

The heart of a nation 1791

Tour

Through The

South of England, Wales,

And Part Of

Ireland

Made During the Summer of

1791

Edward Daniel Clarke

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England | with all thy faults I love thee still.

COWPER.

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HOLYHEAD

This place is situated in a peninsula at the western extremity of the island, and consists of a few straggling houses, erected for the accommodation of persons bound to or from Ireland. The principal inn here is very large, and of late has been rendered famous in providing stinking meat for those passengers, who do not inspect their basket of provisions before they go on board. We were of this number, and found ourselves encumbered with a collation which was hastening full speed to putrefaction.

At eleven o'clock in the evening we left Holyhead, with a fair wind, in a clean comfortable vessel of one hundred tons. Our passengers were few and the conversation as usual, turned upon the horrors of a sea sickness. Every one was apprehensive for himself, and being told by the captain that nothing conduced more to the evil we dreaded than talking about it, we took his advice, and went to bed. In about half an hour the wind changed, and blew directly in our teeth. It continued in this quarter until sun rise, when it became a dead calm. Of all the disagreeable situations at sea, I think a calm the most intolerable. There is such a degree of insipidity in its appearance : the water, like one vast mirror, smooth and glassy ; the canvass all hanging supine ; every one sick, impatient, and miserable : the complexion of a storm contains some thing awful, grand, and interesting ; the attention is awakened, and the mind alarmed : but in a calm I know no single feature of beauty ; all is dulness and disappointment.

In the midst of this desponding situation, while the heat of the sun drove me from the deck, and the sickly rolling of the ship from the cabin, an old gentleman, one of our companions, addressed us from the helm, and kindly endeavoured to promote a conversation. His first topic was political ; he confuted the opinions of an Irish passenger, respecting the venal-

ity of our parliamentary representatives. The Irishman abused both our government and laws, our Constitution and privileges, and contended against the unequal distribution of property over the whole face of the earth. His venerable antagonist calmly listened to all his arguments, and with uncommon ingenuity pointed out their fallacy : “ The degrees of rank, and the superiority arising from possession (he said) were essentially necessary to the prosperity of a state. Individuals indeed might be subjected to inconvenience, but private interest must always give way to the more important consideration of public good.” In discussing the advantages that would arise in new modelling the system of our government, the Irishman had recourse to the modern yet hackneyed instance of the French Revolution. Here the old gentleman interrupted him abruptly ; he had fought under the kings of England, and his eyes glistened as he delivered an eulogium upon our happy constitution : “ Inasmuch (said he) as experience is preferable to theory, our present legislation is superior to a new one. For upwards of one hundred years the government of Britain has flourished, crowned with increase of glory, interest, and happiness : and when success continues to attend the constitution of a country, it betrays a great degree of temerity to attempt the formation of a new one.” Finding that he had worsted his opponent, our entertaining companion changed the subject, and entering into a more general conversation, beguiled the hours with a profusion of anecdote, wit, and humour. He had travelled almost all over the globe ; had visited all the courts of Europe ; knew every thing, and every body, and like a true citizen of the world harboured neither national prejudice nor party opinion ; *Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur* was his motto and having resigned a lucrative situation under government of three thousand per ann. he retired to live independent and at ease for the remainder of his days ; like the fortunate adventurer of Santillane, exalting in golden letters over his door the wise and well known sentiment :

Inventi portum : Spes et fortuna, valete !
Satme lusistis ; ludite nunc alios.

Towards evening a breeze sprung up ; but it soon diminished and we were again becalmed. I then went to bed, and, when I awoke in the morning, heard the pleasing intelligence that we were entering the bay of Dublin. Excepting that of Naples, there is not in the world a bay of so much beauty. All along the shore, and extending into the country, gentlemen’s seats, villages, gardens, &c. &c. form a delightful picture. As you enter the bay, the Hill of Howth, the city of Dublin, the town of Black Rock, Clindorf, and Dunleary, a number of white edifices erected along the shore and upon the mountains, well cultivated fields, and rising grounds, form one of the most enchanting prospects in Europe.

The tide would not serve to convey us to Dublin ; therefore we were content to take a boat, and land at

DUNLEARY.

Here we were instantly surrounded with custom-house officers, vociferous boatmen, noisy porters, with a jargon of Welsh, Scotch, and Irish harpies, all swearing together, and striving who should cheat us most. We hurried from them as soon as we could, and, mounting one of the Irish cars and were conveyed in a short time to Sheridan’s hotel, in

DUBLIN.

