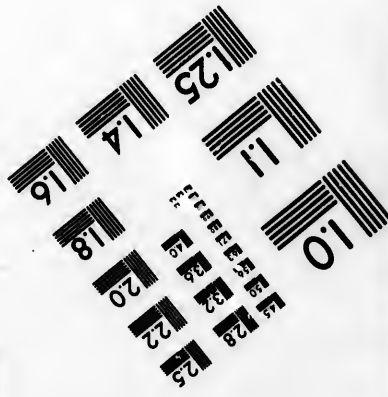
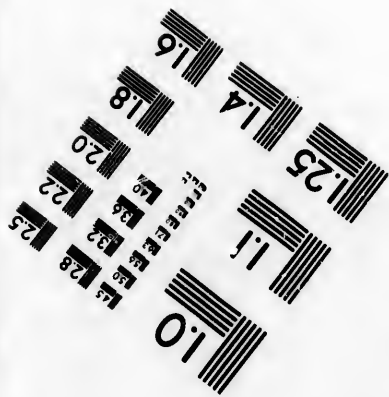
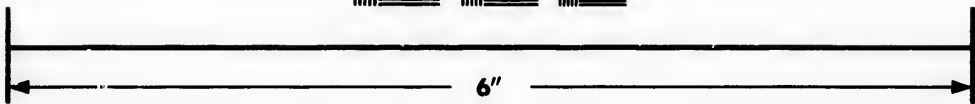
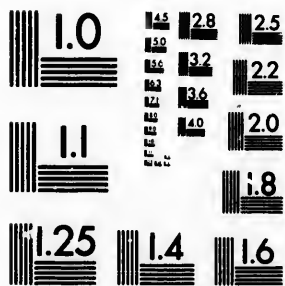


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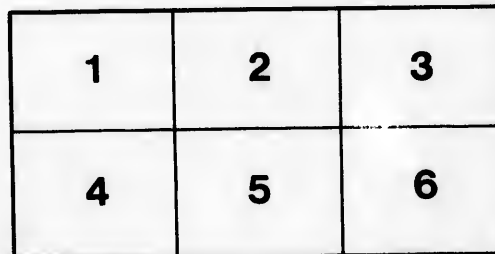
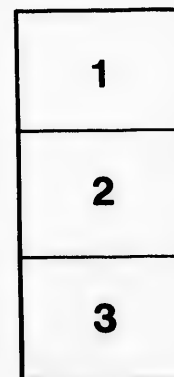
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J. E. White.

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O'er the Atlantic,

OR

A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO AND FROM

EUROPE.

BY

W. E. Whyte

[Gwilym Iorwerth Gwynn.]

A GRAPHIC, INTERESTING AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF PLACES
AND EVENTS, EMBRACING PORTIONS OF :

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AND THE CANADAS.]

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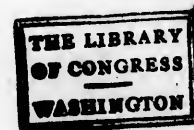
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RETURN FROM EUROPE, THIS BOOK IS, WITH

PROFOUND RESPECT,

DEDICATED,

BY THE

AUTHOR.

in the year 1870, by

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The

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PREFACE.

TO THE READER:

Everything has its *author*, and it is in that capacity the writer, while a blush suffuses his countenance, modestly appears to make his *first bow* (within covers), to an intelligent and charitable public; and before introducing "O'er the Atlantic" to the reader, thinking it will not be out of place, he would fain give a brief outline of his career through life;—I am the eldest of three brothers, one of whom died in infancy, and the other after arriving at the age of maturity, and had I not the good fortune to have been born on the other side of the Atlantic, it is more than probable that I might have been ushered into the world on this side or elsewhere; but, as we are the creatures of circumstances, we have to be content with wherever our lot is cast, and I, with being a *Welshman* by birth,* a *Celt*, a *Briton*, a *Cymro*, either will do, for I am proud of my nativity; and although my career through life has been as diversified as it generally

* Although a Welshman by birth, I have *Welsh, English, Scotch and Irish* blood coursing through my veins—the latter *three* only from the paternal side, my mother being purely *Welsh*. The family name was *Griffiths*.

is to those who are born under "certain planets," mine being none of the *best*, I would nevertheless bow submissively to fate, for I might have fared *worse* yes, *much worse*.

