

TRAVELS

OF

FANCY:

OR,

MORE ROADS THAN ONE.

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FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH;

BY THEIR OLD FRIEND,

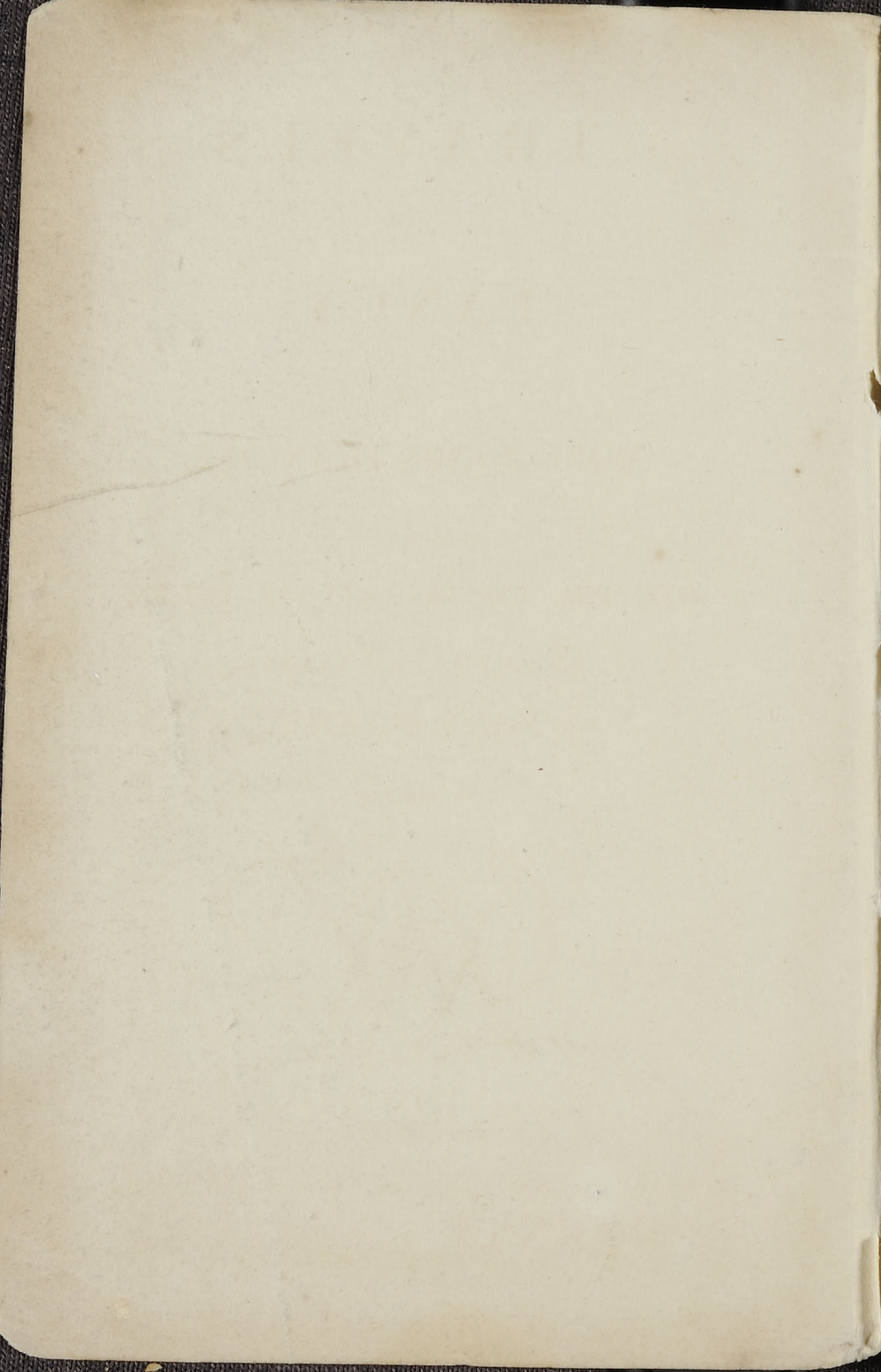
MARY ELLIOTT.



