

ENGLISH MISCELLANIES.

Rural Ride, from Salisbury to Warminster, from Warminster to Frome, from Frome to Devizes, from Devizes to Highworth.

“ Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail : saying, when will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn ! And the sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the Ephah small and the Shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit ; there we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes ; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat ? Shall not the land tremble for this ; and every one mourn that dwelleth therein ? I will turn your feasting into mourning, saith the Lord God, and your songs into lamentations.”—Amos, chap. viii. ver. 4 to 10.

HEYTESBURY, (WILTS) THURSDAY, 31st August, 1826.
—This place, which is one of the rotten boroughs of Wiltshire, and which was formerly a considerable town, is now but a very miserable affair. Yesterday morning I went into the Cathedral at Salisbury about 7 o'clock. When I got into the nave of the Church, and was looking up and admiring the columns and the roof, I heard a sort of humming, in some place which appeared to be in the transept of the building. I wondered what it was, and made my way towards the place, whence the noise appeared to issue. As I approached it, the noise seemed to grow louder. At last, I thought I could distinguish the sounds of the human voice. This encouraged me to proceed ; and, still following the sound, I at last turned in at a door-way to my left, where I found a priest and his congregation assembled. It was a parson of some sort, with a white covering on him, and five women and four men ; when I arrived there were five couple of us. I joined the congregation, until they came to the *litany* ; and then, being monstrously hungry, I did not think myself bound to stay any longer. I wonder what the founders would say, if they could rise from the grave, and see such a congregation as this, in this most magnificent and beautiful cathedral ? I wonder what they would say, if they could know *to what purposes* the endowments of this Cathedral are now applied ; and above all things, I wonder what they would say, if they

above all things, I wonder what they would say, if they could see the half-starved labourers, that now minister to the luxuries of those who wallow in the wealth of those endowments. There is one thing at any rate, that might be abstained from, by those that revel in the riches of those endowments; namely, to abuse and blackguard those of our forefathers, from whom the endowments came, and who erected the edifice and carried so far towards the skies that beautiful and matchless spire, of which the recent possessors have the impudence to boast, while they represent as ignorant and benighted creatures, those who conceived the grand design, and who executed the scientific and costly work. These fellows in big white wigs, of the size of half a bushel, have the audacity, even within the walls of the Cathedral themselves, to rail against those who founded them; and Rennell and Sturges, while they were actually, literally, *fattening* on the spoils of the monastery of St. Swithin, at Winchester, were publishing abusive pamphlets against that Catholic religion, which had given them their very bread.—For my own part, I could not look up at the spire and the whole of the church at Salisbury, without *feeling* that I lived in degenerate times. Such a thing never could be made *now*. We *feel* this as we look at the building. It really does appear that if our forefathers had not made

these buildings, we should have forgotten, before now, what the Christian religion was!

At Salisbury, or very near to it, four other rivers fall into the Avon. The Wyly river, the Nadder, the Born, and another little river that comes from Norrington. These all become one, at last, just below Salisbury, and then, under the name of the Avon, wind along down and fall into the sea at Christchurch. In coming from Salisbury, I came up the road which runs pretty nearly parallel with the river Wyly, which river rises at Warminster and in the neighbourhood. This river runs down a valley twenty two miles long. It is not so pretty as the valley of the Avon; but it is very fine in its whole length from Salisbury to this place (Hetesbury.) Here are watered meadows nearest to the river on both sides; then the

