



A WALK THROUGH BRITAIN
A JOURNAL WRITTEN
IN 1820
BY WILLIAM SEWARD WOOD
OF WHITEHOUSE NEAR HEREFORD



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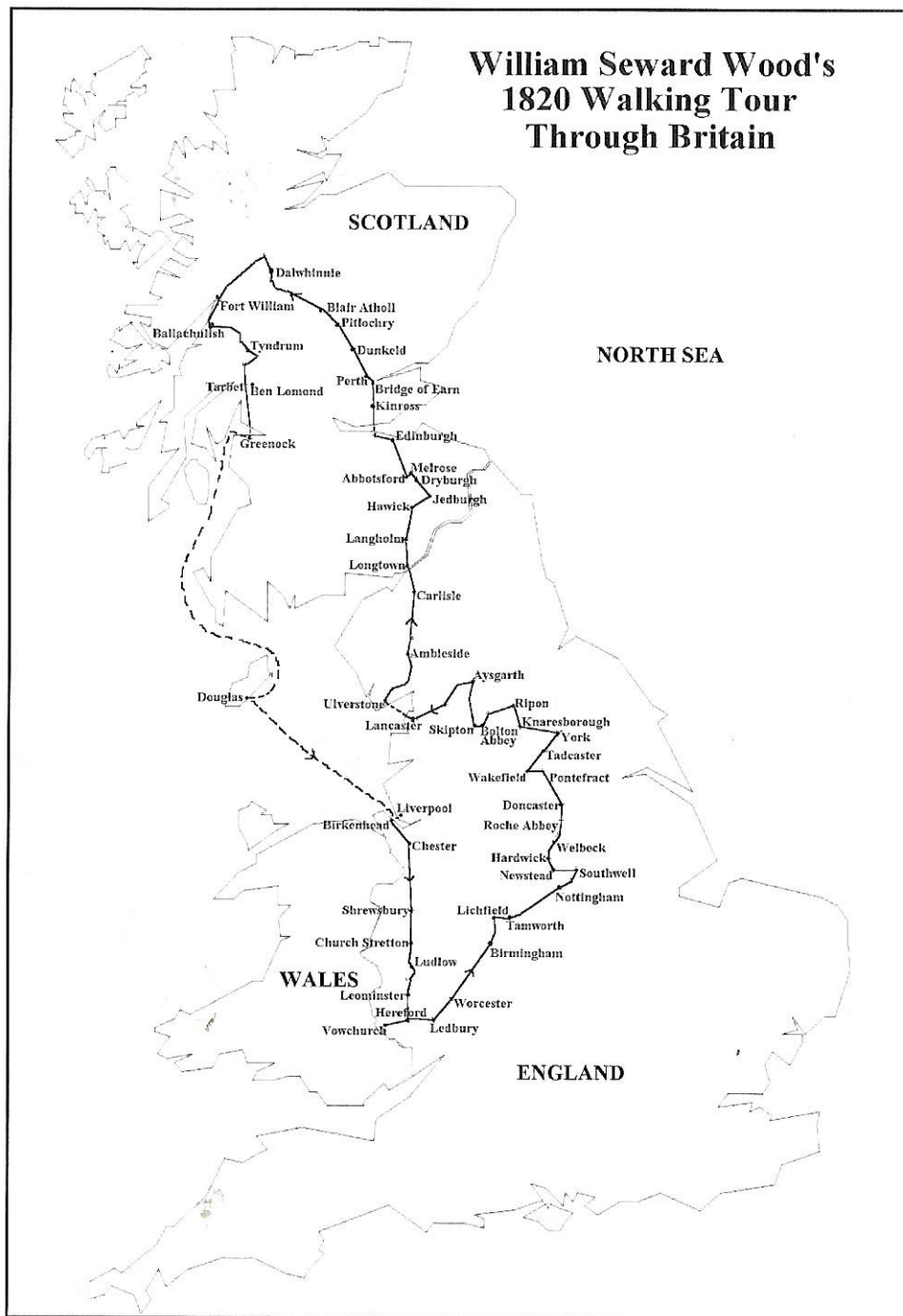
William Seward Wood, who lived from 1793 to 1862, demonstrated a considerable fondness for walking. One notable achievement was to travel to Bath, via Monmouth, Chepstow and ferry across the Severn between 4a.m. and 10p.m. in one day. This booklet contains his description of a walk of over 1,000 miles through England and Scotland

William Seward Wood was the only son of William and Frances Wood of Whitehouse near Vowchurch, Herefordshire. His father was a J.P. and a deputy lieutenant for the county of Hereford. William Seward Wood qualified as an attorney-at-law but he does not appear to have practised as such. Like his father, he was a J.P. and deputy lieutenant for the County of Hereford and was admitted a Freeman of the city of Hereford in 1817. In 1820, at the time of his walk through Britain, he was aged 26.

At the age of 40, he inherited the Whitehouse estate, and on the 1 August of the same year, 1833, he married Mary Ann, the only daughter of Jonathan Hardwick of Lulham, Madley, Herefordshire.

Cover pictures: Fountains Abbey and Abbotsford

William Seward Wood's 1820 Walking Tour Through Britain



Introduction

On the following pages is the journal giving the daily account of the walk of over 1,000 miles through England and Scotland undertaken in 1820 by William Seward Wood. He set out from Vowchurch in the Golden Valley of Herefordshire at the beginning of July and returned at the beginning of September.

The journal of the walk is notable not only because of the great distance covered but also because of the variety of places and people visited and the comments made upon them. Cathedrals, abbey ruins, great houses and hugely varied scenery combined with a multitude of conversations with people as varied as Sir Walter Scott and a "Warwickshire Quaker".

Although most of the journal is written in a very clear script, alterations, insertions and the fading of the text do mean that some passages are difficult to decipher. Where it has been impossible to decipher a few words, dots have been inserted. Where the script is difficult to decipher, a guess has been made and this is denoted by the use of italics. It is, of course, very possible that some guesses are incorrect.

There are a number of instances where the spelling of a name or place used in the journal is different from the present spelling. This may result from a spelling error by William Seward Wood or from a change in spelling since the time of the walk. Such spellings are indicated by the use of an old English typeface and, in some instances, the present day spelling is also included in parentheses.

The text has been laid out in columns to reflect as far as possible the nature of the original which was written in a narrow notebook.

T. J. R. Wood
(A great grandson of William Seward Wood)
June 2001

Feb 24th -
 He hasn't seen a Black sheep -
 arrived in the land of Orton
Leke, & hasn't seen a hardy
lady or gent. the old two days -
 the horses have some times
all the 3rd 5th a great quantity
of the Cl of lead -
27th to Bolton Castle, a pleasant 4
situation, looking over lovely
dale which is called the
paradise, but in my opinion
not equal to any of the
from these through asking 3
a good view of the country
road up to the hills to the
foot of Ingleborough, from 14
which is a beautiful view

of mountain scenery - some
hills covered with heath, in
the distance, being seen with
great clearness beyond -
"Ingleborough" (Hereford)
Among the highest
hills south of Leath"

A section of the journal

William Seward Wood
 Whitehouse
 near Hereford 1820

Ledbury	16	Bolsover	5	Green Hammerton	8	Ingleborough	14
Worcester	16	Welbeck	10	Knaresborough	10	Ingleton	7
Birmingham	26	Worksop	5	Dropping Well	3	Lancaster	18
Edgbeaston	5	Clumber	8	Ripon	10	Ulverstone	21
Sutton Colefield	7	Worksop	2	Fountains	3	Ambleside	23
Litchfield	10	Sandbeck	9	Patley Bridge	8	Patterdale	10
Tamworth	7	Rock Abbey	2	Bolton Priory	14	Do	10
Ashby	12	Tickhill	5	Skipton	7	Carlisle	30
Sawley	14	Doncaster	7	Kilnsey	12	Langholm	20
Nottingham	9	Pontefract	15	Kettlewell	3	Hawick	22
"	3	Castle	2	Carparby	15	Denholm	5
Southwell	14	Wakefield	9	Bolton Castle	4	Lissom Grm	18
Gunthorpe	16	Tadcaster	19	Askrig	3	Dryburgh	6
Southwell	5	York	6				
Newstead	10	Abbey	3				
Hardwick	10						

The distances written above were listed by William Seward Wood. Those given below were in margin notes.

Trosnoce	11	Garvismond Inn	18	In Greenock	14	Ludlow (chaise)	
Edinburgh	24	Fort William	33	Liverpool (boat)		Leominster	11
Abt Edinburgh	24	Kingshouse	28	In Liverpool	4	Abt Leominster	16
Bridge of Earn	40	Tayndrum Inn	19	Chester	16	Hereford	14
Dalwhinnie	27	Tarbet Inn	21	Shrewsbury (coach)		Abt Hereford	33
Balchroam	12	Helensborough	30	Church Stretton	13	Vowchurch	15

Itinerary - 1820

Monday July 3rd

Leave Hereford with Mr. Wathen at 6, & after a cool comfortable walk arrived at Ledbury about 12, where we are received by Dr. Cope at St Catherine's for which he is the Master, he seems much affected at parting with Mr. W, the Dr. being very *unwell* and we are fearful shall not see him again, - go through Great Malvern to Worcester

Tuesday 4th

To Droitwich - & are overtaken by a Warwickshire Quaker, who says "Dearest who me did you walk all the way *so choose* countries ..Switzerland, Italy, Sparta, India...without *seafaring* that water ...what a wonderful man you are. Have you ever seen the *loonoon* exchange." He makes us look like a lot of pedlars, I am heartily tired of his company - From Droitwich to Bromsgrove - overtake two little girls who left Worcester at the same time we did, they walk uncommonly well - From Bromsgrove ascend the Lickey 2 miles, the side towards Bromsgrove seems to be well cultivated, having been within these few years enclosed, & the other side is steep and covered with burnt Furze & Heath. The inhabitants of the cottages are almost all *sailors*. The confounded Quaker comes *slewing* against me every now and then which makes it unpleasant walking, but thank goodness he begins to hobble along with outstretched ...and bended knees. We arrive at Birmingham - large and dirty - The Quaker leaves us - Go to **Edgestone** the residence of Dr.