LONDON :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

*Price Sixpence.*





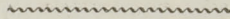
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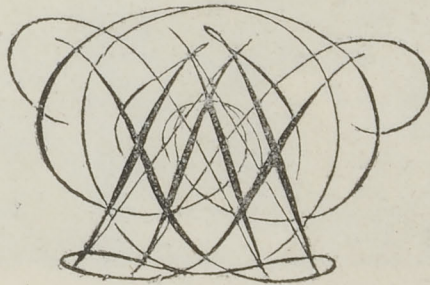
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THE HISTORY OF THE

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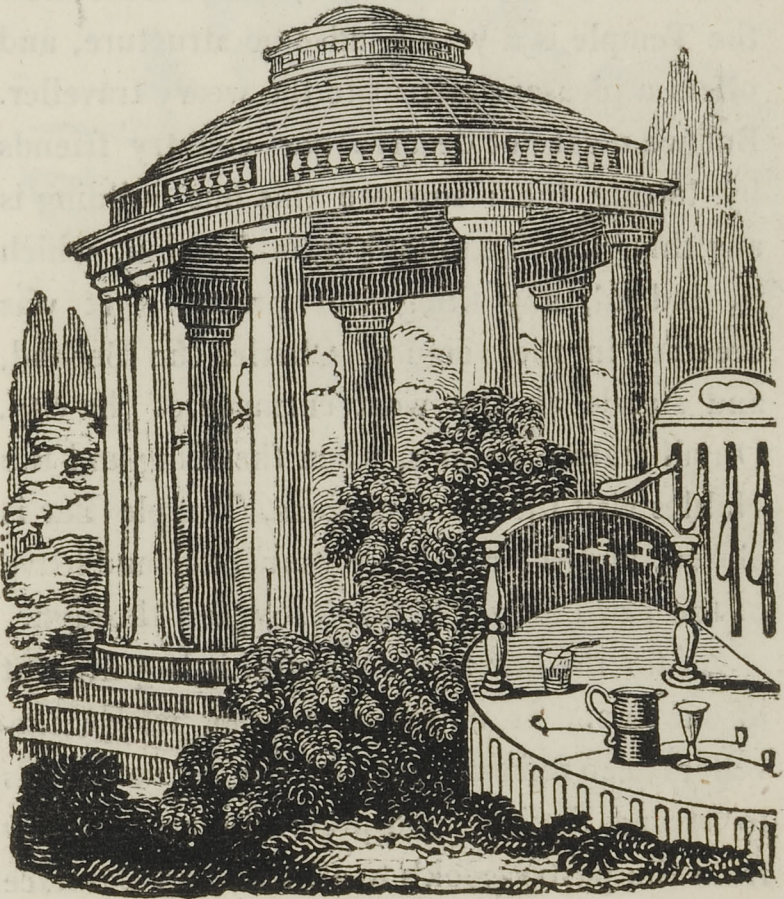
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TRAVELS OF FANCY, &c.



*An entrance to the City of London.*

## TEMPLE-BAR.

This is a curious mixture, but we must allow the Temple is a very handsome structure, and offers a pleasant retreat to the weary traveller. But we must not deceive our country friends by letting them suppose this fine building is any thing like Temple Bar in London, which is, indeed, any thing but pretty. It was erected in the reign of Charles the Second, and stands at the west entrance of the city. On all state occasions, when the King and the Nobles visit the good citizens, Temple Bar is closed, and the royal party must demand leave of the Lord Mayor before they pass through.

As for the bar in the picture, it is quite out of our line. It may suit an inn, where travellers need refreshment, but we are no friends to strong liquids, and prefer a glass of whey from the pastry-cook's to all that Mr. Boniface can offer from his nicely-arranged bar. So much for Temple Bar, through which we may now pass.





*The Seat of Learning.*



## OX-FORD.

This noble animal must belong to the family of the real John Bull, for he is fording the stream for the benefit of his education, and means to take his degrees at Oxford. I would advise him to avoid the company of hungry students, for his name might tempt them to overlook his dignity, and, in spite of his talents for Greek and Latin, he would, probably, be hurried to the spit, instead of the Chancellor's seat. Beef has a savory sound to the ears of an Englishman.