It was A. D., 1826, on the 17th day of May, that your humble servant first gave utterance to his vocal powers, which, noisy as they were, did not exceed the noise on the street, for it was election day. Lord J—s S—w—t and Sir W—y—m L—w—s, were running "neck and neck" to represent the good people of our ancient borough in Parliament. *I forget the result!* But recollect being informed several years afterwards that his Lordship was the successful candidate, and that he had made a promise to my grandsire on the maternal side, in return for some little favors bestowed, that should the *squalling* youngster up stairs (meaning myself), ever need a friend, I was to apply to him; and based upon this long pent up promise, when about 18 years of age, I did apply to his Lordship for his influence in my behalf to obtain a government appointment, and soon received a very courteous reply stating that unfortunately at that time his political friends were all out of office, otherwise he would have been very pleased to serve my interests; but that should the time ever arrive when he could do so, he would not forget a promise made so many years before to one who had served his interests so zealously. I have never heard from his Lordship since. But I am digressing.

My memory carries me back to when about five years old (more or less), at which time my father had the misfortune to fall from off his horse and fracture his skull, a circumstance, suffice it to say, that ruined the family, for he never was able to attend to business afterwards. He dragged a

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miserable existence for about three years, when death at last came to his relief. Leaving to my mother, a woman of sterling merit (God bless her memory), an only legacy, that of myself and a younger brother, dependant upon her own exertions for support, which she had already done for years previous. Oh! how well do I recollect how she had to battle with adversity, and how well she (notwithstanding the difficulties she had to encounter), managed to "keep the wolf from the door," and clothed us respectably. Alas! she also has departed for the spirit world, and I, the only representative of my father's race that I know of, am still permitted to sojourn among mortals.

A few years after my father's death, I went to live with my grandmother, on the maternal side, and continued under her *broad apron** and protection until the time arrived for me to choose for myself the business or occupation in which I was to carve my way through this old world. Grandmothers, as you are no doubt well aware, generally spoil the members of the succeeding generation, and if any boy was petted or spoiled, it was my humble self; but with a good intent, for she invariably rebuked me when saying or doing wrong. It was her warm, kind generous nature that revolted against the use of the rod, and the fault (if any) was in her being *too indulgent*, for kindness does much to train youth in the way they should go. I am no believer in "spare the rod and spoil the child." Kindness begets love, and love begets obedience. Timely and good advice well given is, in my estimation, worth all the birch rods in the country. The parent, in my opinion, only harden youth,

* The Welsh women wear heavy wide flannel aprons of *tripe* and *tartan* pattern.

and render them cruel in themselves by administering corporeal chastisement. But as to myself.

After receiving a common school education, in which I made but little progress, I was sent to a relative, an attorney by profession, with whom I remained some considerable time as copyist and errand-boy; but that kind of life not suiting my taste, I was placed in a mercantile establishment, which was *too confining* for my roving nature, a few weeks therefore, was all I remained there. About this time I had a longing for sea-faring life; to be a sailor and visit foreign climes seemed to be the height of my ambition, which after having tried the ship building business, also to no purpose, my mother, who was very much opposed to a sea-faring life, eventually acceded to my becoming an apprentice boy on board the ship E——h H——s, commanded by a relative who traded to the West Indies.

I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when on the eve of leaving port. It was then that my courage all but failed me, for I was leaving home. That home which, in the language of the song, was "Home Sweet Home" to me, to go to a distant land, perhaps never to return again. Then my mother, my poor dear mother, almost became frantic, for it had entered into her mind that she would never see her "darling boy" again. Yes, reader, so sad did I feel, that had it not been for shame, a fear that my playmates would laugh and jeer at me, I would have gone on shore, and thus would have ended my idea of a sailor's life. But it was too late to hesitate, the vessel was taking in her moorings, and the loud voice of the pilot could be heard above the din of the windlass and capstan, creaking of blocks and loud singing of the

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crew as they cheerfully pulled in the heavy hawsers and chains, and coiled them away into their respective places. Then came the word to the tug-boat, which was engaged to tow us to the roads or place of anchorage, prior to going to sea. "Go ahead slow." I stood on the deck dressed *a la sailor*, almost stupefied, and saw my dear mother on the quay wave her handkerchief as her last farewell, for her heart was too full to speak, as the vessel began to gather headway. Then came to my relief a flood of tears, a goodly few, and I felt better.

