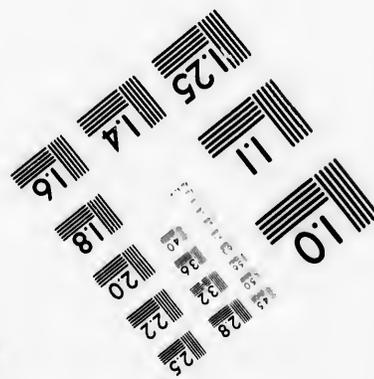
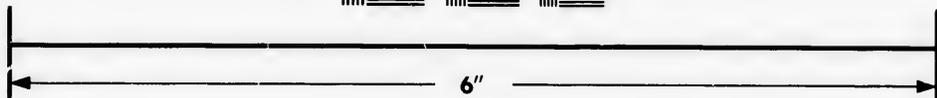
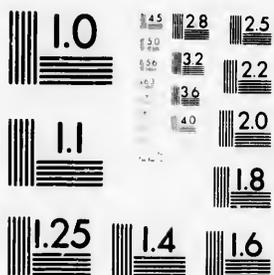


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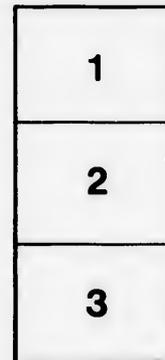
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# EDINBURGH—ROUEN—YORK

GLIMPSES, IMPRESSIONS, CONTRASTS



## INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

LECTURE SEASON 1881-82

READ BEFORE THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC,

25TH NOVEMBER, 1881

BY

J. M. LEMOINE,

President, LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Quebec:—*Membre Libre*  
*de la Société Américaine de France, &c., &c.*

QUEBEC

P.-G. DELISLE, PUBLISHER

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# LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT,  
J. M. LE MOINE, DELIVERED ON  
25<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER 1881.

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Subject : " EDINBURG, ROUEN, YORK."

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GLIMPSSES, IMPRESSIONS AND CONTRASTS.

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## EDINBURGH.

" Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky  
Piled deep and massy, close and high  
Mine own romantic town."

(*Marmion.*)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As President, it is my duty, a pleasant one, rest assured, to open this evening, our annual winter course of lectures. On more occasions than one, your indulgence has made me forget my repugnance to address a public meeting. More than once, instead of being reminded of my shortcomings, I have found myself surrounded in these rooms, by friendly faces, greeted by cheerful, encouraging looks. In lieu of presenting you historical *tableaux* of the early, shall I say with the late Lord Elgin, the

heroic times of Canada, as oft' I have done, I shall to-night ask your attention and beckon you to follow me, far from our dear Canadian home. We shall indulge in a ramble, short though it be, over a foreign but not unfriendly land, in that haunted, olden world from whence sprang our fathers. With your permission we shall dwell for a few moments on the performances, follow the foot-prints, treasure up the experience of those who have preceded us; if possible, benefit by their wisdom, endeavour to learn from them, let us hope, some not useless lessons. A limited but agreeable sojourn abroad, which brought me, on many points, to think still higher of my own country, has also made more manifest to me than it was hitherto, how many useful hints, how many teachings, the records, the monuments, the sights of other cities can furnish. It is my intention to select for our study to-night three conspicuous cities of Europe, in order to seek for contrasts if any, between them and our own ancient town. In the course of my wanderings in England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, &c., no sites, by their historical *souvenirs*, edifices, monuments, and scenery, have attracted me more than Edinburgh, Rouen and York; though of course, I have met with cities more wealthy, more extensive, more populous. In fact, there are striking analogies, as well as unmistakable points of contrast, between these antique towns and the capital of this Province, which also happens to be the most picturesque city of North America. A glance at Edinburgh, Rouen, York, may point out how the hand of man can heighten the advantages, add lustre to the charms which nature has conferred and make of a city, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Possibly, we may find that wealth and population in cities, flow through various, sometimes concealed channels; that true progress does not mean a wanton destruction of the externals of a revered past; that whilst a progressive community is expected to throw open its portals to the fertilising wave of commercial activity, it can be helped to achieve importance, prosperity, nay fame, by preserving intact, for coming generations, as sacred heirlooms, the monuments of its history, the landmarks of its patriotic struggles, the remains, in verity, of its former greatness.

Let us begin by a short sketch of the "Modern Athens," the Queen City of the North—Edinburg—whose quaint old, and

beautiful new, town are familiar to many present here to-night. It was my good fortune to view the Scotch capital under circumstances which must ever leave in my mind an impression as lasting as it was pleasant. I saw it triumphant, most gaudy, in full holiday attire; its streets, its squares, its parks and public edifices, decked with much bunting, the gayest of flags, floral designs, triumphal arches, festive wreaths in the broad light of day, whilst by night the pageant's splendor was dazzling with Brush's electric light and myriads of gas lamps: all this in anticipation of the advent of royalty, to grace the great national Military Review. Proudly deployed, with streaming banners, under the walls of Holyrood — the historic palace of the royal Stuarts, — stood, as if animated with but one heart, one impulse, 42,000 Scotch Volunteers; many regiments in the picturesque mountaineers costume, — a body of men as to physique, martial-bearing, manly beauty, unsurpassed, I dare to say, on any point of the globe. They stood erect, calm, as calm, I would fain believe, as their fathers had stood on another historical spot, I had just visited three days previous, at Hougomont, on the vast plain of Brussels; except that instead of the frenzy of battle lighting up their eye, no other frenzy stirred them, but that of loyalty to that "illustrious Sovereign and gracious Lady," to use the eloquent and recent words of President Arthur at Yorktown, our gentle Queen, who for the first time, I then had a chance of seeing. Among Victoria's 250,000,000 of subjects, none I felt could exceed in devotion the stalwart volunteers of "Auld Scotia," who from every city and hamlet of the little Scotch world had, as if a pibroch had sounded on the hills, mustered from all directions on the 25th August last.

Is his loyalty to his sovereign a part of the Scotchman's strength, one of the elements which helps him on, the world over, in life's hard struggle?

It is not only in distant portions of the British Empire we find the Scot to the front in the field of thought or mart of commerce; our own dominion testifies also to that fact. I hope I may not give offence even in this period of upheaval, when the tide of popular rights is surging so high, in saying, *en passant*, a word in favor of successful loyalty. (*Loud applause.*)

That August week was indeed a bustling, busy one for all Edinburg. The iron horse had just landed my companion and myself, late at night, after the long ride from Euston Square Railway Station, London, under the shadow of the gorgeous monument erected on Princes street in 1844, at a cost of \$80,000 to the man in Scottish literature, I revered the most: Sir Walter Scott. The first sunbeam brought me across the street, on my bed room window, the exquisite tracery of this lofty and graceful shaft.

Every object round me seemed to repeat the name and bespeak the renown of the famous Minstrel, the "Ariosto of the North": Waverley Monument, Waverley Hotel, Waverley Garden, Waverley Station, Waverley Market. In fact it looked as if the first to greet me was the immortal author of Waverley, "from his monument seated on a rock, in his niche, wrapped in a shepherd's plaid, with a book and pen in his hand, resting on his knee and his favorite dog Maida, lying at his feet, and looking up wistfully at his master."

There was poesy, genius, patriotism, confronting me—in the streets, in the air, above, below, all around me—Scott's fame overshadowed, permeated, glorified the land. (*Applause.*) I was too full of Waverley lore, of Lockhart's life-like portraiture of Sir Walter, to be easily satisfied. An Edinburg barrister, distantly connected with Scott's family, Mr. Thomas Scott, procured me an *entree* to Scott's town house in Castle street (now owned by Scotch Merchants) and on my stating I had come all the way from Canada, a pilgrim to the land of Scott and Burns, I was permitted, thanks to my cicerone, to invade the sanctum of commerce and to pry into a sanctum to me much more holy. I was introduced into the very room in which so much of Scott's literary labor was performed; the courteous merchant retiring from the table, I was allowed to sit in the very spot, at the identical table (the furniture having been religiously preserved), where in June, 1814, occurred the now famous scene of the "unwearied hand" which had that night startled William Menzies and his jolly fellow students, convivially engaged, so graphically

recalled by Lockhart. (\*) The elevated window in the yard opposite, through which the students looked in, on Sir Walter, writing at the table where I now sat, is still the same. My eye scanned it closely, measuring the distance and the extent of the diminutive grass plot, in the little court adjoining Scott's "den" as Lockhart styles it.

Alas! how many changes in the Edinburgh world during these sixty-seven intervening years (1814-81) and Scott's memory is still fragrant, may greener and fresher each year! In this iron age of utilitarianism, laying aside the intellectual aspect of the question, how much in hard cash have Scott's writings been

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(\*) "Happening to pass through Edinburgh, in June 1814, I dined one day with the gentleman in question (now the Honorable William Menzies, one of the Supreme Judges at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the Bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. "No," said he, "I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me set where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before and now it w'out let me fill my glass with a good will." I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing of Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS, and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—and I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."—"Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. "No, boys," said our host, "I well know what hand it is"—"t'is Walter Scott's." This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of Waverley. Would that all who that night watched it, had profited by its example of diligence as largely as William Menzies"! (*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. IV, pp. 28-9, American Edition.*)

worth yearly to the land of his birth? My obliging cicerone called my attention to Muschat's cairn, near Holyrood, as well as to the ruins of St. Anthony's chapel; we rambled on foot through south back of Cannongate and Cowgate to Grass Market, passing through into Cowgate, what was once the abode of prelates and nobles, now, of labourers and old furniture brokers; close by, had been enacted the Porteous mob tragedy; John Knox's old fashioned tenement and the neighboring closes were not forgotten. The crush in Edinburgh was such—not a bed to be had in the hotels—unless bespoken weeks previous, that we came to the conclusion to run down by train, some thirty-seven miles, and rest under the shadow of Melrose Abbey, until the Volunteers and the numberless strangers, attracted by the review should have left. The little town of Melrose is but an hour by train from the Scotch capital; and at 4 p. m. on that day, we were comfortably ensconced in the *George and Abbotsford Hotel*, in view of the lofty, broken minarets of Melrose Abbey, so sweetly sung in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. We did not even wait for the pale moon to shed her pale light over the weird, time-honored cloister of St. Mary:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

Here is what our intelligent guide tells us:—"Melrose Abbey, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, was founded in 1136 by David I. It was granted by royal charter to the Cistercian order of monks, which had a short time previously been instituted in France. The monastery at Melrose was a mother church to all the Cistercian order in Scotland. In the retreat from Scotland of Edward II., in 1322, the English wreaked their vengeance on religious houses, and they despoiled the fair shrine of Melrose. In order to repair the abbey, King Robert made a grant to the abbot of Melrose of £2,000(\*) for rebuilding the church of St. Mary. It is to this destruction of the church that is due the exceeding beauty of the view, for when the church was restored, the Gothic style of architecture had reached its finest development. The original church must have been a rude erection, when the whole monastery was built in ten years, for work was not done at railway speed in those days, but it would not be easy to say how many years were required to build the one whose very ruins delight every eye.

In the year 1384, the English, under Richard II., made an inroad to Scotland, and on their return the King lodged one night in the Abbey, and set fire to it in the morning. He made several grants to the Abbey afterwards, which leads us to hope that his majesty repented the ungrateful and sacrilegious act. It may be that the chancel of the church was destroyed at that time, for the style of architecture there is the perpendicular Gothic, which commenced in the reign of Richard II. The stone used in this part of the building is different from that in the transepts. The transepts may well be considered as the oldest portion of what now comprises Melrose Abbey. The monastery at Melrose was destroyed in 1545 by the Earl of Hetford. There is a tradition that the English, on their way back to England at that time, had actually passed the monasteries of Melrose and Dryburgh, when the bells at one of these places were rung to express the joy of the inmates. The English, hearing the sound—were not slow to come back, when the joy was changed into mourning. The Scottish Reformation following shortly after, the Abbey

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(\*) Equal to about £50,000 of our money.

never recovered from the destruction perpetrated at that time. After the Reformation, James Douglas, commendator, took down a great part of the ruin to build houses. The date on one of the windows is 1590. The statues were demolished in 1649; and for a long period the Abbey was used as a quarry by the people of Melrose. It is said that there is not an old house in the town, but has, in its walls, a stone from the Abbey. Since the Abbey came into the possession of the Buccleuch family, every thing has been done, and is being done, to keep the ruin from further decay. The monastery buildings, were all on the North side of the church; it took a wall a mile in circuit to enclose them. The rules of the Cistercian order were very strict, and for a long period were rigidly enforced. When a time of laxity came, there were vigorous efforts made to return to the strictness of discipline and holiness of life inculcated at the first. But wealth flowed into the monastery. The nobles, stimulated by the royal example, heaped benefits upon it; and the Monks, like Jeshurun of old, waxed fat, and kicked off the restraints of godly discipline, and holiness of life was forgotten" so said our guide.

The shafts of satire were aimed at them, as may be gathered from an old popular ballad.

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail  
On Friday when they fasted;  
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,  
As lang's their neighbours' lasted."