But, jesting apart, it behoves us to look sharply at our own lessons, when cattle take the road to the University instead of Smithfield.

Shall oxen toss their heads in scorn,  
 And point at us with learned horn,  
 Shall college honors be conferred  
 On brutes that cannot speak a word?

No, such arrangement must not be,  
 Though knowledge should to all be free ;  
 But cattle, only good to eat,  
 Have no pretence to such a treat.



*A Place of great Commerce.*



## THE ISLE-OF-DOGS.

Here are bold looks of defiance between these two species of the canine race : they seem as if disputing each other's right to the spot on which they stand. If we are to believe history, they have an equal claim on this small tract of land, for it was once the depôt of the spaniels and grey-hounds of Edward the Third, and, from this circumstance, was called the Isle-of-Dogs. In those early times, the king and his nobles used to hunt the red deer in the royal forests in Essex, or shoot woodcocks, which abounded near this place, and, during the sporting season, his majesty generally resided at Greenwich, which you may perceive is nearly opposite.

Here also Togodumnus, the brother of Caractacus, was killed in battle with the Romans.

Thus we find Messieurs Spaniel and Greyhound have some foundation for their family pride, and such feelings become dogs far better than mankind, to whom virtue should always be the greatest honor.





*A. Town in Surrey.*

## KINGS-TON.

Two crowned heads, and a huge barrel, or ton, brings us to a pleasant town in Surrey, where we again meet a view of the River Thames, always agreeable to a cockney traveller; and no wonder, when we think of the wealth this said river conveys into the heart of our famed city of London.

King Egbert, who was the first king of all England, with his son Athelwolf, once attended a council in the town of Kingston; so that, trifling as it now appears, it has received greater visitors than ourselves.

But we are not going to hold a national council, so we will pass over the bridge and view Richmond, with its beautiful prospects: it is one of the prettiest villages in Surrey.

Henry the Seventh built a palace at Richmond, where he died, as did also Queen Elizabeth. The royal gardens, the observatory, and park, are interesting objects, and we shall find our walk from Kingston more than repaid by what Richmond has in store for us.





*A Town in Berkshire.*



## READ-ING.

Here we are at the capital of Berkshire, and a very pretty town it is, not quite forty miles from London: the country round is also of a pleasing nature. With the mayor's leave, we will stop a few hours to examine what may be worth viewing in this said town of Reading. The buildings will not appear very grand to the eye of a Londoner, but we must not expect to see St. Paul's or Waterloo Bridge in every part of England. However, there is something to look at here besides buildings. We may examine the blanket and canvass manufactures, and the weaving of ribbon, which is a very interesting sight; for, although we all find the article very useful in dress, few have seen how it is made. Now let us inspect the pin manufactory, which is really worth looking at: when little girls throw away, or carelessly drop, these small, but necessary helps to a good sempstress, they do not consider how much trouble was taken in forming and completing them.

The abbey in which Henry the First was interred is now in ruins.



A Town in Essex.



## MANNING-TREE.

It is well that we are good spellers, for I find here are two letters left out in this puzzle.

We must allow, that, if the man is to be left quietly in the tree, we must give up the N and the G.

This we shall do, for we should be sorry to disturb him, lest, in his fright, he might fall; and, setting vanity aside, there is no fear of our mis-spelling the word, or not knowing when we are at Manningtree, a town in Essex, on the river Stour. The principal trade is carried on in corn, coals, deals, and iron. We cannot be of much assistance in consuming these articles, for we are but sojourners for a day, and really there seems so little to interest us in this town of Manningtree, that we shall not delay our travels by continuing here, when a few miles farther will bring us to Harwich, where we are sure to be entertained.