In a couple of hours we arrived in the roads. It was pretty rough. The ship rolled, then pitched, and I seemed to be standing first upon my head then on my heels, and wander around the deck like a drunken man, until at last I had to come to my *moorings*, which I did among a lot of rope stowed away in the fore-castle, where the tar smelled so strong that it added to my malady, for I was terribly sea sick. At that time I would have given the world, if I could, to have got on shore. There was no sympathy from any one. The rude sailors laughed at me, telling me to drink a pail full of salt water,* that then I would be all right and many other such unkind remarks. During the night the Captain came on board, and ordered the ship to get under weigh and proceed to sea, and afterwards inquired for me. He was told that I had been sick ever since the ship's arrival in the roads. "Send him aft," was the command. Aft I came, first holding on to one thing then another, more dead than alive. Said he: "So you are sea sick, eh?"

* Salt water is supposed to be an excellent remedy for sea sickness, for it has a tendency to strengthen the stomach; but few are able to take it.

You are a pretty sailor. Make a better soldier than a sailor, I think. Go and wash your face and hands and you will feel better." I essayed to do so, but nature had to give way, and sprawling I went down the cabin stairs moaning piteously.

I remained partially in this deplorable condition for perhaps a week, performing such work as I was able to do during which time my stomach refused all nourishment. On our arrival at St. Jago de Cuba, I was the first victim of the yellow fever, and instead of sending me to the hospital my kind relative sent me to a private boarding house, although my life was at one time despaired of, under the kind treatment of the ladies of the house, I recovered sufficiently and in time to join the ship when ready for sea. In a few days after leaving St. Jago, the yellow fever broke out on board, and carried away with it several of our crew among them my fellow apprentice, his first voyage like myself to sea;* but I continued to gain strength daily, and felt as though the past had been forgotten. We buried them in the deep blue sea, a sad and mournful sight, sowed up in their hammocks, with a heavy weight attached to their feet. They were launched over the ship's side into the briny deep, to become perhaps food for the monsters which inhabit the Atlantic.†

* I make particular mention of those facts of my first voyage to sea, simply to show my readers that sea-faring life was not that which my young mind had supposed it would be.

† The funeral service at sea is very impressive, and is that which is laid down in the Book of Common Prayer for such occasions.

In due course of time we arrived home, and once on shore the dangers of the past were speedily forgotten, and I felt almost a veteran sailor, determined to weather it out at sea in all weather and at all hazards. My dear mother, when she saw me, shed tears of joy, and I, the *weather-beaten* tar of a *single voyage* to the West Indies, could not refrain from shedding tears also. Among my old playmates was *big Injun*. With a face very nearly as dark as the savage, they all courted my acquaintance, and gazed with delight at my sailor figure, while they listened with wonder and admiration to the account I gave them of the voyage, very much *exaggerated* of course!

After my boyhood's career at sea, during which time I made several voyages to the West Indies and North America, I served in various capacities on board ship, during which time I sailed to the four quarters of the globe, and visited some of the leading ports in the East and West Indies, North and South America, the Mediterranean Sea, the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora. But it would be futile on my part to endeavor to give even a brief account of the places I have visited, and the incidents connected therewith, as also those attending the life of a sailor, with its hardships, privations and hair breadth escapes, for pleasures there are but few (if any) suffice it to say (in *maritime parlance*), that "I went in through the hawsepipe and came out through the cabin window,"* and have served on board ship in almost every capacity, during a period of

* Which implies that a person has thoroughly studied the duties of a seaman, thus becoming competent to discharge them in every respect.

about 13 years, I therefore lay a decided claim to the title, *old salt!*

In 1848, I was married, and soon afterwards abandoned sea-faring life, and served in various occupations on *terra firma*, some of which were connected with shipping, till 1855, when I emigrated to this country, with a view to better my condition in life. How successful I have been in that particular I leave the reader to guess. I still work for a living, and expect to do so during the remainder of my career; but I find no fault with the opportunities I have had to make money, perfectly satisfied that *to make* and to *keep it* are two different things.*

For several years after my arrival in this country I looked forward with much pleasure to the time when circumstances would permit me to cross the broad Atlantic once more to pay a visit to my native land, and it was not until 1867, and after traveling much in this country (east, west and south), did the opportunity occur. I was not long making up my mind as to the day and date which would see me on board the steamer for Britain, so commenced immediately to put my worldly affairs in order, and as I had been in the habit of keeping a diary of the weather and events for many years, the thought instantly struck me that I would while on the trip keep a diary on a much more extensive scale, of scenes and events abroad. Hence "O'er the Atlantic!"

We left home on a beautiful day in June, when everything

* With all due respect for Shakespeare's assertion, "That there is a time in the affairs of men, &c.," some people make money by blundering *into* or *out* of an enterprise, and not because they are *smarter* than others, but owing to a "streak of luck."

around the house and neighborhood were dressed in nature's best. Sorry were we to leave, and it was not until the ponies were driven to the door to take us to the railway depot did the acute pangs of sorrow at parting from those so dear to us begin to take effect. A few inaudible words, kisses and tears, with a silent pressure of the hand was enough and we were gone—gone, we thought, perhaps to return no more, a thought which nigh determined us to turn back; but once on board the cars we felt somewhat better, and as we approached the great city of New York better still, where we arrived that afternoon, quite reconciled to the chances of a voyage to Europe. * * * * *

In introducing this little volume to the public, I would say that it was not written with the intention of putting it before them in its present form, but for insertion in the columns of a weekly newspaper, published by a particular friend of mine in Wilkes Barre, Pa., who done me the honor to publish the whole of my letters, under the heading "A Voyage to Europe," occupying about six months in their publication, which, I am pleased to say were read with much interest by the subscribers to the *Luzerne Union*, and others of my friends and acquaintances, some of whom on my arrival home importuned me to publish them in book form, which, after due thought and advice, I concluded to do, hence their appearance under a new name and in a new dress.

In conclusion I would avail myself of this opportunity to remark that while I am under many obligations to friends in Europe for information, and to *Kohl's History of Ireland*, *Woodward's History of Wales*, *Black's Guide*, &c' I claim no particular merit for the book, but, if I have managed to link together facts and incidents connected with the past

and present history of the places we visited interesting to my readers, I shall feel more than glad that my humble efforts to please have not been in vain.

W. E. WHYTE.

West Pittston, Pa., July 4th, 1870.

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O'ER THE ATLANTIC.

LETTER I.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK, *June 8th, 1867.*—The weather during the last few days has been sultry and hot, so much so that it has been quite oppressive. The steamship *Hibernia*, of the *Anchor Line*, Capt. Munro, plying between New York and Glasgow, left Pier 20, North River, about noon, on her voyage across the Atlantic, with a full list of cabin passengers, and a great many in the second cabin, intermediate and steerage, principally comprised of persons going to visit relatives and friends in various parts of Europe. Such being my own case. My wife and her brother accompanying me with a view of seeing scenes and life in the "Old World."

AT SEA.

Scarcely had we got off Sandy Hook, (where the pilot left us) before our fellow passengers began

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to feel the influence of a strong N. E. wind, which, being ahead, made the gallant ship as polite as a French dancing master, and ere the supper bell had rang, all, with but a few exceptions, were paying sickly tributes to Neptune. Thanks to my former experience of a seafaring life, I felt like partaking with a relish of the good things so nicely laid out for the evening repast, so sat down at the Captain's table with the *airs* of an old salt. At 8 p. m., wind increasing, bringing on sea-sickness among the passengers in its most terrible form. The cries and moans of the poor victims are pitiful to hear, some wishing they had never left *terra firma*, and others almost preferring death to the endurance of the malady, my wife and her brother not the least among the number, but they are fortunate in having me to devote that attention to them, which they could not otherwise get, for the stewards and stewardess have too much to do among so many passengers.