meadows nearest to the river on both sides ; then the gardens, the houses, and the corn-fields. After the corn fields come the downs ; but generally speaking, the downs are not so bold here as they are on the sides of the Avon. The downs do not come out in promontories so often as they do on the sides of the Avon. The *Ah-ah* ! If I may so express it, is not so deep, and the sides of it not so steep, as in the case of the Avon ; but the villages are as frequent ; there is more than one church in every mile, and there has been a due proportion of mansion houses demolished and defaced. The farms are very fine up this vale, and the meadows, particularly at a place called Stapleford, are singularly fine. They had just been mowed at Stapleford, and the hay carried off. At Stapleford, there is a little cross valley, running up between two hills of the down. There is a little run of water about a yard wide at this time, coming down this little vale across the road into the river. The little vale runs up three miles. It does not appear to be half a mile wide ; but in those three miles there are four churches ; namely, Stapleford, Uppington, Berwick ? St. James, and Winterborne Stoke. The present population of these four villages, is 769 souls, men women and children, the whole of whom could very conveniently be seated in the chancel of the church at Stapleford. Indeed, the church and parish of Uppington seem to have been united with one of the other parishes, like the parish in Kent which was united with North Cray, and not a single house of which now remains. What were these four churches *built FOR* within the distance of three miles ? There are three parsonage houses still remaining ; but, and it is a very curious fact, *neither of them good enough for the parson to live in !* Here are seven hundred and sixty souls to be taken care of, but there is no parsonage house for a soul-curer to stay in, or at least that he *will* stay in ; and all the three parsonages are, in the return laid before Parliament, represented to be no better than miserable labourers' cottages, though the parish of Winterborne Stoke, has a church sufficient to contain *two or three thousand people*. The truth is, that the parsons have been receiving the revenues of the livings, and have been suffering the parsonage houses to fall into decay. Here were two or three mansion houses which are also gone, even from the sides of this little

which are also gone, even from the sides of this little run of water.

To-day has been *exceedingly hot*. Hotter, I think, for a short time, than I ever felt it in England before. In coming through a village called *Wishford*, and mounting a little hill, I thought the heat upon my back was as great as I had ever felt it in my life. There were thunder storms about, and it had rained at *Wishford* a little before I came to it. My next village was one that I had lived in for a short time, when I was only about ten or eleven years of age. I had been sent down with a horse from *Farnham*, and I remember that I went by *Stone-henge*, and rode up and looked at the stones. From *Stone-henge* I went to the village of *Steeple Langford*, where I remained from the month of June till the fall of the year. I remember the beautiful villages up and down this valley. I also remembered, very well, that the women at *Steeple Langford* used to card and spin dyed wool. I was, therefore, somewhat filled with curiosity to see this *Steeple Langford* again; and, indeed, it was the recollection of this village that made me take a ride into *Wiltshire* this summer. I have, I dare say, a thousand times talked about this *Steeple Langford*, and about the beautiful farms and meadows along this valley. I have talked of these to my children a great many times; and I formed the design of letting two of them see this valley this year, and to go through *Warminster* to *Stroud*, and so on to *Gloucester* and *Hereford*; but, when I got to *Everley*, I found that they would never get along fast enough to get into *Herefordshire* in time for what they intended; so that I parted from them in the manner I have before described. I was resolved however, to see *Steeple Langford* myself, and I was impatient to get to it, hoping to find a public-house, and a stable to put my horse in, to protect him, for awhile, against the flies, which tormented him to such a degree, that to ride him was work as hard as threshing. When I got to *Steeple Langford*, I found no public-house, and I found it a much more miserable place than I had remembered it. The *Steeple*, to which it owed its distinctive appellation, was gone; and the place altogether seemed to me to be very much altered for the worse. A little further on,

very much altered for the worse. A little further on, however, I came to a very famous inn, called DEPTFORD INN, which is in the parish of Wyly. I stayed at this inn till about four o'clock in the afternoon. I remembered Wyly very well, and thought it a gay place when I was a boy. I remembered a very beautiful garden belonging to a rich farmer and miller. I went to see it; but alas! though the *statues* in the water and on the grass-plot were still remaining, every thing seemed to

be in a state of perfect carelessness and neglect. The living of this parish of Wyly, was lately owned by DAMPIER (a brother of the *Judge*), who lived at, and I believe had the living of MEXON STONE in Hampshire. This fellow, I believe, never saw the parish of Wyly but once, though it must have yielded him a pretty good fleece. It is a Rectory, and the great tithes must be worth, I should think, six or seven hundred pounds a year, at the least. It is a part of our system to have certain *families*, who have no particular merit; but who are to be maintained, without why or wherefore, at the public expense, in some shape, or under some name, or other, it matters not much what shape or what name. If you look through the old list of pensioners, sinecurists, parsons, and the like, you will find the same names everlastingly recurring. They seem to be a sort of creatures that have an *inheritance in the public carcass*; like the maggots that some people have in their skins. This family of DAMPIER seems to be one of these. What, in God's name, should have made one of these a Bishop and the other a Judge! I never heard of the smallest particle of talent that either of them possessed. This Rector of Wyly was another of them. There was no harm in them that I know of, beyond that of living upon the public; but where were their merits? They had none, to distinguish them, and to entitle them to the great sums they received; and, under any other system than such a system as this, they would, in all human probability, have been gentlemen's servants or little shop-keepers. I dare say there is some of the *breed* left; and, if there be, I would pledge my existence, that they are, in some shape or other. feeding

tence, that they are, in some shape or other, feeding upon the public. However, thus it must be, until that change come, which will put an end to men paying *fourpence* in tax upon a pot of beer.

