

south part of this city that still retains the name of Beechen-cliff, though there is scarcely a beech-tree left upon it.

“ Here the rising sun, breaking through the clouds, first saluted the Royal herdsman with its comfortable beams; and while he was addressing himself to the glorious luminary, and praying that the wrath of heaven against him might be averted, part of the drove of pigs, as if seized with a frenzy, ran down the side of the hill into an alder-moor, till they reached the spot of ground where the hot springs of Bath now boil up, and from thence returned covered with black mud. The Prince being of a thoughtful turn, and very solicitous to find out the reason why the pigs that wallowed in the mire in the summer to cool themselves, should do the same in winter, observed them further, and following them down, at length perceived a steam to arise from the place where the swine wallowed. Making his way to it, he found it to be warm; and this satisfied him, that for the benefit of this heat the pigs resorted thither, and after a while became whole and smooth from their foul scurfs and eruptions, by their rolling about in the warm mud. Upon this he considers within himself why he should not receive the same benefit, by the same means; he tries it, and succeeds; and when he found himself cured of his leprosy, declared who he was. His master was not apt to believe him at first, but at length did, and

went with him to court, where he was owned to be the king's son, and, after his father's death, succeeded him in the government; and then, in gratitude, made these baths."*

This singular and curious fragment thus concludes,—“that when these works were completed, *Bladud* gave himself up to ingenious studies, which he pursued with so much assiduity, that he at last invented wings to fly with; but these not being quite so safe as the modern balloons, in one of his flights he unfortunately fell upon a pinnacle of a temple which he had founded to Minerva, in Bath, tumbled instantly to the ground, and, to the great grief of his subjects, broke his neck, after a reign of twenty years.”

However romantic and fabulous the above account appears, till within these last eighty years, it seems, it was the positive belief and creed of every staunch native of Bath.†

* But what is surprising, no mortal e'er view'd
 Any one of the physical gentlemen *stew'd*.
 From the day that king *Bladud* first found out these bogs,
 And thought them so good for himself and his hogs,
 NOT ONE OF THE FACULTY EVER HAS TRIED
 These excellent waters to cure his own hide;
 Though many a skilful and learned physician,
 With candour, good sense, and profound erudition,
 Obliges the world with the fruits of his brain,
 Their *nature* and *hidden* effects to explain!

† In the Rev. Mr. Warner's History of Bath, in allusion to the above circumstance, he has the following note:—