In our way we passed through the town of

BLACK ROCK,

a Summer retreat and bathing place about four miles from Dublin. Here we saw the home of the late Duke of Rutland, whom the Irish still speak of with adoration.

The first thing that struck as upon entering Dublin, was the singular appearance of the women, who are all without either hat or bonnet to their head. Even many of genteel appearance parade the streets in this manner, and it is as remarkable to see a woman in Dublin with a hat on as to see one in London with her head uncovered.

At our hotel we conceived a very despicable opinion of Irish cleanliness. Our waiter had got the itch, his deputy was lousy, and the rooms were dark and dirty. Upon this we changed our station, and moved to Harris's hotel, in Cope Street. This is esteemed the first lodging house in Dublin, and yet we had not mended the matter. It was only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire ; for it is impossible to do justice to the exquisite filthiness of this place. Every thing was fine and dirty. Our beds had canopies and plumes, with counterpanes and sheets of a most sable hue. I asked them if they had applied to government ? The waiters stared : " Do for God's sake, and the love of your country (said I) get a patent for having discovered how much filth it is possible to comprize in a given compass." We soon found that this appearance was not confined to hotels alone. The taverns were the same. The streets are filled with wretchedness and grandeur, idleness and extravagance. It is not the habit of a few ; it is the characteristic of the nation : A popular concern, to unite at once every species of dissipation, filthiness, and extortion. It struck us the more forcibly, as we found all this where we least expected it ; we came prejudiced in favour of the Irish, longed to be amongst them, and had looked forward with regret to that period which was destined for our return.

At dinner the waiter had cut his thumb, and most profusely embroidered my plate with the sanguinary stream that issued from the wound. I desired him to change it ; upon which he pulled out a dirty rag, that had once assumed the appearance of an handkerchief, and with a nimble twirl of his hand began to wipe away the traces of his blood. It would not do—the handkerchief made bad worse ; however he presented the plate to me again with a profound bow, at the same time muttering an apology. This was too much ; I hurried away, saying, as I left the door, " They order this matter better in London !"

The next day, Sunday, we visited St. Patrick's. This cathedral is of great antiquity. It was opened and shewn to us by an old servant of Dean Swift's. The name of that great man brought us to see it, and it was no small gratification to us to meet one that had served under him for some years. This man's name was Richard Brenan ; he had certificates in his pocket book, signed by respectable people, to prove the validity of his having been the servant of Swift. He told us many anecdotes of the Dean that we had never heard before, and said, that till within these few years he had retained some of his hair, which he had taken from him before his burial, but that the application of the curious had succeeded in depriving him of this last memento of his master. In the south aisle is the simple monument and bust erected over him. His old servant pointed to the very spot where he lay. This was sufficiently visible, for after his interment the stones were laid down in a hasty manner without mortar, and remain so to this day. Near his grave lye the remains of Mrs, Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella. He was buried near her, and his servant assured us that he was married to her, but that family reasons made him always keep it a secret. Excepting the monuments of Dean Swift and Stella, there is nothing worth notice in St. Patrick's.

The next day we went in a post chaise to the

DARGLE

This spot is situated among the mountains of Wicklow, about fifteen miles from Dublin, and is worth seeing. The scenery consists of rocks, hanging woods, and a beautiful river. It is truly a romantic place, although not equal to the scenes of a similar nature in North Wales. They shewed us here the Lover's Leap, an enormous rock, which projects forward on the side of the river in the form of a castle. It is bold, lofty, and terrible, from its great height overhanging the woods and the river. On the opposite side you command the summit of a mountain, called the sugar loaf, which rises in a naked point to the clouds. The tradition concerning this place is of great antiquity. They tell you that a young lady, who had been refused in marriage, brought the object of her love to the point of this stupendous rock, and offered him the alternative of marrying her or seeing her precipitate herself to the bottom. The gentleman was inflexible to her entreaties, upon which she gave a spring, and was dashed to atoms among the rocks below. From that time it received the appellation of the LOVER'S LEAP.

From this tragical spot we proceeded four miles farther to Lord Powerscourt's park, to see the celebrated cascade. We had heard much of this waterfall, and when great expectations are formed, they generally end in disappointment. This was the case with us ; we were unfortunate as to the season of our visit. There was very little water to adorn the cascade, and, as I hinted once before, (since water is a necessary article in the formation of a cascade) those, that depend in great measure upon the chance of floods, ought not be seen but in rainy weather. For my part, I am not very desirous of seeing such temporary cascades at all : they are rather the offspring of caprice than a regular feature in the visage of nature ; it is necessary to be wet to the skin in order to see them to perfection ; and when in their highest state of beauty they resemble more a water spout than the headlong torrent of a regular cascade. One had much better visit the artificial display in tin-work, which draws such an assemblage of virtuosos to the gardens of Vauxhall.

But to give a more particular description of this cascade.

It issues from a hole in the top of an immense rock, and falls from a height of near three hundred feet. So vast a descent, one would suppose, might furnish a spectacle unusually superb. And yet it had an air of insignificance, when compared with other scenes of a similar nature. There was something of a trickling and dropping, more resembling the fall of water over the tiles of a house, than the rushing of cataract.

I am well aware that I have not done justice to this fashionable resort of the Sunday beaux of Dublin. But having seen the vast fall of the MONACH, in Wales, I could not admire a scene so much inferior. There was nothing of the

“ Ruin vast, and dread dismay”

that

“ Mark the clam'rous cataract's way.”

We soon left Lord Powerscourt's park, and went to the village of

LOCK LIN,

where we paid an extravagant price for a dinner that we could not eat, and returned weary and disappointed to Dublin.

The streets and avenues to this city are crowded with the most miserable objects, whose importunate clamours for charity are troublesome in the highest degree. In the environs we saw numbers of dirty wretches, whose sole employment seemed to consist in divesting each other of filth and vermin. If you enter a fruit shop or tavern, a crowd of those poor creatures infest the door, through which you must press your way, and deem yourself fortunate if you escape the detached parties of vermin which, wandering from the republic of their hair, hang upon all parts of their body.

We next visited

TRINITY COLLEGE

This is a very fine building ; it has three quadrangles, the first of which is of Portland stone. The hall is large, and the chapel very plain. The library is a spacious lofty room, adorned with pillars of Irish oak, and well furnished with books. But what chiefly attracts the notice of strangers, is the museum and the wax-work at the anatomical schools. The museum is in its infant state, and yet appears completely filled with a very valuable collection of ancient and modern curiosities. Of the antiquities, the greatest part have been dug up or found in different parts of Ireland. Here are some pillars from the giants causeway, and a curious model of that wonder of nature, carved in wood. Among the petrifications is one of a tallow candle found in a ditch, which, with its cotton wick, appears completely changed to stone. Here are also a variety of Indian curiosities, specimens of ore, pebbles, lava, spar, shells, and some beautiful birds. The wax work is indeed a curious spectacle. It exhibits, in a manner peculiarly striking, the figures of females, in every state of pregnancy. They are done upon real skeletons, and are the labours of almost the whole life of an ingenious French artist, named *Denoue*. This uncommon monument of genius is executed in such a manner as to afford rather a disgusting than a pleasing spectacle ; nevertheless, I was examining it with great attention, when a bustle at the door interrupted me, and I observed the person, who had the care of the exhibit-ion, leave the room and whisper in great haste to some, people without. Upon his return, I asked him what was the matter, “ Oh, nothing sir, said he, but some ladies who are very im-patient to get in : the women are always longer here than anybody.” “ Do the ladies, said I, visit this place ?” “ Every day, sir !” “ I am sure then I will not prevent them,” so taking my hat, I left the room, and found a party waiting very impatiently without, among whom were some beautiful women ; who, with the greatest composure, locked themselves in, to enjoy the curious spectacle at their leisure. Near the college are the

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

They exhibit rather a heavy appearance, although there is an air of grandeur in the architecture. The House of Commons is a very neat room, and well adapted for speakers. There is a commodious circular gallery for spectators, far superior to our English accomodation for the same purpose. [1] The house of Lords is not remarkable, either for beauty or elegance. Its sole ornaments are old tapestry and crimson seats. Every thing is here constructed for the convenience of the members of parliament. There are no less than eighty-four apartments, besides kitchens, larders, cellers, &c. beneath the same roof.

