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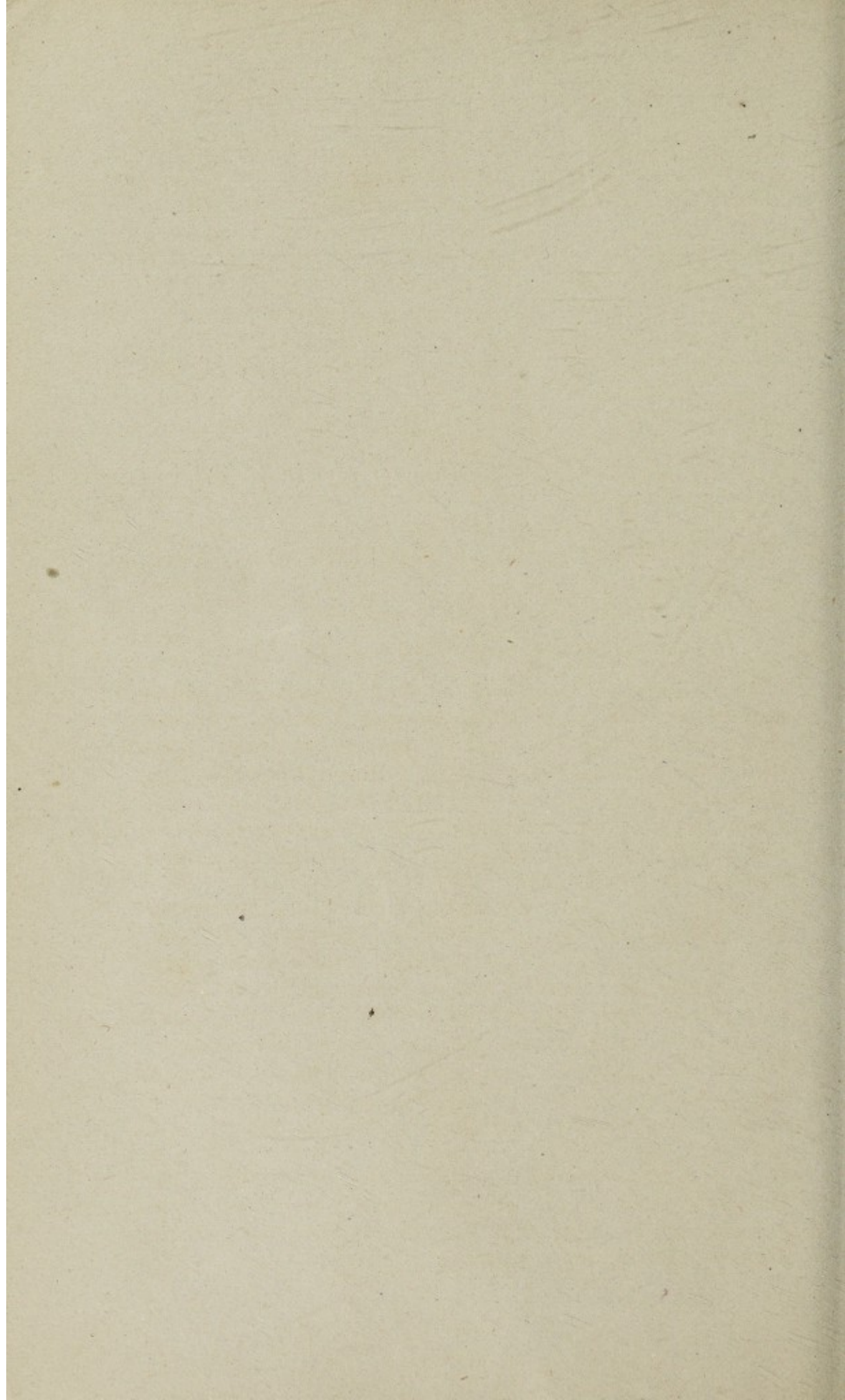
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MARKLAND



ON
THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF BATH.

FORMING THE INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT
THE CONGRESS IN AUGUST 1856.

BY JAMES HEYWOOD MARKLAND, ESQ., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A.

GENTLEMEN,—I am requested by the president (whose absence I much regret), my brother trustees, and the committee of the Bath Royal Literary and Scientific Institution, to give you, as I do most sincerely from myself, a cordial greeting on your arrival in this city; and I can assure you that there are many gentlemen amongst us who will gladly cooperate with you in the interesting pursuits in which you are engaged.