THIS DEPTFORD INN was a famous place of meeting for the *Yeomanry Cavalry*, in glorious anti-jacobin times, when wheat was twenty shillings a bushel, and when a man could be crammed into gaol for years, for only *looking awry*. This inn was a glorious place in the days of PEG NICHOLSON and her KNIGHTS. Strangely altered now. The shape of the garden shows you what revelry used to be carried on here. Peel's Bill gave this inn, and all belonging to it, a terrible souse. The unfeeling brutes, who used to brandish their swords, and swagger about, at the news of what was called "a *victory*," have now to lower their scale in clothing, in drink, in eating, in dress, in horse-flesh, and everything else. They are now a lower sort of men than they were. They look at their rusty sword and their old dusty helmet and their once gay regimental jacket. They do not hang these up now in the "parlour" for every body to see them; they hang them up in their bed-rooms, or in a cockloft; and when they meet their eye, they look at them as a cow does at a bastard calf, or as the bridegroom does at a girl that the overseers are about to compel him to marry. If their children should happen to see these implements of war twenty or thirty years hence, they will certainly think that their fathers were the greatest fools that ever walked the face of the earth; and that will be a most filial and charitable way of thinking of them; for, it is not from ignorance that they have sinned, but from excessive baseness; and when any of them now complain of those acts of the Government which strip them, (as the late Order in Council does) of a fifth part of their property in an hour, let them recollect their own base and maglignant conduct towards those persecuted reformers, who, if they had no been suppressed by these very yeomen, would, long ago, have put an end to the cause of that ruin of which these yeomen now complain. When they complain of their ruin, let them remember the toasts which they drank in anti-jacobin times; let them remember their base and insulting exultations on the occasion of the 16th of August at Manchester: let them remember

the 16th of August at Manchester; let them remember their cowardly abuse of men, who were endeavouring to free their country from that horrible scourge which they themselves now feel.

WARMINSTER (Wilts) FRIDAY, 1st SEPT.—I set out from Heytesbury this morning about six o'clock. Last night before I went to bed, I found that there were some men and boys in the house, who had come all the way from BRADFORD, about twelve miles, in order to get *nuts*. These people were men and boys that had been employed in the *cloth factories* at Bradford and about Bradford. I had some talk with some of these nutters, and I am quite convinced, not that the cloth making is at an end; but that it *never will be again what it has been*. Before last Christmas these manufacturers had full work, at one shilling and three-pence a yard, at broad-cloth weaving. They have now a quarter work, at one shilling a yard! One and threepence a yard for this weaving has been given at all times within the memory of man! Nothing can show more clearly than this, and in a stronger light, the great change which has taken place in the *remuneration for labour*. There was a turn out last winter, when the price was reduced to a shilling a yard; but it was put an end to in the usual way: the constable's staff, the bayonet, the gaol. These poor nutters were extremely ragged. I saved my supper, and I fasted instead of breakfasting. That was three shillings, which I had saved, and I added five to them, with a resolution to save them, afterwards, in order to give these chaps a breakfast for once in their lives. There were eight of them, six men and two boys; and I gave them two quartern loaves, two pounds of cheese, and eight pints of strong beer. The fellows were very thankful, but the conduct of the landlord pleased me exceedingly. When I came

to pay my bill, they had said nothing about my bed, which had been a very good one; and, when I asked why they had not put the bed into the bill, they said they would not charge any thing for the bed since I had been so good to the poor men. Yes, said I, but I must not throw the expense upon you. I had no supper, and I

throw the expense upon you. I had no supper, and I have had no breakfast; and, therefore, I am not called upon to pay for them; but *I have had* the bed. It ended by my paying for the bed, and coming off, leaving the nutters at their breakfast, and very much delighted with the landlord and his wife; and I must here observe, that I have pretty generally found a good deal of compassion for the poor people to prevail amongst publicans and their wives. (*To be continued.*)

SMUGGLING MAGISTRATES.—On Monday, some warrants having been issued against smugglers in Kent, Sir RICHARD BIRNIE, in putting them into the hands of Ruthven the officer, charged him to be careful not to apply to any of the magistrates of the Cinque Ports to back them, lest the object should be defeated. Sir Richard recounted a very dextrous manoeuvre on the part of a worthy Mayor, who detained the officer that applied to him to back a warrant, till he could convey information to the smuggler to get out of the way!