"Melrose Abbey, like all other churches of the older times, stands due east and west. From the west entrance to the Abbey until the organ screen is reached, little of the original structure remains, excepting the side chapels, which formed the outer portion of the south side. The first three of these chapels have been roofless for generations, the separating walls have also entirely disappeared. The roof over the fourth and fifth are still entire. What remains of the organ screen, crosses the nave on a line with the division of the fifth and sixth chapels, and from thence to the transept, the church is quite roofed over from north to south. The aisles, north and south, are covered by the original ground-roof. The roof over the the nave and a piece of common

masonry on the north side, reaching to and supporting the roof, were both erected in 1618, when that part of the ruin was fitted up for a Presbyterian place of worship. It continued to be used as such, until 1810. The first six of the chapels in the south aisle have been used since the Reformation as places of sepulture by families of note in the neighbourhood. In the seventh, are carved representations of the heads of David I. and of his Queen Matilda. Standing upright in the eighth, is an ancient kneeling stone, on one side of which is the likeness of four horse-shoes; and on the top an inscription in Saxon characters. It reads thus—

Orate Pro  
Animâ Frat.  
Petre AERaRii.

“Pray for the soul of brother Peter, the treasurer.”

The charm of Melrose Abbey lies as much in the exquisite delicacy of the carving, and the beauty of the various parts, as in the graceful symmetry and united grandeur of the entire structure. The most perfect specimen of carving is pronounced by connoisseurs to be that on the capital of the pillar which bounds the south aisle on the east, separating the aisle from the nave. This carving represents the leaf of the curly greens, or kale; and is so delicate and beautiful as to resemble the finest lace. The pillar on which appears this specimen of monastic taste and skill, rises on the north side to another capital, at the spring of the lofty and beautiful arch, which, with three others, supported the central tower. From the south transept, where this carving is generally best seen, can also be observed a small round window, high in the wall of the north transept. This window, of which the tracery is quite entire, is said to represent the Crown of Thorns,” but we must interrupt our glib eulogium. It is supposed that there were originally sixteen altars in the Abbey. In this corner lies, according to the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” the grave of the famous Wizard Michael Scott. The grave next to it is believed to be that of Sir Ralph Iyers, one of the English commanders slain at the battle of Ancrum River. Beyond a footpath at the head of these graves, on the north-east side of a heap of fragments, is a stone which was a favorite seat

with Sir Walter Scott, when he came to feast on the grand and varied beauty of the scene. Under the floor of the chancel repose the ashes of many of the illustrious dead. Alexander II was buried here, as was also Waldevus, the second abbot of the monastery. The body of Douglas, the dark knight of Liddesdale, otherwise called the Flower of Chivalry, who was slain by a kinsman while hunting in Ettrich Forest during the reign of David II, was brought here for interment, after having lain one night in Lindean Kirk. James, Earl Douglas, slain by Hotspur (Earl Percy) at the battle of Otterburn in 1388, was also interred here with great military pomp and every honor that could be paid by the abbot and monks. The English spoiled the tombs of the Douglases in 1544, and for this they suffered severe retribution at Ancrum Muir in the following year. But the chief deposit in the Abbey, and that over which the ruin may well be considered a fitting and appropriate monument, is the "Heart of Robert the Bruce." In the King's last letter to his son, written about a month before his death, he commanded that his heart be buried in Melrose Abbey. But subsequently to that he wished rather that it might be sent to Palestine and buried in the Holy Sepulchre. Sir James Douglas, entrusted with the sacred deposit, set sail with a numerous and splendid retinue. In Spain he encountered the Saracens; and being too brave to retreat, he was overpowered by numbers and fell. The body was recovered and brought back for burial; and the heart of the Master he loved and served so well was interred, agreeably with the former wish of the King, under the High Altar of Melrose Abbey. The chancel is lighted by three beautiful windows; the one to the east is that of which Sir Walter Scott has thus written:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slended shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliated tracery combined:  
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,  
Twixt poplars straight, the ozior wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

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The cloisters are much admired for the chasteness and beauty of the carving. The cloister door is that by which the aged monk in the "Lay" is said to have brought Sir William of Deloraine when he came at the request of the Lady of Buccelouch to take the book from the grave of the wizard. In the Gothic nature alone was imitated; hence the endless variety and beauty of the designs. In the ornamented frieze, running along above the false Gothic arches on the east wall, no two of the ornamental figures are alike; it is thus described by Lockhart. "There is one cloister in particular, along the whole length of which there runs a cornice of flowers and plants, entirely unrivalled, to my mind by anything elsewhere extant. I do not say in Gothic architecture merely, but in any architecture whatever. Roses and lilies, and thistles, and ferns, and heaths, in all their varieties, and oak leaves and ash leaves, and a thousand beautiful shapes besides, are chiselled with such inimitable truth, and such grace of nature, that the finest botanist in the world could not desire a better *hortus siccus*, so far as they go." It is said that the stones of the floor in front of the seats on the east cover the ashes of many of the departed.

"The pillared arches over their head—  
Beneath their feet the bones of the dead."

It would be difficult indeed, to say whereabouts in the Abbey, the dead have not been buried. Tom Purdie's tomb, in the churchyard, near the Abbey must not be forgotten—here on a large red tombstone erected by Sir Walter, can be read the inscription to his loyal Woodforester, who died on the 29th Oct. 1829. (\*)

(\*) On the west side is inscribed:

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE  
OF  
THE FAITHFUL  
AND ATTACHED SERVICES  
OF  
TWENTY-TWO YEARS;  
AND IN SORROW

'Tis indeed a grand old shrine for pilgrims of every nation, though a ruin. Let us recall its palmy days of yore.

“Imagine the roofs of Melrose Abbey, its flying buttresses and gothic pinnacles all entire; the tower whole, surmounted by its open balustrade, and reverberating with its harmonious chimes of bells; imagine the windows perfect, and filled, with their many coloured glass,—and you have before you, what was in former ages an object of unbounded reverence and admiration, to the brave—the good and the true land which Bruce had rescued from the hands of the destroyer; the land which Wallace had trod”—the land dear to many here to-night “and Scotland.” (*Loud applause.*)

We took an open carriage at the *George*, to reach from Melrose to Abbotsford, a very beautiful drive of three miles, following the windings of the Tweed, Sir Walter's cherished Tweed—through an undulating, pastoral country. Owing to a depression

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FOR THE LOSS OF A HUMBLE  
BUT SINCERE FRIEND,  
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED  
BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,  
OF ABBOTSFORD.

The inscription on the east side runs thus—

HERE LIES THE BODY  
OF  
THOMAS PURDIE,  
WOOD FORESTER,  
AT ABBOTSFORD,  
WHO DIED 29<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER  
1829,  
AGED SIXTY-TWO YEARS.

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THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFUL  
OVER A FEW THINGS;  
I WILL MAKE THEE RULER  
OVER MANY THINGS.  
MATTHEW CHAP. XXV. V. 21<sup>st</sup>.

in the land and an intervening grove of trees, Abbotsford is not seen except when you arrive close by ; there it sits, graceful and picturesque, on a terrace facing the Tweed. The Mansion, as we all know, was built up at different times, and more in accordance with Scott's fancies than any regular plan. After waiting some time for the return of the porter absent escorting a party of American tourists, through the Castle, our turn came. It was shall I confess it, with most indescribable feelings, I ascended the stone steps of the narrow staircase, leading to the once busy haunt of thought above. Curiosity, joy, regret, each seemed successively to claim mastery over my mind. Often had I heard it stated that Abbotsford does not come up to the ideal embalmed in Lockhart's pages. It may be so, for some; especially for those accustomed to the quasi-regal design of many mansions of the Plutocracy in the old and in the new world. I cannot say I experienced any disappointment, especially when I looked out on the rushing Tweed, from the main window in the Library, from which commanding point I could watch the circling eddies. (the river was swollen by the rain of the previous night) and hear the murmur of the silvery stream. The closing scene of Scott's life, so tenderly recalled by his biographer and friend, John Gibson Lockhart, I mostly fancied I could see it. "About half-past one p. m., on the 21st of September, (1832,) Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound, of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

I must proceed—The external walls of Abbotsford are adorned with many old carved stones which have figured at one time in very different situations. On one above the visitors entrance can be traced the inscription, "Ye Sutors of Selkirk," and the whole building may be called a compound of the Gothic with the castellated, and will ever be admired as a realisation of the poet's thought rather than a structure of so much stone and lime. To enable strangers to see the interior without disturbing the privacy of the family, the late Mr. Hope Scott built more rooms towards

the west, and arranged that visitors should enter by the old Hall ; so that the Study, Library, Drawing-Room, Armony and Entrance Hall, are now given up at certain seasons of the year for the gratification of the thousands of strangers who come from all parts of the earth to visit this shrine. The rumour circulated by the press, that Abbotsford had recently passed from the possession of its present owner, Mr. Maxwell Scott, to that of Baron Albert Grant, of Lombard street, London, is incorrect. I have as my authority the Baron's own word. The Entrance Hall was the first part of the house which was shewn us. "The floor is laid with black and white marble, the walls lined with old oak panels from Dunfermline Abbey, and the groined roof painted to correspond. Round the cornice there is a line of armorial shields of the families who kept the borders, such as the Douglasses, Kerrs, Scotts, Thurnbells, Maxwells, Chisholms, Elliots, and Armstrongs ; and all round the walls are hung coats of mail, pieces of armour, and curiosities, or as Burns would have put it,

" A fourth o'auld nick-nickets,  
Rusty iron caps and jingling jackets:  
Would keep the Lothians three in tackets  
A towmon guid."

Among special things pointed out, are the keys of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, known as the "Heart of Midlothian;" a cloak which belonged to Marie Antoinette; and a suit of clothes at one time worn by Sir Walter, consisting of a broad-skirted green coat, plaid-trousers, heavy shoes, and broad-brimmed hat. From this we passed into the armoury, which runs across the house, and forms a sort of ante-room between the dining and drawing-room. It contains some curious coffers and interesting pieces of armour, such as the breast-plate of James IV., Rob Roy's gun, Montrose's sword, Claverhouse's pistols, James VI.'s hunting bottle, Robert Bruce's candlestick, Queen Mary's offering box, &c., as well as some specimens of Indian weapons. The Drawing-room is a moderate-sized room, with two windows looking toward the Tweed, covered with a quaint Chinese paper. In one corner stands a beautiful tortoiseshell cabinet, which is said to have belonged to Queen Mary; and on the walls are hung

Raeburn's full-length portrait of Sir Walter, and portraits of Lady Scott and daughter. There are also a frame of fine water-colour drawing by Turner, and a curious painting of the head of Queen Mary after execution. Next comes the Library, the largest room of the suite about 50 by 30 feet, and containing about 20,000 volumes. The roof is deeply groined and embossed with roses and other ornaments copied from Melrose Abbey and Roslin Chapel and in an oak niche at the east end stands Chantrey's bust of the Poet. Above the fire-place hangs a full-length portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, painted by Sir William Allan. Two richly-carved chairs, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, and other interesting pieces of furniture, mostly presents to Sir Walter; are arranged round the walls; a circular table in a recess contains many curious relics, such as Napoleon's writing portfolio, snuff boxes, &c. The Study is a smaller room, next the Library, also filled with books in oak cases, and in one corner is the stair leading up to Sir Walter's bed room, arranged so that he could slip down quietly in the mornings, and have his day's work finished before his visitors came down to breakfast. In the centre stands the writing table and leather-covered arm chair which he used in writing—the most interesting relics in the house. In a small recess there is another object of peculiar interest—the bronze cast of his head, taken after death. Regretting that the rules of the house restrict visitors to merely seeing these rooms, with my companion we wandered about the garden, gathered some ivy, and then drove to Scott's last home—were we read in St. Mary's aisle of Dryburgh Abbey, the inscription on his tomb. Dryburgh Abbey, as the name implies, was founded on the site of a druidical temple—where christian missionaries lived over thirteen centuries ago. The founders were Hugo de Morville and his wife Beatrix de Beauchamp, in the year 1150.

