

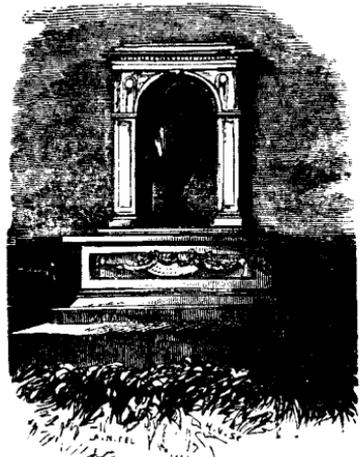
a century and a quarter, we stand, as on the Bridge of Sighs, "a palace and a prison on each hand." The Houses of Parliament, excelling in cost and elaboration most palaces, look down upon one of John Bull's recently abandoned pets, the Millbank Penitentiary, situated on the same (or north) side of the Thames. Over the way, Lambeth, the ancient residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is both palace and prison. Replete with memories of Cardinal Pole, Laud, Juxon, Tilotson and their successors, that part of its irregular façade which is first sought by the eye of the strangers is the Lollards' Tower, wherein the followers of Wycliffe tasted the first fruits on English soil of religious persecution.



SIR THOMAS MORE'S MONUMENT.

Vauxhall Gardens have passed away with Sir Roger de Coverly, and the superior taste which improved them out of existence manifested itself in a fashionable pigeon-shooting resort dubbed the Red House.

Glancing to the northern shore again, Chelsea Hospital comes into view, a present which England owes, as she does her Indian empire, her American colonies, her navy, St. Paul's, the best of her art-treasures, and so many other acquisitions of power and culture, to the Stuarts. The story that Nell Gwynne has the credit of having suggested the creation of this national retreat for the broken soldier is far from having gained universal acceptance. Yet the existence of the tradition is as complimentary to her as would be truth. It proves what a character for that charity which covereth a multitude of sins the active benevolence of the gay *comédienne* had earned among the people. The Hanoverian ladies who came "for all your goots" have never been accused of any such freak.



SIR HANS SLOANE'S MONUMENT.