NEW Series of O'Hara Tales, consists of two Stories; one called the Nowlands, the other, Peter of the Castle—both are less marked with political features than the First Series. The Nowlands exhibit the struggles and sufferings, before and after a breach of his ordination vows, of a young Roman Catholic priest, and the miseries of a sister, partly resulting from his fall, partly on account of her being abandoned after a marriage not recognised by existing law. Peter of the Castle details a peculiar case of the moral influence, in Ireland, of a religious ordinance, and is also drawn from the workings of human passion, and illustrated by local scenes, habits, and real characters.—(*Morning Chronicle.*)

FRIDAY morning, a short time before 12 o'clock, a dreadful accident took place at the Coburg Theatre, which we are sorry to say, has proved fatal to two individuals connected with the Theatre. During the time Mr. Glossop was proprietor of the Theatre, he, as a reduction in the expenditure, erected, at the back of the Theatre, a gasometer, by which the house was nightly lighted. The gasometer always swam in a tank of water of considerable dimensions; but within the last two years it has not been used, it being found to be unfit, and causing annoyance to the audience. Yet the gasometer remained swimming in the tank, the water of

ometer remained swimming in the tank, the water of which had remained stagnated for some time, by which means it had become impregnated with gas from the gasometer, yet it was never considered to be in a dangerous state. However, on Friday, between 11 and 12 o'clock three men, named Dawson, Webb, and Duke, the former the second master carpenter to the Theatre, and the two latter his assistants, had occasion to go into the gas room for some purpose with a lighted candle, when no sooner was the door opened, than the whole blew up, and shocking to relate, the two men, Duke and Webb were buried immediately in the ruins. Dawson was actually blown on to the stage, where the *Corps Dramatique* were rehearsing the play of *Pizarro*. Workmen instantly set to work, and, assisted by the men belonging to Astley's Theatre, they succeeded in digging out Duke from the ruins, after he had been there 20 minutes, and in about an hour afterwards discovered Webb; both of them were senseless, and their heads so dreadfully injured, that the brains of both protruded through their ears. They were immediately carried to the hospital, where they died soon after. Dawson, although dreadfully injured still survives. Webb and Duke, we understand, have left families to bewail their untimely end. About two years and a half ago, the gasometer at the same theatre blew up, and caused considerable mischief.

FORTUNATE REPLY.—Des Adrets (a Protestant leader in the religious wars of Charles IX) treated the garrison of Montherisson, who had surrendered at discretion, very cruelly. They represented to him in vain the laws of humanity; he would divert himself with seeing those miserable soldiers precipitated. They were brought to the top of the platform above the tower. Those who had not the courage to precipitate themselves were cast down headlong, and not so much as their Chief was pardoned. Only one soldier was saved: twice he took a run from one end of the platform to the other, as if he designed to leap further, but stopped short on the brink of the precipice. Des Adrets said to him with a sharp tone, it was enough to have twice sounded the ford. The soldier replied boldly, that he would give him four times to do it. These words softened the Baron's ill-humour in such a manner, that he gave the brisk fellow quarter

such a manner, that he gave the brisk fellow quarter who durst make use of his jests in such a pressing extremity.—*Bayle's Historical Dictionary abridged.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Amongst the multitude of individuals who filled the Tuilleries on Saturday (Charles X.'s birth day) Sir Walter Scott and his daughter were observed with the greatest interest. The King, by a mark of distinction, the more flattering because it was exclusive, allowed the illustrious Scotchman to be placed on his passage in the glass gallery, where only ladies are usually admitted. His Majesty paid with a few words full of elegance, the labours of the historian of the misfortunes of the Stuarts, the writer who dedicated some affecting lines to the exile of the House of Bourbon. The King afterwards, with as much delicacy as kindness, conversed in English with the handsome and timid Miss Anna Scott.—*Gazette de France.*