The next public edifice we visited, was the

BARRACKS

This is a noble and useful structure. It consists of one quadrangle and three courts, having each three wings, and calculated for the accommodation of six thousand soldiers. At the time we arrived, a detachment from each regiment was drawing up in the grand parade, to fire a salute to the Prince of Wales. It happened to be the day on which his Royal Highness entered his thirtieth year, a circumstance we were not acquainted with before, and a very fortunate one for us, as we were witness to a very pleasing spectacle. The ceremony of the salute began as follows : the great guns were fired first by the artillery from the battery in the park. They were answered by a general discharge from the barracks. This was followed by a roll from the drums, and the whole band struck up with “ God save the King.” The artillery fired again ; the barracks returned it, and in the intervals the music played as before. The effect was beyond every thing pleasing. It warmed our hearts, and forced some drops of genuine patriotism into my eyes. I felt as if I had never loved my country with more ardent affection. I was among a foreign nation, and I heard the shouts of my countrymen with rapture. When they had finished the salute, the commanding officer waved his hat in the air, as a signal for three cheers, calling aloud, “ Huzza ;” The soldiers obeyed him to the utmost stretch of their lungs, and catching the universal zeal, I threw my hat in the air, and bawled as loud as the best of them. The shouts being ended, at an instant, as if by a signal, all the bells in Dublin struck up a peal. The soldiers dispersed, and I returned home meditating upon the blessings of old England.

The glass manufactory is carried to great perfection in Dublin. They vie with London in the beauty of their work, and sell it at a much cheaper rate.

Books also are purchased here at a trifling expence. They reprint all the London publications, reducing them both in size and price. In the evening there are several auctions open, at one of which I saw the English edition of Bruce’s travels sold for twenty shillings. Had they been worth more than the value of the paper, I would have purchased them easily.. But as this voluminous work does not deserve the expence of binding, I did not chase to be incumbered with such a profusion of falsehood and absurdity.

Finding it absolutely necessary to change our abode once more, we left Harris’s hole, and engaged for a week’s lodging at the Munster in Cope-Street. I could hardly believe that our landlord here was an Irishman, from the accommodation he gave us. We had no longer reason to complain of our ill fortune ; every thing was as clean and as comfortable as the most scrupulous nicety could require. Happy in being settled to our satisfaction, we were indifferent as to the length of time it might take us to see the rest of Dublin, and were glad to find that there was at least one house of decent and respectable accommodation in the whole city. In our various rambles, we passed through Sackville-Street, which has not its parallel for beauty in all London. It is by far the finest street I ever saw, of great length, exceedingly broad, and handsomely built. On a Sunday evening here is a promenade, and we found it so crowded, that on one side there was hardly room to move. St. Stephen’s Green is the chief resort for beauty in an evening. This is a noble square, and much larger than any one in London, even that of Lincoln’s-Inn. The area of it consists of a great field, surrounded on all

sides by trees, under which there are gravel walks, with seats like those on the mall in St. James's Park. In the center of the square is an equestrian statue of King William, erected one hundred years ago. The other public edifices in Dublin are

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

open to the whole world. Orphans of any country, and of every denomination, are admitted and provided for here. They are put out to nurse till they are four years old, and the nurses at this time in the hospital are not less than three thousand :

THE BLUE COAT SCHOOL,

an academy for the instruction of citizens sons :

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,

THE NEW PRISON,

THE ROTUNDA,

which is annexed to the

LYING-INN-HOSPITAL.

This was erected and endowed at the expence of Mr. Moss, surgeon and man-midwife, who began this humane edifice at a time when his finances did not exceed seven hundred pounds, and persisted, in spite of poverty itself, until he had completed it. The rotunda was built by the same person ; the profits arising from which are appropriated to the support of the above-mentioned hospital. It is upon the same plan as Ranelagh in London, but is merely an epitome of that elegant structure :

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL,

a munificent establishment for the relief of superannuated soldiers :

THE LUNATIC HOSPITAL,

to the founding of which Dean Swift left eleven thousand pounds :

THE TEMPLE,

a noble structure, designed for the same purpose as that in London :

THE ASYLUM FOR MAGDALENS ;

and *last*, but not *least* in the admiration of all who visit Dublin,

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE:

In this magnificent building the four orders of architecture are displayed in a very masterly manner. It was planned by Mr. Cooley, an architect, whose judicious taste will always be admired while this monument of it exists. Opposite the entrance of the north front, on a white marble pedestal, is a statue of his present Majesty, executed by Mr. Van Nost. As we ascend the geometrical staircase of the Exchange, an excellent statue presents itself to view, of the

patriotic Dr. Lucas, holding Magna Charta in his hand. This edifice cost seventy thousand pounds ; five thousand of which were defrayed by government.