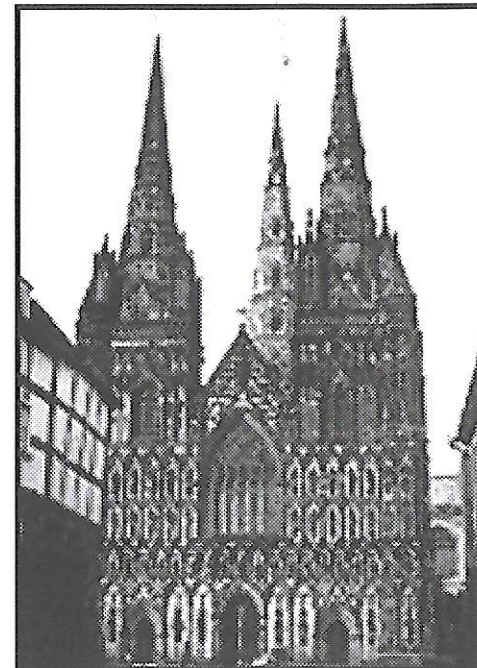
Johnstone (the seat of Lord Calthorpe) the house stands in a fine situation - commanding extensive & beautiful views of the surrounding country, Staffordshire, the situation is high, well wooded with a sheet of water below, surrounded with timber, Dr. J is a mild gentlemanlike man, we drink tea with him, & walk in the Park - he very obligingly points out to us in his map, the way we should go in search of the picturesque.

Wednesday 5th.

From Birmingham to **Sutton Colefield** - pass by Aston Hall a fine old House, formerly the seat of Lord Dartmouth, but now the property of Mr. Watt, the steam engineer - **Colefield** a large wood about a mile to the left of the road - From **Colefield** to **Litchfield**, this beautiful and highly ornamented Cathedral is now undergoing thorough repair; the painted glass which has been recently placed there, purchased by the present Dean Woodhouse, from a monastery in France. In another window are the Figures of several Bishops, Offa King of Mercia, Richard Coer de Leon, Sir G C John Stephen, .. The Antechoir is most beautiful - the monument of the two Grandchildren of the present Dean, of the name of Robinson by Chantry is exceeding fair - There is a bust of Dr. Sam. Johnson - "*The...and squire in hot dispute, within an ace of falling out etc.*" I contended it is ridiculous to hand down to posterity a bust, that is as much like one old man as another, as a particular likeness. In a classical way, & for the sake of effect, it may be as well to put off Dr. J's clothes and put on a Roman



On Wednesday, July 5th 1820, William S Wood passed by Aston Hall: "a fine old house, formerly the seat of Lord Dartmouth but now the property of Mr Watt, the steam engineer".



Later on the 5th July, WSW arrived at Lichfield Cathedral and commented: "This beautiful and highly ornamented cathedral is now undergoing thorough repair; the painted glass which has been recently placed there, purchased by the present Dean Woodhouse".

shirt to keep him cool, but a wretched likeness cannot be a good bust.

From ~~Litchfield~~ to Tamworth - there is an old castle from the property of Lord John Townsend, who is in the hands of Robin of Warwick Street.

Thursday 6th

A beautiful country from Tamworth to Ashby de la Zouch, with a number of beautiful spires - Mr. W is much pleased with the old Castle there, takes several sketches of it - the road from Ashby de la Zouch round Breedon Hill is very circuitous & the Church belonging to Breedon is I suppose built as an object on the Top of the Hill above a number of Lime Quarries. We arrive at Sawley on the Trent which divides Leicestershire from Notts where we sleep.

Friday 7th

Sawley through ~~Chillwell~~, a pretty village, to Nottingham - there are a great number of stocking weavers along this road, pass by ~~Wollaton~~ (Wollaton) Hall the superb seat of Lord Middleton, & a number of Gents' seats near there. Go through the park to Nottingham Castle, the property of the Duke of Newcastle, where I find Mr. Green's name useful. Go down Mortimer's Hole, a long subterranean passage hewn out of solid rock, & reaching from the Castle Terrace to the bottom of the rocks, which are very romantic, more so, even, than the rocks below Warwick Castle. We see cottages hewn out of the rock, leading down the road to the wharf, which are very curious as there are other cottages above them, the rooms are easily formed as the stone is of a soft sandy nature. Walk about Nottingham

which is a decent & large manufacturing town & from thence by a serpentine flat road to Southwell where there is a large & uncommonly handsome church, the antechoir is richly ornamented, the arches are particularly fine, the pillars are massy, but unfortunately the roof has been destroyed by fire in the year 1711 & a flat timber ceiling has been substituted, the funds of the church not being sufficient to reinstate it in its former splendour.

The choir is of a more modern date which is also very beautiful & the screen & prebend stalls are very rich.

Saturday 8th

We go to *Weathersfield*, a Mrs. Walton's, sister of the Dean of Hereford where we are most hospitably received. After dinner, the Miss Waltons & Mr W and myself walk to a summer house of Mr. Richard Sutton, called the gazebo from whence we see on the most distant hill Belvoir Castle, the superb seat of the Duke of Rutland and view the Town of Lincoln on another hill. From the gazebo to Thurgarton when while Mr. W. is taking a sketch of the church, Miss W is talking to me at the back of Col Cooper's house near the coachhouses when we copy a Gent on horseback who Miss W in great apprehension says is Col. C. We are terrified to death. Miss W walks up and down in great perturbation. I am in great confusion, ready to sink into the earth - what is to be done? - I bawl out "Have you finished your sketch, Mr. Wathen?" Mr. Wathen answers. How fortunate! From thence to Gunthorpe ~~Castle~~ (Hall), alias Little Belvoir, the offices, stables,

coachhouses all Gothic. The mansion itself quite superb in a little way, the gent. who built this, Col Smith, married Lady *Ann Foley* after she was divorced. Down the river Trent - a long walk which Miss W accomplishes in an astonishing manner - the banks of the river are very well wooded, more like the *Wye* than anything I have before seen. To Bleasby Hall, the seat of Mr. ~~Kallern~~ (Kelham), - Mrs. K's hands are the smallest I have ever seen - where we have the pleasure of drinking tea. & arrive at *Westhorpe* after midnight.

Sunday 9th

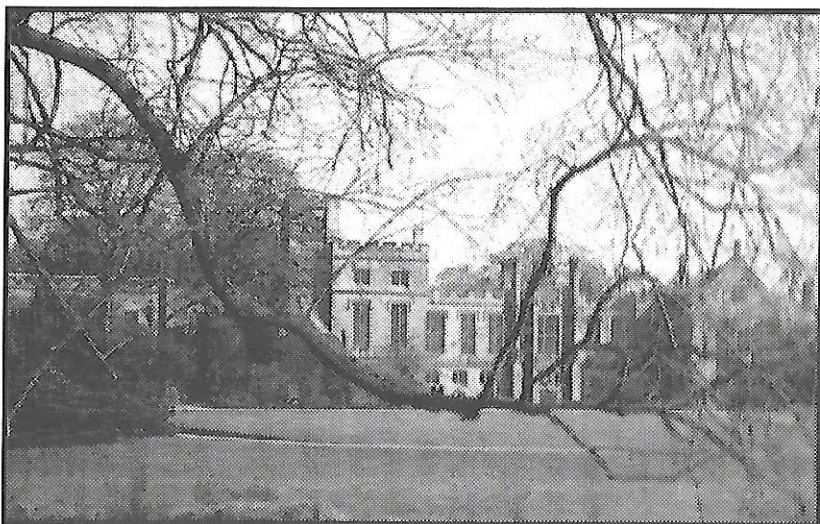
Breakfast at Mrs. Pigot's, the mother of Dr. P to whom Lord Byron addressed some of his poems. We are kindly entertained by a Miss Eliza Pigot with the sight of some beautiful illustrations, Miss P placed the original poems of *Cameous*, which Lord Byron presented to her, in my hand "*Stanzas to a Lady with the poems of Cameous.*"

The church of Southwell was a conventional one, & was preserved from the destroying powers of the puritan Cromwell by some good prebendary who I suppose was not then yet tired of the good things of this sinful world, - The singing men chanted the choral service well - A brazen eagle that was taken out of the lake at Newstead Abbey formerly the seat of Lord Byron stands in the centre of the church & in the ball on which the eagle stands were found a quantity of paper of which I could not gain any intelligence. In the evening we go again to church & Mr. Hanson the brother of the Lady B... preaches. In the evening we again drink tea at Mr.

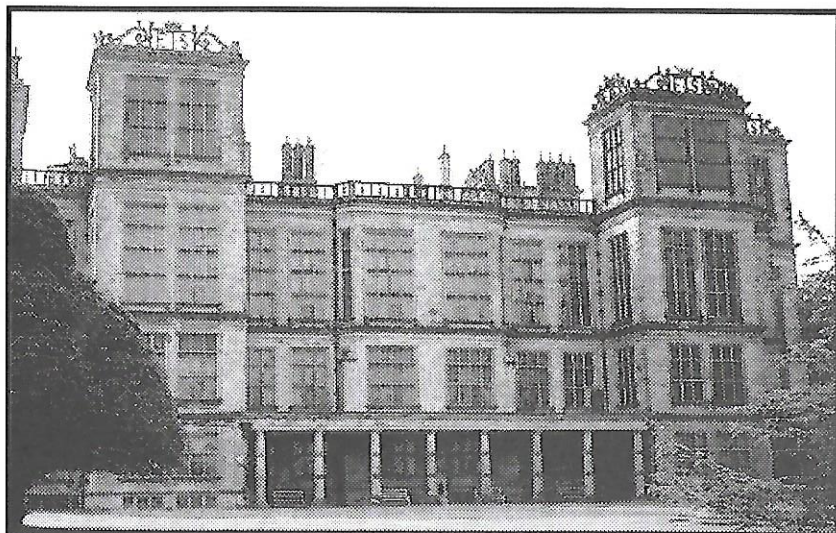
Pigott's. Mrs. P invites me to sit in Lord Byron's chair & Miss P gives me the choice of some of Lord Byron's manuscript poetry signed with his name. I choose "To those ladies who have so kindly defended the author from the attacks of unprovoked "malignity"". Lord Byron presented Miss Pigott with the above which she vouches with her signature & handwriting to be the original - no one can be surprised that Lord B has addressed so much of his poetry to the ladies of Southwell, as without flattery they are really particularly handsome, sociable and agreeable. Pity this so noble a pen has been so much disgraced as Lord B. has borne. As we are going to Mrs. Watson's in the morning, we call at Gen. Clay's where we encounter a tremendous party of ladies, most of whom are handsome - Miss Watson has a collection of minerals, curiosities etc.