The objects of this Association have been so often and so well explained, that it is needless for me, at this day, to dwell upon them. Time has tested the solidity of its foundations and the value and usefulness of its researches and proceedings. Institutions which have been formed for the investigation of our national antiquities, and other objects of a kindred nature, may indeed justly aspire to the distinction of contributing both to the improvement and the happiness of mankind, by having opened new sources of mental occupation and interest to every class of society: for we have no selfish objects, and the ingenious mechanic, especially the skilful workers in wood and stone—now happily beginning to abound—may with others largely profit by our labours.

Thus, in the journey of life, the pursuits of this society present resources which ensure both ease and relaxation to the traveller,—the search after truth dignifies the inquiries in which we are engaged. Our ancestors, Leland, Camden, and Dugdale, were no ordinary men: they have bequeathed to us much for which we should be grateful; but, after their days, a blight came over us, and antiquarian studies, as you are well aware, were either altogether neglected, or became the occasional subject of ridicule.

In our time there has sprung up a love of what is old, of what is beautiful, of what is venerable,—a desire to cherish memorials of the past, and to keep before our eyes the vestiges of times which are brought vividly before us in no other way. Not only the zeal displayed in their investigation, but the endeavours which now are made for preserving the remains of antiquity in their integrity, are marked features of excellence in our modern archæological societies. Instances exist where they have happily exercised a beneficial influence, either by timely interposition preventing absolute destruction, or, what is equally to be deplored, the restoration, so called, of an ancient and interesting structure by ignorant and daring hands. In how many works, undertaken in the ages immediately preceding our own, have history, and what is truly exquisite in mediæval art, been altogether sacrificed! The subject has most properly engaged the attention of our most able architects; and Mr. Scott's volume on "the faithful restoration of ancient churches" should be well studied by every one about to be engaged in this difficult and delicate task. To sweep away the walls of a venerable building, and replace them by what is new, however beautiful in itself, offers a violence to some of our best feelings. Cecil, in his *Remains*, scruples not to say that—

"Within these walls have been resounded, for centuries, prayers and praises. The very damp that trickles down the walls, and the unsightly green upon the pillars, are far more pleasing to me *from their associations*, than the trim, finished, heathen piles of the present day."

Who will not agree with Mr. Petit in his judicious remarks?

"There are few of our parish churches that have not a certain *individual character*, as impossible to define, but as easy to recognize, as the

features of a countenance. This the tide of modern architecture threatens to overwhelm; to bring all indiscriminately to one standard and level. I would ask, is the moral effect produced by this sweeping system beneficial?"

Most gladly do I point to some magnificent works which have been accomplished in our own time. Our cathedrals, in numberless instances, have been placed under the guardianship of men of enlightened zeal and of great munificence, who, by the faithful and reverent restoration of these glorious fabrics, have exhibited a spirit worthy of the days of Wykeham and Waynflete, Joceline and Beckington. To Ely and Llandaff, and to the accomplished men who have presided over these churches, I would more especially advert.

It is certainly a striking feature of the present age, that, when the country has attained unprecedented greatness and prosperity; when works of a stupendous character, calling forth all the talent, ingenuity, and perseverance of man, are exhibited; when the events that occur in far distant lands, are, by the powers of electricity, communicated almost instantaneously at our own doors;—I say that it is a striking, and it is also a gratifying fact, that we allow not these wondrous works to absorb our attention, but that we regard with increased veneration the memorials of past ages. They come home strongly to the heart of an Englishman,—they are associated with so much that is dear to his feelings,—they are bound up with so much that he reveres and loves,—that, though he sees hills levelled or perforated, millions expended in lines of road, which transport him from the Orkneys to the Land's End, still the border tower, the village church and spire, and the Elizabethan mansion, are now valued, restored, and strengthened, with an attention, care, and skill, which for nearly two centuries were unknown, or were certainly unpractised amongst us. It is, as it were (I quote professor Stanley's beautiful language),—

“God's compensation to the world for its advancing years. Earlier ages care but little for these relics of antiquity: one is swept away after another, to make room for what is yet to come; precious works of art, precious recollections, are trampled under foot,—the very abundance in which they exist seems to beget an indifference towards them. But in proportion as they become fewer and fewer, the affection for them grows

stronger and stronger; and the further we proceed from the past, the more eager seems our craving to attach ourselves to it by every link that remains."