Returning to Melrose, I paid a second visit to the Abbey; we then took train, for Edinburg, which we reached early. Of all the interesting spots I visited in the metropolis of Scotland, none were more so than Edinburg castle; the guide, an old sergeant well up in Scottish lore, received us at the gate: we followed in the wake of some Scotch volunteers. An old drawbridge—batteries for the defence of which will be observed on each flank—

crosses a dry *fosse*, now forming a capital "fives court" for the use of the garrison. Turning to the right, the first object of interest as we trod the rock-o'-vershalowed "covert way," was an ancient gateway, within which the groves where the portenllis descended and the fittings for massive gates may be seen. The structure over the gateway was formerly a State Prison, having had distinguished prisoners, such as the Marquis of Argyle, immured in it; and was last used as a prison about eighty years ago. The two hounds sculptured over the gateway recall the time when the Duke of Gordon was Governor, at the period of the Revolution. The Argyle Battery on the right, the Armoury, with storage for 30,000 stand of arms, down a roadway in front, and the officers' quarters, occupying the lesser height on the west of the rock, present no special feature of interest. We followed a causeway leading past these buildings, entering the citadel by a steep road on the left leading under a gateway. In the palace court there is the small apartment in which the Regalia, the ancient "honours" of Scotland, are shown, and the octagonal room, with panelled and inscribed walls, within which Mary, Queen of Scots gave birth to James "First and Sixth." From the window of the latter room a magnificent view to the south-east is obtained. The crown jewels have been well described by Scott and by Lockhart. Leaving the courtyard, on the right is seen the Half Moon Battery, with the clock and gun by which the audible one o'clock signal is fired daily from the ramparts. Ascending a few steps, the summit is reached, called the King's Bastion, on which is placed the ancient cannon called Mons Meg. "Many legendary stories of this piece of ordnance exist, but the presence of an almost identical gun called Mad Meg at the corner of Friday Market, in the city of Ghent, gives support to the Flemish origin of the gun found here." Her Majesty the Queen being that day expected to arrive at Holyrood, when the volunteers review was to take place on the morrow, we were not admitted to visit the interior of this historic pile; our obliging friend, Mr. Scott, pointed out to us in front of the palace a fully carved fountain, a restoration of a like structure at Linlithgow Palace, and presenting effigies of historical personages from early times. The handsome railing extending on both sides were erected round the Palace on the visit of George IV, in 1822. In the

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interior our friend described the historic rooms of the Palace. "They are to the left, and consist of the Picture Gallery or Throne Room, with portraits of Scottish kings, historic and legendary, from 330 B. C.; of Queen Mary's Bed-Room, Supper Room, Private Room, Lord Darnley's Room, &c. "The rooms and stair-cases are highly interesting, but the furniture shown is of very doubtful authenticity. The Abbey is only now represented by the ruined nave, some parts of which, notably the western doorway and tower, and the intertwined arcade on the north wall, are of considerable interest architecturally. The contents of the rooms and Abbey are numbered and catalogued." We wandered around the Queen's Drive, seeing thus the greatest extent of the Royal Park. By walking over the Radical Road, whence a singularly interesting view of the city is obtained, and thence clambering up one or other of the well-marked footpaths to the summit of Arthur Seat, 822 feet above the level of the sea, a great enjoyment is in store. On completing the circuit of the hill, and reaching again the level of Holyrood, the site of Muschat's Carn—famous in the *Heart of Midlothian*—was seen. On the spur of rock overhanging St. Margaret's Loch, St. Anthony's Well, a perennial spring issuing from below a large stone, and St. Margaret's Well, in the hillside. The Scott monument on Princes street—the most superb thoroughfare in the city—is an open Gothic canopy or Eleonor Cross. Many of the details of the monument are copied from the ruins of Melrose Abbey. An internal stair admits to four galleries at different levels, from the highest of which (180 feet from the street level,) a particularly interesting view of Edinburgh is obtained. In the niches are a large number of statues representing characters in the Waverley novels; the best in point of artistic power being that of Diana Vernon, by George Lawson, a Scottish sculptor residing in London. This figure is on the outside niche of the south-east pier. Under the canopy is Sir John Steell's marble statue of Scott, having his favorite dog "Maida" beside him. A cast from this statue was recently made by Sir John Steell for the Central Park in New York. Next to this monument, stands a bronze statue to Adam Black, publisher, and once, Lord Provost and member of Parliament for the city. This is the work of

John Hutcheson, R. S. A. A few yards farther west, is seen Christopher North's, a bronze statue in which Sir John Steel has reproduced with great success the noble leonine presence of Professor Wilson. Opposite this, a glance may be given to a figure of St. Andrew, the "Patron Saint" of Scotland, placed over the doorway of the North British Insurance Office. The large building with Doric pillars and a noble octostyle portico is the Royal Institution, giving accommodation to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the School of Art, the Sculpture Gallery, and the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Over the front is a colossal seated statue of Queen Victoria, in her robes, with orb and sceptre, the work of Sir John Steel. In rear of this building stands another Grecian temple, with pillars of the Ionic order, containing the National Gallery of Scotland, and the rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, whose annual Exhibition is held from February to May. In the Museum of Antiquities are a number of rare Scottish remains, embracing some remarkable native gold and silver ornaments,—the famous Crozier of St. Fillan." The Quigrich or Crozier of St. Fillan, so intimately connected with the devotion of the great King Robert Bruce, had an additional interest for me, when I read its history so eloquently told in a memoir by a Scotch savant and antiquary, John Stuart, L.L.D., late Secretary to the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland—how it was discovered in the Dewar family of Ontario—identified and pointed out in the *Canadian Journal* of Toronto, in 1859, by Professor Daniel Wilson of that city—our illustrious countryman! It cost the Society \$600. Our attention was next drawn to stones with "Ogham" and Runic inscriptions; amongst the more interesting modern relics may be reckoned Jenny Geddes' stool, flung at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, when Episcopacy was sought to be reintroduced in 1637; John Knox's pulpit; the "Maiden" or Scottish guillotine, by which the Regent Morton, the Marquis of Argyle, and many others, were executed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the Thumbikins; the Solemn League and Covenant; and some other remains of the social manners of last century. Thanks to the well-informed Treasurer of the Museum. Mr. D. Douglas, I was enabled to make a tolerably minute survey of the Museum of the antiquaries of Scotland. "The "National Gallery"

possesses a valuable series of grand examples of William Etty, a magnificent Gainsborough—the Hon. Mrs. Graham, Lord Lynedoch's young wife, whose early death caused her husband to seek his fate in the battle-field, but who won renown instead in the Peninsular Wars.—several fine Raeburns, David Roberts' "Rome," Sir J. Noel Paton's "Oberon and Titania" pictures, and many fine specimens of ancient and modern art. Flaxman's statue of Burns, Lawson's *terra cotta* Bard, and some models in wax by Michael Angelo, are amongst the sculptures of the gallery. A glance on the left shows Sir John Steell's marble statue of Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," whose octagonal house, now called Ramsay Lodge, may be observed on the height behind, being the house nearest the Castle. Opposite the statue is a good example of Venetian architecture in the ornate building of the Life Association of Scotland, and alongside this building is the elegant frontage of the New Club, along Prince street, the picturesque outlines of the Castle are more and more unfolded, the last glimpse as the west end of Prince street is reached, being the ungainly bulk of the New Barracks, built in 1796. At the west end of Prince street is seen the sitting bronze statue of Sir James Simpson, the "Great Messiah of Midwifery," as Gerald Massey called him. This statue is by William Brodie, R. S. A. Beyond it is St. John's Episcopal Church, built in 1818, of a late Gothic style, and filled with good painted glass windows. On the sward in front is a memorial, consisting of an Ionic cross, with medallions, of the late Dean Ramsay, who was for many years incumbent of that church, but is best known for his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." In the valley below stands the Church and Churchyard of St. Cuthbert's or West Kirk Parish. This is a very plain edifice, built a century ago, at the very bathos of art in Scotland, but occupying a site where a place of worship has stood for at least ten centuries. There are a number of interesting tombs here, with a good mural tablet in *relievo*, in memory of Dr. David Dickson, minister of the parish for forty years, Napier of Merchiston, (inventor of Logarithms) and De Quincey the opium-eater are buried here. In front of the Caledonian Railway Station is the Sinclair Fountain, much abused as an obstruction to the street. It was built by Miss Catherine Sinclair, one of the six daughters of Sir John

Sinclair of Ulster, of the "Statistical Account," herself well known as an authoress. Charlotte Square, is noticeable as containing the fine Dome of St. George's, one of the City Parish Churches; and yet more as the site of the Scottish National Memorial to the Prince Consort. The equestrian figure, the panels illustrating great events in the Prince's life, and the emblematic and heraldic ornaments, are by Sir John Steel. The sculptor prepared the entire design, but proposed that other artists should be associated with him in the subsidiary groups. The group on the left front of the statue, representing Labour, was modelled by George McCallum, a young sculptor of great promise, and on his death was carried out by D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A. Learning and Science are from the design of Mr. Stevenson; the "Services" were prepared by Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A.; and the other front group, showing the nobility offering their homage, is by W. Brodie, R.S.A. The pedestal of red granite is composed of remarkably fine blocks. The larger panels show the Marriage of the Queen, and the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, both giving portraits of many eminent men; and the lesser panels illustrate the domestic and artistic features of the Prince's career. Leaving Charlotte Square by the east, and proceeding along George street, we find, at the intersection of Castle street, Sir John Steel's bronze statue, on a red granite base, of Dr. Chalmers, one of the most prominent leaders of the Disruption in 1843, and Moderator of the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. Turning aside to the left for a moment, the house No. 30, Castle street may be seen, in which Sir Walter Scott lived and wrote many of his works. Coming to Frederick street, the intersection shews Chantrey's bronze statue of William Pitt, on a freestone base."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have pointed out to you a few of the leading features of this beautiful capital, which many think, as to picturesqueness of position and scenery, casts in the shade, even brilliant, unique Paris. Perhaps the noblest of all views of Edinburgh is that obtained when sailing up the wide Estuary or Firth of Forth to the port of Leith or Granton. "To see it from the water, "throned on crags," and lying beautiful under the calm light of a summer evening is to get a full foretaste of that

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delight which closer inspection is sure to enhance. If the traveller approaches from the south by the East Coast or the Midland route, the train skirts the base of Arthur's Seat, and gives, before entering the city, furtive peeps at old Holyrood Palace and Chapel. Passing through a tunnel, cut in the solid rock of the Calton Hill, the passenger, on emerging, sees high on the north side the castellated buildings of the Jail, the house of the Governor, with a fine round tower, occupying the summit of a high cliff which beetles above the track. Approaching from the south by the West Coast route, the rear view of the Castle is seen on entering the station, while, if the visitor approaches from the west, the train passing through the fine gardens of Princes Street has the abrupt cliff of the Castle overhanging it. Each approach opens up characteristic features of the city, showing some of its rugged, rocky, picturesque outlines." It was my happy lot to see the "Modern Athens" during August's leafy month, summer's crowning glory; how much I would have liked to view it in winter's white garb and ramble round with such a word painter as Alexander Smith, whose chromo will close this sketch:— "Edinburgh is complete in its storied beauty whether beneath the autumn sun, or white and silent winter snow. We have just come in; surely it never looked so fair before. What a poem is that Princes street! The puppets of the busy and many-colored hour move about on its pavement; their interest how slight, their pursuits how trivial? while there, across the ravine, Time has piled up the Old Town ridge on ridge, gray as a rocky coast washed and worn with the foam of centuries; picked and jagged by picturesque gable and roof; windowed from basement to eave, the whole surmounted by St. Giles' airy crown. The new is there looking at the old. Two Times are brought face to face, yet separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises against the sombre blue and frosty stars, that undistinguishable mass or bulwark of gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights. There is nothing in Europe to match that, I think. Could you but roll a river down the valley, it would be sublime—finer still, to place oneself a little beyond the Burns Monument, and look towards the Castle. It is more astonishing than an eastern dream. A city rises up before you, painted by Fire on

Night; high in air, a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are moving silently about in the railway station beneath; a solitary crimson one is at rest. That ridged and chimneyed mass of blackness with splendor bursting out at every pore is the wonderful Old Town, where Scottish history mainly transacted itself, while on the other side the modern Princes street is blazing through all its length. During the day the Castle looks down upon the street as if out of another world, stern, with all its peacefulness, its garniture of trees, its slope of grass. The rock is dingy enough in color, but after a shower its lichens laugh out green in the returning sun, while the rainbow is brightening on the lowering sky beyond. How deep the shadow of the Castle at noon over the gardens at its feet, where the children play! How grand when its giant bulk and towery crown blacken against the sunset! Fyir, too, the New Town, sloping to the sea. From George street, which crowns the ridge, the eye is led down sweeping streets of cold, stately architecture, to the white gleaming villas and woods that fill the lower ground and fringe the shore; to the bright azure belt of the Forth, with its smoking steamer or its creeping sail; beyond, to the Lomonds of Fife, soft, blue, and flecked with fleeting shadows in the keen, clear light of spring, dark purple in summer-heat, tarnished gold in the autumn haze: and higher still, just distinguishable on the paler sky, the crest of some distant peak, carrying the imagination away into the illimitable world. Residence in Edinburgh is an education in itself. Its beauty refines one like being in love. It is perennial like a play of Shakespeare." (*Prolonged applause.*)

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## ROUEN.

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic  
Quaint old town of art and song.”

Let us shift the scene and venture on a short ramble through the highways and byways of a very antiquated—very enterprising French town—the capital first of the duchy, next of the province of Normandy, on the left bank of the Seine—Rouen. A city of 102,470 souls only, Rouen has made a name for herself as a manufacturing centre. Her cotton and calico prints, known as *Rouenneries*—her sugar refineries, confectionaries, soap factories, tanneries ; her iron, copper, and lead founderies ; leather works, cutlery, dyeing establishments, &c., have won for her the proud surname of the Manchester of France. Her port, thanks to dredging operations, in the lower Seine, offers facilities to the large ships of every nation ; extensive indeed are her exports to, and imports from, England, Algiers, Senegal, Spain, Portugal, Italy, America. Her shipping inward and outward in the year 1875, represents a tonnage of 537,017 tons, divided between 3,467 ocean ships ; whilst her coasting trade inward and outward for the same period, kept employed 5,013 vessels, that is a tonnage of 720,332 tons : a French line of steamers from Rouen to Canada, is talked of for next summer. Soon, we shall have a direct, a monied interest in the old French town.