Midnight.—It now blows a gale of wind and the ship is under double reefed fore-and-aft sails, and laboring heavy, the more so, in consequence of being loaded by the head with seventy-five tons of coal, temporarily stowed in the waist* before leaving New York, large quantities of which is washed away as she dives under a head sea, which put me in mind of an old sea phrase: "He that goes to sea for pleasure may go to h—l

* Forward Gangway.

strong N. E. wind, the gallant ship as master, and ere the with but a few excep- tributes to Neptune. erience of a seafaring h a relish of the good r the evening repast, 's table with the *airs* m., wind increasing, ong the passengers in e cries and moans of to hear, some wishing *ma*, and others almost arance of the malady, t the least among the mate in having me to m, which they could wards and stewardess s so many passengers. s a gale of wind and efed fore-and-aft sails, re so, in consequenc ead with seventy-five towed in the waist* large quantities of e dives under a head of an old sea phrase: easure may go to h—l

for pastime." But such is life, for how often do we pay for that we do not really enjoy.

9th.—This is the Sabbath. Wind as yesterday, but accompanied with a cold, drizzling rain. All the passengers, with the exception of two gentlemen and myself, still very much under the dire influence of sea-sickness, a profitable time to the owners so far as *dieting* is concerned. Noon—Passed a barque bound to the eastward, but *laying too** under close reefed main topsail, and laboring very heavy, very much more so than ourselves—during the last thirty-six hours we have made but little headway.

10th.—Fine and clear day with a strong breeze from the old quarter (N. E.) Passengers still in the arms of Neptune, especially the ladies. Afternoon—less wind, set more sail, i. e. by shaking out the reefs of the fore and aft sails. Some gentlemen passengers have made their appearance on deck, cutting but a sorry figure, having anything but "sea legs" under them. To-day made the acquaintance of Capt. Munro and the doctor (Flemington) of the ship, two unsophisticated sociable men. Evening—more moderate, made the acquaintance of Mr. Reed, the chief officer, with whom I had a long talk while walking the deck *a la sailor*, a gentleman I am much pleased with. All the officers seem to be very gentlemanly and sociable men, just the

* Hove too. Keeping head to wind and sea as near as possible, so as to weather the gale the easier.

kind of men who should officer a passenger vessel.

11th.—A beautiful morning with pleasant breeze, but still ahead. A great many of the passengers feel better and are able to sit at the breakfast table, a mixed company, comprised of *Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh and American*; of Welsh there are only two, myself and a gentleman named Thomas, from Utica, N. Y., with whom I was acquainted eleven years ago, since which time I had not seen him until we met on board, after being two days out of New York, when, after some little conversation *pro* and *con*, we recollected each other—glad were we to meet under such peculiar circumstances and renew old acquaintance. Mr. Thomas is bound to the same part of Wales as myself—his parents reside about twenty miles from my native place. We now begin to be better acquainted with the officers of the ship. Captain Munro is the idol of his subordinates, whom they familiarly term the old man, not because he is any older than either of them, but because it is a sort of endearment. Mr. Reed, the chief officer, is a plain, matter-of-fact man, every inch a sailor. Not one of those kid glove kind, but a whole-soul, straight-up-and-down tar of the old school! he passed the principal part of his life in the East India trade, some portion as master, and it is presumed that so soon as a vacancy occurs in this line he will be