Still how tardy have we been in following the footsteps of foreign societies. Twenty-eight years ago I addressed a letter to lord Aberdeen, the president of the Society of Antiquaries (of which society I was then director), on the expediency of attaching a museum of antiquities to that institution. We had great encouragement from individuals who offered their collections; and from the noble lord's official station, great facilities to effect this object would have been afforded. But the suggestion was received with the same apathy which marked the proposal for transferring the Faussett antiquities to the British Museum. As was said years ago, "they manage these things better in France". Look at the antiquarian treasures you find in foreign museums!

You, gentlemen, have accomplished much. How large a portion of England have you traversed! how much of its history and topography have you illustrated! The Archæological Institute and various local societies have been also untiring in their labours and researches; and I refer to the valuable series of volumes published by the two associations, as having yielded, doubtless to hundreds of persons, as they have to myself, much of instruction, information, and enjoyment.

Intimately connected, as I have been, from its foundation, with the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society, I do not hesitate to speak of its exertions in the good cause which you are now assembled to promote, and which have not been inferior to those of other local associations in point of interest and importance.

I shall now beg to call your attention to the city in which we are assembled. From the earliest days, Bath presents historical features well deserving attention. We may carry its history to that period when petty barbarian states were intent only on repelling their neighbours or enlarging their territories, and possessed no other mode of adjusting their differences, and securing their frontiers, than to construct artificial bulwarks, serving at once for division and defence, planned on the simplest mechanism, and executed by the mere strength of multitudes. These

earthworks must be esteemed stupendous operations, not only if we regard their solidity and extent, but the inconveniences of ground and impracticabilities of country over which they were conducted with a sort of blind but unbaffled perseverance.

Of the Wansdyke, traces will be found near at hand, *viz.* at Southstoke, at Englishcombe, and in Prior park: at what period, and for what purpose, this mighty work was constructed, no very satisfactory account has been given. Sir Richard Hoare and others seem inclined to think with Collinson, that this gigantic dyke was the great boundary of the Belgæ before the invasion of Cæsar; the last frontier boundary of the encroachments of the Belgæ northward; that the Romans made use of it, but that its increased strength, its elevated and extended state, may be attributed with more propriety to the Saxons. Of this most interesting earthwork, and of his investigation of its course, sir R. Hoare speaks with all the enthusiasm of a sportsman engaged from day to day in the chase.

I forbear touching further upon the Wansdyke, as my friend Mr. Scarth has, in a valuable essay contributed to the Somersetshire Society, treated the subject of "The Ancient Earthworks around Bath" with his usual ability: indeed, I must say that he has exhausted it. I may just add that he considers both Collinson and sir Richard Hoare to have fallen into some error; but as you will have the opportunity both of judging of the work for yourselves from examination, and of listening to Mr. Scarth, I will not enter into any discussion on this interesting point.

With regard to camps, we may turn our eyes to that of Sulisbury, so closely connected both in situation and in name with our city, the *Aquæ Sulis* of the Britons, the *Aquæ Solis* of the Romans. From our hill of Lansdown, a chain of ancient fortresses have been traced, extending along the Avon and the Severn, through Clifton and the Old Passage, reaching to Bredon hill in Worcestershire, in one direction, and to Cirencester in another.

These stations—well described by the late Mr. Lloyd Baker in the nineteenth volume of the *Archæologia*—not fewer than twenty-five in number, extend upwards of forty miles in a north-east direction, capable of communicating

with each other by signals. From some of these stations as many as six others could be seen, so that an alarm might be given on the approach of an enemy with an ease and certainty which appear to have been most judiciously consulted. We have repeated proofs, in these fortresses, that the Romans were well disposed to adopt those stations which had been originally selected by earlier settlers. As one instance, the Roman camp of Woodchester is in the immediate neighbourhood of the earthen fortress of Uley Bury.

That Bath should be selected by the Romans as a favoured residence, is very natural. To that people the warm springs must have been a great attraction, partly compensating for the luxurious baths of Dioclesian and Caracalla, which they had left at home, and reconciling them, in some measure, to this colder climate.

The Roman antiquities by which we are surrounded, and which will furnish interesting subjects of investigation, will show that the city possessed buildings of real magnificence; and the number of tessellated pavements that have been discovered, is proof that various villas had been erected within a few miles of the city. Enough of the works of the Roman people remains to show that the "City of the Sun" was adorned with statues; that the sculptured tombs of its inhabitants were placed along the sides of the roads which pointed towards it, and that it possessed numerous altars.

The fragments of the principal building (a portion of the portico of the temple of Minerva) were well described by sir H. C. Englefield, soon after their discovery in 1790, in the tenth volume of the *Archæologia*. They have been illustrated by the late excellent antiquary, Mr. Samuel Lysons, in a beautiful work published by him in 1802; also by the researches of governor Pownall, and our own historian, the venerable Richard Warner;—of this useful writer and excellent man, a nonagenarian, we may justly speak in praise, especially in a library which has upon so many occasions benefited by his liberality.—I do not further dwell upon them, as I otherwise should have done, as the Roman antiquities of Bath have already formed the subject of a very interesting lecture delivered by Mr. Scarth in March 1853; and I believe that they will form the

subject of a paper by the same gentleman, to be read at this meeting.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that, tracing the history of Bath downwards, from the time of its occupation by the Romans, so very little should exist in the shape of ancient architectural remains. Of mediæval antiquities very few, if any, are to be found. We have scarcely a Saxon or Norman relic left amongst us.

A description of Bath, in the reign of Henry VI, from the pen of Thomas Chandler, chancellor of Wells, never having appeared in print, may not be uninteresting. The manuscript from which it is extracted was noticed by Mr. Hunter, and was considered to be lost; but it is still preserved in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, with other treatises by Chandler, in the very volume that belonged to bishop Beckington, and which Leland saw in the library at Wells. This MS., of which I have been favoured with a copy by the kindness of the librarian and professor Willis, is in Latin, composed in a sort of dramatic form; the speakers being Andrew of Wells and Peter of Bath, named after the patron saints of the two cities, each asserting the superior pretensions of his own city to the preference of the diocesan, as the seat of his episcopal throne. My friend, the rev. F. Kilvert, selected some portions of this manuscript for translation; and to him I am indebted for the following extracts.

Andrew, the champion of Wells, scruples not to fix upon this, the sister city, the foul character which Smollett attached to the "Athens of the North"—"*fætida ac sulphurea villa—ita immunda, ut quicquid ibi sordis noctu factum sit, id manè ponat ante oculos hominum et pedibus per vias calcandum subjiciat.*" You are, doubtless, so well acquainted with Smollett's allusion to the impurities of Edinburgh in 1771, that I need only refer to the passage in which they are mentioned.

On the other hand, Peter, in his praise of Bath, indulges in the following lavish encomiums:

"Why should I speak of its situation? Nothing is more elegant and magnificent. Amongst its charms are shady groves, flowery meadows, pleasant streams, transparent fountains, and, above all, the very nature of the place formed for delight,—for the very hills themselves, by which the city is surrounded, seem to smile and to diffuse a delight with which

beholders cannot satisfy themselves, or be weary of surveying; so that the whole region round about may rightly be esteemed and named a sort of Paradise, to which nothing in the whole world is equal in respect of beauty or delight. In such a degree is this city environed with verdant meadows, and with the most salutary herbs, that nothing can be more distinguished. Allured by the fame of its beauty, and for the sake of health, many persons resort to behold this city; and so much are they struck with its grandeur, its elegance, and its wealth, that they consider others only as handmaids, but acknowledge this as the mistress of the rest. The whole compass of the city, in fine, is encircled, as by a coronet, by a splendid wall; and unless it be surveyed within, all its beauty cannot be beheld, for it has not less grace of decoration within its walls than without; nor are only one or two of its streets neat and elegant, but all its parts: for as the blood is diffused throughout the body, so is grace and elegance diffused through the whole city. What shall I say of the antiquity and nobility of its origin? To me, indeed, all these things seem worthy to be commended with no ordinary praise. Moreover, if you consider the temperature and fineness of the climate, you will easily be induced to think that you have never seen elsewhere a clearer sky, a brighter sun, or more brilliant stars. Add to these, the perennial flow of heated springs marvellously supplied for the benefit of man, over which, as Solinus says, Minerva presides,—in whose temple perpetual fires never whiten into ashes. What can be more wonderful, or more blessed, than this provision, by which all men, high and low, rich and poor, receive the cure of all their maladies?"

