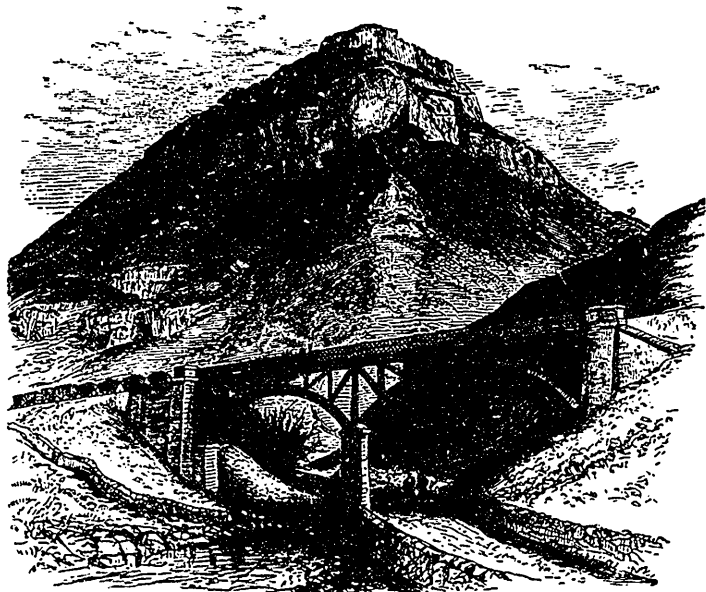


The town of Liverpool, once a fishing hamlet on a "little creek" frequented by the birds called *livers*, is now the queen of British ports.

The line from Liverpool to Manchester crosses what was once the impassable bog of Chat Moss. At one time it covered an area of twelve square miles, was thirty feet in depth, and consisted of spongy vegetable pulp of so soft a nature that a piece of iron would sink into it by its own weight. George Stephenson, with much difficulty, carried the first Liverpool and Manchester line over Chat Moss; and it is now crossed and recrossed by



TOPLEY PIKE, NEAR BUXTON.

massive railway works and ponderous trains, and is everywhere being encroached upon by rich pastures and waving cornfields.

Soon we pass through some of the finest scenery in England; through the celebrated Peak of Derbyshire, and down the beautiful valley of the Derwent. The memories of our first ride through this old historic land will never be effaced—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures.

Near Buxton the scenery is full of interest. We are in the