The environs of Dublin are very pleasing. Nature has done but little for the country ; but the repeated efforts of art, in erecting beautiful edifices, fertilizing the soil, and encouraging the growth of trees, have greatly improved it. The outlines of a poor neglected country are often visible. The Irish are a lazy tribe, and were formerly more indolent than they are at present. It is perhaps owing to this, that the features of a barren soil are so often to be traced. This however is very much altered of late years. Times begin to alter. The spirit of improvement pervades all conditions of men ; and those nations, that heretofore were seen buried in barbarism and savage obscurity, now teem with increase of science and refinement. Nothing can afford a more striking instance of this than the state of Ireland, although there is still such vast room for alteration.

The number of elegant structures dispersed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the summer resort of the Irish nobility and gentry, form many delightful scenes. And in justice to that country I must confess, that the environs of Dublin are far superior to those of London in point of beauty. Each seat has its particular name engraved either on the side, or over the gateway of the avenue. We saw several of them, such as *Clitorgan, Palermo, Sans Sauci, &c. &c.* They are in general surrounded with fine trees and beautiful gardens, exhibiting an appearance of a truly rural nature, and totally unlike the tawdry civic air of those prim pill-boxes which grace the sides of all the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood of London, and which have more the aspect of a city removed into the country, than of the retreats of men fatigued with the dust and noise of the metropolis.

In one of my walks about the streets, I met the old veteran, whose conversation afforded us so much amusement when becalmed at sea : “ Well, my good Sir (said he) and how do you like Dublin ? ” “ In truth, Sir, not much ; I am every inch of me an Englishman, and, I fear, behold all countries but my own with an eye of prejudice.”

“ Well said, John Bull ! (exclaimed my old friend) but what do you think of Dublin in particular ? since you cannot form an adequate idea of a whole nation from a short visit to its metropolis.” “ Sir (said I) in visiting a metropolis I behold the heart of a nation ; and, if I discover what passes in the heart, I can estimate pretty nearly the tenor and disposition of the whole body. But since I find you are yourself an Irishman, tell me what is your opinion of this place, before I venture to deliver my own.”

“ That I can well do (said he) in a few words : I have visited many countries, and made many observations upon them ; but I never was in one that betrayed such a mixture of lousiness and laziness, misery and magnificence.”

I felt the full force of his observation, since, from my own short experience among the Irish, I had found it strictly true. Beggars and prostitutes swarm in every street, and fill the air with their importunate cries. Extravagance is the leading trait in their character. I frequently saw children with broad laced frills to their shirts, who had neither shoes nor stockings to their feet. An instance of this may be seen at Drury’s billiard table every day, where there are two markers of this description. They will pawn their last rag for the pleasure of gaming ; and I myself saw a fellow, opposite the custom-house in Essex-street, who had seated himself upon the ground and, having ventured every penny he had at chuck farthing, was howling for the loss of it. They are, in general, of a very irritable disposition and will quarrel with each other upon the most trifling occasion. On the night of the Prince of Wales’s birthday, I was

walking in Dame-street, when a fellow genteelly dressed met a boy who was running about with his companions. Without saying a word he raised a loaded whip, and knocked the boy down : a mob gathered : the fellow made off, and the poor boy was carried, with a broken head, to the apothecary's.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I saw a vast crowd gathering, and, enquiring the cause, was told that some person had just killed a porter, whom they were conveying to the dispensary, and that his murderer was to go to Newgate. In the evening a boy was flogged, for some crime or other, almost to death at the cart's tail ; and finding that he could not bear all his punishment, they removed him to prison to take the rest at another opportunity. Not a night passes without riot, although the police stand armed at the corner of every street. Duels, without end, continually furnish subject for conversation, and not unfrequently topics of fresh dispute. Of all the people I ever met, whether educated in the army, the navy, in the universities, or at home, the Irish are the greatest swearers. Not a word passes without an oath vociferated in the most vehement manner, and horrid imprecations are familiarly delivered upon the most trivial events.

The striking traits in national characteristics are those which impress the observation of strangers upon their first arrival in a country. By time the mind becomes familiarized to eccentric objects, and those things which in their first appearance solicit the attention, by degrees pass off unnoticed. It is for this reason that I have been induced to mention several circumstances as they happened to occur. They require no comment. They are plain facts and, like the outlines of a picture, furnish a certain criterion, from which any one may decide without being biassed by any injudicious strokes in the shading, or misled by false representation in the colours.