*A Place in Salop.*

## BISHOPS-CASTLE.

Here are two dignitaries of the church, who seem to have met before that noble castle for some weighty affair; yet, upon second thoughts, their wish is only to inform us, that we have arrived at Bishopscastle, a borough-town in Shropshire. We are obliged to them for their civility, but the place does not appear very attractive, so we shall but take a peep at the river Clun, and go to market, that we may see some of the Welsh folks, who come for bargains; and then we mean to turn our steps homeward, for we are nearly one hundred and sixty miles from London; yet it would be a pity to quit this country without seeing the old city of Shrewsbury, or Salop, so often mentioned in history. It was near this town that Henry Percy, nicknamed Hotspur, was defeated and slain in battle: those were sad times; but we, living in better times, only visit Shrewsbury to admire the town, and taste the brown and sweet cakes, for which it is so famous.





*A Place in Middlesex.*

## HAMMER-SMITH.

This picture brings us to Hammersmith; and, although but four miles from London, here we shall find a variety of pretty villas and country houses, with many pretty shady lanes for a morning's walk: few villages near town possess so many, or show old Thames to greater advantage. Seated on his banks, we can watch the boats passing to and fro on his wide smooth surface; and, when the air gets too chilly for such amusement, we will wander about the nursery-grounds and the pleasant gardens, or take a peep into the nunnery, which is a residence for female Catholics.

No doubt most of my readers are good scholars, yet some of them may not know that topography means a description of particular places: the Topography of Middlesex gives an entertaining account of Hammersmith, and other villages or towns in the same county; and I advise all who mean to take summer excursions, to read all that relates to the places they intend to honor with a visit.





*A Watering Place.*

## RAMS-GATE.

These two fighting gentlemen, and the gate which divides them, makes out our puzzle, and brings us to a noted watering-place and seaport in Kent, near the Downs.

Here we shall not need amusement, for the scene is gay enough of itself. Company always arriving, new faces are to be seen every day, among whom we may chance to meet old friends.

Ramsgate has two fine stone piers, where we can walk to look at the shipping, which is a grand sight; and, should we take a whim in our heads, and desire to see London again, we have but to step on-board one of the steam-packets, and we shall reach home in a few hours, neither waiting for wind or tide.

Let arctic travellers explore  
 The icy regions o'er and o'er;  
 For us, we scruple not to say,  
 Our fancy lies another way.  
 A voyage to Ramsgate will suffice,  
 And skating give enough of ice.





*A Sea-port in Yorkshire.*

## HULL.

We have now come to a very old sea-port in Yorkshire, built by Edward the First, and then called Kingston, but at present it is usual to call it Hull, the name of its river.

What a bustle among the shipping! vessels going to Greenland, some just arrived from America, others loading for the southern parts of Europe.

Who shall say the people in this town are idle? no, they understand trade as well as the merchants in London, and charity too, for I see they have a Trinity-house for invalid seamen, or their widows. After all, such kind of buildings are the greatest ornaments in the finest cities.

The picture to this article represents the hull of a boat, or what we may term its shell. It is curious to witness the process of ship-building; but we have not time just now, so we will proceed on our travels, and perhaps the next time we come to Hull, we shall find this smart vessel completed.