Monday 10th

Through *Norwood* Park, Sir R. Sutton's. To *Farnsfield*, Mr. Houldsworth's, where we drink tea & Mr. Thos. Houldsworth MP for Pomfret, shews me his beautiful horses, *da Pinta* for which he gave £3,000. The stables look more like a drawing room than anything else - the horse has two regular attendants, one of whom unlocked the door & admitted us & then waited in an ante-room while we looked at him - Miss Houldsworth, daughter of Mr. H. of Glasgow, played delightfully a piece called Donaldson's water piece and afterwards walked with us accompanied by Miss Watson a good way on the road to Newstead where we part with them wishing Miss Watson all



On the 10th July, WSW wrote: "We arrive at Newstead Abbey, the residence (formerly of Lord Byron) but lately purchased by a Mr Wildman, who is repairing it; the arches of the ruins are very handsome".



On the same day, WSW progressed to Hardwick Hall "which is neglected but it is still a fine old building in an elevated situation".

earthly happiness - I never in my whole life spent two days more agreeably.

Miss W was goodness personified, indeed everybody at Southwell paid us the kindest attention & I may with truth say that the goddess of the social virtues has taken up her abode there.

We arrive at Newstead Abbey, the residence (formerly of Lord Byron) but lately purchased by a Mr Wildman, who is repairing it; the arches of the ruins are very handsome, but the modern part is of plainer architecture. The good friars had some *gravel* fishponds there in their time and I warrant the jolly fellows have had many a carp & *eels stewed* that have been taken out of the fine lake there. A good deal of the road from Farnesfield to Newstead & from Newstead to Hardwick is through the extensive Forest of Sherwood where Robin Hood & Little John played their pranks.

"Then come hither Little John", said Robin Hood 'Come hither my page unto me for when 'tis fair weather well into Sherwood. *Some merry pastime..*'

It is a sandy soil and seems to abound with game - a long and dreary road! The male inhabitants of the lower class wear blue frocks which give them a neat appearance but the children of these manufacturing places are most incorrigibly impudent & many of them are cripples and the rest are so stupid that one in ten do not know the road three miles from their own doors - many of the bedchambers are floored with ... Hardwick is a seat belonging to the Duke of Devonshire which is neglected but it is still a fine old building in an elevated situation. This house may be

considered as the first of the Dukeries.

Tuesday 11th

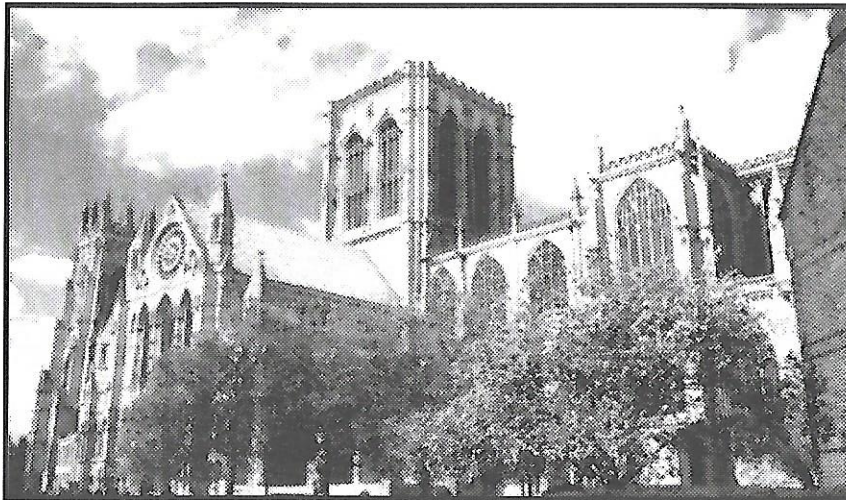
From Hardwick to Bolsover Castle a seat of the Duke of Portland which stands on a commanding eminence, the road from Hardwick thither is along the ridge of a hill, from whence you look round upon a beautiful country.

To Welbeck, another seat of the Duke of Portland, *and now* see the Greendale Oak; it has been a larger tree but it is now so much decayed that it is obliged to be propped up, a man may ride through on horseback - surrounding this tree & a little nearer the house are a great number of the largest old oaks I have ever seen - Welbeck House is in a low situation and there is nothing grand about the architecture.

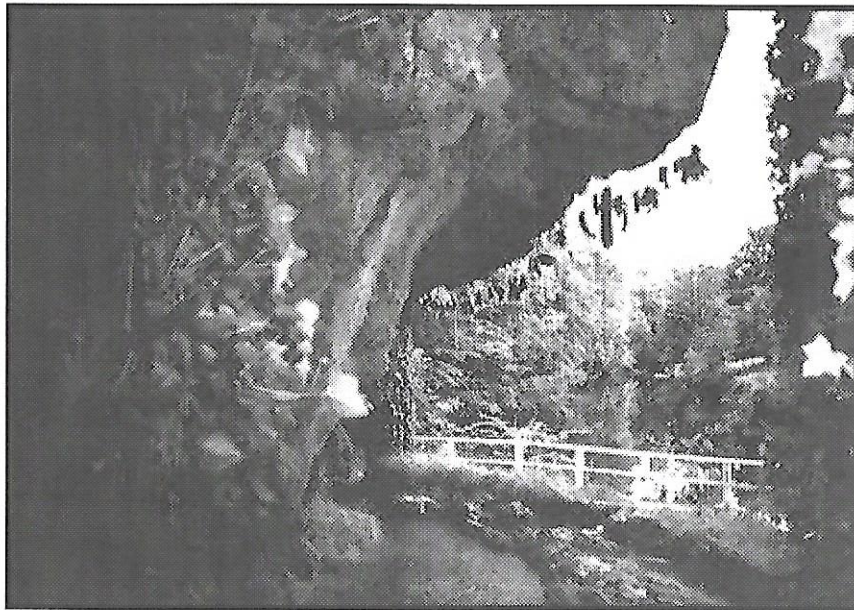
From Welbeck to Worksop Manor, the Duke of Norfolk's. There is a handsome house with a good deal of fine timber, but not having been a favourite residence of the Duke has been much neglected & a good deal of the park has been enclosed and turned into farms - Nottinghamshire is a light sandy soil and is easily ploughed by 2 horses

Wednesday 12th

To Clumber, back to Worksop through extensive woods & parks through property of the Dukes of Norfolk and Newcastle. Clumber is a modern building, situate near a long sheet of water on which is a fine little *vessel*. We meet two of the Duke of Newcastle's daughters walking with their governess. Walk down to Worksop church - almost the whole of the country from Bolsover to Worksop and Clumber is covered with timber which of course makes it



WSW had a long look at York Minster on the 15th July and attended a service there on Sunday 16th. In his view: "the church is exceedingly beautiful without but it surpasses even Westminster Abbey in my opinion within".



WSW looked at Mother Shipton's petrifying well at Knaresborough on the 17th July. "This being so near Harrogate is visited by a great many idle people like ourselves".

look very grand. From Worksop through avenues to Sandbeck which is planted for nearly two miles with evergreens, laurels, box firs, cypresses, cedars & which trees make the approach look very rich and pleasant & must have a fine effect in the winter. Sandbeck Hall, the Earl of Scarborough's, is situated in a fine park but the trees are chiefly elm & beech. From thence we creep on to Roch Abbey & take with us a boy for our guide, who is as little removed from a natural as well could be met with - Roch Abbey is situated in a beautiful sequestered spot, surrounded with woods. & rocks & there is plenty of water which is pleasant as the country we have been through seems to be much in want of that necessary element - From Roch Abbey back through Sandbeck Park where are some fine stags and an oak that has had the bark quite stripped by lightning & the trunk split - arrived at Tickhill.

Thursday 13th

Tickhill - Tickhill Castle is circular surrounded by a ditch which is full of water. There is a gateway remaining & a modern house & garden are within the walls.

Arrive at Doncaster, a celebrated racing place, situated on the River Don. We breakfast at the Angel, where the corpse of Lord *Strathmore* is on its road to its last home, one of the attendants went to bathe in the Don last night after he had brought his master here and was drowned. They buried him this morning & it was also very singular that the Earl was married this day the first had died. Along one of the most open & beautiful

roads in the kingdom to Pontefract. To the castle which is now in ruins & very little remaining- the inside of the castle walls is planted with ... which seems to be cultivated a good deal about this town - the town itself has good broad streets & is tolerably well built. There is a handsome ruin of a church near the castle, which was partly ruined at the time the castle was besieged - as we walked along the road today we were overtaken by a ragged looking fellow who proved to be a lowland scotchman & a very good specimen he was quite at his ease, perfectly cool & tolerably inquisitive. I find he has been a soldier in the 67th which was some time ago stationed in India - he was reviewed with other troops at St Helena before Bonaparte. His eyes he says are like the hawks, so red they look like two sparks of fire - as we proceed we enquire the way to Pomfret; presently we see a man crossing the road on a donkey; our companion gives a shrill whistle & then another, which I did not exactly understand, the other *horseman* did not heed him, he cries out in his Scottish accents "Stop you sinner". The other surlily drew up, when *Lawney* says "Hullo, which way do you gang to Pomfret?" When I thought it right to ask in a more civil fashion & got a decent answer. They tether their cattle in Notts & Yorkshire which seems to me a good plan in open grounds & the cattle lead as well as a horse.

