

at the Siege of Sebastopol in the Crimean war.

We then took a day's trip to the Firth of Forth to see the great Forth Bridge, and after arriving there and seeing the bridge from one end and the river bank, we bought a ticket across to the other side—this was well worth the time, for the bridge is without doubt one of the wonders of the world.

There are two main spans (of tubular steel), each one slightly less than the main span of the Quebec Bridge, and a great impression of the gigantic proportions of the bridge is gained by comparing it with the battleships generally at anchor under or near it.

Returning to Edinburgh, we then took a train to Melrose to see the ruins of the beautiful Abbey there, and here we found one of the most beautiful little places in all the British Isles. The Abbey itself is of the best, and although in complete ruins with only the walls standing, it is so well cared for, with its grassy lawns among the stones, that we fell in love with the place immediately. The tracery of the chapel window is very fine and worthy of a sketch.

From Melrose we went to Dryborough Abbey and Stirling Castle, but with the exception of the very beautiful countryside round about and its associations with the history of Sir Walter Scott, it has little architectural attraction.

We subsequently proceeded from Melrose to Newcastle, where it was necessary to change cars for Durham, and its great cathedral. On our way we passed a portion of the ancient Roman wall, built across England by the Romans as a barrier against the tribes of the north, somewhat similar in purpose to the one built by the Chinese for fifteen hundred miles across the northern half of China.

Arriving at Durham, we experienced our first impression of a distinctly English Cathedral town. Its restful air of quietude and dignity never left me all the time I was within sight of the magnificent Cathedral. I liked the Cathed-

ral better than all others, perhaps partly because it was the first really large one that I saw, but the different periods of history as represented in its actual design struck me as much more impressive, some of its construction dating from early Norman times. Also the splendid way in which the Cathedral looms up above the trees, with its wonderful tower, as seen from across the river, is hardly surpassed.

There is great material for sketches and studies all about the church and town—one of many interesting things is the old stone bridge

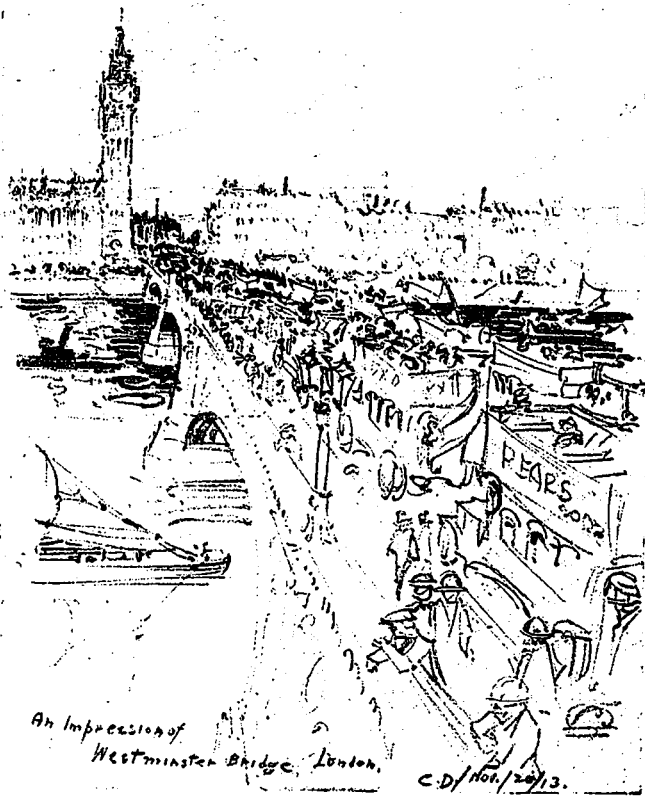
over the river with the houses perched on one end.

The gate leading to the courtyard of the Bishop's palace should be seen. As for the Cathedral itself, it deserves a complete description, of which time and space will not allow.

I might here sound a warning to the traveller to remember into which pocket he puts his small gold coins and the one in which he places his small change, for I very considerably tipped the waiter at one tavern (the Royal Arms, I think it was) with a nice new sovereign, same being similar to a six pence in size. I never discovered it until my arrival at our next port of call, and when I wrote back to an over-obliging, sharp-looking student, who,

when we were in Durham, persisted in wanting to show us the town, and explained the case to him, he wrote back and said he had seen the waiter as requested, and that my little coin now rested in a safe place where he would keep it for me until such time as opportunity afforded his returning it to me. Needless to say he has it yet—again I was tempted to quote Mark Twain.

From Durham we then went to Peterboro where we spent a very interesting day in and around the Cathedral, a description of which is hardly necessary, sufficient to say that it is well worth a sketch or two—especially the old gate and Bishop's Palace in front of the Cathedral.



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON.