Hector, during the night, to spy the Grecian camp, for which service, if it proved successful, he was promised the horses of Achilles; but he was taken by Ulysses and Diomedes, to whom he instantly disclosed the plans of his countrymen, and at the same time offered a large sum of money for the preservation of his life. They were not, however, induced to accede to his request, but punished his infidelity and treachery with death.

The figures are most admirably and spiritedly modelled, and shew very great artistic skill. There is much action and life in all three, representing, as the subject does, the peculiar feelings which animate them.—Dolon hearing the approach of some one whom he cannot see, while Ulysses and Diomedes, gliding noiselessly along, are anxiously watching to secure their prisoner.

The vase itself is nearly eighteen inches high; and with the figures, measures altogether about thirty-two inches. It is in a perfect state of preservation, and is a very fine specimen of the early Grecian art in terra-cotta. It has been formerly painted with various colours, which in many parts are still remaining. It was found in a grave at Canosa, and the probability seems to be that it was presented to some celebrated warrior or tragedian. Alike, both for its historical and artistic merit, it is perfectly unique; as no similar specimen exists in any museum in Europe.

A MORNING'S RAMBLE IN 'OLD WARRINGTON.'

By James Kendrick, M.D.

(Read 1st February, 1855.)

Hundreds of years ago, the town of Warrington, in Lancashire, was designated and known as 'Old Warrington,' and although this venerable appellation has fallen into disuse in later times, I see no harm in reviving it, for this evening at least, as a catch-word in the title of my paper, the chief interest of which will lie in its being a record of *vestigia* within its limits, as yet little altered, but still fast fading away. Had our ancestors of the sixteenth century possessed a knowledge of the remains, Saxon, Roman, and early British, which have of late years been here disinterred, we should probably read of it as 'Ancient Warrington,' a title both appropriate
and well deserved. But I prefer to use the term 'Old Warrington,' since it is not to its ancient history that my present remarks have reference, nor even to the eventful passages of which it was the scene during the Civil War, but simply to a space of twenty-five years in the latter part of the past century, namely, from 1757 to 1782, in which Warrington was, next to the metropolis, the great *focus* of the masters of science and elegant literature.

On the 23rd of October, 1757, the well known Warrington Academy was opened for the education of ministers to officiate in the pulpits of protestant dissenters, and of young laymen of the like persuasion. That neither pains nor expense were wanting in this effort to supply the dissenting body with a system of education, little if at all, inferior to that afforded by the English universities, is evidenced by the men of mark who were selected as tutors, and by the station in science and literature which was acquired in after life by many of the *alumni* of the Academy. Amongst the former the learned Dr. John Taylor, of Norwich, author of the "Hebrew Concordance to the Bible," was selected as professor of divinity, and had as a coadjutor, and subsequently as a successor, the first Dr. Aikin, who brought with him to Warrington his world-renowned son, and his daughter who afterwards became Mrs. Barbauld. No less eminent, and proudly illustrative of the high-toned literary society which then existed at Warrington, are the names of Priestley, Clayton, Enfield, Seddon, Reinhold Forster, and Gilbert Wakefield, who were almost simultaneously resident here as tutors in the Academy. Amongst the students who acquired at Warrington the education which afterwards fitted them for a high position in the historic literature of their country, we may select the names of Philip Taylor, Dr. Rigby of Norwich, Dr. Percival, Dr. Bostock, Rochemont Barbauld, Dr. Parry of Cirencester, Pendlebury Houghton, Markham Salisbury, Malthus, and the Wedgwoods. "Warrington Academy," says Miss Lucy Aikin (herself a native of Warrington), in the Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld prefixed to her works, "included among its tutors names eminent both in science and in literature; with several of these, and especially with Dr. Priestley and Dr. Enfield, and their families, she formed sincere and lasting friendships. The elder and more accomplished among the students composed an agreeable part of the same society; and its animation was increased by a mixture of young ladies, either residents in
the town or occasional visitors, several of whom were equally distinguished for personal charms, for amiable manners, and cultivated minds. The rising institution, which flourished for several years in high reputation, diffused a classic air over all connected with it. Miss Aikin, as was natural, took a warm interest in its success; and no academic has ever celebrated his alma mater in nobler strains, or with a more filial affection, than she has manifested in that portion of her early and beautiful poem 'The Invitation,' where her theme is this 'nursery of men for future years.'

