

newly made steel poured into moulds. Then the manufacture of railway rails engaged our attention. It was surprising to us to see the ease with which the metal was sawn and planed as if it were wood. Leaving Cammells', we proceeded to Brown's works. Here we had an opportunity of comparing the Bessemer and Siemen's process of making steel. Just as we entered the workmen were busy making railway tires. How fine to see the *cheese* raised to a white heat, then cut with steam hammers, then flanged and finished. So exact must the work be that an error of a 1-24 of an inch causes the inspector to set them aside as useless. But the grandest sight was rolling of a huge armour plate weighing thirty-five tons. Monster as it was, when drawn out of the furnace and placed on the platform it went through the steam roller like a piece of putty. Our guide showed us the planing shop with its three gigantic planing machines, one 170 tons, the other two 120 tons each. These dress down the plates to the required thickness. We were shown plates already finished for H.M.S. "Collingwood," and for the "Italia." Each measured 16 inches thick, with a facing of steel. An idea of the trade may be gathered from the official returns for August, 1882. Exports of plated ware, £26,517; cutlery, £350,279; iron and steel, £2,884,576; machinery, £7,146,673.

Having completed our visit to Sheffield factories, we desired to see the country in the neighbourhood. One fine morning we got on the coach for Chatsworth, passed through the sooty suburbs of Sheffield, along a beautiful route. While admiring the scenery of Hallamshire and Yorkshire, a lady passenger suddenly remarked to us, "What beautiful hair." On solemnly declaring, after examination, that we failed to recognise any remarkably pretty head of hair, she informed us that it was not the 'air of the 'ead, but the hair of the hatmosphere, she referred to. Thus we knew she had a hitch in her speech. Arrived at our destination we proceeded on foot through the park to Chatsworth House, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Though not strictly a palace, it is usually called by that name, being one of the finest private residences in Europe. Through the generosity of the Duke parties are permitted to look through it on any day, the only exception lately being the day Lord A. Cavendish, his son, was buried. The frontage of the palace is 1,200 feet, a handsome pile of buildings. We entered by the Golden Gate, and a female guide conducted us to the visitors' register where are entered the names of many distinguished Americans. She then exhibited some Greek and Roman antiquities; then ushered us into the museum of sculptures, including works of Chantrey, Canova, &c. The library next engaged our attention, then the paintings and the rich furniture, &c., gifts of kings and emperors. It is impossible here to begin to mention the treasures of the palace, so vast and varied are they. Passing out we were conducted through the gardens as perfect as art can make them, having a cascade flowing 100,000 gallons per minute; a beautiful fountain designed as a naked tree; the Emperor fountain throwing a jet 200 feet high. Then we passed through the conservatory—the original of the Crystal Palace, an immense structure of glass, with a carriage drive through it, containing a rich collection of plants and trees. We considered what an invaluable boon this privilege must be to the pent up Sheffielders, to escape from the dust and smoke of the town and enjoy the beauties of Chatsworth.

Returning to town, we spent another day among the Derbyshire hills, driving out past the reservoirs which bursting in 1864 caused the loss of 250 lives and £300,000 worth of property. In Derbyshire it is said, there are no dyspeptics, and we were convinced of this from the effect produced on us by the air on the moors. Still, plenty was at hand in the form of famous Derby ham and eggs, and having been satisfied we returned having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves with our rambles in and out of Sheffield. J. F. MoL.

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