The capital of Normandy, now the shire-town of the *département* of Seine-Inférieure, can boast of an Archbishop (at present the talented Cardinal de Bonnechose), a Court of Appeals, whilst the third army corps and the second military division, have their head-quarters at Rouen. Very important educational, scientific and industrial establishments centre here. Chairs of theology ; medical and pharmaceutical schools ; the *Lycée Corneille* : branches in fact of the *Académie Universitaire* of Caen, together with Government or departmental courses of agriculture and rural economy ; municipal schools of painting, guilds of trades and commerce ; a national academy of sciences, *belles lettres* and arts ; a free

school for commerce and trades; agricultural and horticultural associations; societies of natural sciences, medicine and bibliophilists; famous cattle fairs; a society for Normandy annals, a chamber of agriculture; even to a commission of antiquaries named by the state. This, it must be confessed, is a tolerably large outfit for a town of merely 102,470 souls. It will not have escaped your attention that the Manchester of France, as the Rouennais proudly style their beloved city, rejoices in a society for the promotion of the study of Norman antiquities and Norman history—a proof, if any were needed, that in Rouen, culture and commerce are not deemed foes. Rouen from the latin *Rothomagus* (Palace of Roth or Venus) dates very far back. The time was when Roman sentinels mounted guard in its streets. In the fifth century, it was overrun by the Barbarians, who dislodged the Roman legions. In 844, we read of the Northern Vikings, or Normans ascending the Seine in their galleys and pillaging the city. Later on, it became the French capital of the English Sovereigns until English power received a check in 1430, through the instrumentality of the heroic Maid of Orleans. Joan of Arc, to whom a fountain and statue were erected in 1755 on one of the squares of Rouen, now known as *La Place de la Pucelle*, a site adjoining to the spot on which she was burnt in 1431. English sway disappeared from French soil merely in 1450, when was fought the battle of Formigny. However, renowned as a manufacturing town, Rouen never forgot what cities as well as men owe to themselves: reverence for the monuments of a great past. With the exception of Paris, no city on French soil has preserved more curious monuments or more interesting vestiges of its early times: her superb churches are the admiration of all Europe. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Saint Ouen, Saint Maclou, Saint Gervais, Saint Godard, Saint Patrice, Saint Vincent, are all in one way or other remarkable edifices.

The Cathedral of Rouen. It was erected on the site of a church previously destroyed by fire in the year 1200, from funds provided by John Lackland; the chief portion of the building dates from the first years of the XIII century, though some parts such as the base of the northern tower are older and belonged to the structure destroyed in 1200. This grand old temple of worship

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is 408 feet (136 metres) long, 100 feet broad, the transept is 162 feet in length. It contains twenty five chapels; three are in it, 130 windows, on designs most varied, marvellously beautiful, some of them dating back to the 13th century. It would require a volume to describe this magnificent Cathedral. The choir, 108 feet long, contained formerly the tombs of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of his brother Henry Court-Mantel, of their uncle William and of the famous Duke of Bedford; these tombs, mutilated, it is said, in 1562 by the Calvinists, disappeared when the choir was rebuilt in 1836. Searches made in 1836, brought to light the heart and a statue of Richard; and in 1862, the heart of the King Charles V. Funereal inscriptions and tombs are still numerous in the Cathedral of Rouen. In the *chapelle du petit Saint Romain* may be seen the tomb of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy; the remains of William, the son and successor of Duke Rollo, lie in the *Chapelle Sainte Anne*. In another chapel, under an arcade, is the reclining statue of a bishop, whose soul, under the symbol of a child, is escorted to heaven by angels with outspread wings: this is the sarcophagus of Archbishop Maurice, who died in 1235. There are three or four other tombs in the chapel of the Holy Virgin, of great beauty: one to Pierre de Brézé, Comte de Maulevrier, killed at the battle of Montherly, in 1465. To his grandson, Louis de Brézé, a neat sepulchre was built by his widow, the beautiful Diana of Poitiers. A splendid funereal monument was raised between the years 1518 and 1525 to the two Cardinals d'Amboise in this cathedral; two fine figures in black marble, in a kneeling attitude, with bare head and hands crossed, stand on the black marble tomb; numerous other *mausolea* attract the attention of the visitor.

**SAINTE GERVAIS.**—Towards the north-west extremity of the city, the church of Saint Gervais is full of interest for the antiquary. Erected doubtless on the site of the chapel, where the Archbishop Saint Victor placed the relics of Saint Gervais, which he had received from Ambrosias, it has been several times rebuilt. In the chrypt under the choir, rest the remains of the two first archbishops of Rouen—Saint Mellon and Saint Avitien. Here, prior to being interred in the Abbey of Saint Stephen, at Caen, was brought from Nantes, in 1087, the body of William the Conque-

ror; a stone bench runs round the crypt. The walls appear to be of Roman construction; it is the oldest christian monument of Normandy.

**SAINTE-GODARD.**—This fane is in the ogival style of architecture, of the sixteenth century, except the spire, which is low and ornamented with ionic pillars; the latter portion is more modern. Those of its stained glass windows who have escaped destruction, daté of the sixteenth century, and were, it is said, designed from the cartoons of Raphaël and his pupil, François Penni; the coloring of these ornate windows is surpassingly bright, of a limpid, rosy, red wine hue, and so strikingly beautiful that they gave rise to the proverb; “Red like the glass windows of Saint Godard.”

**SAINTE-MACLOU.**—This temple of worship on the street *de la République*, is a charming example of the florid gothic style; it was built in 1436, on plans furnished by Pierre Robin. The main front is remarkable for the lightness and finish of its sculptures; five doors led to the interior; two have been condemned and closed. The centre door is surmounted by a *basso-relievo*, which figures the judgment Day. Views and allegories from Scripture or the lives of the Saints profusely deck the pannel; and similar allegorical subjects are represented on the other doors. Saint Maclou is conspicuous for its sculptured, admirable church doors.

**SAINTE-OUEN.**—This Church is worthy of being compared to the most famous Cathedrals; it was begun in 1318. Its facade is crowned by an ogival gallery, containing eleven statues; among others, those of Archbishops Flavius and Ambert; of Richard I, Duke of Normandy; of Richard II; of William the Norman; of Henri II, of England, and of Richard *Cœur-de-Lion*. The main tower, 246 feet high, is a model of strength and elegance.

You will, I trust, forbear my bringing under your notice all these medieval churches. Of the many to me new and pleasing objects I saw, none were more striking than those speaking relics of a dim, religious, but not forgotten past.

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Three statues are met with in Rouen; one to Boieldieu, the composer; another to Pierre Corneille, the tragedian; a third, an equestrian statue in bronze to Napoleon I, it commemorates a visit of the Emperor to Rouen, and exhibits him in the act of conferring the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on an *employé* in a factory. The tower of Joan d'Arc deserves also mention. It is the remains of the dungeon once attached to the castle of a war-like French Sovereign—Philippe Anguste. For the visitors, it has a double interest, as being one of the oldest monuments of the ancient military architecture of France—a miniature of the tower of the Louvre, built under the same Prince. It also recalls a painful but honorable souvenir of the dauntless Maid of Orleans: in the first story of this tower, she had once to stand and confront those deadly instruments of torture used in the middle ages to extort confessions.

We had also lively pleasure in inspecting in the restored part of an old cloister, the Rouen Museum of Natural History, of antiquities, of precious porcelain, &c., some 1400 specimens of exquisite ware from Sevres, Dresden, Nevers, Moustiers, Strasbourg, Holland, without forgetting the most curious and unique old blue china violin, one of the marvels of Rouen. This last museum is known as the *Musée Céramique*, erected in 1864. A grievous wrong I would be perpetrating on the quaint capital of Normandy did I omit noticing its timepiece and its tower, *la Tour de la Grosse Horloge*. This structure, a square, of simple Gothic style, according to the inscription at the foot of the staircase, seems to have been erected between 1389 and 1398. In this tower is hung the historic silver bell—*la cloche d'argent*: thus named, because according to a venerable tradition, pieces of silver were dropped in the melting pot. The bell has indeed a silvery tone, but no other silver is connected with it except what was raised from the people to pay for it. It recalls Norman times, and like William the Conqueror's curfew-bell, it tolls every night at nine o'clock for bed time. It is set in motion again on election days,—peals out its loud chimes at night, as a fire alarm. The City Hall unites among other treasures of art, extensive collections of sculptures and paintings; here the French, Flemish, Dutch, Italian and Spanish masters are well represented.

Let us hurry on; from *Rue de la Grosse Horloge*, the street of the great clock, one reaches that gorgeous pile, known as the Court House, *Palais de Justice*. Commenced in 1499, it is now the most stately edifice as a Court House, in France. The architecture is that known as ogival of the transition period, between that and the *Renaissance*. It has been gradually altered in size and ornamentation by successive French Sovereigns, Louis XII and others, to its present dimensions and beauty. The facade to the South, is one hundred and ninety-five feet in length and is unique in architectural design. The exquisite octagonal tower in the centre, angular pillars, surmounted by dais and statues, the elaborate sculptures, encircling the windows, the series of arcades, which form a gallery on the whole length of the upper part, the leaden railing which sets off the roof, everything in fact is in excellent taste. The statues chiselled by Lebrun represent Louis XIII, Ann of Brittany, Cardinal George d'Amboise, the gallant Monarch Francis I, Justice, a ploughman, a Monk, an artist, in fact all the classes which had a hand in building the edifice. Time precludes us from entering into fuller particulars, but you have enough to judge of the style and state of preservation of old and modern monuments and buildings in the ancient town of Rouen. Two handsome bridges, one a light suspension bridge, erected in 1836; the other, a solid stone structure built in 1813, and some of whose arches rest on the Ile Laeroix, connect the two portions of this thriving town, divided by the Seine. The city proper stands within an arc of a circle formed by a belt of *boulevards* opened in 1770, on the site of the old ditches. From the neighbouring heights of Bonsecours and Canteleu, a full view is obtained of the spires of Rouen, its houses, public edifices; as well, as of the placid course of the Seine, dotted with verdant isles, stately ships, smoking, swift steamers; lined with broad, regular quays, in view of the lofty chimnies of workshops, amidst a fertile valley crowned by green and distant hills.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have tarried long enough contemplating the attractive, though artificial beauties of cities; with your leave, we will take train for *Pont de l'Arche*, near Rouen. I am panting for a glimpse of the country—its tranquil, pastoral, green fields. Let us light in the centre of an old Norman village

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and see whether it resembles our own French villages. We are at Pitres(\*)—once the seat of royalty—now a modest, rustic *commune*—the quiet home of an industrious peasantry. There it lies basking in the scorching rays of an August sun—under the shadow of lofty hills, at the junction of the lovely valleys of the Seine, the Eure, the Andelle rivers; the highest of those hills goes by the name of the Hill of the two Lovers, *la côte des deux amants*. Later on we shall learn why. From a diminutive railway station, the highway, constructed of cobble stones, runs over a little bridge, along hedges, rugged stone walls, and pastures to the small but eminently historic village church. In more respects that one, the landscape reminds you of Canada, except that the inhabitants look poorer, ruder in their ways, less educated, than our people. Here, a one story farm house; next to it, a barn with a thatched roof; close by, peasants in coarse blue or gray blouses, (no mowing machines here) reaping the harvest, with the same primitive sickle, used for hundreds of years by their sires; the women in white *calines gaufrées*, caps, *sabots mantelets*, leading the work-horses to the wheat fields, or barn.

The meadows and pasture lands adjoining the farm houses are in general well provided with shade-trees, such as they are. Unfortunately, the uniform mutilation of the tree, by cutting away all its branches down to short stumps, in order to make charcoal and *fagots*,—gives it a heart broken, hide-bound aspect. Sorely beset and lanky, the tree looks like a gigantic, closed umbrella, crowned by a leafy cap with a fringe of green leaves descending to a few feet from the soil. We noticed these painful deformities not only in Normandy, but even quite close to Paris; one has to go to England to see proper respect shown to parks and trees. Normandy however, as a set-off, interested us by its magnificent breed of draught and heavy cart horses: they are generally grey or white. One occasionally meets with these splendid specimens of the equine race, in Paris and in England: they fetch 2500 francs, about £100, each. They were more active and handsome, than the Flemish horses, we saw on the quays of Antwerp. The huge Antwerp dray and truck horses look like mo-

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(\*) The population of Pitres is about 1000 souls.

derate sized elephants. Let us resume our review of Pitres. The little church was delapidated; its churchyard neglected, over run with rank grass, very much alas! like some of our own. In rear or in front of the dwellings, the old style vegetable and flower beds: sun flowers, roses, carnations, poppies, *marguerites*, pionies, sweat-briar. A trim little garden led up to the *presbytere* or manse; within, we found a charming, hospitable enlightened, white-haired *curé*. What a pleasant welcome awaited us, Canadians, when we presented our letters of introduction!

