

subsequent period, of a monastery,—at another of several churches,—afterwards of the old port,—then of four hundred houses at once,—of the church of St. Leonard, the high-road, town-hall, gaol, and many other buildings, are mentioned, with the dates when they perished. It is stated that, in the sixteenth century, not one quarter of the town was left standing; yet the inhabitants retreating inland, the name was preserved, as has been the case with many other ports when their ancient site has been blotted out. There is, however, a church, of considerable antiquity, still standing, the last of twelve mentioned in some records. In 1740, the laying open of the churchyard of St. Nicholas and St. Francis, in the sea-cliffs, is well described by Gardner, with the coffins and skeletons exposed to view—some lying on the beach, and rocked—

“In cradle of the rude imperious surge.”

Of these cemeteries no remains can now be seen. Ray also says, “that ancient writings make mention of a wood a mile and a half to the east of Dunwich, the site of which must at present be so far within the sea.”\* This city, once so flourishing and populous, is now a small village, with about twenty houses, and one hundred inhabitants.

There is an old tradition, “that the tailors sat in their shops at Dunwich, and saw the ships in Yarmouth Bay;” but when we consider how far the coast at Lowestoff Ness projects between these places, we cannot give credit to the tale, which, nevertheless, proves how much the inroads of the sea in times of old had prompted men of lively imagination to indulge their taste for the marvellous.

Gardner’s description of the cemeteries laid open by the waves reminds us of the scene which has been so well depicted by Bewick †, and of which numerous points on the same coast might have suggested the idea. On the verge of a cliff, which the sea has undermined, are represented the unshaken tower and western end of an abbey. The eastern aisle is gone, and the pillars of the cloister are soon to follow. The waves have almost isolated the promontory, and invaded the cemetery, where they have made sport with the mortal relics, and thrown up a skull upon the beach. In the foreground is seen a broken tombstone, erected, as its legend tells, “to *perpetuate* the memory”—of one whose name is obliterated, as is that of the county for which he was “Custos Rotulorum.” A cormorant is perched on the monument, defiling it, as if to remind some moralizer, like Hamlet, of “the base uses” to which things sacred may be turned. Had this excellent artist desired to satirize certain popular theories of geology, he might have inscribed the stone to the memory of some philosopher who taught “the permanency of existing continents”—“the era of repose”—“the impotence of modern causes.”

The incursions of the sea at Aldborough were formerly very

\* Consequences of the Deluge, Phys. Theol. Discourses.

† History of British Birds, vol. ii. p. 220. Ed. 1821.