

ner of ornaments and toys made from this material. Our visit to the silver and gold plating works was very satisfactory, as they have the most extensive collection of everything in this line in the world. Then to Mr. Winfield's brass works, where all articles in that branch are made. On the following morning, in company with Mr. Winfield, we drove out in a "Fly" to the coal and iron country in Staffordshire—the most extensive and important in England. On the road we passed an immense iron bridge of such peculiar construction that I regret not being able to describe it. The coal country extends from Wolverhampton, a large manufacturing town in the North, about twelve miles to the South, and the same distance East and West, or about 50 miles, and includes several important towns. To obtain an idea of the vastness of the works, you have but to look from right to left, and see at every 100 yards a cluster of buildings, including the blast furnaces, iron works, pits and shafts, and know that through the whole extent of this section you meet with the same uninterrupted succession of mines and factories. The air is heavy and full of smoke. There is no vegetation, and at night they say it appears as if on fire. We visited one smelting house, and were fairly awe struck. The vast furnaces, the roar of the machinery, and the rivers of melted iron, render their subjects almost of sublime contemplation.

Some of the fly-wheels, used to steady the machinery, are very large, and revolve with great speed. We afterwards went down in a coal mine, and were amazed at the wonders to be seen below the surface of the earth, in regions which seem to be inhabited by a strange race of men. On our ascending, we changed our covering, and visited the ruins of Dudley Castle; also the artificial caves, which are well worth seeing. They are nearly two miles in extent, and from 20 to 60 feet high. From the top of the Castle a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The innumerable shafts and buildings which cover the mining region gives it the appearance of one continuous village.

In order to be in time for the train to London, we here separated from a gentleman to whose kindness we were deeply indebted, and hope that at some future day we may be in a position to return the same favor to him.

After seeing the splendid Town Hall of Birmingham—one of the finest in the Kingdom—we started at six for London; and with our thoughts centred on the great Metropolis, we rattled along in the usual manner. It is unnecessary to describe the trip, save that we stopped for refreshments at a station where we were waited upon by about twenty nice young girls. Being tired, we stopped at the Uston Square Hotel, and, finding no letter from Pa, retired to bed with as much knowledge of London as can be obtained by looking at the pictures of the London & Birmingham Railway station in the last Penny Magazine.

The coffee room where we breakfasted next morning (Sunday) was a fine affair, with a ceiling nearly 30 feet high, and large pillars in the centre. We went to church at St. Pancras, near by, and afterwards took a cab to Piccadilly to look for Pa, but without success. So, after attending church again in the evening, we walked to Regents Park. This Park is three miles in circumference, and surrounded by terraces of buildings, and tastefully adorned inside. There are a hundred parks and squares in London, all of different dimensions, but all conducive to the health and security of the great Metropolis. On Monday we took an omnibus in New Broad street, and drove to