Friday 14th

From Pontefract to Wakefield is paved with flaggy stones all the way so that we walked strait forward on a pavement

for 8 miles- through rather a poor country - there are large warehouses at Wakefield with a large canal, which is supplied with water from a *Corn* mill on the river Calder near the *bridge* & on the bridge is a beautiful chapel built by Edward the 3rd.

There are so many steam engines here that the air must be quite impure, from the smoke arising from them - There are *Ladder Miles* throughout this country. From Wakefield to Tadcaster. Meet with a civil well behaved man who I suppose has been a gentleman's butler - he shews us a nearer road and informs us where we shall have good accommodation tonight.

We took refreshment at Aberford, between Wakefield and Tadcaster, where is a beautiful view very much like the Wye. There is a great quantity of paving stone in Yorkshire as almost all the footpaths between the different towns about Wakefield & other places here are paved.

To the Wildmans where we sleep.

Saturday 15th

To York, a large old town - see the minster, probably the most beautiful in the Kingdom. To St Mary's Abbey & around there am much gratified by viewing this city, the cathedral stalls are of polished oak the *ornament* rising above each other in a beautiful manner, the church is exceedingly beautiful without but it surpasses even Westminster Abbey in my opinion within. The antechoir is uncommonly high, the whole church is lit by beautiful painted windows. I saunter about the town which is much enlivened by the

entrance of the judges - the shops newly painted and cleaned, the ladies in their best bibs and tuckers. There is a handsome bridge newly built over the Ouse, the span of the middle arch seems to me to be as wide as *Waterloo*.

We see the judges open *Courts*. & the prison where the radicals are confined.

Sunday 16th

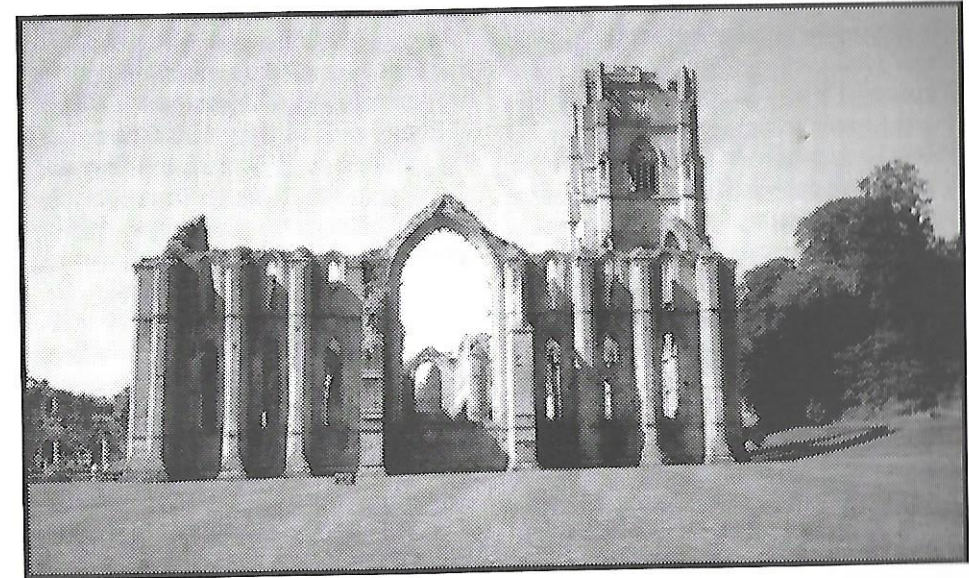
Attend at the cathedral where the archbishop, Judges Park & Bailey, Lord Mayor etc. are in propria persona, in all the grandeur of the second city of the kingdom - the service was chanted very well but the distance and the number of people took away the sound. The cathedral bells sounded like soft music being at a great distance. The residentaries were all toothless veterans but that part that they read was done as well as could be expected. Walk to Green Hammerton.

Monday 17th

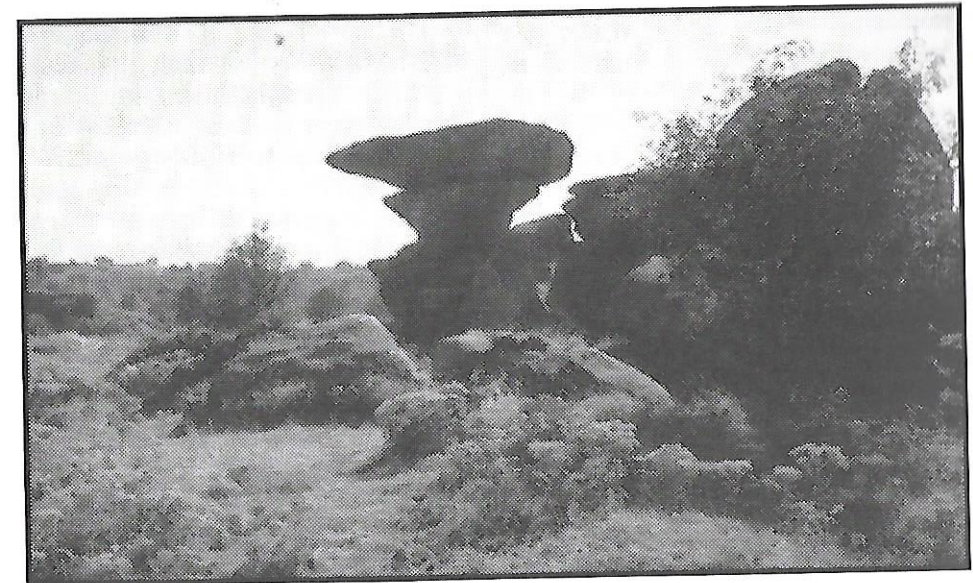
Through Green Hammerton to Knaresborough. To Mother Shipton's Well, the dropping well. The well is a large spring of water so disposed to run over a rock in a number of small streams & dropping upon birds & other things placed there petrifies them.

The well is almost close to the River Nidd which adds much to the beauty of the walk with Knaresborough Castle on the steep rock on the other side of the river. W. takes a number of sketches. This being so near Harrogate is visited by a great many idle people like ourselves.

The oats and barley being heavy crops are much laid by yesterday's rain.



On the 18th July WSW made his way to Fountains Abbey "a very large and beautiful ruin"



WSW also passed by Brimham Rocks on the 18th July

To Ripon along rather a more hilly road than usual.

Tuesday 18th

From Ripon through Studleigh Park (Miss Lawrence's) to Fountains Abbey, a very large & beautiful ruin. It stands upon a large space of ground. The approach to it is very much like that to Roch Abbey, winding up a narrow valley with a stream on the left hand. Fountain's is all shaven & shorn - we were conducted to the abbey by a brazen faced rascal who amongst other things had the impudence to tell me there was 300 feet of solid timber in a fir tree he shewed me. There might perhaps be 80. Fountains is one of the largest & most beautiful ruins for architecture in the Kingdom but the approach is so *bedozened* with statues around, *Bonsons* of Wales, Temples of *Picts* etc. that you would think all the gods and goddesses had kicked out the fat friars & come to keep holiday in these sylvan scenes - pass by the old hall to Oldfield and by Lord Grantley's - some of which scenery much reminded me of that about the Whitehouse & I feel it more delightful after having walked through so flat a country as we have hitherto - beyond Lord G's the fields are enclosed with stone walls & look like parts of Gloucestershire. Over the *Fetherdale* (Nidderdale) Moors, with the Bramham Craggs on the left. These moors are covered with heath & the scenery here is *mostly* like that of Wales. To Pately Bridge from whence we walk up an exceedingly steep hill Greenhow Hill for near 4 miles & on the top of which is a tolerable sized village, inhabited by lead

miners. I look down one of the shafts - like a well where the buckets go down & are wound up by a large wooden wheel & frame work with the ore in them - as we go on we see one black hill beyond the other as far as the eye can reach without a tree, a house, or anything living, & what is worse we espy a cross road & fear we shall not be able to get information of our course which would be unpleasant as the evening is closing & the sky discovers evident signs of an imminent storm. Fortunately we see a boy who shews a road a mile or two around the hills so we go along, the sun setting with its yellow rays tinge the most distant hills with purple, & our sluggard limbs would gladly rest & we should enjoy the grand scenes but that the roar of thunder & flashes of lightning drive us on along the pebbly road to Bardon Tower in a seat valley with the rapid Wharfe washing its feet & larger hills forming the background. From here there is a solid belt of timber down the sides of the river & we enter the dark woods skirting the roaring stream & every now & then we see the dashing water, roaring over its rocky bottom. - To Bolton.

Wednesday 19th

To Bolton Abbey - this is said to be the ne plus ultra of abbey scenery. Timber, water, ruins - background. It is a beautiful prospect but I do not like it as well as Roch Abbey. To Skipton along Welsh scenery. There is a large castle here, the property of Earl *Thanet*, which is kept in an habitable state. This is not to be compared in point of architecture, or

grandeur to any of the great castles I have seen. The town seems to have a good deal of business, with a canal. From thence to Kilnsey where we sleep. The enclosures of this county are made with stone walls & the land is chiefly pasture & the cattle seem to be in good condition as the grass grows luxuriantly in Yorkshire even on the tops of the hills where I expected to see nothing but heath. Within about 3 miles of Kilnsey a new scene opens to us. Hills covered with woods to the top of other hills with large rock ridges at the top. The Great *Scaur* at Kilnsey & the distant hills beyond make a fine background, the river Wharf running down the immediate valley. The steep roofs of the cottages here are thatched with heath.

