endure it, has defaced the surface, the figures and inscriptions upon most of these things, yet they are beautiful, even in their decay, and the venerable face of antiquity has some thing so pleasing, so surprising, so satisfactory in it, especially to those who have with any attention read the histories of passed ages, that I know nothing renders travelling more pleasant and more agreeable.

But I have condemned my self (unhappily) to silence upon this head, and therefore, resolving however to pay this homage to the dust of gallant men and glorious nations, I say therefore, I must submit and go on; and as I resolve once more to travel through all these northern countries upon this very errand, and to please, nay, satiate my self with a strict search into every thing that is curious in nature and antiquity, I mortify my self now with the more ease, in hopes of letting the world see, some time or other, that I have not spent those hours in a vain and barren search, or come back without a sufficient reward to all the labours of a diligent enquirer; but of this by the way, I must, for the present, make this circuit shorter than usual, and leave the description of the other three counties to my next.

I am, &c.