We found ourselves bound to accept, the cordial invitation of *Monsieur le Curé*, to partake with him, of what he was pleased to style his poor, country fare. "Pitres, is too distant from Rouen, said he, for me to have always on hand fresh meat, but if you can make up your mind to eat a Norman hare, I shall have a young and fat one killed." Having readily assented to his offer, we retired with our worthy host to his garden; examined the flower beds, plantations, pear and apple trees, as well as a species of coarse vines cultivated in Normandy. Soon Marie, the extremely active and very talkative old *menagère*, made her appearance, saying that *le déjeuner* was ready "such as it was," she added with a sigh. Travel and exercise had indeed sharpened our appetite: my travelling companion and myself, we did ample justice, first, to the *potage* or soup; next, to the juicy, roasted hare; then, to the Gruyere cheese, which was exquisite; after that came a little dish of *blanquette*; then apples, plums, pears followed; Norman cider a delicious beverage, brimming over in silver mugs; then some prime old Bordeaux was passed round; a cup of divine Mocha coffee came next; sweetmeats, and a *petit verre d'eau-de-vie, pale et vieille* (that is a tea spoonful of old cognac in dainty Sevres glasses,) closed the feast. The *pousse caffè*, which had to be swallowed *en trinquant à la mode de Normandie* (that is, glasses had to meet:) all this for a Norman *Curé* receiving from the State but 900 francs per annum, seemed to us marvels of hospitality, *savoir-faire* and taste. The Abbe was not only hospitable, but a travelled, scholarly gentleman; he detailed to us the annals of Pitres, whose history he had written. After exhausting his enquiries about Canada, its customs; whether the English oppressed the French; its population, commerce, litera-

review of Pitres.  
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ture, &c., it was our turn to put questions about our host's own Normandy; what traces, if any, still existed of the Norman invasion in the 9th century? What was the history of the little parish church, which we were told, dated back more than one thousand years? Why the neighbouring mountain was called the "Hill of the Two Lovers?" Our host replied: "For more than twenty years I have had charge of this parish. With a view of restoring the crumbling walls of our historic chapel, I have devoted my spare evenings to compiling the history of Pitres, though the fund is still small, proceeding from the sale of the work. You will, no doubt, be startled on learning that a thousand years ago the King of France had a royal castle in this unpretending hamlet. Pitres, at its dawn was a Roman military post—a royal residence under our Merovingian dynasty—the site of a palace, and a fortress for the Princes of the second race. The lapse of years would doubtless have converted Pitres into an important city, but an unforeseen event altered its destinies: the inroads of the Northmen in the ninth century destroyed its future, and in consequence of the forts and structures built to stop these barbarians at *Pont de l'Arche*, the life and activity of Pitres, centered at *Pont de l'Arche*. 'Tis a long story. It was specially a prince of the Carolingian race, Charles "the Bald," who gave to Pitres lustre in days of yore. Pitres was famous for its mint and coinage, and it is more than likely it was on this account, Charles "the Bald" published there, in 864, the law known as the *Edit de Pitres*, concerning coinage. Pitres was also selected by Charles "the Bald" as the meeting place of the Diets or National Assemblies known as "Councils of Pitres." In 861-2, in the identical little church yonder, which I have undertaken to restore, the French King, Charles the Bald, held his States General, at which were present the Archbishops of Rouen, Reims, and Sens, the Bishops of Paris, Evreux, Coutances, Soissons, Senlis, Tournay, Chalons-sur-Saone, Laon, Meaux, Troyes, Autun, Lisiens, Seez, Beauvais. In 864, a still larger Council met there, some fifty Archbishops and Bishops; but I must refer you to my work on Pitres, for full particulars. As to the name of the Hill, the origin is both romantic and tragic. Long, long ago, a proud Baron of Pitres, had a beautiful daughter: a youth whose birth was not noble, had saved her life at a boar hunt, and

claimed her hand. The Baron adding cruelty to pride, assented, provided the youth should, unassisted, and without resting, carry his intended to the top of yonder hill ; he won his suit, but dropped dead on reaching the top.

“Of palpitation of the heart,” my companion suggested :

Whether the youth was too weak or his *inamorata* too fat, our host could not say. After such a catastrophe, *Madlle* doubtless retired to a cloister.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have described, such as we found it—a village in Normandy. Pitres, you may not be aware, had special attractions for us. More than two hundred years ago, an adventurous gentleman from Pitres landed on our shores and became a Canadian Seigneur; I am one of his lineal descendants. Let us recross that rebellious, unquiet English channel, a terror to all those unprovided with such commodities as “sea legs.” Nor will it be to that great Babylon of fog, bustle, wealth, intellect, fashion, population and squalid poverty, London; nor is it to those marvellous and smoky hives of human industry, commerce or shipping, Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, that we will direct our steps. Oh! no. We shall from Euston Square Station take train in the fleetest of English railways, the Flying Scotchman, *ocior Euro* and allow the steed that never tires, to waft us at the rate of a mile per minute or so, over hill and dale, across lawn and hedgerow, high above house-top, high above river, through long, dark tunnels like Lefroy’s, into the most noted cathedral town of Merrie England. Come, we shall penetrate within those famous walls of York, bristling with the memories of seige and battle, within those grey, lofty medieval city gates (bars as they call them) from whose towers more than one nobleman, highwayman or murderer’s head, ghastly and grinning, looked down on the gladdened or sorrowing crowd below. If a sight of famous old York has been to you as from our early years, it was to us, a hope, a dream, too good scarcely to be a reality, come we shall ascend and ramble round these circunitous walls, porteuillis and bastions; follow in the wake of an old friend by many here remembered, Major F. Lees, formerly an officer in our garrison, now a resident of a city as picturesque as our own:

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York. We shall next go and inspect the hoary aisles of its superb old Minster, whose grim, weather-stained spires catch the eye from afar. Those marble sarcophagi dimmed with the dust of centuries, those eloquent mural inscriptions, those erect or recumbent figures of kings, of warriors fierce, of patriots and statesmen, of white-bearded bishops, of pious or proud abbots, that sombre, subterranean crypt of the Minster, old even a thousand years ago, think you they have no dark secrets to tell, no thrilling tale of heroism, war, love, treason, devotion, to recount ? ” (*Loud applause.*)

Ladies and gentlemen,—That unflinching monitor (the clock) reminds me I have trespassed beyond the traditional hour allotted to lecturers, so that we shall reserve for another evening our ramble in York when all here present are invited to attend without further invitation.”

Mr. LeMoine, who was frequently applauded during the delivery of his lecture, which occupied one hour and thirty minutes, then sat down and Prof. John Harper, B. A., rector of the High School, moved a hearty vote of thanks for the very enjoyable literary treat which the President had furnished. The Hon. G. Ouimet, Superintendent of Education, seconded the motion in a neat speech. (*Morning Chronicle, 28th Nov.*)



## YORK. (\*)

*Queen Margaret* :—"Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York."  
*K. Henry VI, pt. 3, Scene 2.*

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

When last we met in these rooms, you were kind enough to accompany me in a rapid excursion through Edinburgh, the beautiful—the land of Scott and Burns, of ill-starred Queen Mary, of stern John Knox. We then committed ourselves to the well known mercies of the English channel, from New Haven to Dieppe—the busy little sea port—once dear to Jacques Cartier; we next rambled round the Manchester of France, thrifty, antique Rouen; finally, if you recollect, we settled down to a Norman luncheon at Pitres, near Rouen.

We shall now with your permission retrace our steps to Albion's shores "the land of the Brave and the Free," and take train for the classic, historical cathedral town of York; though before entering it, you will allow me to say a few words of that Eden of England—the lakeland of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

In visiting Britain it is there you must go, in order to woe nature in some of her coyest—most seductive—most tender aspects. What a contrast for one, fresh from the festive woods, singing waterfalls, tranquil, moonlit lakes of Cumberland, to go and contemplate the solemn grandeur of York Minster—to feel the hushed, death-like silence of its sombre crypt,—to realise the awe engendered by the sound of one's footsteps, repeated through this populous city of the dead, in the surrounding vaults!

Windermere, Ambleside, Grasmere, Coniston, Ullswater, Derwentwater, Keswick, had just then revealed to my dazzled view their wonderous landscapes, some of their entrancing sou-

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(\*) The portion of this address relating to York was delivered on the 21st December 1881.

venirs. The Trosacks of Scotland, I could imagine, might beat Lakeland, by the height, the boldness of their peaks, the extent of their land-locked firths, but in picturesque beauty, never ! Stirring sights had crowded on me, at Grasmere, sweetly sung by Felicia Hemans (\*) and by Harriet Martineau ; I had stood at the foot of Wordsworth's grave—culled a sprig of ivy from his thickly-festooned house-gable at Rydal Mount—gazed at the tomb of Hartley Coleridge in the little rustic churchyard at Grasmere, close to its whimpering burn.

On a wooded knoll, I had viewed Greta Hall, for years Southey's pleasant retreat close to Crosthwaite Church, at Keswick, where repose his remains—the resort now of pilgrims from most distant lands. Greta Hall, was pointed out to us, when our carriage rumbled over Greta Bridge : a pretty, limpid stream—our good friends across the sea, call it a river !

Memory had brought me in communion with those sweet singers—now sleeping peaceably amidst the heather-crowned hills and breezy dells of their native land :

“ Barbs sublime  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time ; ”

The scenes, the haunts in which these ethereal beings, had once moved, instinct with life, still echoing their songs—their joys—their home-sorrows—their world-wide fame, I had dwelt among them, taken possession of them ; as it were been subjugated

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(\*) Mrs. Hemans thus writes of Grasmere Valley :

“ O vale and lake, within yon mountain urn,  
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep !  
Off doth your dreamy loveliness return,  
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep  
With light Elysian ; for the hues that steep  
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float  
On the golden clouds from spirit lands remote ;  
Isles the blest ; and in our memory heap  
The place with holiest harmonies !

by their own romantic atmosphere. 'T would be hard, my friends, even for one not to the manuer born, to feel insensible to the witchery of such associations—to seal his soul against the softening influence exhaled from those homes so charmingly sung by Mrs. Hemans :

“ The stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all one pleasant land ! ”

For a lover of the country, one who for years has revelled in the sweet intimacy of stately trees and fragrant flowers, 't is harder still to approach, or, once enjoy'd, to quit unmoved some of these hospitable english manors (it was our good fortune to enter more than one) full of cheery, family memories ; basking in vernal bloom, resplendent with sunshine and foliage ; adorned—such as Englishmen know how,—with velvety lawn, cricket and tennis grounds, drives, ponds, helges, far-outspreading oaks—graceful elms, venerable yews—and that superb denizen of English parks—the copper-beach, imported, 't is said, in Britain by the Normans. Of this truly gorgeous tree, I saw some excellent representatives, among other spots, at two country seats, which will long remain green in my memory : Rothay-Holme, next to Canon Bell's picturesque dwelling (some here may remember hearing last summer this eloquent divine at Quebec) at Ambleside, the summer residence of Lt. Col. Godfrey Rhodes and, at Acomb Park, York, the leafy manor of Major Frank Lees, late of the 25th Queen's Own Borderers.

After leaving the train at Lakeside station (Newby Bridge) at Windermere, anciently called Wynandermere, the largest of those sheets of water, as Wordsworth has it :

“ Wooded Winandermere, the river Lake,”

we ascended in the Railway ferry steam launch, the *Queen of the Lake*, to the fast expanding town of Ambleside, once a Roman post ; Ambleside, the “ village of Pine Groves,” I might add, from my own observation—of the rooks and roaring ghylls and waterfalls. Swiftly indeed did we sweep over Windermere's

clear, cool, pellucid—th'o to the swimmer, treacherous waves; a portion of the trip, the mist descending from Lasswade and Helvellyn and other towering hills, drenched us; the remainder of the voyage, our tiny steamer, was touched by the last jocund rays of the setting sun; soon we saw Loowood and Bowness Bay in their perennial, sylvan beauty, doubtless, just as they were on that serene morning of May 1825, which witnessed Canning's, Scott's, Southey's, Wordsworth's and Wilson's memorable regatta, under the guidance of the "Admiral" Christopher North. By virtue of the word painting of that glorious old master, among the fleet, graceful yachts, furrowing the lake at sunset, I almost fancied I could conjure before my mind's eye, the *Emma*, the *Nautilus*, the *Gazelle*, the *Osprey*, the *Garnet* and other "felicitous, white-winged creatures" immortalised by the eloquent Professor on that auspicious occasion.

It was fresh from the enjoyment of this blythe, fairy land, this dainty, lake scenery that the impressive spectacle and hallowed *souvenirs* of quaint, solemn, medieval York came trooping on my eager gaze."