Thursday 20th

Through Kettlewell, the approach to which is similar to that of Merthyr Tydfil; this is a small town. From thence up *Thurgaston Vale* & over a hill covered with mist to Aysgarth bridge; over the Ure where are beautiful cataracts but not equal to those below called Aysgarth Falls which are much admired. We saw this to great advantage because of the late rains.

To Carperby

We haven't seen a *plaid*.... and are arrived in the land of oaten cakes, & haven't seen a dandy lady or gent these two days - the mine owners have sometimes the 3rd, 5th or most commonly the 7th pig of lead.

Friday 21st

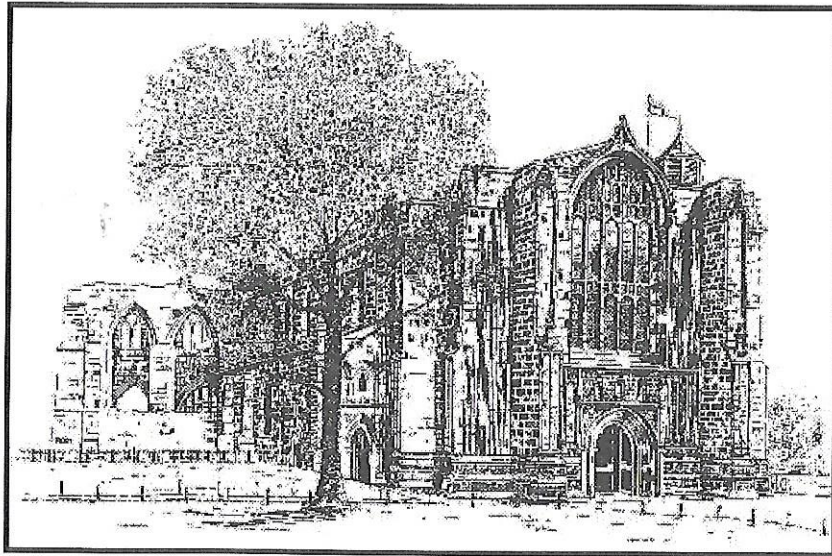
To Bolton Castle, a pleasant situation looking over Wensleydale which is called the *farfamed*, but in my opinion

not equal to many in Hereford. From thence through Askrigg, a poor town, along a dreary road across the hills to the foot of Ingleborough from whence is a beautiful morning of mountain scenery round hills covered with heath, & in the distance, Pen-y-Ghent with broken hills beyond "Ingleborough, Wernside & Pen-y-Gent are the highest hills south of *Trent*"

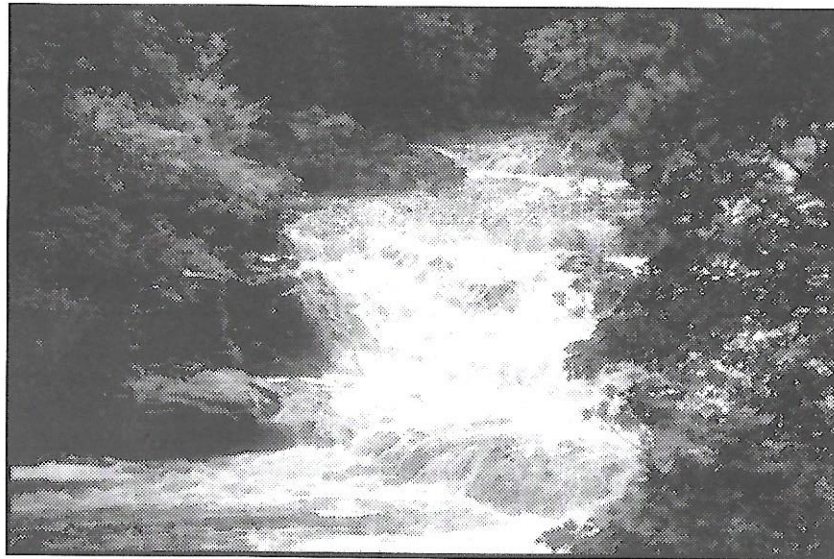
Saturday 22nd

Through a pass between the hills to Ingleton - we have now crossed the ridge of England, the rivers now run towards the Irish Sea - the carts are very small & generally drawn by one horse - a great deal of time is put upon the little land that is tilled here & the boys along the roads of Yorkshire collect all the manure they can meet with a wheelbarrow full worth about 3d. The country begins to wear a more fertile appearance than it has for these 3 or 4 days. It looks as if we were diverging from the hills. Ingleton is like most the towns in this part of Yorkshire - dirty, small, dull, but there are a good many *families* about it which the unfavourable weather hinders us from seeing.

To Lancaster through *black* Burton & Hornby along roads enclosed by high hedges, the grain appears to be strong here but not so forward as with us, we have occasionally *good views* of the river *Loon* (Lune) - Lancaster Castle *now* the County Goal is a large & strong & beautiful gothic building with a noble entrance called John of Gaunt's Tower with a terrace surrounding it commanding a distant view of



On 19th July WSW visited Bolton Abbey “ a beautiful prospect but I do not like it as well as Roch Abbey”.



WSW walked by Aysgarth falls on the 20th July. “we saw this to great advantage because of the late rains”.

Morecambe Bay & the hills beyond the water appear like black *rocks*.

Sunday 23rd

Go to church where the junior clergyman has a fine & clear voice & reads the service well but in rather too indifferent a manner leaning a good deal on his elbows. The organ is too elevated or the church has an echo so the notes are not prolonged a moment after they are touched.

Monday 24th

See a vessel of about 80 tons clearing out of the River ~~Loon~~ but it being a contrary wind she does not make much way. There does not seem to be much trade to this town as there are no vessels in the river but fishing smacks - see the courts at Lancaster Castle. In the *Crown Court* is the picture of King G3 on horseback & in the *Nisi Prius Court*, which is very fine Gothic, are two paintings of the Members for the County - About Lancaster.

Cross Lancaster to Ulverston in the coach but it being a hazy day with rain destroys some of the pleasure of the ride which otherwise would have been most delightful & new to me. This is considered a dangerous passage as many lives have been lost in crossing. The Lancaster sands are 11 miles over; the coach then leaves the shore about 2 miles; the Ulverston sands are about 6 miles over. There has been within these six weeks a vein of copper found at Ulverston.

Tuesday 25th

Spent this day at Mr. Sunderland's, one of the finest amateurs of drawing in the Kingdom. We looked over the

portfolios of drawings, copies made by Mr. S of sketches made by Mr. Wathen, in number about 100, & some particularly fine “Lake” drawings taken by himself. He also showed us a numerous collection of copies from the old masters, all by himself in the finest style - a head of *St John*, *Christ's Head*, the *Demonia*, and his father, also a number of beautiful waterfall pieces. We spent the whole of the day looking over these & nothing could exceed the kindness & patience with which Mr. S shewed us in looking over this fine & numerous collection. -----The figures in the last judgement by Michael Angelo.

Wednesday 26th

From Ulverston through Backbarrow to Bowness & from there to Ambleside. Windermere Lake on the left hand side of the road. This lake appears like a fine long river with the banks planted & the hills covered with wood to the top with distant hills in the background. Bowness is on the banks of Windermere with Curwen's Island opposite - this island is rather flat but beautifully wooded & there is also a place called the station belonging to the Curwens of Liverpool which commands views in both directions of the water. This lake is beautifully dotted with islands. The difference between a river & the lake is that the numerous inlets in the lake take off the sameness of the windings of a river & has none of the dirty greasiness of the sea shore when the tide is out but a good breadth with the beauty of the former. The broadest part of the lake is that at the head.

Thursday 27th

Breakfast at Mr. Green's of Ambleside where Mr. W makes some purchases. Mr. G. has published a guide to the lakes 2s 2d, which seems to be one of the best of the kind & he shews a great number of good drawings & etchings by himself. From there over the *Kirkston* mountain by Brothers Water to Ullswater where nothing could exceed the kindness & attention with which Mr. Askew & his family receives us. Mrs. Askew is the daughter of Mr.

Sunderland of Ulverston & we also have the company of the Revd Mr. Sunderland & his sons.

Friday 28th

One of Mr. S's sons is a fine little fellow who accompanies me up the Heron Crag. The Miss Askews play well & draw & they have the pleasure of seeing their brother arrive for the vacation from Harrow today. He is a nice and delicate looking boy & they all seem wrapped up in him. Mr. Askew, Mr. Wathen and myself go on the lake & are landed on the opposite shore. We lose the boat & boatman & are terribly afraid we shall dine with Duke Humphrey. We can hear the dinner bell but can't get near the dinner in the situation of *tantalus* almost within the smell of roast beef but to eat it is impossible - however he presently makes his appearance & lands us safely & after spending a most pleasant time with him we depart.

Saturday 29th

Leave *Paterdale* & over the hills & moors to *Graystoke* Castle, the late Duke of Norfolk's, to Carlisle. The country is much backwarder than with

us as the oats in several places is just coming out of the hoes - they put great quantities of lime in their arable lands here - there are great plantations of Scotch & larch firs & a good deal of newly enclosed ground which generally lies high & cold adjoining the heath grounds - we have not seen a turnpike gate (although we were along the high road 25 miles), a chaise, a mile stone, or a good looking girl on the road today.

