

of Menai Straits and Bridge can meet the eye. The scenery of North Wales is bold but bare. The country is almost treeless, and is divided into small fields by stone fences. The villages are clumps of low-walled, small stone houses, and the mountains roll away in purple billows to the cloudy distance. The towers and castles built to overawe the Welsh, are grim memorials of a bygone age. Especially fine are Conway and Denbigh Castles. Some of the mines have been worked from the times of the Romans. I saw acres of slates stacked up, enough, it seemed, to roof all the houses in the world.

The old city of Chester deserves a longer visit than I could give it. Its walls "grey with the memories of two thousand years," mark the camp of the Roman legions, and much of their work still remains. I walked all around the lofty ramparts. From one of the towers Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Bolton Moor. Cromwell's cannon have left his bold sign manual upon the walls. The new bridge across the Dee has a span of 200 feet, the widest stone arch in the world. The most curious feature of the city is its Rows, or double terraces of shops, the upper one fronting on a broad arcade. The old timbered houses have quaintly-carved fronts, galleries and gables, like those in Frankfort, often with some Biblical or allegorical design. Of special interest is one which bears the legend,

*God's Providence is mine Inheritance. mdcxii.*