#### YORK—EBORACUM.

"York, York, for my monie,  
Of all the Citties that ever I see,  
For merry pastime and companie,  
Except the City of London."

York, probably the most ancient city in Britain, and according to historians, a flourishing place two thousand years ago, is the capital of the largest county in England—Yorkshire, and the most celebrated town of the North of England. A city of 60,000 souls, it stands on both sides of the little river Ouse, which winds its way to the Humber.

Like great London, York boasts of a magnificent Lord Mayor; like Canterbury, it feels happy in owning an archbishop; like Quebec, it is proud, very proud of its historical souvenirs and monuments, its walls, bastions and gates, except that in York, he who would dare hint at the removal of its gates and city

walls, might consider himself lucky, if he should escape "hanging."

York lies about midway between London and Edinburgh, being 198 miles from London, and 201 miles from Edinburgh. Its new Railway Station, built on a curve, in the Italian style of architecture, is the handsomest Station in England and the largest, being 800 feet in length; that is 102 feet longer than the great Midland Station, next to the Charing Cross Station, in London. It has a lofty vaulted dome, elegantly designed and decorated with blue glass. 148 Railway trains rush daily through this superb structure, of which the city is justly proud. Like many other ancient towns, York's annals blend the legendary with the historical element.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, attributes its foundation to Ebraucus, a King in Britain, about the time that David reigned in Judæa, Ebraucus, called it after his own name, CAEUR-EBRAUC, the city of EBRAUCUS. A thousand years later, it was known to the Romans as Eboracum. Commentators are not agreed as to how the name was changed to York. In Domesday Book it is written Euerwic—this is supposed to mean a town on the Ure, which name the river Ouse bears at its upper part. Worsae says, the Britons called York, EABICNOT; the Anglo-Saxons, EORFORWIC, and the Danes, Jorvik: which seems to furnish the derivation of York. York for centuries was a flourishing Roman city, and the foundation of Roman York probably dates from the year 79, when Agricola by the subjugation of the Brigantes, completed the conquest of the northern part of Britain. "This illustrious commander, we are told, made this city one of the chief stations on his line of march to the north, where he commenced building the chain of forts, afterwards completed by Hadrian, and called the Piets Wall. In A. D. 140, when the wall of Antoninus was built, Ptolemy mentions Eboracum, as being the head-quarters of the sixth legion—"Legio Sexta Victrix"—traces of whose occupation and residence in the city are found continuing during a period of three centuries. In A. D. 280, Severus, then Emperor, arrived at Eboracum, accompanied by his son Caracalla and Geta, to repel the incursions of the Caledonians. The latter was left in York (then, probably, the chief city of the whole province

of Britain) to administer justice, aided by Papinianus, one of the ablest lawyers of ancient Rome. Severus, after his return from a campaign against the Piets, died in York on February 4th, A. D. 210. This period was perhaps, the time of its greatest splendor. Eboracum was at that period distinguished by the presence of the three most learned jurists in the Roman Empire: Ulpianus, Paulus, and the more celebrated Papinianus, the Papinian Prefect, who was afterwards put to death in Rome for refusing to pronounce an oration exculpating Caracalla from blame for the murder of his brother Geta. The imperial palace is supposed to have occupied the site, commencing near Christ Church and extending down Goodram gate, St. Andrews gate, and through Bedern, to Aldwark; Christ Church being called in all ancient charters "*Ecclesia Sancta Trinitatis in Curia Regis.*"

The body of Severus was burned near York, and the ashes conveyed to Rome in an urn of porphyry. The place where the funeral obsequies were performed was probably one of three eminences, a mile and a half to the west of the city, near the village of Holgate, commonly known by the appellation of Severus's Hills, close to Acomb." How often have I driven past the spot, in July, August and September last, on returning from an antiquarian ramble, through the ruins of Clifford's Tower, through the moss-mantled remains of St. Mary's Abbey, or of the Multangular Tower, or along some of the narrow, crooked lanes of York which with the heights of Scarborough, reminded me strangely of dear old Quebec. Let us proceed :

" On the division of the roman Empire, between Galerius and Constantius Chlorus, Britain fell to the share of the latter, who fixed his residence in York, where he died two years after his arrival, A. D. 306. The body of this Emperor, like that of Severus, was burned, and the ashes carried to Rome. His successor, Constantine the Great, was immediately proclaimed Emperor by the army at York, where he was at the time of his father's death .....Constantine immediately left for Gaul, and with him the history of York, during the Roman occupation, which had lasted nearly 400 years, ceases to be important, as the troops were gradually withdrawn."

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The extent of the Ancient City of Eboracum has been distinctly traced. It was entirely on the left bank of the Ouse, and formed a rectangular town enclosed by a wall with a rampart mound of earth on the river side, and perhaps, a *fossa* without. It may not be out of place to repeat that the old city wall has been religiously preserved, as well as the City Gates or Bars as they style them, and that though the wants of commerce or the utilitarianism of the age, have been attended to, he would indeed be a bold man, who would dare suggest the removal of those sacred walls and grim Gates of York, which each year attract to the city thousand and thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe and America.

I subjoin here a graphic sketch of York :

“ Not weak, however, are the visible and tangible proofs of Roman occupation, for though there is no great gate still standing as at Lincoln, there is probably no English city so full of fragments of wall, of pavements, and of monuments to the invaders. About seventy acres of the centre of the present city, enclosing a rectangle of about 550, by 650 yards, formed no doubt the Roman camp, in the middle of which, again stood the Praetorium, afterwards the imperial palace, the site of which is near the present Christ Church. Of their monuments now above ground the “ multangular tower ” near St. Leonard's Hospital, which is a ten-sided building forming an angle of the Roman wall, is far the most interesting, especially as it still bears on its inside some roughly scratched legionary inscriptions. In the *hospitium* of the abbey church, too, there are a fine pavement representing the seasons and various altars. The long Saxon occupation which followed was, as is well known, sadly interrupted by the Danes. It was near here that Ragnar Loðbrok was so impolitically cast into a pit full of snakes, an act which was bitterly revenged. In York, too, Siward, sick to death and feeling his strength begin to pass away from him determined to die in harness, and sat up to do so clothed in armour and with a spear erect in his failing hand. York was in fact, at one time almost wholly populated by the Danes, and plenty of proof of their occupation may be found in the numerous “ thorpes ” in and about the city. It took two years after the Conquest for the

Normans to come in force before York, but when they came they left their mark, for a short, sharp battle outside the walls made William, who commanded in person, master of the city and castle which he fortified strongly. The Danish inhabitants, however did not take kindly to their Norman cousins, to whom they were bad neighbours, and whom they cruelly annoyed from the cover afforded them by the Forest of Galtres, which extended right up to the city walls. William had to come back the next year to strengthen his garrison, but in 1070 the townsmen, aided by an imported army of Danes seized and sacked the castle with terrible slaughter, not a Norman escaping. The Conqueror's savage oath on hearing the news is matter of history, as is how he kept it. Just after Ceur-de-Lion's coronation the castle was again the scene of a gruesome tragedy, for a number of landless knights and other broken men deep in debt to the Jews seized the opportunity of the scare begun in Westminster Hall to try to wipe out old scores by fire and sword. They burned the "stars," and penning up the Jews in the castle, were about to murder and plunder them in detail, when most of their victims with desperate courage forestalled them by burning their property and killing their families and themselves. With so many bloody memories hanging round the castle there is little wonder that, like the Tower of London, it had its ghost. It was a curious one creeping out under the door of a porch in the Clifford's Tower, in the form of a scroll of paper (was it a "starr"?) then turning into a monkey, and then into a turkey cock, as may be read at length by all curious as to demonology and witchcraft, in Sir John Reresby's memoirs. One can hardly touch on the noticeable things which happened at York in later years, for except London probably no city has had such a succession of stirring incidents. Its walls twice gave breathing time to the unlucky second Edward — after his defeats at Bannockburn in 1314 by the Bruce and in 1322. His son married Philippa of Hainault in the minster here, the marriage festivities of the two children being celebrated with the profusest magnificence for three weeks, if we believe Froissart, but were sadly marred at their finish by a bloody quarrel between the little bride's followers and the citizens, in which about eight hundred men were killed. Later on Philippa, no longer a child, brought here the Bruce, taken prisoner by her at

Neville's Cross; and in the next century the city saw the, to citizens, almost incredible sight of a prelate beheaded, for a Scrope, who was then Archbishop of York, having meddled with one of the Percies' plots, suffered in a field near Clementhorpe. Half a century later saw Richard Plantagenet's head stuck on Micklegate Bar,

So York may overlook the town of York,

to be taken down reverently next year when the tables were turned at Towton. When the Wars of the Roses were over, more pleasant things happened here. Henry VII, soon after his coronation had a right royal reception at York, with pageants immerable, and galleries across the streets, whence "sweet cakes, wafers, and comfits in quantity like hailstones," were thrown, in humble imitation of the Carnival at Venice. Lambert Simnel sought help from York in vain, for the citizens were loyal, and later on were rewarded for their loyalty by the pleasant sight to north country eyes of the hacked and arrow-pierced corpse of James of Scotland, sent here after Flodden. Next we catch a glimpse of Wolsey, named Archbishop of York, but never resident here or even installed, for the king prudently stopped the installation very shortly before the day fixed for the ceremony by having him arrested for high treason. *En route* from Scotland to his pleasant English inheritance, James I stayed here some little time, and with his own happy knack for making himself ridiculous, signalled his stay by taking a childish liking for a local kind of cake called "main bread," and by characteristically endeavouring to thrust it down the throats of the inhabitants by specially ordering its manufacture, and by anathematizing the still popular "spice bread," almost as violently as he did tobacco. The beginning of Charles I's troubles found him at York, for he went there to meet the Covenanters in 1639, and held a great Council of his peers there in 1640. Two years later he returned, and, worried almost to death for want of funds and friends, was driven to stint his table and to copy despatches with his own hand for want of a trust-worthy secretary. The Royal palace was on the site of St. Mary's Abbey, and by a grim irony of fate was afterwards turned into a blind school, while the printing office, whence the whole country was flooded with Royalist

tracts and pamphlets, was in St. William's College. In 1644, the city was besieged by the Parliamentary army of 40,000 men, the siege being temporarily raised by the arrival of Prince Rupert, who issued from the gates of York a few days after, only, as every one knows, to be cut up root and branch on Marston Moor, the city and castle being surrendered a few weeks later. On the religious life and the church work of York volumes might well be written. Perhaps the best known miracle play in England was that of the Corpus Christi Guild here, as we find it recommended by a worthy friar minor, Wm. Melton, styled "Professor of Holy Pageantry." There was also the guild of Our Lord's Prayer, to commemorate a miracle play on that subject; and some idea of the number of the trade guilds may be gleaned from the fact that in 1415 ninety-six crafts joined in procession, exhibiting fifty-four distinct pageants, and carrying blazing torches. The Minster is the pride of the north of England. Burned no less than five times—in 741, 1069, 1080, 1829 and 1840—it has, phoenix-like, risen again, and is now perhaps one of the finest places of worship in England. Its chapter-house, which still bears the truthful, if boasting, inscription of "ut rosa flos florum sic domus ista domorum," and its great east window, with its original painted glass, are certainly unequalled; while the vestry room holds antiquarian treasures of the highest interest. Of the numerous churches the visitor should note Christ Church, which stands in the "Kings Court, plausibly surmised to mean the imperial Roman palace; and there is Saxon or Norman work in St. Helen, Stonegate, St. Margaret, Walmgate, St. Lawrence, and St. Mary the Younger; nor should All Saints Pavement, with its octagonal lantern, through which shone the beacon which helped weary wanderers to find their way home when lost in the great Forest of Galtres, or All Saints, North-street, with its "bede" window with scenes from the last judgment and quotations from a local poem called the "Prick of Conscience," be passed over."

Ladies and Gentlemen. — In the distinguished audience here present, I am reminded of two distinct classes of listeners: the first, composed of cultivated, travelled persons, who probably know as much, more perhaps, than I could tell them of famous

old York: they constitute, however the minority—an enlightened—powerful minority, if you like. The other class, the most numerous, have not yet seen York; may never see it, but long to do so, and until they do, they will I think, beckon me on to tell what I know about the good city; they compose the majority. Instead therefore of merely hurrying through the interesting sights and scenes so familiar to the minority, I have drawn copiously from the notes and sketches, so carefully, so ably prepared by the *litterati* of York, for the especial benefit, of the distinguished visitors attracted there in September last, by the Jubilee of the British Association. We shall therefore, with your leave first, pay a visit to the venerable Minster of York and saunter through its sounding aisles, aided by these notes and sketches.

**YORK MINSTER.**—Antiquarians like to trace the origin of this splendid Cathedral to the little wooden oratory, which on Easter Sunday, 12th April 627, stood on the spot, where now stands the Minster, and in which oratory was baptized by Paulinus, Edwin, King of Northumbria. Shortly after Edwin commenced to build a larger church of stone, dedicated to St. Peter. Edwin's stone church was subsequently destroyed. In 636, Oswald, restored the Minster. In 669, Archbishop Wilfred repaired this fine Temple of worship, covered the roof with lead and put glass in the window's. In 741, the Minster was nearly burnt to the ground. In 769, Albert, archbishop of York, assisted by the learned Alcuin, rebuilt the cathedral in the finest style of Saxon architecture. It was again destroyed by fire at the time of the Norman conquest, and rebuilt on a larger scale in the Norman style by Archbishop Thomas. In 1137, fire again played havoc with the church; it was restored in 1171, by Archbishop Roger, such is a brief glance at its early history. The present structure dates from 1215, and is due to archbishop Walter de Grey, eager to build a cathedral on a grand style: the chief parts of the Minster date, as follows:

The Nave and West Front.....	1291—1345
“ Western Towers. ....	1430—1470
“ Central Tower.....	1400—1420
“ North Transept.....	1228—1240
“ South “ .....	1230—1256

The Chapter House .....	1300—1330
“ Choir Screen.....	1475—1485
“ “ .....	1373—1400
“ Lady Chapel or Presbytery... ..	1363—1473
“ Crypt (the two portions).....	1070—1170

The styles of architecture represented are :

*Saxon.*—Some fragments in the Crypt.

*Norman.*—The Crypt, where may be seen parts of the Norman Chancel. Parts of the central Tower.

*Early English.*—North and South Transepts.

*Decorated.*—North and Chapter House.

*Perpendicular.*—The Lady Chapel, the Choir, the Central and Western Towers.

On the 2nd February 1829, Jonathan Martin, an insane man, set fire to the choir: the building was restored by a national subscription at a cost of £65,000, and the cathedral was re-opened for worship on the 6th May, 1832. On the 20th May 1840, through the carelessness of a workman, the Minster again suffered from fire. The South-West bell tower together with the roof of the nave, were destroyed. A second subscription was set on foot and the damages repaired at a cost of £23,000. “York Cathedral is build in the form of a cross. Its length is 524 feet and its extreme breadth, north to south, 250 feet. Its special features are the dignity and massive grandeur of the whole, whether viewed from the exterior or interior. In the height of the roofs, both nave and choir, York exceeds every other English cathedral. The west front is considered a marvel of architectural excellence; its two towers have on each side perpendicular windows, and rise to the height of 202 feet, surmounted with lofty pinnacles. The west window, which is of two divisions of four lights each, is an unrivalled specimen of the leafy tracery that marks the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Underneath is the great west entrance, consisting of an outer arch, deeply recessed, the mouldings of which contain details of exquisite de-

licacy, and figures representing the history of Adam and Eve. It is subdivided in the centre with two doorways supporting a circle filled with tracery.

The north transept contains an elegant window known as the "Five sisters." From the base springs an arcade of trefoil arches, the whole forming perhaps the most beautiful specimen of early English architecture in Great Britain. This transept is 264 feet in length, and 104 feet in breadth. The choir on both north and south sides is divided into two parts by projections in the form of small transepts, which rise above the aisles, and are pierced by long narrow windows on all their sides. At the east end is the Great Window or "Wall of Glass," consisting of nine lights, and measuring 77 feet in height by 32 feet in width. It is the largest window in England, perhaps in the world.

Time precludes me from enlarging on the beauty and massive grandeur of this celebrated fane. I have seen several remarkable churches: *Notre Dame*, at Paris—the cathedral and churches of Rouen—*Sainte Gudule*, at Brussels; the magnificent old cathedral at Antwerp; the cathedral, at Ely, with its gorgeous stained glass windows and jewel-inlaid *verres*; historic St. Pauls; matchless Westminster Abbey—but with the exception of the latter, I visited no medieval temple of worship, where I cared to linger longer than in the Minster of York.

After the Minster, probably the most curious objects to be viewed in York, are the well preserved ruins of the beautiful St. Mary's Abbey, in and round the elegantly kept gardens of the *Philosophical Society*—adjacent to the handsome new bridge over the Ouse—Lendal Bridge. The Abbey, a Benedictine Monastery, once in point of wealth and influence, the most important in the North of England—was founded in 1078, by Stephen, a monk of Whitby. Six other monasteries were attached to it. The Lord Abbot, with *he* of the Abbey of Selby, were the only mitred abbots north of the Trent, who by virtue of their rank were summoned as Lords of Parliament. The first Priory was destroyed by fire and its reconstruction which lasted twenty four years, began in 1270: the present ruins are the remains of this building; at the Reformation it shared the fate of other religious houses

and was surrendered to the Crown in 1540, by William Dent, the last abbot; the clear rental at the time being £1650—equal to about \$80,000 of our money. It was then, says an old chronicler, occupied by 50 monks and perhaps by 150 servants. One of the most remarkable portions of the monastery, I visited, was the *Hospitium* or Guest-Hall—the lower story said to have been the refectory, is of stone. The upper story is now used as a museum of Egyptian and Roman antiquities: one's attention is invariably directed to the hair of a Roman lady; some maintain, of a British princess, 15 or 16 years of age—which was nearly perfect when discovered in a stone coffin, lined with another of lead and filled in with gypsum. In the hair are two fine pins of polished jet. Specimens of valuable Samian ware are also stored here; in the lower room, are some remarkable Roman altars and probably the most unique collection of Roman coffins in the world, stone and lead coffins, soldiers' graves, Roman baths, &c. The coffin of the lady who owned the hair is conspicuous.

The museum of the Yorkshire *Philosophical Society* with its collection of statues, minerals, birds, &c., next claimed my attention; in continuing our walk, we reached York Castle, which now, in an area covering about four acres, comprises the Prison, the Assize Court, and Clifford's Tower built on the site of the old castle, which was founded by William the Conqueror after his attack on York in 1068. It was for centuries the residence of the High Sheriffs of the county; it took its name from Francis Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who in 1542 put it in a state of defense. We were told of a many curious legends, and historical incidents connected with the old pile: here was confined Walter Calverley the hero of the "Yorkshire Tragedy," in 1604—Eugene Aram, in 1759; the poet James Montgomery, in 1795-6, for alleged political libels in his newspaper, whilst that accomplished highwayman, Dick Turpin, was imprisoned in the neighbourhood. I devoted one whole morning walking round the Walls of York; they are provided, in the inside with a boarded walk, high in the air and are one of the most striking features of York; they are very ancient; the exact date of their erection is unknown, some portions are supposed to have been built on the foundations of the Roman Wall, one angle of which was the singular structure, well preserved and

known from its ten angles as the Multangular Tower, one of the barriers of Eboracum at the time of its occupation by the Romans.

I can only direct your attention as we hurry on to the lofty, medieval city, or Bars of which there are four principal ones and two smaller: Meiklegate Bar is the largest and most interesting. It consists of a square tower built over a circular arch, with embattled turrets at the angles surmounted by stone figures; the arch is stated to be Norman. The arms of England and of old France quarterly, between two shields surmounted by canopies, and containing those of the city of York, are sculptured upon shields against the front. The Duke of York's head, after his execution, in 1460, was fixed here.

I might mention also Bootham Bar, Monk Bar, Wolmgate Bar, Fishergate Bar, Victoria Bar, the latter, a modern gate.

Few cities of 60,000 can exhibit such an array of churches. In addition to the Minster, there are twenty-five other temples of worship; in the early times, there were forty churches.

"The ways to grace, in York, as Mark Twain, said of Montreal, are numerous," 't'would be hard for a boy to throw a stone there, without risk of breaking a church window.

Modern York might be summed up as follows:

"Even those who are the least susceptible of impressions cannot fail to be struck with admiration when, emerging from the Railway Station, the first view of the city of York bursts upon the spectator. Before him the river Ouse flows placidly on, and stretching from its banks are seen the beautiful and undulating gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, rich in architectural remains of departed ages. To the left the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey intermingled with the rich foliage of the surrounding trees, and

Beyond, in lofty majesty,  
The Minster's towers arise on high,  
Fit temple of the Deity!

Further to the right are dotted the spires of old Ebor's many churches, whilst its ancient walls, as they stretch to the river's brink, form an interesting foreground to the whole, and complete a picture of singular beauty. The city of York is situated in the centre of a rich agricultural district, and called the Vale of York.

“Though not a manufacturing town, there are numerous large establishments, where some hundreds of hands are employed, such as iron foundries, comb, glass, cigar, match, nail, and confectionary manufactories, the latter of which finds a market for its famed products in all parts of the United Kingdom. York returns two Members to Parliament, and the Municipal Government of the city is entrusted to a Corporation consisting of a Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors. There are also a Recorder, Sheriff, and Town Clerk. Its Cathedral and numerous churches necessarily render the clerical element conspicuous; whilst, as the headquarters of the Northern Military District, the army takes a prominent position in the society of the city and county. Few cities have greater opportunities of sociability and enjoyment than York. It has its Yorkshire Gentlemen's Cricket Club, its Tennis Courts, its splendid river for boating excursions, its Regattas, its Military Reviews, its Polo Matches, and its tournaments. It boasts a Racecourse unequalled in the country, and it is the chief resort of many a keen sportsman, who as the season comes round, attaches himself to the far-famed York and Ainsty Hunt. Charming too are those winter gatherings (in that noble suite of rooms, the York Assembly Rooms) the Union Hunt Ball, the County Ball, the Yeomanry Ball, when from five to eight hundred of the *élite* “join in the giddy dance.” And for those who have a religious tendency, there is the Minster with its well-regulated daily services, its magnificent organs, and its afternoon anthem. Nor are its citizens devoid of energy and enterprise. Especially during the last ten years, York has kept pace with towns of greater wealth and larger population. It has its Daily Newspaper (*The York Daily Herald*); its Fine Arts Institution; its Philosophical Society; its School of Art; its Museum; its Hospital; its Dispensary; its Clubs; its Corn Exchange; its Diocesan Training Institution; its Friendly Societies' Hall; its Public Library; its Masonic Hall, its Mechanic Institute; its Fever

Hospital ; its Tramways ; its Rifle Volunteers ; its Artillery Volunteers ; its New Walk and Esplanade, extending a mile either way from the centre of the city on the banks of the Ouse ; and it has its numerous educational establishments, such as the Royal College of St. Peter, which was originally founded by Queen Mary in 1557, and endowed out of the estates of the dissolved Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin, and is under the control of the Dean and Chapter. And noticing those institutions which are connected with its more remote history, we may sum up the whole by saying it possesses Ancient Guilds, Almshouses, Hospitals, and Schools, endowed for the maintenance of the aged, the support of the infirm, and the free education of the young."

I shall now venture to say a few words about the famous Congress of Science, which gave York additional lustre in September last. The British Association for the promotion of science, originated in 1831, and held its first meeting, attended by 353 persons, at York, in September of that year.

Sir David Brewster is credited with the first public suggestion of the Association. He was warmly supported by philosophers, such as Davy, Herschel, Babbage, Murchison, Buckland, and others equally devoted to the interests of scientific research. The suggested formation of the British Association was propounded by Sir David to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society through its secretary, the late Professor Philips. It was cordially supported by the leading men of science at the time ; the British Association held its first meeting at York on the 27th of September, 1831. Its object was then stated to be "to give a stronger impulse and a more systematic direction to scientific inquiry ; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the Empire with one another and with foreign philosophers ; and to obtain a more general attention to the object of science, and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress."

The Association was intended to be similar to that which for eight years previous, viz in 1823, had existed in Germany. In 1831, Earl Fitzwilliam was its first President, whilst, on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary in September last, it was pre-

sided by a well known British *savant*, Sir John Lubbock; as the presidential honors last for each incumbent but one year, Sir John Lubbock, was replaced by a London Professor, Dr. Siemens, with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted; next summer the Association is expected to meet, under him, at Southampton. It has been stated that steps will then be taken to induce the Association to hold in Canada, in 1883, its annual meeting; assuredly the first advent on our shores of a body numbering three or four thousand of the leading scientists in the world will be in our annals a Red letter day. (*Loud applause.*)

To my accidental presence in York, I owe the pleasure of having seen or listened to many of the leading scientists of the age: Huxley—Owen—Lubbock—Siemens—Newton—Ramsey—Thomson—Herbert Spencer—Hooker—Groves—Carpenter—Spottiswoode—Flowers—Asa Gray—Marsh—Whitney, and scores of other bright stars in the world of science.

And to the honor of being President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, I found myself indebted for an associate member's ticket and a reserved seat, close to those veterans of science; let me tell you that in such a vast apartment as the York Exhibition Room, in which close on 3,000 persons were seated, a reserved seat was quite an appreciable piece of good luck.

The facilities afforded by the York press, as well as the printed directions, *brochures* and journals of each days proceedings, placed at my disposal, ample information, to which you are welcome, touching the Association's aims, progress and results.