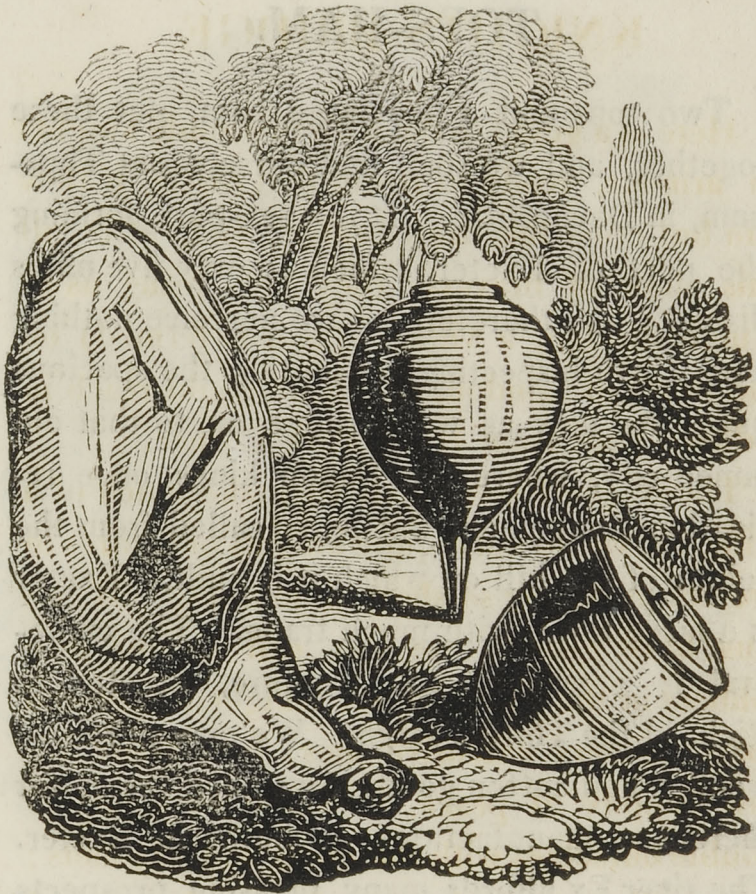
*A Place near Westminster.*

## KNIGHTS-BRIDGE.

Here is a grand to do, with two noble knights in armour, ready to storm that castle, if they can but cross the draw-bridge; and, after all this show of bravery, they only bring us to Knightsbridge, a village (as it is termed) on the skirts of London, which we could reach in a dozen hops from Hyde Park Corner.

These gentlemen wish to make much of a trifle, for we do not require knights or squires to protect us during so short a journey. If we must have guards, we can call to our own soldiers in the barracks, for Knightsbridge can boast of very extensive ones; but, as we are now happily at peace, it would be a pity to trouble ourselves with red coats and bayonets; so we will go on to the manufactory for painted floor-cloths, which is here brought to great perfection; and, if we want further entertainment, we have but to watch the various stages going to and fro, some hundreds in a day.