It is due to Wells, a city which you have lately visited with so much pleasure, that its beauties and its superiority over Bath, as asserted by its advocate, Andrew, should be also described:

"As the inhabitants of this city greatly surpass all other men in a peculiar natural talent, knowledge, eloquence, and magnificence, so also does the city itself, most judiciously situated, excel all other cities in splendour, elegance, and cleanliness. For neither is it boastfully placed on the summit of hills, from whence it may ostentatiously display itself, nor yet on the level of a spacious plain: for in an elevated position it is not possible to dwell without the adverse influences of weather, without winds, without storms, without the greatest inconvenience to the inhabitants. Nor again, in an extensive plain, without moisture of soil, without impurity of air, without the obscurity of vapours. Avoiding, therefore, these inconveniences, this city of ours is placed in such a position as (which in all matters is most approved) to have secured a medium between extremes, being equally remote from the inequalities of a hilly and the dreariness of a level situation; yet, so far does it combine both,

as to lose the advantages of neither, and to enjoy a wonderfully agreeable temperature: for on the east and north it is defended by elevated tracts, as by a sort of rampart, against the violent force and furious assaults of the cold winds; towards the south, whose violence is more moderate, it is sheltered by hills of lower elevation; and towards the west a champagne country extends. There is, therefore, in the situation, complete shelter and an excellent temperature; whereas, in every direction from it, you would have to encounter either too much cold or too much heat. Why should I mention the number of its inhabitants, the most glorious and beautiful church of the immortal Andrew, the apostle of God, the splendour of the sacred palace and of its other buildings? All are conspicuous, and adorned with surpassing beauty."

Chandler, the author of this work, was singularly fortunate in the rapid acquisition of several most valuable pieces of preferment. For these he was doubtless, in great measure, indebted to bishops Beckington and Wykeham; but, as amongst them may be included the wardenship of Winchester college, 1450; of New college, 1453; the mastership of St. Cross and the chancellorship of the university of Oxford, from 1457 to 1461; we may reasonably suppose that he was regarded both as a man of talent and of high character.

Our abbey claims attention, not from its antiquity, but as being the last, in point of date, of English cathedrals. "The last building of any magnitude, erected in this country" (observes sir H. Englefield), "in a style purely Gothic, and being the only one which remains in the state in which it was originally designed." The alterations made in 1834, by giving pinnacles to the octagonal turrets of the tower and other parts of the building, cannot be commended. If we refer to the prints in the publication of the Society of Antiquaries (1798), and to Britton's history of the abbey (1825), we shall not hesitate in preferring the original design to these later additions. The clearing away what sir Harry Englefield called "the miserable habitations" which disfigured the building, and the restoration of prior Bird's monumental chapel, were most creditable to those concerned in these works. This chapel is admirable from the beauty of its design and proportions.

To the antiquary, therefore, when compared with some other English towns, Bath possesses but few attractions: still, if he has an eye for whatever is picturesque, the

stranger must be struck with a city of great beauty, placed in a country of almost unrivalled loveliness. Speaking of the city itself, Macaulay says, "it charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio".

The reign of queen Elizabeth was a marked era in Bath, as elsewhere. She visited sir John Harington, a favourite godson, the translator of the *Orlando Furioso*, at his mansion at Kelweston (Kelston), in 1590. Sir John had employed an Italian artist, Barozzi, to design for him this mansion, which he had fitted up in a style of magnificence suited to the taste of the age. The mansion which preceded this, built by sir John's father, the grantee of Kelston (he having married a natural daughter of Henry VIII), is said to have been the largest at that time in the county (*Nugæ Antiquæ*, p. 8). It seems somewhat strange that it should have existed only during one generation. Probably the poet's Italian villa was an adaptation of the older residence to a taste growing into fashion. The queen, we are told, dined "right royally under the fountain which played in the court". It is to be regretted that almost every vestige of this mansion, even of the fountain and the court, part of an old wall excepted, has been swept away. Some out-buildings remain; and the foundations of the mansion house may be traced. A letter addressed by sir John Harington (probably to lord Burleigh) presents a view of the city worth repeating on the present occasion:

