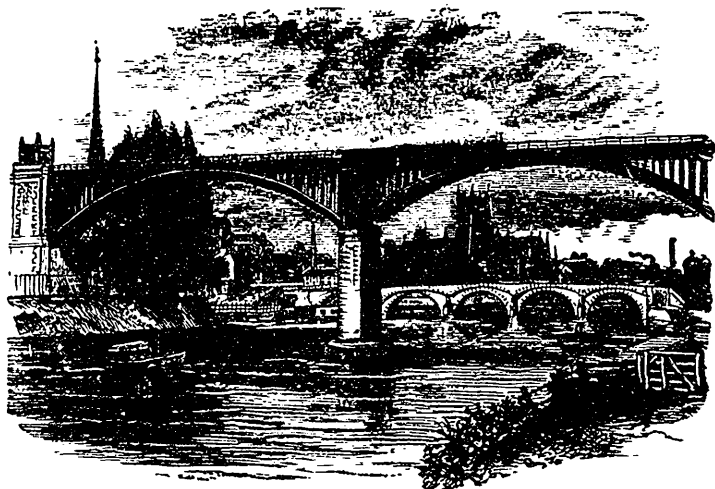


that lovely valley, has an exceptionally interesting history. As might have been guessed from the fertility of the surrounding country, it was, before becoming a Roman station, a British settlement. Before the end of the eleventh century, a castle was built in the vicinity, and was not unfrequently the residence of royalty. The long list of sieges the city has had to endure ended with its investment by Cromwell. The young Charles, after his father's death, had been crowned by the Scots, and falling a victim to the strategic arts of Cromwell, attempted an invasion of England. He was allowed to reach the ever-loyal Worcester, and then Cromwell deemed it time to "put issue to the business." The battle was watched by Charles from the Cathedral tower, where



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he held a council of war, until, finding that the fortune of war was against him, he escaped through the back door of a house to the woods of Boscobel, there to meet with the adventures of which every schoolboy has heard.

A little farther south is Gloucester, whose history is not less eventful than that of Worcester. Passing by British and English times, we find the Conqueror holding his court and indulging in festivities here. Here, too, kings have been crowned, and parliaments held, and hence was issued the order which condemned to death the two nephews of the duke who took his title from the city. The cathedral grew out of a Benedictine monastery, founded at least as far back as the ninth century, in supercession of a nunnery established in 681. The tower, indeed, has scarce a rival, save in the Bell Harry tower of Canterbury, so choice is the tracery of its parapets and pinnacles.