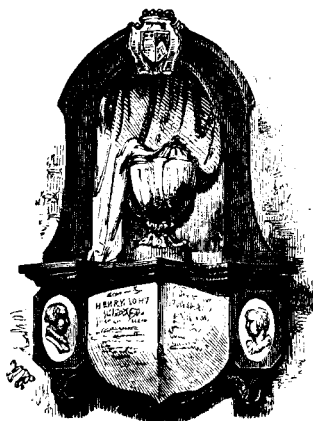


RATTERSEA BRIDGE.

A different style of philosopher, one of our modern evangelists of the practical, Sir Hans Sloane, unites with More in illustrating Chelsea. His works have not followed him, but still speaking in monuments which cannot lie—in the dispensary system for the relief of the poor, in broad and beautiful Botanic Gardens, and in the British Museum, whereof his bequest was the nucleus.

The West End, as we follow the river, has become the south end, and that in its most aggravated shape we have on the south bank. The majesty of the past gives place to the might of modern England in the very unsavoury guise of the pariahs of the factory tribe. From monumental chimneys, gin, vitriol and soap insult the welkin with their surplus fumes. It may be a question whether the most elegant of English political writers, the site of whose villa and the resting place of whose

remains is among them, would altogether enjoy such evidences of the prosperity of the kingdom whose welfare he pursued through paths so tortuous and yet illumined by so much genius. He—and certainly his friend Pope—might scorn such “meaner things.” The statesman and the poet would have been loath to accept the soap-boiler as a co-labourer in the cause of national elevation, although manufacturers are at once the source and the expression of wealth, the familiar ally of statesmanship and poesy. “The first king was a fortunate soldier,”



MONUMENT TO BOLINGBROKE.