"The citie of Bathe, my lord, being both poore enough and proude enough, hath, since her highnesse being there, wonderfully beautified itselfe in fine houses for victualling and lodging, but decayes as fast as their ancient and honeste trades of merchandize and clothing. The faire church her highnesse gave order should be re-edified, stands at a stay; and the common sewer, which before stood in an ill place, stands now in no place, for they have not any at all; which, for a towne so plentifullye served of water, in a countrey so well provided of stone, in a place resorted unto so greatly (being at two times of the year, as it were, the pilgrimage of health to all saints [?]), methinke seemeth an unworthie and dishonourable thing. Wherefore, if your lordship would authorise me, or some wiser than me, to take a strict account of the money, by her majestie's gracious graunt gathered, and to be gathered; which, in the opinion of manie, cannot be lesse than ten thousand pounds (though, not to wrong them, I thinke they have bestowed upon the pointe of ten thousand pounds, abating but one cipher), I would not doubt of a

ruinate church to make a reverent church, and of an unsavourie town a sweet town."

Sir John being, "by the unanimous consent of his own age, a man of extraordinary wit", gave one specimen of it regarding the abbey church; for we are told that, conversing with bishop Montague near the abbey, it happened to rain, which afforded an opportunity of asking the bishop to shelter himself within the church. Care was taken to convey the prelate into that aisle which had been despoiled of the lead, and was nearly roofless. As the situation was far from securing his lordship against the weather, he remarked that it did not shelter him. "Doth it not, my lord? Then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church; for if it keep us not safe from the waters above, how shall it save others from the fires beneath?" The bishop, we know, became a liberal benefactor.

Bath did not suffer in the great rebellion. The Cornish forces possessed themselves of the city in 1643. Here, lord Clarendon tells us, they rested and refreshed themselves till they might receive new orders from the king, who was then bent to attack the city of Bristol. The great military proceedings of that day, connected with this locality, took place on Lansdown and its immediate neighbourhood; but the city itself underwent no siege nor disturbance. In a minor rebellion, Bath did not take any part. From the near approach of the king's forces, Monmouth, on the 25th June, 1685, when at Keynsham, determined not to attack Bristol, as seems to have been wished; but to march to Gloucester, and thence proceed to Shropshire and Cheshire. That plan was also abandoned, as Wiltshire was preferred. They marched on that night, and were before Bath on the following morning. When before the city, Monmouth drew up his forces and summoned it to surrender, but without any expectation that it would do so. After this bravado, which cost the poor herald his life, the army marched to Philips Norton. The Philips Norton fight is rather a memorable one amongst the duke's battles. Macaulay says that Bath was strongly garrisoned for the king, and that the rebels, therefore, made no attempt on the walls,

Successive members of the royal family have frequented our city, and memorials of several of these events exist.

The queen of James II tried the effect of the waters to give an heir to the throne; with what success, the earl of Melfort commemorated upon a pillar erected in the Cross Bath, in what Gough calls "a bombast and impudent inscription". It commences as follows:

"In perpetuam
Reginæ Mariæ memoriam,
Quam Cælo, in Bathonienses thermas
Irradiante, Spiritus Domini, qui fertur
Super aquas,
Trium regnorum heredis
Genitricem effecit."

The prince of Wales' visit, in 1738, is commemorated by an obelisk in Queen-square; which is noticed here as the inscription upon it was, at Nash's request, written by Pope. The poet sends it in a characteristic and ill-tempered letter; and, strange to say, the words actually inscribed on the stone slightly *vary* from what Pope composed. Was Nash so presumptuous as to venture to alter what Pope had written?

The style of domestic architecture existing in Bath at the beginning of the last century, and the species of accommodation afforded to visitors in lodging houses, may be best gathered from the curious plan which you will find suspended in the lobby. Our intelligent librarian, Mr. Charles Palmer Russell, who is more conversant with the ancient maps or plans of Bath than any other person, and possesses probably the most perfect collection of them, tells me that the plan in question appeared at three distinct periods.

To these houses and to this plan you will remember Macaulay refers. The writer quoted by him is the architect Wood, who published an account of Bath about 1740. Wood tells us, that in his younger days, "about the year 1727, the visitors to the springs were exposed to the greatest discomforts—the floors uncarpeted and coloured brown, with a wash made from soot and small beer, in order to hide the dirt" (ii, 348). This quotation has exposed the historian to an attack from his bitter reviewer in the *Quarterly*, who censures him for transplanting into the life of Charles II what belongs more properly to the

reign of George II. Evelyn's and Pepys' Diaries, which are also referred to by Macaulay, do not exactly confirm his statements; the former describes the city with streets, "narrow, uneven, and unpleasant."

