

my window reminds me of my debt, and forbids my silence, causing the pleasing glow of gratitude to diffuse itself over the whole frame, instead of forcing up the imbittering sigh of, *O si angulus ille!* Now every scene I enjoy receives new charms, for I mingle with the visible beauties the more pleasing idea of owing them to you, the worthy neighbour and firm friend, who are happy in the calm and domestic paths of life, with abilities superior to ostentation, and goodness content with its own reward: with a sound judgment and honest heart you worthily discharge the senatorial trust reposed in you, whose unprejudiced vote aids to still the madness of the people, or aims to check the presumption of the minister. My happiness, in being from your earliest life your neighbour, makes me confident in my observation; your increasing and discerning band of friends discovers and confirms the justice of it: may the reasons that attract and bind us to you ever remain, is the most grateful wish that can be thought of, by,

Dear Sir, &c.
THOMAS PENNANT.

Downing, October 20th, 1771.

ON Monday the 26th of June take my departure from Chester, a city without parallel for the singular structure of the four principal streets, which are as if excavated out of the earth, and sunk many feet beneath the surface; the carriages drive far beneath the level of the kitchens, on a line with ranges of shops, over which on each side of the streets passengers walk from end to end, in galleries open in front, secure from wet or heat. The back courts of all these houses are level with the ground, but to go into any of these four streets it is necessary to descend a flight of several steps.

The Cathedral is an ancient structure, very ragged on the outside, from the nature of the red friable stone* with which it is built: the tabernacle work in the choir is very neat; but the beauty and elegant simplicity of a very antique gothic chapter-house is what merits a visit from every traveller.

The Hypocaust, near the Feathers Inn, is one of the remains of the Romans,† it being well known that this place was a principal station. Among many antiquities found here, none is more singular than the rude sculpture of the Dea Armigera Minerva, with her bird and her altar, on the face of a rock in a small field near the Welch end of the bridge.

The castle is a decaying pile. The walls of the city, the only complete specimens of ancient fortifications, are kept in excellent order, being the principal walk of the inhabitants: the views from the several parts are very fine; the mountains of Flintshire, the hills of Broxton, and the insulated rock of Beeston, form the ruder part of the scenery; a rich flat forms the softer view, and the prospect up the river towards Boughton recalls in some degree the idea of the Thames and Richmond hill.

Passed through Tarvin, a small village; in the church-yard is an epitaph in memory of Mr. John Thomasen, an excellent penman, but particularly famous for his exact and elegant imitation of the Greek character.

Delamere, which Leland calls a faire and large forest, with plenty of redde deere and falow, is now a black and dreary waste; it feeds a few rabbits, and a few black Terns‡ skim over the splashes that water some part of it.

* *Saxum arenarium friabile rubrum.* Da Costa, *Fossils*. I. 139.

† This city was the *Deva* and *Devana* of Antonine, and the station of the *Legio vicesima victrix*.

‡ *Br. Zool.* II. No. 256.