In testimony of the brilliant charms of the female society which then enlivened Warrington, Mrs. Barbauld (then Miss Aikin), writes from thence in January, 1772, to her friend Miss Belsham:—"I heard not long ago a piece of news which pleases me beyond measure; can you guess what it is? Mrs. Lewin tells me that my dear Betsy * intends coming to Lancashire soon. I hope these her good intentions will speedily be put in execution; if we had you here, Patty † and I should be as happy as the day is long. We have a knot of lasses just after your own heart—as merry, blithe, and gay as you would wish them, and very smart and clever—two of them are the Miss Rigbys. We have a West Indian family, too, that I think you would like; a young couple who seem intended by nature for nothing but mirth, frolic, and gaiety. I say nothing of our young men, as I would not flatter you with the hopes of any conquest, for the foresaid damsels have left us no hearts to conquer."

Add to the above that the philanthropist Howard had a prolonged residence at Warrington during this intellectual era, whilst Pennant, the naturalist, and your own Roscoe and Dr. James Currie were frequent and delighted visitors. It was at Warrington, under Dr. Aikin's tuition, that Mr. Roscoe's taste for botany was first aroused, and he thus writes to Miss Aikin in allusion to his attachment to her recently deceased father:—"My long acquaintance with Dr. Aikin is indeed connected with the most pleasing recollections. From having accompanied him to his little botanical garden in the vicinity of Warrington, I first imbibed a relish for those pursuits, and I well remember that, on his recommendation, I was first led to the perusal of the modern writers of Latin poetry, which has since afforded me an inexhaustible source of pleasure."

There are spots still remaining in Warrington which we look upon as

* Miss Belsham. † Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aikin.
hallowed by their association with names like these, and a desire that they may long remain so has been my chief inducement to undertake the illustration of the palmy days of the Warrington Academy, by pointing out these vestigia, which however little they may now interest the every-day world, were cherished to the last by our fathers with an ardour to which we, who are hurrying on through life at the fearful speed of the railway, are almost wholly strangers.

In a letter with which I was honored by Mr. Arthur Aikin, who was born at Warrington, and who died in London in April last, he says, in acknowledgment of a few memorials of Warrington, "To me, who have overpassed my eightieth year, the end of life, rather than its beginning, is the subject of habitual contemplation: my dearest affections are buried in the graves of those with whom I began the journey of life; yet I thank you, Sir, very sincerely for your present, and the perusal of it has led me back very agreeably to the morning of existence, the day-spring of hope, unchastized by experience."

Such feelings of attachment are likewise beautifully expressed by Mrs. Barbauld, "Our Poetess," in her epistle to Dr. Enfield, on his revisiting Warrington in 1789.

"O when thy feet retrace that western shore,
Where Mersey winds his waters to the main,
When thy fond eyes familiar haunts explore,
And paths well nigh effaced are tracked again;
Will not thy heart with mixed emotions thrill,
As scenes succeeding scenes arise to view?
While joy or sorrow past alike shall fill
Thy glistening eyes with feeling's tender dew.

Were it, like thine, my lot once more to tread
Plains now but seen in distant perspective,
With that soft hue, that dubious gloom overspread,
That tender tint which only time can give;
How would it open every secret cell
Where cherished thought and fond remembrance sleep?
How many a tale each conscious step would tell;
How many a parted friend these eyes would weep."

Then in allusion to her father's death and burial at Warrington, she thus pathetically concludes:

"But O the chief!—If in thy feeling breast
The tender charities of life reside,
If there domestic love have built her nest,
And thy fond heart a parent's cares divide;
Go seek the turf where worth, where wisdom lies,
Wisdom and worth, ah, never to return!
There, kneeling, weep my tears, and breathe my sighs
A daughter's sorrows o'er her father's urn!"
During the last fifty years the population of Warrington has greatly increased, and the town itself has been correspondingly extended, but it is fortunate for my present purpose (that of illustrating the precincts of the academy, and the abodes of its tutors), that these localities remain almost unaltered to the present time. Fifty years more will inevitably produce a great change, and should my weak effort to perpetuate these vestigia endure so long, it may, perhaps, thereby acquire additional value, as an humble effort to preserve even traces of the footsteps of those whose names will ever be held dear, so long as the beauties of true poetry and elegant literature are cultivated and admired.