Pepys paid a visit to Bath in 1668; so that the first time he saw the city, he had attained his thirty-sixth year—an additional proof how little locomotion prevailed in his days. He tells us that he "resolved to see the Bath, and, it may be, Bristol." He commended the county, as, indeed, it deserves. He pronounces "the town clean, and the streets narrow." The bathing "by wholesale, so many bodies together in the same water, struck him as not clean." The walls of the city he describes as "good, and the battlements all whole." Of these but one insulated fragment remains, viz., in the street still called the Borough Walls, near the General Hospital; and, as it has been mentioned in print, I may add, that had I not interposed at a critical moment, this interesting relic might have disappeared. A brighter day approached; but the new buildings, before 1720, were chiefly devoted to public purposes. Between 1727 and 1748, many handsome private residences were erected on land belonging to Mr. Gay, the duke of Chandos, and others.

The talents of Wood have not been fairly appreciated; Warburton strongly censured him, as he was apt to do both the living and the dead. Many of Wood's works will not stand close criticism, but on the other hand, there are several which prefer strong claims to praise; the north side of Queen-square and Prior Park are the productions of no ordinary architect. I would also call your attention to some specimens of domestic architecture, which existed in the days of Allen and Nash, from drawings by Mr. Lansdown, now laid upon the table; others might be placed before you of the same period, where something of a palatial character was given to the residences of the viscount Weymouth, Mr. Allen, and others. When London was little frequented by country families, these winter residences in provincial cities furnished to their inhabitants many of the gaieties which are sought by the present generation in the metropolis. The change is of course the main reason why many of our provincial towns have fallen into decay.

This rapid and most imperfect sketch would be still more defective, were I not to speak of the Athenæ Bathonienses, those who in their day have given life and animation to the lovely scenes around us. And if the charge of frivolity has been brought against this city, ought it not rather to attach to very many of those who have been visitants, those who came hither purposely in search of amusement, of something to charm the vacant hour, not to the natives and residents of Bath? The Blunderhead family and kindred tribes of that distinguished race came from afar, but the pen that described them, with a keenness and wit that have been rarely equalled, was wielded by a resident in our Crescent, and the fruits of his genius have secured for him a memorial in Poets' Corner.

Mr. Hunter, in his beautiful essay, which, after a lapse of twenty-six years, he, at my request, as president of the Bath Literary Club, republished, with large additions, has shewn us that the city of "Bath has ever had, and deserves to have, a name in the literature and science of England." Let us call to remembrance the names of Harington, Daniel, Prynne, Hales, the Falconers, Graves, Smollett, Conybeare, Burney, and Austen. Very many others might I name; and if we turn to antiquaries, I would mention Pownall, Luders, Lysons, Leman, Way, and Hunter, as forming a body to which we owe the deepest obligations.¹

I would also recall to your recollection that, at one extremity of the city, in the mansion of Prior Park, Warburton wrote the concluding volumes of his gigantic work, *The Divine Legation of Moses*. Under what roof could be assembled a more splendid constellation of genius than under that of "Humble Allen"? so brightly did it shine, so great were its attractions, that when Pope sent the first invitation to Warburton to pass a month or six weeks there, he seems to beckon him to a high intellectual feast, an assembly of the wise, the good, and the witty. Garrick, as appears by his correspondence, was tempted to wish that the evening of his days might be passed rather on the banks of the Avon than of the Thames.

