

with its hosiery and lace, and teeming historic associations; Newstead Abbey, the home of Byron; the Minster town of Southwell, and the ancient cathedral city of Lincoln. A few miles farther, and the battle-field of Naseby may be visited from Market Harborough; Bedford, where John Bunyan was imprisoned; Elstow, where he was born; Luton, the centre of the straw manufacture; St. Albans, with its noble abbey and martyr and warlike memories; and, twenty miles more, the Metropolis itself.



BEAUMONT LEYS, LEICESTER.

The busy aspect of the Mersey forcibly recalls the description of a local bard:

“Behold the crowded port,
Whose rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burns, and echoes to the shout
Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave
Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,
Resign the speeding vessel to the wind.”

Liverpool bears little of the impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels, the crowded and busy streets are all of comparatively recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles and miles of docks, give a striking impression of its commercial greatness.