We already possess the general biography of these ‘Warrington Worthies’ from the pen of Dr. Aikin, of his daughter Lucy Aikin, who is still living in the neighbourhood of London, or of other near friends, and in one instance, that of Dr. Priestley, by himself. In the 8th, 9th, and 10th volumes of the Monthly Repository of Theology, &c., the history of the Warrington Academy, and of its tutors, together with a list of the students, forms a very interesting series of communications from the pen of the Rev. William Turner, now resident in Manchester, who at the patriarchal age of ninety-two is the sole survivor of the alumni of the Warrington Academy. With these ample sources of reference, I may be excused omitting any lengthened biographical notices, and a few brief observations as we pass along will be sufficient to identify these ‘men of mark’ with the different spots to which it is my intention to conduct my hearers.

Regarding my friends as visitors for the first time to the town, I shall make the Warrington station of the London and North Western Railway the starting point of our morning’s ramble, and proceeding thence about 350 yards towards the centre of the town, I would direct their attention to a plain but substantial house in Saukey street, fronting to the end of Golborne street, which on the 29th of September, 1740, was the birthplace of the estimable Dr. Thomas Percival. Within the last few years the front of this house has been overlaid with stucco, but I am fortunate in possessing a sketch of its original appearance by the kindness of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Liverpool, who feels an additional interest in the house, from its being for some years the residence of Samuel Fothergill, a faithful and highly-gifted minister in the Society of Friends, whose letters have been edited, with a memoir prefixed, by the late Mr. George Crosfield, of
this town. Until Dr. Percival’s permanent removal to Manchester, his childhood and youth were spent here, his name being the first enrolled in the list of the students of the Academy, 20th October, 1757. A few years were spent at Edinburgh whilst taking his degree in Medicine, and in 1767 he commenced that career in Manchester which earned for him, before all others of his day, the character of an accomplished and conscientious physician. “In a few words,” says Dr. Magee, “he was an author without vanity, a philosopher without pride, a scholar without pedantry, and a Christian without guile. Affable in his manners, courteous in his conversation, dignified in his deportment, cheerful in his temper, warm in his affections, steady in his friendships, mild in his resentments, and unshaken in his principles; the grand object of his life was usefulness, and the grand spring of all his actions was religion.”

The house we are now regarding, and much of the adjoining property, were then held by the father of Dr. Percival under a lease from the Legh family, and until a comparatively few years a large extent of this ground, let as gardens to the public, was known as Percival’s Orchard, and a narrow lane, now supplanted by the present Bold street, was known as Percival’s or Pewcill’s lane. It is to be regretted that this venerated name has been annihilated in the course of modern improvements, and the only connection of this great and good man with the place of his birth which now remains to us, is a small court in a different part of the town, known as Percival’s Fold. Here the descendants of Dr. Percival still retain some property, but it is to be hoped that ere long we may see his name affixed to a locality more worthy of him.

Leaving now the birth-place of Dr. Percival, we turn to the right into Bold street, and following its course are led to the well-known Warrington Bridge, which as the only pass over the Mersey in former times, except by ford or ferry, was always considered the key of the two counties palatine. But without crossing it, we are here, on this occasion, to contemplate a plain and sombre mansion at its Lancashire extremity, for this was the building selected by the dissenting body for the commencement of the Academy in 1757. “In the course of the summer of this year,” says the Rev. William Turner, “the committee were busily employed in making arrangements for obtaining suitable accommodations for the several tutors, and a public hall, library and class room, with a view to the commencement
of the first session, early in the autumn of the same year. Accordingly, a range of buildings at the north-west end of the bridge was engaged, to which was attached a considerable extent of garden ground, and a handsome terrace-walk, on the banks of the Mersey; possessing, altogether, a respectable collegiate appearance. Here the academy continued for several years." Mrs. Barbauld, in her poem of the 'Invitation,' makes allusion to this building:

"Mark where its simple front yon mansion rears,  
The nursery of men for future years!  
Here callow chiefs and embryo statesmen lie,  
And unfledged poets short excursions try;  
While Mersey's gentle current, which too long  
By fame neglected and unknown to song,  
Between his rushy banks—no poet's theme—  
Had crept inglorious like a vulgar stream,  
Reflects th' ascending seats with conscious pride,  
And dares to emulate a classic tide."

