

From Ulverstone we took a very fast train to Liverpool, but being delayed at Carnforth by the non-arrival of baggage sent on, we had to make the last 25 miles in the dark, which was the only night traveling we have done since our landing at Glasgow. At Liverpool, as the fast mail for America was to leave the next day, we took the opportunity to finish and mail letters to our friends at home. We then came on to Chester, arriving just before night, but had time before dark to walk entirely around the older part of the city upon the walls. This is a favorite promenade, being a smooth, flagged walk with the wall or railing rising breast high on either side; and affords many charming views of the country around, including the fresh, green meadows along the winding river Dee. In the evening we walked out to see the Arcades, or as they are technically called, the "Rows," which presents a very attractive appearance to a stranger. We walked along one street in front of a row of shops and *on the roof* of a row below us, and back on the same street in front of the row over which we had passed. As it rained most of the time while we remained in Chester, we could appreciate the advantage of these sheltered arcades. Before leaving the city we visited the Cathedral, which dates from the 11th century, and which is remarkable for some fine groined arches, and for carved work of the most elaborate character. We were also shown under one of the houses the ruins of an ancient Roman bath. From Chester we came to Rugby, where we made a brief stop to visit the school once presided over by the great Dr. Arnold, who has always been my ideal of a teacher, the man who placed so much confidence in boys that they used to say: "It is a shame to lie to Arnold, for he always believes what you say." To our great regret the school had not yet opened, and we could only see the outside of the house, and look over into grounds and garden, but even for that we did not regret the

delay. Our next stopping place was Warwick, built upon a rocky height in a comparatively level plain, and once surrounded by a strong wall, of which now only the massive and ancient east and west gateways remain. They are built of huge blocks of stone resting upon the native rock, and are most interesting relics of a rude and barbarous age when such defences were a necessity. Many of the houses in the little town and the farms for miles around it are the property of the present Earl of Warwick, who resides in the castle, one of the most imposing of these strongholds now to be found in England. Upon visiting this we found it in an excellent state of preservation, although parts of it are more than 700 years old. It is gorgeously furnished, and surrounded by the most beautiful park and lawns that we have yet seen. I could give but a faint idea of the splendor of this palatial residence in a single letter. The rooms were filled with pictures by Van Dyck, Leonardo de Vinci, Rubens, Caracci, Raphael, and other distinguished artists; there were tables of lapis lazuli and bronze; enamelled ware displayed in ebony cases; specimens of armor of every age and nation,—but I cannot enumerate. A faint idea of the cost of such an establishment may be conveyed by the statement that one piece of the enamelled ware was pointed out as valued at £5,000 or \$25,000, and one of the tables was said to be valued at the same sum. We ascended the highest tower, called "Guy's Tower," from the first Earl of Warwick, (of whose great size and valiant deeds in arms the most incredible tales are handed down), and obtained a very fine view of the city and surrounding country, so thickly dotted over with groups of fine elms, and oaks, and cedars as to present almost the appearance of a vast forest. Immediately below us the Avon flowed past the castle walls, and was visible here and there in its winding course through the green meadows, and between its rows