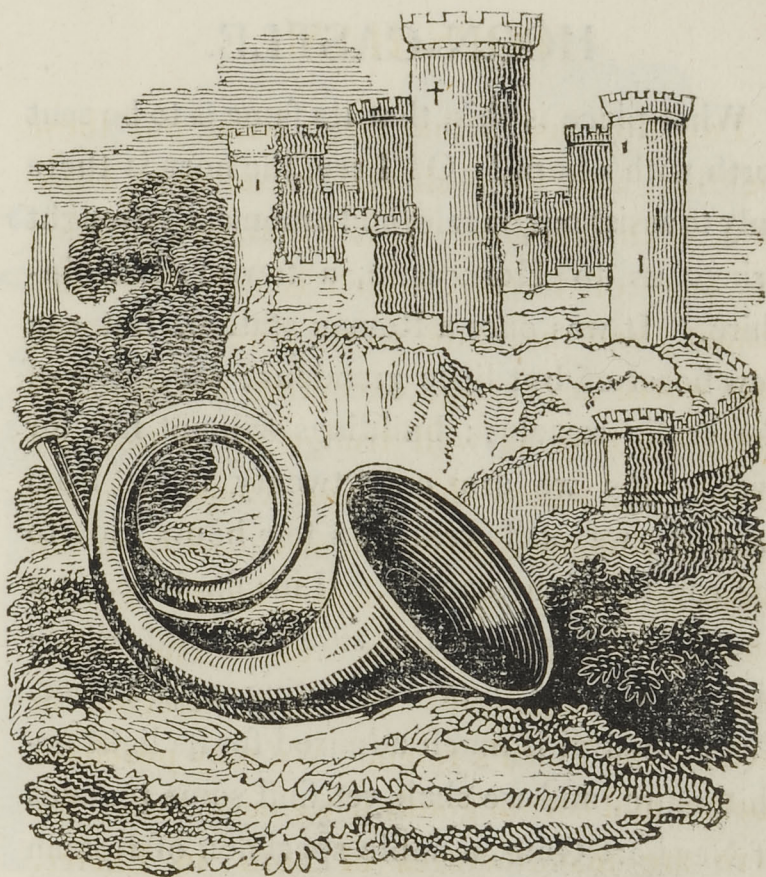


*A Town in Devonshire.*

## TOPS-HAM.

Two tops and a fine large ham, put these together, and we shall find ourselves at Tops-ham, in Devonshire. It is a sea-port, forming the port of Exeter, which is only five miles distant; and therefore, as we perceive nothing here worth inspecting, excepting the spacious quay, we may as well trudge on to that old famed city, where the Saxon kings once resided in Rougemont Castle, so called from the colour of the hill on which it is built. Exeter is a large town, with much trade. The cathedral is a magnificent structure, erected in Richard the Third's reign. We may purchase woollen and cotton goods if we need them, for there are manufactures of both in Exeter. The river Ex affords many pleasing prospects besides the shipping, so that our excursion will not prove barren, and really when people come so far from home, it would be a pity not to see all that comes within reach, if but to enliven our fire-sides when we return.



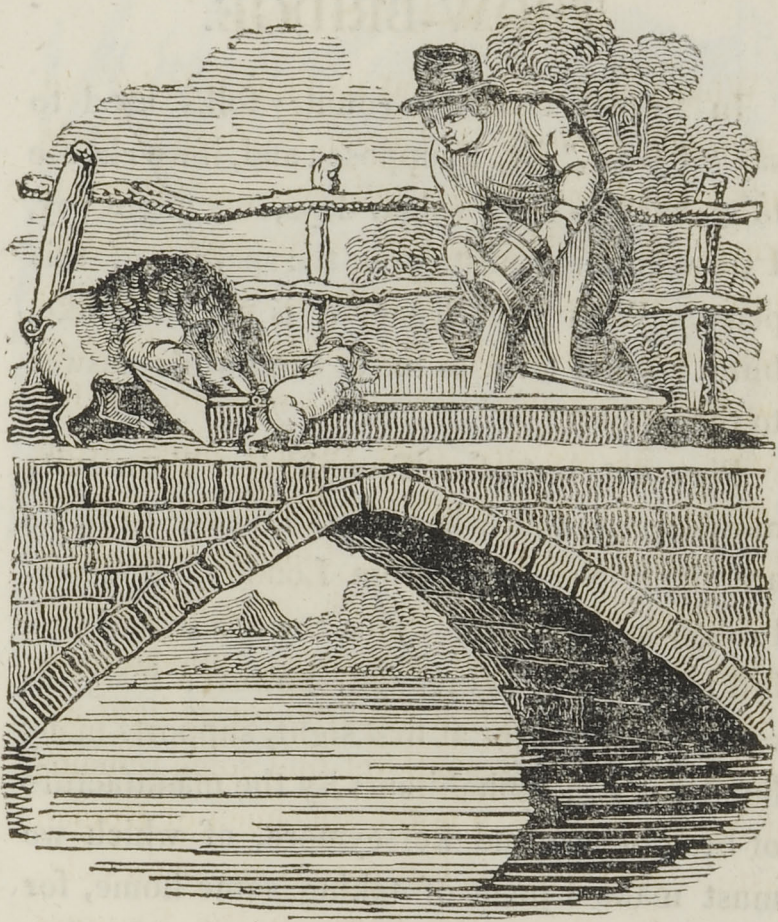


*A Place in Lincolnshire.*

## HORN-CASTLE.

What place is this, that its fame is to be sent forth with a horn? O! I see, the horn is there only to assist our puzzle, and a moment's thought brings us to Horncastle, a town in Lincolnshire. It was once a Roman station, but can now boast of but little grandeur; very little of the castle remains; buildings will not last for ever. As we are only twenty miles from Lincoln, we will venture a few hours' ride to the capital of the county. Lincoln is really a fine city, seated on the side of a hill, which gives it a novel and interesting appearance. The cathedral is much admired for its light architecture, and we shall yet find some remains of Newport Gate, a noble specimen of Roman taste. Just without this gate is the plain celebrated for the battle between the Empress Maud and King Stephen. We cannot make room for coals, meal, or oats; so that, if we buy a camlet cloak, Lincoln has nothing more for travellers' purchase.