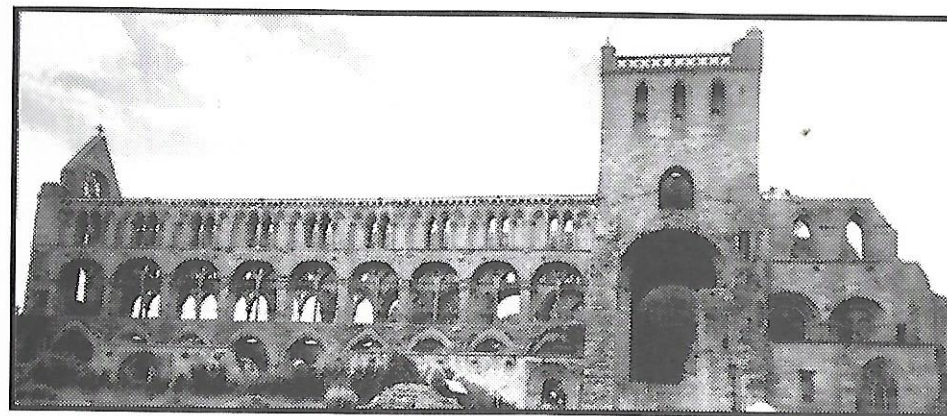
Sunday 30th

Carlisle - A large strong old castle which is used as the county gaol. The cathedral is also an old building but the nave was destroyed in Cromwell's time & has never been rebuilt since. An old *hatchment* of the Douglas family in the transept. The courts of justice are modern buildings on a large scale & there are large cotton mills.

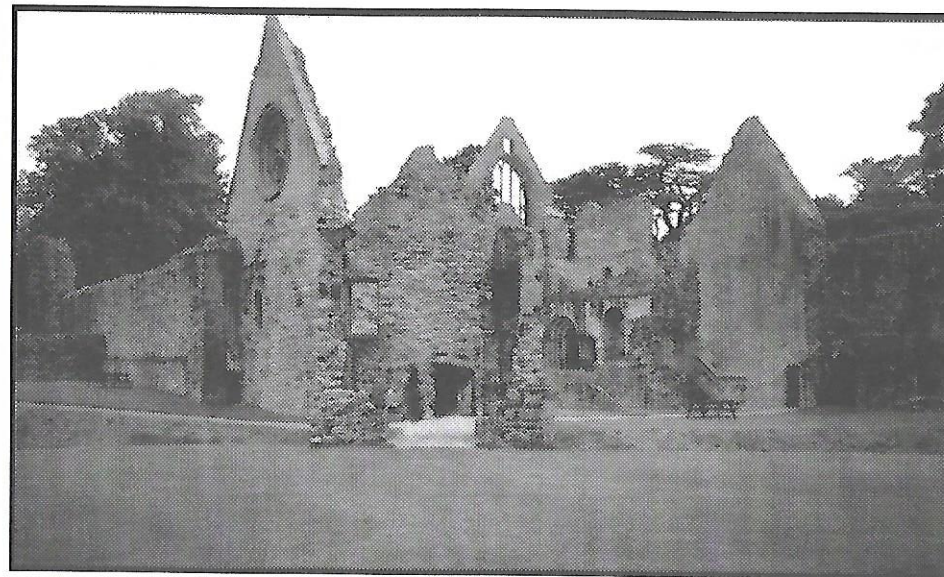
From Carlisle through Longtown, Gretna Green (on the left hand) to Langholm - we see the marks of bare feet in the mud all along the road since we have crossed the borders - the folks in some of the houses here live on the first story, the stables being on the ground floor - they have the real scotch accents on the borders - the road from Longtown in England to Langholm in Scotland is up the vale of Esk which has a river of the same name running up it with beautiful woods on both sides all the way to the latter town. The whole of this land is the property of the Duke of *Buccleuch*.

Monday 31st

From Langholm to Innisfail, the first part of which walk is through rather a barren country part of which is sown



On Tuesday 1st August, WSW went "over the hill to Jedburgh. There is a fine old abbey there and the silvery Jed runs almost close to it but these ruins being too near the houses in the town the effect is destroyed".



On August 2nd WSW walked round Dryburgh Abbey with the then Lord Buchan and described it as "a fine old ruin". He and Mr Wathen stay there overnight before being taken to Melrose by Lord Buchan in his carriage.

with barley & oats, *the rest pasture, then* pass through the hills reaches to the latter Inn & is a good road about 2 miles. We see several lassies with only a cap & chemise fastened up to the neck & a petticoat without shoes, stockings etc. From Innisfail to Hawick a mile or two further through the pass between hills. Meet the funeral of a child with about 20 men attending most of whom were in mourning & some with plaids - numbers of families live in the same house. The villagers live in houses built in a row together forming a hamlet- no poor rates in Scotland. *Teviotdale* - a beautiful valley bathed in the clear waters of the *Teviot* (Teviot). To Denholm near the seat of Lord *Minto*. The old women look like mad creatures in their mob caps hanging about their ears, their loose upper garments, bare feet - put up at Alexander Turnbull's of the Rose & Thistle & am ushered up the stairs for the first time into a bedroom for the parler where I shall have the pleasure of eating, drinking and sleeping. The children, particularly the boys are fine, upright, handsome, sturdy looking young ones walk very boldly forward over stones or anything else & pad through the dirt quite unconcerned with their naked feet. A young Scot is straining with all his might & main *forcing* the window on the opposite side this way - this is an affair they don't seem particular about in this country. Yonder is a serious affair - grant him deliverance - There is an outcry after somebody going along the street & although the young man is still on his fours he joins in the shout - I can hardly

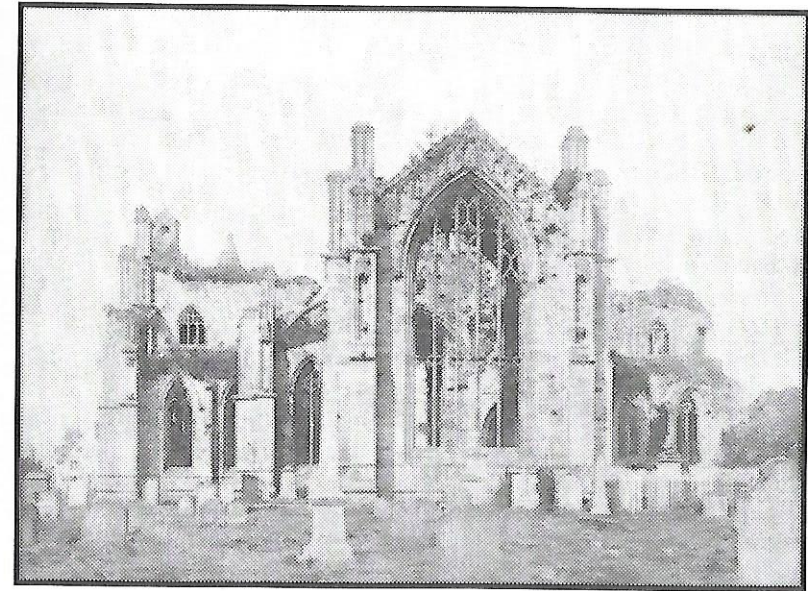
understand their accent ... This part of the country belongs to a Douglas. They begin to call me a Southerner & boiled eggs and oatcakes will soon be daily fare - Rafters placed edgeways at good distances without beams.

Tuesday August 1st

Ford the *Teviot* to Lord *Minster's*. Lady *M.* the sister of the late Sir *G Cornwall* & very much like him is a dignified old lady. There are some paintings in the house - a fine D... - a nun contemplating a crown of thorns. ... Bag & baggage back across the *Teviot*. Go over the hill to Jedburgh. There is a fine old abbey there & the silvery Jed runs almost close to it but these ruins being too near the houses in the town the effect is destroyed. Walk over a hill to Disson Grove where we sleep.

Wednesday 2nd

To Dryburgh. Intending to call on Lord Buchan we are informed that his lordship has taken a walk over the bridge. Whilst we are taking a sketch of this extraordinary structure - a bridge of about 300 feet long for foot passengers hung by chains over the Tweed at about £1,000 expense to his lordship. The earl comes up to us. When he sees Mr. Wathen & tells us he shall not let us go today as his lordship's boatman was drowned about a twelvemonth ago & he has very kindly given the profits of the tolls taken on the bridge to his widow & numerous family of children. He says that in this country people get ... in a most extraordinary manner horse, *foot* and dragoons out of all rule or order - he takes us up to the turnpike built to the memory of ... A pillar is inscribed to



Melrose Abbey, "a beautiful ruin" visited on 3rd August.



From Melrose, on 3rd August, WSW walked to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. "Sir Walter has a particularly long head, a pale full face with light hair - something extraordinary in his looks, but mild and gentlemanlike"

each muse and in the centre of the turnpike are the muses on a pedestal which supports the statue of Apollo, each figure being placed opposite its respective pillar. From thence as we walk towards Dryburgh Abbey the subject of the King & Queen is brought forward and Lord B says he knows I am partial to having nursed him when a boy & been in *terms* of private correspondence with his father but he has done some things which he ought not to have done & left undone those things which he ought to have done & in a whisper & now he has the gout and now there is no health in him. Great men don't get... Lord B says "Continue to draw by all means but don't draw upon your father or uncles"

Pictures at Dryburgh - a fine *Otho*... - *the continence* of Joseph - Sir William Wallace - Go up to the statue of Sir Wm. Wallace which is guarded by Jamie Barry the poetie who has built himself a *Troghouse* To the orchard & a piece of ground with a handsome entrance & an inscription "Hoc *flanarium* sua manus *satum* parentibus suis optimus sae Buchaniae comus" being 12 acres with a high wall round & planted with choice apple trees & the ground cultivated turnips oats sown there.

Dryburgh Abbey, a fine old ruin - curiosities there - miniatures of Mary, Queen of Scots, with red hair - an original ... of the Regent, *her* father & her brother in a case with *gold chains* etc. - another of Mary with red hair - box made of the elm tree under which *Wm. Penn* made his first treaty with the Indians. A walking stick presented by

the borough to the *Earl of*...being the last part of the oak in which Sir W. Wallace secreted...The death of the right honourable (David) Stewart, *Cardinal York*, the Earl of Buchan is the descendant *next* to the Royal line of Scotland

When Lord B was dressed in the highland uniform as Colonel of the Caledonian Band, the women said "He's no true highlander for his hocks are too white but yet he's a bonny child."