The females of Dublin exhibit a true representation of the city itself, by uniting the extremes of meanness and grandeur. They frequently appear finely decorated about the head, with their feet and legs quite bare. Beauty seems to be a scarce commodity among them, which perhaps has given so much encouragement to the French mode of painting their faces. They pay a great regard to external finery, and often display a length of train to their white gowns so completely bedaubed with dirt, that they are best described by a term much in use among the rustic damsels of England, who distinguish ladies of this description under the title of " DRAGGLE-TAILED SLUTS."

This city is upward of three miles long, and as many broad, and contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants. The river Liffey divides it into two equal parts, over which are built five bridges ; of these Essex and Queen's only are worth mentioning. Their manufactures are those of tabbinets, stuffs, linen, and glass. The WHITE BOYS, who formerly used to excite so much tumult and spread such terror in the country, are now very little heard of. This is perhaps owing to the laudable exertions of the volunteers, who will in time extirpate the very name of them.

A little publication, which I procured in Wales, and to which I am indebted for a few of those observations that I have made upon the public edifices here, says, " from actual observation it has been proved, that it rains, more or less, five days in the week in Dublin." We were fortunate in having fine weather during the time we staid in Ireland ; nevertheless, I believe the climate to be a very damp one, although conducive to health, from the great quantity of lakes, rivers, canals, &c, with which this country abounds. I could not help admiring the great beauty of the Irish horses. Their size and form is truly noble, and yet they fell in general at a low price.

Among the variety of commodities which a stranger meets with in Dublin, there are at least two, superior to any of the kind in other countries. These are potatoes and butter. They have a method of dressing potatoes which renders that vegetable far more palatable than it is found to be in England ; and their butter is uncommonly fine. The meanest cabins seem to vie in this respect with the greatest taverns ; and indeed the meaner the habitation, the finer that article is commonly found. Whisky is the principal beverage among the lower sort of Hibernians. This liquor is a species of gin, of a very infatuating nature, excessively fiery and intoxicating, yet considered by the generality of Irishmen as a wholesome potation.

Being perfectly satisfied with Dublin and its wonders, we made preparation for our departure. We left the harbour, with a fair wind, at two o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth of August. Unfortunate as usual in our marine excursions, we soon found ourselves, with thirty-six other passengers, rolling amidst all the sickness and insipidity of a calm. We did not reach Holyhead until midnight, but found the comfort, even in this short distance from Dublin, of exchanging Irish accommodations for those of our own country. We slept at Smith's hotel, and proceeded in his coach and four the next morning as far as Conway, or Aber Conway.

A mistake of mine occasioned some degree of mirth among us, and, nugatory as the relation of it will appear to the reader, I have obtruded it upon his attention, merely because it will afford an instance of absence hardly to be believed. I had walked on a mile or two before the coach set out, in hopes of dispersing a painful giddiness which the motion of the ship had left in my head. After waiting some time on the road and wondering why the coach was so long in coming, I heard, as I thought, the rattling of the wheels at a distance : Concealing myself in a little hollow among some sheep, I laid until the carriage passed, and then, running after it, I jumped up behind and mounted the roof. All this was done in a frolic, that my companions might suppose I had taken the wrong road. Finding it very difficult to maintain my seat, I began to look about me, and found myself elevated upon a large *imperial* that was fastened to the roof, and thus I had nothing to hold by but the straps which kept it there. All of a sudden the carriage stopped, and, while I was considering the easiest method of keeping my seat aloft, some gentlemen from below desired I would descend, as they would be obliged to me not to ride there. This soon convinced me of the blunder I had made, and, feeling myself very ridiculous in having mistaken a port chaise and pair for a coach and four, I dismounted as fast as I could and walked off. The cause of all this was my eagerness to ascend before my companions should discover me from behind. I had never observed what sort of a carriage it was, being attentive only to the execution of my absurd frolic. The coach soon came up, and my friends found me abusing my own inattention and folly.

Tempted by the fineness of the weather, I ascended the roof of our own coach without any additional blunders, and had a charming prospect of the Isle of Anglesea with a distant view of the Welsh Mountains. The day was uncommonly serene, even the barren country around, us wore a beautiful appearance; and Snowdon himself, the king of mountains, for once condescended to throw off his night-cap, and during our whole journey through the island unveiled his awful summit to our view. At about four o'clock we crossed the Menai, and, taking our final leave of MONA ANTIQUA, landed once more in Wales.

[1] This edifice was destroyed by fire, soon after the author left Ireland.

A tour through the south of England, Wales, and part of Ireland, made during the summer of 1791 (1793)

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