*A Town famous for its Woollen  
Manufactures.*

## TROW-BRIDGE.

In former times the country folks used to say "I trow," for, I suppose; and, if we choose to go back to such vulgar days, we might say, I trow here is a mistake in the spelling of this place. With your leave, it is not a mistake, but a kind of trick to make the puzzle answer to the subject.

Pigs eat out of a Trough, but Trow suits our purpose, and, when we add bridge to it, we are ninety-nine miles from London, at Trow-bridge, in Wiltshire. This town is seated on a hill by the river Were, and, however insignificant it may appear at first sight, supports many hundreds of its inhabitants by the manufacture of broad-cloth and kerseymere, of which we must make a point of taking some home, for strangers are expected to purchase a trifle when they visit trading towns; besides, we should let others live as well as ourselves, and pay for peeping in all cases.





*A City, the resort of the Sick  
and the Gay.*

## BATH.

All those who have felt the sudden shock of being plunged into water will soon guess at what city we have arrived. A very handsome one certainly, and in which there is much to see and admire. Bath, in Somersetshire, is famous for its springs, and was so in the time of the Romans; but those famed warriors could not boast of such a city as the present, with its noble ranges of stone houses, formed into crescents, grand streets, &c. The abbey is a fine old building:—in short, turn which way we may, there is variety and beauty. See what high hills surround it, to shelter us from cold. Invalids find Bath a comfortable place of residence, but it is not the sick alone who visit it. Gay and healthy folks are constantly coming to share its pleasures, as well as drink its waters. We are neither one or the other, but quiet travellers, desirous of noticing all that is worthy of notice.





*A Town in Kent.*

## SEVEN-OAKS.

What a lovely spot is here; how many fine shady trees: it is quite refreshing to look at their green foliage. Now we are again in the country, though but twenty-three miles from London. Seven-Oaks is a well-known town in Kent, and has a free-school, first erected by Sir William Sevenoaks, who, when a destitute orphan, was educated by some charitable person in the town, and he thus showed his gratitude. Queen Elizabeth was a great patroness of this school.

When we have rested awhile, we will take a view of Knole, the Duke of Dorset's seat, which is close at hand: there we shall see some fine pictures, and the grounds are very beautiful. I doubt not my readers remember what history tells of Jack Cade the rebel, who, with his lawless troops, attacked and defeated the royal army near Seven-Oaks. Cade was a bold and cruel man, and deserved the death he received from the hand of Alexander Iden.





*A Sea-port in Wales.*

## SWAN-SEA.

This must be a wild swan, for our handsome birds of the kind only amuse themselves in fresh water, and are too much of dandies to trust their delicate wings in the foaming wave.

Wild or tame, the meaning is clear, and we cannot doubt the result will be a visit to Swansea, a sea-port in Wales, in the county of Glamorganshire. It is a flourishing place, with much shipping, and plenty of coal and iron in the neighbourhood; but we cannot spare time for digging, so must be content with a peep at all, and then put on our holiday clothes, for this is a noted watering-place, and frequented by very gay people, who like bathing and change of scene. Yet I doubt if any study the Welsh language; it is not, indeed, very smooth to the ear, although the people are famed for their poetry.

No matter; they will give us a tune on their harps; and who would quarrel with the melody of Welsh music?





*A Port in Somersetshire.*

## BRIDGE-WATER.

Bridgewater; and a very pretty scene this puzzle presents; but we cannot answer for the bridge being a copy of the stone one which crosses the river Parret, in the borough of Bridgewater, which is a port, and carries on a tolerable coasting trade. Should we take a trip to Bristol, we shall not find Bridgewater a great way from the Bristol Channel. When King Charles the First was at war with his parliament, this town, with its fine castle, was nearly reduced to ashes. The castle was built in the reign of King John, and that is more than six hundred years back, rather too distant a period for us to remember; but we have history to acquaint us with all circumstances and events worth knowing, so that none but dunces can be at a loss when asked this kind of questions. Chronology is a most useful study, for it teaches us the dates of historical and other events.



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