At the other extremity of Bath, tradition tells us, was

¹ Mr. Monkland, in his *Essays on the Literature and Literati of Bath*, has brought down his sketches, from the time of John Hales, to the present day, and has given us several interesting notices of celebrated individuals whose names had not been recorded in Mr. Hunter's pages.

written a work giving us the portrait of Allen in the exquisite character of Allworthy, and conferring on the author of *Tom Jones* an undying fame. Gibbon scruples not to call it the first of ancient or modern romances, one that will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria. If there are passages in this work at which delicacy takes offence, let us remember that the age when Fielding lived permitted far different and stronger language than our own. Scott, whose noble mind rejected all mock sentiment, and could sympathise with every generous feeling, declared that he does not believe that in any instance "the perusal of this novel has added one libertine to the large list, who would not have been such had it never crossed the press"; and an excellent prelate now living, told me that he should not hesitate placing the book in the hands of a young man, if accompanied with suitable cautions and advice. Fielding was the father of English novelists, and in his powers of strong and natural humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, he has been unapproached as yet by the most successful of his followers. His "hope of charming ages yet to come, and of being read with honour by those who never knew or saw him," has been fully accomplished; for it has been said, "as long as the heart of the English language remains the same, so long will Fielding be read with equal interest, pleasure and advantage." Allen has acquired a reflected fame by his friendship with distinguished men, and by the tributes paid him by Pope, Fielding, and Warburton; but he merits far higher praise from the assemblage of moral virtues which adorned his own spotless character. The General Hospital of Bath, where his bust and portrait grace the walls, is one memorial of his princely liberality; and his guardianship of two of Fielding's children, left in poverty by their witty but improvident father, strikingly proves that he practised that highest of Christian virtues, the care of the fatherless and the widow. Allen resembled Johnson's friend Thrale: both sprang from an humble origin; both were men of the highest integrity, very wealthy, very generous; and they became from their position and their sterling qualities, objects of attention with those far above them, both in worldly rank and literary acquirements.

To Anstey I must revert, and dwell a moment on his merits.

“From wealth, from honour, and from courts remov’d,
He kept the silent path his genius lov’d.”

But while his name, in this place especially, reminds us chiefly of one of his poems, “the only thing in fashion,” says Gray, in 1766, certainly not forgotten in 1856, we are apt to be neglectful of his other writings. He could, indeed, pass from gay to grave, from lively to severe, “haud solertior lectori risum movere, quam tristi querimoniâ elicere lacrymas.”

One word as to living worthies. The venerable and attached friend of Southey, whose earliest poems, it may be observed, were published in Bath in 1794, Mr. Landor, has long been a resident of this city, and claims the foremost mention.

A sound scholar, “a ripe and good one, too”, the rev. Francis Kilvert, has long been identified with Bath. To him we owe a valuable volume connected with Prior park, a *Selection from Bishop Warburton’s Unpublished Papers*; and though we cannot say of the writings of that prelate, as of Pearson, that the “very dust is gold”, yet whatever fell from Warburton’s pen deserves attention; and in this volume his moral character is exhibited in a more amiable point of view than it had previously appeared.¹ The accomplished translator of *Leaves from Eusebius*, who is distinguished also for his learned researches on the necrology of Egypt and other recondite subjects, deserves a more special notice than he would approve on this public occasion. Bath does not possess a critic of sounder judgment or purer taste.² Nor can I consider this enumeration complete without the mention of that accomplished scholar and able divine who now worthily presides over King Edward’s Grammar School in this city, the rev. A. J. Macleane.

I must not, however, trespass longer on your indulgence. To the interesting nature of our pursuits I have adverted

¹ To Mr. Kilvert we also owe an interesting work, entitled *Pinacothecæ Historicæ Specimen*, containing miniature portraits of eminent characters, in the form of inscriptions, which obtained the warm approval of that distinguished scholar and excellent judge, the late bishop Copleston.

² The rev. H. Street, M.A., formerly of Balliol college, Oxford.

at the commencement of my address. I would add, in conclusion, that they teach also the most useful of lessons,—the vanity of all human aims, wishes, and expectations. Time has its influence on the greatest works of man: “the grace and fashion of them perish”. How much of what was built for eternity, has, from age, neglect, and dead, vast and apparently durable as they were originally designed, are oftentimes, from the mouldering touch of years, as little able as are the bones beneath them, to explain their history and the names that they were to commemorate. So, too, with the offspring of the intellect: how few works of genius and talent inherit a deathless fame! On the other hand, the hills that surround us; the springs that gush beneath our feet, graciously given for the healing of mankind, pour forth, as they have done from the Creation, their exhaustless supplies: no time, no symptom of decay, affect the works of Him who conceived them in His wisdom, who sustains them by His power, until, at His dread command, “there shall be time no longer”.

Let me again assure you, gentlemen, of a most hearty welcome, and of our earnest desire that your visit to this city may be as agreeable to yourselves as it is to us.

