

a range of naked hills on one side, and on the other by enclosures beyond which the road runs, and on which we met and overtook multitudes of each sex, every rank and condition, dressed in their best attire, to partake of the diversions of the race; being too early, we missed a sight I would gladly have enjoyed. At a distance of three miles we descended into the town of Andover, which like the situations of most towns in England, is in a bottom, containing two hundred houses, a church and town hall, with open market under it, and adorned with a spire on the top, and a modern structure, as many of the houses are.

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At the distance of eight miles from Salisbury, we passed through five or six villages of houses with mud walls and thatched roofs, such only being seen for many miles in the west. Alighted at last at the Red Lion in Salisbury, having rode eighty-three miles in fifteen hours. The houses in Salisbury are in ancient style of building, and contain five thousand inhabitants. I peeped into the cathedral during service; the worshippers were the dean, five or six ecclesiastics, eight singing boys, and eight as miserable looking wretches as ever entered the doors of a hospital; they were literally, as the gospel says of those who are called, "the blind, the halt," &c., and are hired to attend: and without this expedient I fancy the lay hearers would be as few as Dr. Swift's congregation. The ceiling is as gaudy as gold and paint can make it, and in the taste of Henry VIIIth's chapel, but not open work, and by its appearance has been neglected for some centuries. In short, it looks like an old neglected military officer out of service, with his regimentals worn threadbare and soiled. Indeed the whole church is so slovenly and dirtily kept, that a stranger would judge that these stewards of the Lord's inheritance regarded the revenues more than the repairs of the mansion house. The pews or seats are in a declining, and if not soon propped up, will be in a decumbent state;—the pulpit of stone, perhaps to denote the blockish quality of its possessors. A curious statue of St. Osmond is here, said to have been brought from old Sarum, and supposed of the eleventh or twelfth century; but where he lived or died is not within the compass of my reading.*

* Chancellor of England and Bishop of Salisbury under William the Conqueror.

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