

patched and mended, enlarged and renovated over and over again. The 'Queen's Beef-eaters' are there in their picturesque dress, and velvet hats bright with blue ribbons; but alas! the jolly days of the beef-eating warders are over. Formerly they conducted you upstairs and downstairs, and rattled off their story, and got their recompense of reward in a piece of silver dropped in their hand by each visitor. How those old warders compelled you to trail at their heels and listen to their stereotyped stuff!

'For guide-book prattle when once begun,  
Bequeathed by tedious sire to son,  
Though often told is never done.'



STAIRCASE TO DUNGEONS IN THE  
WHITE TOWER.

But times have changed. Now, the admission is free; much of the red tape is done away with; there is no waiting for a party to gather; each takes his own way. The warders stands solitary and mute, and when I offered one something for a special favour he answered in melancholy mood, 'There's no money paid for anything now.'

"O, a rare place is this glorious old structure. What conflicts it has seen! Norman, Saxon, Briton, White Rose and Red Rose, Revolution and Rebellion, Protestant and Papal. It rose with the Conqueror. It welcomed the Lady Plantagenet. It saw the haughty Tudor come and proudly go. It beheld the tyrant Stuart hurled from the throne, and hailed the Hanoverian across the seas. It has heard ten thousand

thunderblasts and looked out upon unnumbered storms lashing the rock-bound coasts of the sea-girt isle. What memories it awakens! Its grim and wrinkled lines of wall work on the senses like a spell."

On the site of the Tower of London no doubt there stood a Roman fortress, but the present Tower dates from the time of William the Conqueror. It has undergone great changes, has been first a palace, then a prison, and is now a combination of an arsenal and museum. No habitable building in the known world has been the scene of stranger or bloodier historic deeds.