“Estimating its success by the number of members and associates attending its meetings the British Association, we find, has made rapid strides since the year 1831, when there were 353 persons present in the theatre of the Yorkshire Museum. In 1834, when the association met at Edinburgh, under the presidency of Sir T. M. Brisbane, D.C.L., there was a total membership of 1,298. Three years later the association met at Liverpool, the Earl of Burlington presiding, when those in attendance numbered 1,841. This number was increased to 2,400 at Newcastle

on-Tyne in the following year, when the chair was occupied by the Duke of Northumberland. Then followed a falling off to 1,438 at Birmingham in 1839, when the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt took the chair; and a still further reduction at Glasgow in 1840 (the Marquis of Breadalbane presiding), when there were 1,353 persons in attendance. In the subsequent years the diminution in numbers was most marked, only 891 persons journeying to Plymouth to attend the meetings under the presidency of the Rev. W. Whewell, F. R. S. Then there came another leap at Manchester in 1842, when Lord Francis Egerton presided, and had the pleasure of being surrounded by a company numbering 1,345. From Manchester the Association went over to the Sister Isle and met at Cork, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Rosse, F. R. S., after which it returned to the place of its nativity, where the Rev. G. Peacock, D. D., filled the presidential chair. From 1845 to 1855 the chair was occupied by Sir John F. W. Herschell, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Robert Inglis, the Marquis of Northampton, the Rev. T. R. Robinson, D. D., Sir David Brewster, Mr. G. B. Airy (Astronomer Royal,) Lieut General Sabine, the Earl of Harrowby, and the Duke of Argyll. During these years the attendance varied considerably, from 715 in 1851 to 2,133 in 1855. Under the presidency of Professor Daubeny, M. D., at Cheltenham, in 1856, the meetings were attended by 1,115; but that number was almost doubled in 1857 at Dublin, when there were 2,022 members and associates present. Notwithstanding the presence of the Prince Consort at the Aberdeen meeting in 1858, there was a falling off: 1,693, which number ran up again to 2,564 at Oxford in the following year, when the chair was occupied by Lord Wrottesley. At Manchester in 1861, and Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1863, the two most successful meetings of the association in regard to numbers have been held. Dr. William Fairbairn, F. R. S., at the former, and Sir W. G. Armstrong at the latter town, had the honour of presiding over 3,139 and 3,335 persons respectively. Since that time the number have not varied greatly from year to year, but have maintained a comparatively steady balance between 1,856 and 2,802, with the exception however, of Plymouth in 1877, when there were only 1217 persons present, and Sheffield in 1879, when the attendance numbered 1,404 only. During these years the presidential chair was

occupied, amongst others, by Dr. Richard Owen, D.C.L.; the Rev. Professor Willis; Sir Charles Lyell, Bart.; Professor J. Phillips, L.L.D., &c.; Mr. Justice Groves, the Duke of Buccleuch, Dr. Joseph D. Hooker, Professor G. G. Stokes, Professor Huxley, Sir W. Thomson, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professor A. Williamson, Mr. W. Spotiswoode, L.L.D., &c. (president of the Royal Society,) Professor G. J. Allman, L.L.D., F.R.S., &c.

Among those eager to render homage to science, as well as to fulfil towards their distinguished visitors the pleasant duties of hospitality, the *litterati*, historians and antiquarians of the town, took a prominent part. York was described, sketched and discussed, in the press, in the leading English Reviews and Magazines, under every aspect. Foremost might be mentioned the learned Canon Raine, and Mr. Edwin Goadby, who furnished most elaborate and scholarly descriptions of the famous old town. The leading Journal, the *York Herald*, enlarged its space from eight sheets to sixteen; each morning, it contained most interesting historical data on York, and a copious summary of the daily proceedings of the British Association, as well as excerpts of the Papers and Essays read by learned Professors.

Each department of science, had its section, its president, its separate meeting place, every day from 10 P. M., during that festive week. In addition to the meetings of the sections, three grand literary *soirées* were held at the York Exhibition Rooms, for which tickets costing two sovereigns were issued. More than 2000 cultured outsiders had been attracted by the Jubilee of the British Association; the city was alive with bustle and thronged with British Professors, old and young, *savants* from France, Germany, America, even from Japan: the display lasted one whole week and was enlivened by social gatherings, "at homes," garden parties, excursions to Scarborough, Castle Howard, Helmsley Castle, Rievaulx Abbey, and other historic spots' in the neighbourhood.

I attended as many, as I could of the morning sittings and some of the literary and scientific *soirées* in the Exhibition Rooms. History—Geography—Geology—Chemistry—Paleontology—Botany—Zoology—Electricity—Trade—Statistics, each had one or more eloquent exponents. Of all the eminent men I saw

or listened to, the "veteran of science," as his *confères* took pleasure in styling him, white-haired, genial old Richard Owen and Professor Huxley, attracted most my attention. Though I did not feel myself called on to accept the new, bright, but uncertain light of Evolution, how could I fail being struck with the lucidity of exposition—the marvellous flow of oratory—the glow of science, at the easy and constant command of Professor Huxley: a born orator?

The subjects which engaged the attention of the Association were of a most varied nature and touched nearly every department of science.

Many were very novel; some, rather abstruse; several, though seemingly of paramount interest to *savants*, apparently, not practical for the million. I subjoin a few by way of illustration:

Dr. S. Houghton read a paper: *On the Effects of Gulf Streams upon Climate.*"

The new President Dr. C. W. Siemens "*On some Applications of Electric Energy to Horticultural and Agricultural Purposes,*" and gave out as the result of his experiments that the growth of plants and flowers can be greatly stimulated by giving them by night, Electric light; this novel theory attracted much attention. A. W. Bennett: spoke "*On the colours of Spring Flowers.*"

Professor R. W. Atkinson read a communication intituled: "*Brewing in Japan.*"

Professor J. Prestwich, held forth: "*On the causes of Volcanic action.*"

Dr. Beddoe: "*On the stature of the Inhabitants of Hungary.*"

Wm. E. A. Axon: "*On Corn and Cattle.*"

Wm. Westgarth, of London: "*On a General Banking Law for the United Kingdom.*"

J. E. Dawson, struck a sympathetic cord, when he stood up and held forth: "*On the economical effects of using cheap gas for gas-meters with a description of the Apparatus for producing it.*"

R. Pickwell, treated: *Of Continuous Door-Locks and Foot-Boards for Railway Carriages.*"

Professor Seely: "*On the Evolution of the Plesiaurosus.*"

Professor Thorpe: "*On Chemical action between Solids.*"

The Papers on Geology and Geography were particularly interesting.

A scientist from our side of the water, Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, in a remarkable paper, held forth on the characteristics of the *Archocopteryx*, an extinct species—a Jurassic Bird, half serpent, half Bird; of which three specimens only were known to exist: one, at Philadelphia — another, at Munich, a third, in the British Museum: his explanations of the structure of this gigantic individual of the genus *Struthyonidae* seemed to rivet the attention of the European savants. I felt inclined to say "Well-done" America! when Professor Marsh sat down amidst hearty applause. A Paris Professor, Cyparissos Stephanos discoursed in French on an abstruse mathematical question: "*Sur les faisceaux de forme biquadratique binaire ayant une même Jacobienne.*"

Professeur Halpen: "*Sur une classe d'equations différentielles linéaires.*"

T. E. Clark, B. S. C.: "*On Glacial Sections at York.*"

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Our varied, our jaunty little excursion from home must now draw to a close.

The time has come for me to bid adieu to the pleasant, hospitable, cultured old land beyond the sea, and to commit myself to the safe-keeping of Capt. Dutton and his good ship "Sardinian." Westward Ho! will now be our motto.

Though I have revelled, whilst abroad, in many imposing sights, let me tell you, I felt happy, in again turning my face to my native shores, not in the least downhearted with our own Canada.

Magnificent, striking spectacles I have indeed witnessed, in England—Scotland—Ireland—France—Belgium, &c., but whether

from the picturesque ruins of Scarborough Castle ; from Arthur's Seat ; or looking across the sparkling waters of Moville Bay, from the sublime, though delapidated walls of Green Castle, Donegal ; or contemplating gaudy Paris, and the historic heights of Montmartre from the lofty summit of the *Colonne de la Bastille* ; or from the top of the lion-crowned Mound on Waterloo plain, compassing at one glance a famous battlefield of the past, no where, have my eyes been feasted with a nobler view than you can any day obtain from the brow of Cape Diamond or from the world-renowned terrace Quebec owes to our regretted late Governor General ; and after scanning and with our own comparing, the institutions—the aspirations—the freedom, civil, religious and political of other peoples, without envying them their glory, their wisdom, their greatness, but on the contrary taking full note of the same, I felt proud of the strides our country was making in the race of improvement, expansion and progress ; prouder still of the recognition Canada with its wealth of mines—phosphates—*asbestos*—pastures and wheat fields, was rapidly gaining in Europe (*applause*) ; full of hope in our future, I felt on rounding Pointe Levi, inclined to repeat the impassioned utterances of that true friend to Quebec, Lord Dufferin, when addressing a meeting, at Belfast, on the 11th June 1872 : “ Like a virgin Goddess in a primeval world, Canada still stalks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations.” *Prolonged applause.*)

### Meetings of the Association since its formation.

The following list of dates and places of meeting, and presidents of the British Association from its creation in 1831, may be interesting :—

Date of Meeting.	Where held.	Presidents.	Attended by.	Amount received during the meeting.	Grants for scientific purposes.
				£	£
1831	York	Earl Fitzwilliam, D.C.L.	353		
1832	Oxford	Rev. W. Buckland, F.R.S.			
1833	Cambridge	Rev. A. Sedgwick, F.R.S.	900		
1834	Edinburgh	Sir T. M. Brisbane, D.C.L.	1298		20
1835	Dublin	Rev. Prov. Lloyd, LL.D.			168
1836	Bristol	Marquis of Lansdowne.	1350		435
1837	Liverpool	Earl of Burlington, F.R.S.	1840		948
1838	Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Duke of Northumberland.	2400		956
1839	Birmingham	Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt.	1438		1595
1840	Glasgow	Marquis of Breadalbane.	1353		1546
1841	Plymouth	Rev. W. Whewell, F.R.S.	891		1237
1842	Manchester	Lord Francis Egerton.	1315		1449
1843	Cork	Earl of Rosse, F.R.S.			1565
1844	York	Rev. G. Peacock, D.D.	1000		981
1845	Cambridge	Sir John F. W. Herschel.	1079		850
1846	Southampton	Sir R. I. Murchison.	857		685
1847	Oxford	Sir R. H. Inglis.	1269		208
1848	Swansea	Marquis of Northampton.	929	707	275
1849	Birmingham	Rev. T. R. Robinson, D.D.	1071	963	159
1850	Edinburgh	Sir David Brewster, K.H.	1241	1085	345
1851	Ipswich	G. B. Airy, Esq., Astron. Royal	710	620	391
1852	Belfast	Lt-Gen Sabine, F.R.S.	1108	1085	304
1853	Hull	W. Hopkins Esq., F.R.S.	876	903	205
1854	Liverpool	Earl of Harrowby, F.R.S.	1802	1882	330
1855	Glasgow	Duke of Argyll, F.R.S.	2133	2311	480
1856	Cheltenham	Professor Daubeny, M.D.	1155	1098	731
1857	Dublin	Rev. Humphry, Lloyd, D.D.	2022	2015	507
1858	Leeds	Rich. Owen, M.D., D.C.L.	1698	1931	618
1859	Aberdeen	H. R. H. Prince Consort.	2564	2782	684
1860	Oxford	Lord Wrottesley, M.A.	1689	1604	1241
1861	Manchester	Wm Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S.	3139	3941	1111
1862	Cambridge	Rev. Prof. Willis, M.A.	1161	1039	1293
1863	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Sir W. G. Armstrong, C.B.	3335	3640	1608
1864	Bath	Sir C. Lyell, Bart., M.P.	2802	2965	1289
1865	Birmingham	Prof. J. Phillips, M.A., LL.D.	1997	2227	1591
1866	Nottingham	W. R. Grove, Q.C., F.R.S.	2303	2469	1750
1867	Dundee	Duke of Buccleuch, K.C.B.	2414	2613	1733
1868	Norwich	Dr. J. D. Hooker, F.R.S.	2064	2042	1940
1869	Exeter	Prof. G. C. Sikes, D. Sc.	1856	1931	1622
1870	Liverpool	Prof. T. Huxley, LL.D.	2878	3036	1572
1871	Edinburgh	Prof. Sir W. Thomson, LL.D.	2465	2575	
1872	Brighton	Dr W. Carpenter, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S.	2332	2649	1472
1873	Bradford	Dr. A. W. Williamson, F.R.S.	1983	2129	1635
1874	Belfast	Prof. J. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S.	1954	1979	1151
1875	Bristol	Sir J. Hawkshaw, C.B., F.R.S.	2243	2397	969
1876	Glasgow	Prof. T. Andrews, M.D., F.R.S.	2774	3023	1092
1877	Plymouth	Prof. A. Thomson, M.D., F.R.S.	1229	1268	1128
1878	Dublin	Wm. Spottiswoode, M.A., F.R.S.	2578	2615	725
1879	Sheffield	Prof. G. J. Annan, M.D., F.R.S.	1401	1425	1030
1880	Swansea	A. C. Ramsey, LL.D., F.R.S.	915	899	731

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Those marked \* are out of print and scarce.