The garden behind this house had, a few years since, a good specimen of the substantial alcove or summer house, which was much in vogue at Warrington during the 18th century, as would appear from the number yet remaining, though mostly in a dilapidated state. They are all square brick buildings, with flattened roofs, raised upon arches, and reached by a flight of stone steps on the outside. Whilst the space beneath the arches is occupied by a seat and rustic table, the upper room is generally well finished with a moulded ceiling and cornice, fireplace and mantelpiece, having also two or more well made sashed windows. They were evidently intended for the entertainment of a small and select party, where visitors of the gentler sex were present, if not predominating.

Leaving now this interesting old house and garden, we are to proceed up Bridge Street towards the centre of the town, passing on our way, opposite the Royal Oak tavern, the humble dwelling of John Macgowan, author of "Dialogues of Devils," "The Shaver," "The Canker Worm," and numerous controversial works. He was resident here for some years, exercising the business of a bread baker, and on Sundays officiating as minister at the ancient chapel of the Baptists, at Hill-cliff, near Warrington.

Proceeding onwards in our course up Bridge Street, we pass the temporary residence of one whom nations have combined to honour, the philanthropist Howard. It is a large house nearly opposite to the gateway of the Eagle and Child Inn, and has been newly fronted
within comparatively few years. The tenant with whom Howard lodged was a Mrs. Wilde, silversmith, but the house has at the present time no occupant, having been very lately left by Mr. Joseph Chrimes, cooper. Here the philanthropist lodged for some months during the early part of the year 1777, whilst his first publication, and that which raised him a fame throughout Europe, "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales" was going through Mr. Eyres's press at Warrington. In a letter from Dr. Aikin to Mrs. Barbauld, dated in February, 1777, is the following passage:—"We have a work now in Eyres's press which will, I think, establish the reputation of its author as the best man, if not the most elegant writer, in England. It is the benevolent Mr. Howard's account of Prisons, a subject which he has for some years pursued with a spirit and assiduity that looks scarcely of a piece with anything else to be met with in this degenerate age. Nothing but his book can give a proper idea of the dangers and fatigues he has gone through in his truly patriotic design. He has been here, superintending the printing, for three or four weeks, and will stay as much longer. I have the pleasure of seeing him every day, being his corrector and reviser, and so forth." I will quote, too, a passage from Howard's biographer, Mr. Brown, which is interesting from its minuteness of detail respecting the daily routine of his life whilst at Warrington. "To second, to the utmost of his power, the laudable anxiety which Mr. Howard felt to render his work as free from faults as possible, Mr. Eyres selected one of his compositors, on whom he could place the greatest dependence, to devote his whole time to it, and to receive from the author himself such directions as he should think proper to give as to the mode in which he would have it printed, and the alterations he might make as it passed through the press. For the purpose of being near the scene of his labours in superintending the progress of his work, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and so indefatigable was he in his attention to the business which had fixed his temporary abode there, that during a very severe winter he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest till ten, and sometimes half after ten at night. His reason for this early rising was, that he found the morning the stillest part of the day, and that in which he was the least disturbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press, either before they were submitted to the inspection of Dr. Aikin, or after they had undergone his revision, lest some little typographical error might have
escaped his notice. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when punctually at eight he repaired to the printing office, and remained there until the workmen went to dinner at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit, in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town during the time of their absence, eating, as he walked along, his hermit fare, which, with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he ever took. Sometimes he would call in upon a friend in his way, though the acquaintance he formed in this town was not very numerous, consisting principally of a few members of the society of Friends, to whose habits and manners he was at all times attached, and some of the literary men of unitarian sentiments, whom the academy for training young men to the ministry in that denomination had attracted there. With persons of his own religious views he had but little opportunity of associating, the Calvinistic Independent interest there being even lower at that period than it is in the present day. With some few of this persuasion he did, however, occasionally mingle in the social intercourse of private life, as well as in the services of the sanctuary, which he regularly attended in their humble place of worship. When he had returned to the printing office, he generally remained there until the men left work, and then, I am informed, repaired to Mr. Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day, or, if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, would either spend an hour with some other friend, or return to his own lodgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of supper, and at his usual hour retired to bed."

Many other interesting particulars of Mr. Howard's daily routine of life are given by Mr. Brown as witnessed at Warrington, for besides his first visit in 1777, he was resident here, and on each occasion for some months, in the years 1779, 1783, and for the last time in 1789, when his work "On the Principal Lazarettos in Europe" was printed by Mr. Eyres. It is only a few years since James Roby, the careful compositor above referred to, died at the age of 64 years, and he, too, was always eloquent in the praise of Mr. Howard's general benevolence and liberality to himself and his fellow-workmen. A medal of the philanthropist was fastened to his printing press, and was only taken down when the old man left the office he had served so long, for the sick bed from which he never again returned. There are still several memorials of Howard remaining at Warrington, in the form of trifling presents to his friends, and I believe that no other town
ever will or can exceed ours in the veneration and esteem with which his memory is retained.

Proceeding onwards for a short distance, in the course described by Dr. Aikin and Mr. Brown as the daily footsteps of the philanthropist, we are brought to the site of Mr. Eyres's Press. The whole of the picturesque front has, however, long been removed, and the interior much altered; but its most serious injury was sustained in December, 1843, by a disastrous fire, which broke out in the upper story of the building, consuming a large amount of manuscripts and corrected proofs, which had been carefully preserved since the commencement of Mr. Eyres's business as a printer. The interest of this curious store, and its irreparable loss, will be understood when I state that from this printing-office issued the original editions of works by the Aikins, Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. Enflelcl, Priestley, Roscoe, Currie, Percival, Gilbert Wakefield, Ferrier, John Howard, Pennant, and Watson's 'History of the House of Warren,' the last of which is designated by Gilbert Wakefield as "perhaps the most accurate specimen of typography ever produced by any press." The first newspaper published within the county of Lancaster issued from Mr. Eyres's printing-office at Warrington, and amongst the injured relics of the disastrous fire to which I have alluded, was found one of the original wood-cuts affixed to the 'Warrington Advertiser.' Although much curtailed of its original dimensions, the Historic Society honored me by making use of it in the fifth volume of their transactions.

At this point of our 'Ramble' we turn to the right hand down the Butter-Market Street, passing in our way to the Academy the house occupied by Dr. Taylor, the author of the 'Hebrew Concordance to the Bible,' who was alluded to at the outset of my paper as the first elected tutor and president of the Academy. It is situated opposite to the end of Bank Street, but being now divided into two tenements, one of which is occupied as a flour warehouse, presents little trace of its original appearance.

Proceeding onwards down the Butter-Market Street, the second turning to the right brings us into the classic precincts of the Academy, and the noise and bustle which we at once leave behind us, is singlarly contrasted with the almost cloistered stillness which here prevails. No rumbling dray, nor rattling omnibus obtrudes itself here, nor does the crowd of hungry artizans, visible in every manufacturing town at the dinner-hour,
make this a thoroughfare to their homes. Originally destined for the quiet seat of instruction, the chief literary and scientific institutions of Warrington have here found an appropriate home. The main building of the Academy accommodates, on its ground floor, a prosperous School of Art, whilst the upper stories are tenanted by the Warrington Church Institute. The left wing of the court is occupied by the Mechanics’ Institution, and although the right wing is held by private individuals, it is occupied as a seminary for the education of young ladies. At one time, it is true, the large rooms of the Academy were made use of as a storehouse for sail-cloth, and for manufactured cotton goods, a desecration of her beloved resort which is alluded to by Mrs. Barbauld in her Epistle to Dr. Enfleld, on his revisiting Warrington in 1789. The beauty of these few verses demands that I should quote them here, although the opprobrium she deplores no longer exists, and although it is also to be feared that the “learned echoes” and the “Castalian dews”, of which she sings, have disappeared, never to return.

“Lo there the seats where science loved to dwell,
Where liberty her ardent spirit breathed;
While each glad Naiad from her secret cell,
Her native sedge with classic honours wreathed.
O seats beloved in vain! your rising dome,
With what fond joy my youthful eyes surveyed;
Pleased by your sacred springs to find my home,
And tune my lyre beneath your growing shade!
Does desolation spread his gloomy veil,
Your grass-grown courts and silent halls along?
Or busy hands there pile the cumbrous sail,
And trade’s harsh din succeed the muse’s song?
Yet still, perhaps, in some sequestered walk,
Thine ear shall catch the tale of other times;
Still in faint sounds the learned echoes talk,
Where unprofaned as yet by vulgar chimes.
Do not the deeply-wounded trees still bear,
The dear memorial of some infant flame?
And murmuring sounds yet fill the hallowed air,
Once vocal to the youthful poet’s fame?
For where her sacred step impressed the muse,
She left a long perfume through all the bowers;
Still may’st thou gather thence Castalian dews,
In honeyed sweetness clinging to the flowers.”