Thursday 3rd

From Dryburgh Abbey. His lordship has the kindness to take us in his carriage to Melrose where Douglas who was *killed* at *Chery*...lies buried - a beautiful ruin. From thence to Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott to whom we have the honour of being introduced also to Lady Scott & a daughter. Sir Walter has a particularly long head, a pale full face with light hair something extraordinary in his looks, but mild & gentlemanlike. He informs me that the centre painting on the sideboard is a Douglas with an original of Rob Roy on the right & a picture of a Grant on the C of L, who particularly distinguished himself at the taking of Quebec being the first battle in which the Highlanders were employed - we see the armoury composed of various articles some of which were presented with Walter from Waterloo. So to *Trosonce* (probably Torsonce nr Stow).

Friday 4th

The Galawater runs about 12 miles by the side of the Edinboro' road to an inn where the fire is placed in a square grate which stands out from the walls in a place where seats are placed all round &

the smoke ascends through the chimney in the centre.

To Edinburgh - the turnips are very commonly cultivated in Scotland by the drill, barley & oats. No waggons in Scotland - the college is an immense stone building & when finished will be one of the finest in Great Britain. The *Nelson* pillar is situate on a high peak at one end of Princes Street & the castle is on another rock at the opposite end. The streets, being all built of stone, give the town a grand appearance - some streets are under the others & the houses are very high.

Saturday 5th

Called on Moreson & caught him in bed asleep; shook him by the shoulder & turned him face upwards. He stared till I burst out laughing. He thought it was my ghost till he heard my laugh. Breakfasted with Mr. Boyfield & dined with Mr. Turner - where Moreson lodges.

Sunday 6th

Go to a presbyterian kirk when a Dr. *Piasty* preaches who gives out a psalm which the clerk begins to sing & is joined by the congregation, (*then a long extraordinary prayer then... out of a book...*) which seems to be composed of people of the greatest respectability & not till now did I think myself residing in another country. Dine at the *Nelson* - ordinary when Emery, the actor, also dines who enlivens the company by his sallies.

Monday 7th

Dine with Mr. Jamieson to whose fair daughter Moreson seems a Douglas. Mr. WM accompanies me there in the

Royal Tartan, sword & dagger so Mr. Jamieson introduces me to Mr. Kerr, secretary at the Post Office, who most kindly gives me letters of introduction to several gentlemen in the highlands.

Tuesday 8th

In and about Edinboro' - Dined with Mr. Davies & Dr. Sedgewick & go to the play. See *Emery* there.

Wednesday 9th

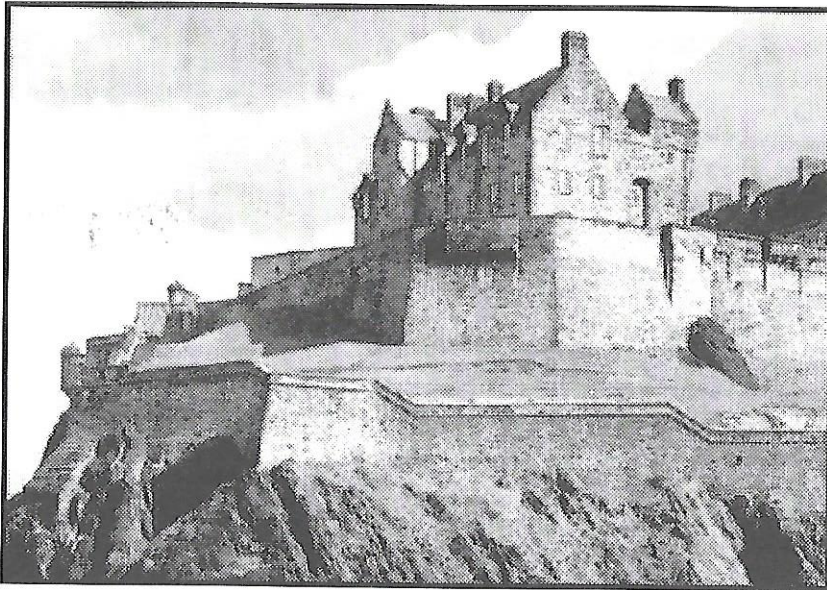
Mr. Wathen accompanies me about 3 miles from the town when we wish one another pleasant journies. To Queensferry where I have a very rough passage. Hopetown House is on the south side of the Forth. Through Kinross to the Bridge of Earn. A gentleman accompanied me the last 20 miles who is going to shoot in the highlands. It has been a rainy, blowing day. We pass by Loch Leven when Mary Queen of Scots was confined on an island.

Thursday 10th

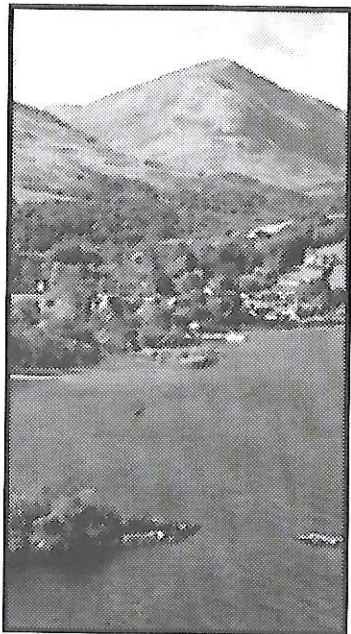
Through Perth & *Auchtergwar* by the hill where *Birnam* formerly stood & between the Grampian hills where *Nowal's Flocks* were starved. By the side of the Tay to Dunkeld, a beautiful romantic little town situate on the borders of the highlands; rode 2 miles. Dunkeld Pass is very fine & there is beautiful scenery from there to *Moulineam* Inn up the River Tay with good arable land in the valley.

Friday 11th

From there to Pitlochry thro' Killiekrankie Pass, thro' Blair Atholl Park, now the residence of the Duke of Atholl - an old irregular ugly building - over the Bridge of *Falls of Bruar*



WSW arrived in Edinburgh on the 4th August and stayed until the 9th. On the town, he commented "The streets, being all built of stone, give the town a grand appearance - some streets are under the others and the houses are very high".



After walking through the highlands and then across to Fort William WSW made his way southwards once more and arrived at the Tarbet Inn by Loch Lomond on 18th August. The following day, he went "to the garrison where I breakfast and from there up to the top of Ben Lomond ... this walk is very fatiguing and to me appeared very dangerous - I see Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, the Clyde, with the islands of Bute, Arran, Mull, Iona and the mountains of the highlands".

through a most desolate heathy country by Loch Garry through Dalnacardoch to Dalwhinnie - without any sign of cultivation. This country looks like a desert. Meet a Scotch Wedding, the bridegroom requests me to step a few paces with him & one of the girls gave me a piece of cake & cheese. ..

Saturday 12th

From there near some cottages & hills which seem to be entirely composed of granite. Over the Bridge of Spey to *Capt MacBarnet of Balchroom* who receives me in true highland style.

Sunday 13th

Go to Kirk, with Capt and Mrs. MacBarnet at whose house I stayed, where I espy Capt Grant who recognises me & we dine at his aunt, Mrs. Macpherson's. He informs me he is going back to India & of the death of Sarah *Moore*. Grouse on the table, which I taste for the first time in my life. Mr. I.G. leaves England on the 10th Sept. I hear Gaelic prayers - see a child christened in Gaelic - the lower orders all speak this language better than they do English. The people were mostly in plaid dresses. Capt Grant told me that last spring by reason of a *contest* between Col ... Grant, son of Lord Seafield, their head & Lord Fife for a magistracy appointment the Grants of Strathspey, in number about 1,000 having taken it into their heads that Miss Grant, Col. G's sister was likely, in the absence of her brother to be insulted by the Elgin people, they having called out to her "*Craigailaiki*" the rallying word of the Grants being the name of their hill - armed themselves in the best

manner they could and marched down to Elgin & of course put the magistrates & the whole population into a pretty stew. The Elgin people armed likewise but before they proceeded to extremities the magistrates waited upon Miss Grant & begged her to pacify them. She got them within an enclosure to keep them apart from the townspeople & prevailed upon them to return to their houses which they did after much entreaty as they wanted to sack the town. The Scotch are very well behaved people.

Monday 14th

Capt. G & his sister & aunt breakfast at Capt. MacBarnet's with Capt. Macdonald & we ride together on the coach about a mile when I walk through a pleasant & romantic country to Garvismond Inn - they have a peculiar way of fastening the thatch on their ricks by twisting the straw.

Tuesday 15th

Over a moor in a storm of rain across to the head of Loch Laggan - this is much like Ullswater. It is about 6 miles long and 1 broad - the River Spean runs out of it and empties itself into Loch *Eil* at Fort William after *going at the Foot of Beuniers*. It runs in a deep quiet stream for about a mile & then thunders over precipices & cataracts the greater part of its course. This has been the most fatiguing walk I ever took - it raining almost the whole way & blowing a hurricane in my face so that I could not put up the umbrella or hardly put my one foot before the other. I got thoroughly wet before I arrived at Fort William & what was worse in all this long course

there was no inn or public house of any sort to shelter a moment or have the least refreshment. I crept into a peat cob about half way & fell fast asleep. If this road had not been like a smooth walk I must have laid upon the mountains - the government has been at an enormous expense to make this the finest road in the kingdom. It is almost on a level, round the edges of the hills over vallies, rivers etc.

When I arrived at the Fort, I stripped before a fire I had made, dried my drawers, put on *hire shirts* &, with a pocket handkerchief which made a good kilt, I was dressed for the evening. The waiting maid smiled at my appearance but as she did not understand a word of English I was none the wiser for what she said on the occasion. Saw a woman washing in the highland fashion.

Wednesday 16th

Walked round the inside of the Fort fortifications. Weak on the east side - From there along Loch Eil, had a view of Loch Linnhe by Loch Leven to Ballachulish where a Col. Munro having fixed his headquarters with all his Irish forces me to trudge on after 5 o'clock for Kingshouse which I do not arrive at till after 10 - this road lies through the Pass of Glencoe which is the most sublime scenery in the highlands. When I arrive at the inn, I find it is cram full & if it had not been for the uncommon ability of the host - a Macpherson - I must have either sat up or have *fagged* it in a little room where 9 men were already snoring in 4 different beds and Hobson's choice, in which room I however managed to sup with them all

around me. The landlord had some blankets put on a thin bed which was placed upon chairs in the same room where he & his wife slept & I managed to get through the night tolerably well only I puked a little at first either from eating oatcakes or overfatigue.

Thursday 17th

Uncommonly weak & unwell this morning. Over barren moors where I see grouse running almost under my feet to Inverburan & from there to Tyndrum Inn - a small loch here & there but hardly any signs of cultivation.

The window of the inn here is written upon in every direction, chiefly compliments to different ladies. One person has indited to the amiable Polly Bull of Edinburgh, the loveliest of her sex - somebody else has written under "but in temper a devil incarnate".

Friday 18th

Breakfast at the bottom of Ben *More* which has its cap on - oaten cake & cheese, salt butter, herrings & eggs - pass by the head of Loch Lomond to the Tarbet Inn,. There are some fine rocks on this walk, particularly the Baulstone.

Saturday 19th

Walk to the *garrison* where I breakfast & from there up to the top of Ben Lomond which is situate in the County of *Stirling* & is 3262 feet above the level of the sea. this walk is very fatiguing & to me appeared very dangerous - I see Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, the Clyde, with the islands of Bute, Arran, Mull, Iona & the mountains of the highlands & the county of *Stirling* so, after descending the hill I walk to Helensburgh & put up at a large inn

from the window of which we see Greenock across the Clyde.

Sunday 20th

Cross to Greenock, a large sea port town with a great deal of shipping in the docks. The sailing master of a man of war brig stationed here to protect the revenue dined with me. Almost 2 or 3 days ago they took, off *Melrun* Head, 20 ...from .. a *French* lugger, employed in smuggling after having fired upwards of 200 shots at her before she brought to. There was one man dangerously wounded on board the lugger & a man on board the brig had his arms blown off by the explosion of a gun when ramming the wadding down.

About Helensboro & Greenock

Monday 21st

The people are all alive & merry today as this is the only fine day I have seen since I have been in Scotland. About Greenock.

Tuesday 22nd

At 9 o'clock in the morning get aboard the (superb) steam packet & after leaving the Clyde with its beautiful scenery we have a fresh breeze which carries us sometimes more than 11 miles an hour & consequently makes some who were on board seasick. We have a very fine day. About 8 o'clock being in almost an open sea I go & lie down but could not sleep much owing to the vibration of the ...but get up again about 2 o'clock in the morning as I perceive a different motion in the vessel & find upon going on deck that we are opposite the northern end of the Isle of Man where an excellent light is kept up - there is a long & narrow neck of land at

this end of the island but there is a good deal of high ground - we hail the Robert Bruce & ask whether she hasn't lost her main mast but I do not understand what she says in answer but at Douglas on landing we heard that the packet had been run down by a sloop in the River Mersey & two men killed & another dangerously wounded. We cross in a short time from there to Liverpool & arrive at that port in almost 30 hours from Greenock. We had good accommodation on board & plenty to eat & drink about Greenock.

Wednesday 23rd

As we approach Liverpool, the colour of the sea visibly alters. There are a great number of ships leaving this port but as the wind is contrary for going in we see none approaching Isle of Man.

Thursday 24th

About Liverpool which is completely a trading town with an immense quantity of shipping in the different docks. They could not lie in the river because the tide ebbs and flows & leaves but a small quantity of water at low tide. On that account these docks are more in number than in any port of the kingdom. I cross over in a steam boat to Birkenhead where there is a handsome church building. There is also a very handsome one erecting at Liverpool. To Chester. I saw the *Magnet* for New York clearing out, which is done by fastening a strong rope to a post on shore & by *turning* the windlass on board keeps the rope tight draws the ship slowly along.

Friday 25th

Chester is situate in a flat country with a beautiful valley to the *westward* - it

seems to be a light sandy soil - the crops of grain are being got in .. ride on the coach through a fine country to Shrewsbury.

Saturday 26th

From Shrewsbury to Church Stretton - I ride in a return chaise to Ludlow & walk from there to Leominster.

Sunday 27th

About Leominster & to Crowards Mill with Mr. & Mrs. T Watkins

Monday 28th

To Crowards Mill in the morning & about Leominster & to Eton (Eyton) in the evening.

Tuesday 29th

About Leominster & towards Kingstone angling with *Walling*.

Wednesday 30th

To Hereford & about there all day.

Thursday 31st

About Hereford

September 1st Friday

Get up at 3 o'clock. Walk to *Wisterton* accompanied by Mr. Wynn who rides - we get amongst the partridges before Mr. D. A. who lives on the spot & who is in a fret on that account. In the course of the day I bag 2 and a half brace & Mr. W 6 and a half & afterwards walk to Hereford.

Saturday 2nd

Walk to the Whitehouse - have been absent from there exactly 2 months.

Cash Account

July 3rd	Breakfast at the Foley Arms	1 3	15th/16th	A map & anecdotes 2/6	9 -
	Stoke Edith			Hair brush 2/6 Fruit & watch ribbon 4/-	
	Paper	2	16th	Expenses at York	10 -
	Tea (Crown) Malvern	1 9		Beer etc	
	Hair cut	1 6		at Green Hammerton ³	-
	Shaving brush	1 6	17th	Petrefaction & drink of well at Knaresborough	1 6
	Supper & beds at Worcester	3 -		Breakfast & brandy	2 6
4th	Breakfast at The George, Droitwich	1 8		Refreshment at do.	1 -
	See 4 twins Bromsgrove	6	18th	Supper, beds at Ripon	3 -
	Cherries	6		Breakfast at Oldfield	1 -
	Dinner at the Lickey	1 -		Admission to Fountains Abbey	1 -
	2 pr socks at Birmingham	2 2	19th	Supper, beds etc.	5 6
	Tea & beds Birmingham	4 -		Refreshment	8
5th	Breakfast at the Three Tuns Sutton Colefield	1 8	20th	Supper, beds etc at Kilnsey	2 6
	Refreshment at Litchfield	1 9		Breakfast at Kettlewell 1	6
	A pair of gaiters	3 6	21st	Supper, beds etc. at Carparby	4 6
	To verger at the cathedral	1 -		Refreshment	1 -
	Supper at Tamworth	3 3	22nd	Supper, beds at Ingleborough	2 6
6th	Breakfast at the Red Lion halfway between Tamworth and Ashby de la Zouch	1 3		Breakfast at Ingleton	1 6
	Omitted a book at Worcester and at Litchfield	3 3	22nd	Refreshment at Hornby	6
	Refr't at Ashby de la Zouch	6		A pencil & book at Lancaster	1 4
	Supper & beds at Sawley	3 -	24th	An ink stand at do.	2 -
	Breakfast etc at Nottingham	1 3		Expenses 3 days at Lancaster	£1 2 6
	Supper, beds etc at Southwell & a pocket pistol at Nott'hm	2 6	25th	Coachman & guide over the sands	1 6
	A Cake of Lat.	1 6		Expenses at Ulverston	5 6
	Brandy	1 -	26th	Breakfast at Backbarrow	1 -
	Fruit	6		Refreshment at Bowness	1 -
7th	Expenses at Southwell	7 -	27th	At Ambleside	3 -
10th	To servant at Mrs Watson's	2 6		Pencils	1 -
	Supper, beds at Hardwick	4 -	28th	At Paterdale	3 6
11th	Supper, beds, breakfast at Worksop	7 -	29th	At Graystock & on the road	2 -
	Supper, beds etc at Tickhill	4 -	30th	At Carlisle	7 -
	Refreshments etc.	3 6		At Longtown	1 -
14th	Breakfast at Wakefield	1 6	31st	At Langholm	4 -
	Refreshment at Aberford	1 3		At Innisfail	1 3
	Supper, beds etc at the Wildmans	2 9	31st	At Hawick	1 -
			Aug 1st	At Jedburgh	1 -
				A map of Scotland & a book	4 6
			2nd	At Lisson Green	4 -

	Dryburg Abbey to Jamie	
	Barry the poetie	6
	Abbots Ford to Sir W.Scott's	
	servant	1 -
3rd	At Trosonce	4 -
5th	A pair of gloves at Edinboro'	3 3
	Washing	2 6
	Umbrella	9 -
		5 -
6,7,8th	At the Nelson Tavern	10 -
	To Mrs Jameson's servants	2 6
	To servants at the Nelson	2 6
	To servants at the lodgings	3 6
9th	Breakfast at Nth Queensferry	2 -
	Refreshment at ...	1 8
10th	At Bridge of Earn	5 6
	Breakfast at Auchegaven	1 6
11th	At Moul... Inn	4 6
	Breakfast at Blair Athol	2 -
	At Daluacardoch	2 6
12th	At Falwhinnie	6 6
14th	Coachman	1 -
15th	At Garvannion	9 -
16th	At Fort William	6 6
	At Ballyhulish	1 3
17th	At Kingshouse	5 -
	At Invernouran	1 9
18th	At the Tayndrum Inn	6 -
	Invereurin	3 -
19th	To the ferryman across	5 -
	Loch Lomond	
	At the Tarbet	7 -
	To the ferryman back	2 -
20th	At Helensborough	7 -
	Ferry to Greenock	2 6
21st	Haircut and pencil	1 -
	Passage to Liverpool	£2 15 -
	At Liverpool	8 -
	To Chester	8 -
	At ..	1 6
	At Shrewsbury	5 -
	Coach	6 -
	To Church Stretton	3 -
	Chaise hire	3 -
	Ludlow	2 6
	Leominster	5 -

Certificate	£3 14 8
Hereford	5 -
To the Whitehouse	5 -

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