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In connection with the Bill of fare of these sumptuous hotels, there is one feature at which Brillat-Savarin would fall in ecstasies: that is the fish course: fried soles—delicate, tiny shrimps—exquisite white bait—luscious lockfyne herrings and such turbot! I found I knew not what a good herring was until, I feasted on a fat one, fresh from the heather-scented lochs of old Scotia.

No wonder a successful Londoner longs to grasp the envied position of an Alderman, so that his turbot existence may commence; the whole thing was made clear to me.

There is less glitter in the large hotels beyond the sea, than in those on our side—perhaps more comfort; no where did I see anything to come up for splendor with our "Windsor."

The most popular places of amusement at Scarborough are the Spa—the Aquarium—the Museum. The new Spa comprises a range of buildings opened in 1890 by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London—the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayor of Scarborough. It includes a vast hall capable of seating 3,000 persons, a spacious promenade, a pretty theatre, a restaurant, billiard, reading and reception rooms. The Spa is the centre of fashionable life in the "season" which here closes earlier than at Brighton; the variety and brilliancy of the toilettes; the ever moving panoramas of new faces, on the great promenade; the nobility of the land, occasionally mixing with the nobility of commerce; the abdued "good form," ways of this English fashionable crowd, so different from the gay, busy votaries of fashion, I had met at some of the French watering places, or on the *Boulevard Italiens*, left a pleasurable, a lasting impression on my mind.

On the south cliff of the Spa, there are numerous, ornate dwellings,—most conspicuous, the Prince of Wales' Terrace. I ascended here by means of the lift or elevator, an easy and much used mode of communication between this lofty ridge and the promenade below; the view and the elevator reminded me powerfully of our Upper and Lower Town and of our Quebec elevator.

Scarborough is famous for its saline springs the piers jetting far out in the sea and which afford to the disciples of fashion many pleasant *tete-a-tete*. The town is separated into parts by a valley, but connected by two bridges which obviate the necessity of ascent of the one hill and ascent of the other. The lofty situation, rugged scenery and historical avvenirs, in my opinion award it the palm over her luxurious, more ancient and more healthy rival, Brighton, the holiday resort of Great London.

VERSAILLES.

Let us bid adieu to the white cliffs of old England—the Island home of a free people, of a privileged, exclusive but cultured nobility, tracing back to William the Norman—the seat of learning as well as the paradise of wealth, civilization and commerce.

Let us steer for Dieppe—Rouen—the sunny banks of the Seine—for brilliant, gay Paris.

Here we are comfortably housed in the Hotel Binda, *Rue de l'Echelle*, close to the *Avenue de l'Opera*, not very far from the royal Louvre, the *Champs-Elysees*, the Seine and its fourteen bridges. Oh! how long we would like to tarry here, that is provided any one could guarantee us that a Nihilist, Socialist or Communist mob might not rise in the night and burn us to a cinder in the smoking ruins of the capital!

Adieu! then for the present grim historical Louvre, with your inexhaustible treasures of art, &c. Adieu for a few hours, lofty tapering, sculptured medieval church spires! Adieu green, solemn groves of the Bois de Boulogne only now recuperating from the wholesale devastations inflicted in 1871, by those enemies from within, more merciless by far than the Prussians,—the Paris Commune!

However varied and powerful the attractions of Paris, there has been for us, from our earliest youth another spot, which in our day-dreams we used to picture to ourselves as a vista of those oriental palaces of which we had read in the "Arabian Nights," such marvellous tales: that is the summer palace—parks and hunting grounds of French Kings, from Louis XIII downwards—gaudy—inimitable Versailles. And yet how obscure its beginnings! History makes mention of a certain Hugo de Versallies—a contemporary of the first Capetian Kings, who owned a seignorial manor—on the very site where the famous palace now stands. Little could he have foreseen then the day would come when the solitude round his hunting lodge, in the narrow valley of Versailles would echo to the brilliant *fetes* given to the crowned heads of Europe by the greatest sovereign of the Bourbon race of Kings, and that the hunting carols of proud nobles as well as the "*clairon du roi*," the accents of eloquent prelates like Bossuet and Masillon—the boisterous songs of the banquet—of the goddess wassailors of Louis XV and his Pompadours and Dubarrys would on a future day replace the sweet chimes of the *Angelus*, at the little priory church of Saint Julien, *elcæo* by.

In days of yore, Baron Hugo, and later on, his descendants on returning from their expeditions to Spain against the Moors, or from repelling the Northmen, used to tarry for a