

sceptres, bracelets, spurs, crosses, with baptismal font, wine fountains, are all of pure gold. Passing again down the stairway, and across the court to the Armories and White Tower, we tramp up one flight after another, delayed for a time at one of the landings, where a tablet is placed announcing that 'this is the spot where the bodies of the princes were hidden after their murder.' Passing through St. John's Chapel we enter the Banqueting Room. This large room is filled from end to end, dome to floor, with row upon row of rifles, swords, rods, etc., used by the British nation. Overhead is a unique piece of workmanship, in the form of the Prince of Wales' wedding cake, composed of swords, spear-heads, ramrods and butts, to the number of 1,700. In various works are flowers, formed from similar instruments. Again ascending, we enter the halls containing ancient arms, armor, and models. Samples of instruments of torture, thumb-screw, wrack, boot, collar, stocks, are also shown. Descending to the inner court we cross to the Beauchamp Tower, but there being so many visitors at the entrance awaiting admittance, we leave and turn our steps towards London Bridge. Into the Beauchamp Tower, only a limited number are admitted, as the chamber through which the strangers must pass is dark and narrow, and lately, it has been reported, several robberies have been committed in this passage. This building is said to contain relics, signed signatures, and cuttings in the walls, of almost all the noted prisoners spoken of in British History.

Tuesday, August 1/.—From Victoria Park we take a run down to Broad Street, thence walk to London Bridge Pier, and for the fare one penny or three half pence return have a nice trip on the Thames as far as Westminster Bridge, near the Palace and

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the latter being our destination. Along the river route we have on either side, from the point of boarding the tug to our place of landing, one solid mass of buildings, no matter what direction we look, no signs of the green fields and farm yards, but in their stead workhouses, luggage sheds, stations, etc., have been built, supported by large stone piers, and thus allowing these edifices to encroach greatly on the river Thames. Entering by the north door of Westminster Abbey, we are surrounded on all sides by memorial monuments of the great poets, writers, musicians, sovereigns, etc., etc., while, as we walk through the corridors, we know that beneath our feet some of the greatest and noblest lie. From the Abbey guide, we gain considerable information as to the adornment, inscriptions, etc., that abound in the Abbey. There are in all nine chapels, of which the names are St. Paul, St. Edmund, St. John, Henry VII, etc. On placing a sixpence in the hand of an old gentleman, who stands at an iron gate, that shuts out the public from traversing the entire church of their own accord, we are led in a body through the small corridors into the Royal chapels,