The Academy itself, erected in 1763, as more convenient for the purposes of the Institution, is a plain three-story building, the lowest room of which was used as the common-hall and library, whilst the two upper stories were devoted to class-rooms. I presume that the lower story was also the dining room of the students, as the commons were provided by a
regularly appointed purveyor. Each student had a separate room assigned to him in a range of buildings erected in 1767 on the west side of the quadrangle, and a general servant or "scout" was found in the person of Peter Cropper, who died in Warrington a few years since, at a very advanced age. He was the veritable Joseph, in Dr. Aikin's amusing *Farm-Yard Journal*, written for the 'Evenings at Home,' and the terror of poor Joseph at the supposed ghost is but the humourous description of Peter Cropper's fright at a mischievous device of some few of the students. Passing through a door-way at the end of the building we enter a small garden belonging to the Institution, and it is not unlikely that this is the precise spot where Mr. Roscoe first imbibed from Dr. Aikin his taste for the study of botany.

The large house on the west side of the Academy Court, was the residence assigned in the first instance to Mr. John Holt, Dr. Taylor's coadjutor, and tutor in mathematics and natural philosophy in the Academy, and at his decease in 1772 it was occupied by Dr. John Reinhold Forster, the naturalist, who accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world. He held, for a few years only, the chairs of natural history and modern languages in our Academy, and whilst resident here, acquired the friendship of Mrs. Anne Blackburne of Warrington, a celebrated naturalist, the friend and correspondent of Linnaeus, who named after her one of the American Warblers, (*Sylvia Blackburnia.*) Dr. Forster also named in her honour a genus of New Holland plants, (*Blackburnia.*) On his departure from Warrington the house we are considering was occupied by the celebrated Dr. Enfield, who came to the institution as tutor in belles lettres in 1770, and resided here for two years after the dissolution of the Academy in 1783.

The house opposite, was from the period of its erection to 1767, the residence of the celebrated Dr. Priestley. A small two-story house behind it was used by him as a laboratory for chemical and electrical experiments, and it is not improbable that he here made his earliest discoveries of the nature of oxygen, carbonic and nitrous oxides, and other gases not previously known. Mrs. Barbauld has given us an amusing poetical description of this little sanctum in her *Inventory of the Furniture in Dr. Priestley's Study*, for as such he appears to have used it, as well as a laboratory. The whole is too long to quote here, but a few lines will impart character to my present notice of it.
"A map of every country known,  
With not a foot of land his own.  
A list of folks that kicked a dust  
On this poor globe, from Ptol. the First;  
He hopes,—indeed it is but fair,—  
Some day to get a corner there.  
A group of all the British kings,  
Fair emblem! on a packthread swings.  
The Fathers, ranged in goodly row,  
A decent, venerable show,  
Writ a great while ago, they tell us,  
And many an inch o'ertop their fellows.  
A Juvenal to hunt for mottoes;  
And Ovid's tales of nympha and grottos,  
The meek-robd lawyers, all in white;  
Pure as the lamb,—at least to sight.  
A shelf of bottles, jar and phial,  
By which the rogues he can defy all,—  
All filled with lightning keen and genuine,  
And many a little imp he'll pen you in;  
Which, like Le Sage's sprite, let out,  
Among the neighbours makes a rout;  
Brings down the lightning on their houses,  
And kills their geese, and frights their spouses."

It was here, too, (I mean in this humble building,) that Mrs. Barbauld penned her charming poem, *The Mouses Petition*, the elegance of feeling of which has enshrined it in the memory of our early school-days. She was then Miss Aikin, and with the freedom of intercourse which her affection for Dr. Priestley's family induced, had made her way one morning into the vacant study of the philosopher, and finding the little animal, which she immortalized by her verses, imprisoned in a trap, for the purpose of being experimented upon, and of course killed in the trial, she wiled away the interval of Dr. Priestley's absence by the composition of this short but beautiful poem. I shall not quote it here, for the verses have become household words.

Leaving the quiet quadrangle of the Academy, which was once closed by a handsome iron gateway and railing, we turn for a short distance further down the Butter-Market Street, for here, directly opposite to the Dispensary, is the house formerly occupied by the talented family of the Aikins. When the first Dr. Aikin came to Warrington in 1758, his daughter, subsequently Mrs. Barbauld, was fifteen years of age, and this house was her beloved home until 1774, a period of sixteen years, when she married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, and removed to Palgrave, in Suffolk. "The years passed by her at Warrington," says her biographer, Miss Lucy Aikin, "comprehended perhaps the happiest, as well as the most brilliant
portion of her existence." Here were written her earliest Poems, from which I have quoted largely, and from them all we may gather with what emotions she would recur to this scene of her early affections and friendships. The house we are regarding was of course the home of her brother also, Dr. John Aikin, who was only eleven years of age when he came to Warrington, and his daughter in his biography at this period says, that "he was immediately entered among the students, and attended the lectures of his father and the other tutors. Three diligent years passed in this situation, enabled him to add a considerable superstructure of various knowledge to the firm grammatical foundation previously laid at Kibworth, and what was of still more importance, imbued him indelibly with that love of letters which became at once the ornament and safeguard of his youth, and the occupation and solace of every succeeding period of his life." For some subsequent years he was mostly absent in Scotland, London, Manchester, and elsewhere, engaged in the study of the medical profession, of which he commenced the actual practice at Chester in 1770, but quitted it for Warrington in the year following. His career as a literary writer commenced immediately, and all his early productions, like those of his sister, were printed at Warrington by Mr. Eyres. His success in the medical profession, during his residence of thirteen years at Warrington, was good, but still below his expectations, and in 1784 he left this town for Yarmouth, but eventually settled in London. "Notwithstanding the circumstances," says Miss Lucy Aikin, "which had rendered him justly dissatisfied with his professional situation at Warrington, his feelings on the near prospect of departure made him sensible, that in the way of social and friendly enjoyment he had many sacrifices to make in quitting that county which had extended so affectionate an adoption to his parents, his sister, and himself; and which was the scene of all the dearest recollections of his youth, and the birthplace of his children." These children who were born to him in Warrington were—1. Arthur, who was for many years Secretary to the Society of Arts, and Lecturer on Chemistry at Guy's Hospital. 2. Charles Rochemont, the author of a "Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy," who settled as a medical practitioner in London, and married the daughter of Gilbert Wakefield. 3. Edmund, a well-known architect in Liverpool. And 4. Lucy, the authoress and biographer, who is now the sole surviving child. There are, perhaps, few private residences which can boast of such a constellation of talent and worth combined in
one family under one roof, and I therefore look upon the residence of Dr. Aikin in Warrington as a spot attended with our most pleasing and refined associations.

There is yet one other shrine included in my purpose of illustrating the vestigia of the Warrington Academy, to which I would fain direct a visitor, the house of Gilbert Wakefield, in Bewsey Street, were it not for the intricacy of the route, and the alterations which it has undergone from its original appearance. But this is of less importance, since his name is always linked with that of Dr. Aikin by the bonds of that long abiding friendship which commenced at Warrington, and was cemented by still dearer ties. Mr. Wakefield came to Warrington, 1779, as classical tutor in the academy, and remained here until its close in 1783. In his personal memoirs, written some years afterwards, he says, "I reflect to this day, with a pensive pleasure, saddened by regret, on the delightful converse,

"That flow of reason, and that feast of soul,"

which I enjoyed at Warrington with my colleagues; especially at a weekly meeting, holden alternately at the house of each other, and rendered still more agreeable by the occasional accession of some congenial spirit, resident on the spot, or casually introduced as a visitor:

"While summer suns roll unperceived away."

So far as I know we have now visited each spot which can be safely identified with the Warrington Academy and its tutors. I feel that the remarks which I have made have done their subject but scanty justice, and yet I am not without an emotion of fear that I have assigned to it an interest which exists only in my own "amor loci." But without such a feeling it is not likely that any of our local annals will be long preserved. Not that we can use these annals as a matter for boasting, but rather as a salutary proof of our own littleness, for if we compare the present intellectual condition of Warrington with that of the era of its Academy, we cannot deny, but are bound to confess, that "there were giants in those days."

True it is, that all these 'Worthies' were members of other communions than my own; but advocate as I am for the lasting union of our church and state, I can yet live in harmony with those who have been led to think differently. The reign of bigotry and prejudice has passed away, and we are now free to admire the possessors of character and talent, however much they may differ from us in politics or religion.