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promoted to captain. Mr. Johnson, the second officer, is quite a young man, and one that will no doubt make his mark in the profession. Mr. Henderson, the third officer, is an elderly man, and I understand is to succeed Mr. Johnson as second on the ship next voyage, for Mr. Johnson is to remain on shore to undergo the usual examination for promotion before the Government Board of Examiners, which is very strict in the British Merchant Marine service, for no man is allowed to act as an officer on board of ship unless duly qualified to do so, a system we would do well to adopt in the United States Merchant Marine. Dr. Flemington and the purser Mr. Brown, two very polite gentlemen, make themselves very agreeable, and escort the ladies up and down the deck with that gallantry so generally unusual among sea-faring men, in short, they flirt with the ladies, play with the children, and do all in their power to make all comfortable and happy. Mr. MacTammany, the chief engineer, is also a very pleasant person. To-day Capt. Munro introduced a game to be played on the quarter deck, called *shuffle*, which is simply a number of squares formed of chalk lines on the deck and numbered so as to count fifteen each way, then the player stands twenty feet off with a long stick in his hand, resembling a billiard cue rest, and pushes with it a round block of wood with a flat surface towards the squares, when he that counts the most, which

depends upon which square his block rests, wins the game. This is an amusing and interesting game, and not without its excitement, a game that will serve much to do away with the monotony of a sea voyage.

12th.—During the night we had light airs, and in the early morning a calm. At noon, a light wind from the *old corner*. All the passengers on deck forgetful of the past, some playing shuffle, now becoming quite popular, others throwing rope quoits over a wooden peg and into a bucket, others reading, and away aft are some Democrats and Republicans discussing American politics, which, I am afraid, will not make any of them the wiser, for stubbornness will predominate on both sides. This evening a Rev. Mr. Kennedy, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sprowl, from Pittsburgh, held divine service in the cabin, and later, a *Scotch piper* marched up and down the whole length of the ship, as stately as if a *Laird of the Isles*, playing upon his bags the most popular airs of Scotland, much to the delight and amusement of the passengers, after which, the passengers retired to the cabin to enjoy a game of chess, checkers, whist, euchre, &c., the Captain, Doctor and Purser joining in with them.

13th.—A fair wind and warmer weather, all sail set, and a full head of steam on, expect to be on the banks of Newfoundland this afternoon. 2:30 P. M. signalled the American ship *West*.

moreland bound West. Evening—Wind increasing and shifting to the N. W. Shortened sail. Night—Wind more northerly accompanied with cold rain.

14th.—This morning light airs, yet we are making good headway under steam. We are now crossing the banks, in a fog, with the fog-whistle going every few minutes, to warn ships that possibly may be in our track, of our presence. Noon—drizzling cold rain. Evening—passed a French barque at anchor, with her boats out catching codfish.—Codfishing on the banks of Newfoundland is quite an extensive and lucrative business; during the season hundreds of vessels of various tonnage, from 100 to 500 tons, are engaged in catching and salting the fish, after which, they leave for various places to unload and dry the fish for market; many of those vessels, while on the banks, get run down by steamers and other vessels crossing to the eastward and westward during the thick fogs which generally prevail in these latitudes, and which often result in the partial or total destruction of one or the other of the ships colliding. It is therefore highly necessary to keep a good lookout. Steamers, in addition to their fog-whistles, carry lights of various colors, one at the foremast head and one on each side, starboard and larboard of the bridge. Sailing vessels blow a fog-horn and keep their bells ringing, which resembles a funeral knell, hence every precaution is, or if not,

should be exercised to prevent, which too often occurs, ships getting into collision.—I recollect, when in the Quebec trade many years ago, on the passage home, crossing the banks during a heavy gale of wind from the N. W., it was at night, the ship running before the wind under double reefed topsails, suddenly and within half a cable's length of us a small schooner was seen on our starboard quarter, hove too, with the helm lashed down* and the crew all below. A minute or so earlier she must have crossed our bows, a narrow escape for her, for had the ship struck her we would have run clean over her, and sent her and the crew without a second's warning into the land of fishes. This was in my boyhood days, but it seems as though it was but yesterday.

* To dispense with the services of a man at the helm.

LETTER II.

AT SEA, CONTINUED.

June 15th.—Strong cold northerly wind, and long-swelled sea, which causes the ship to roll very much, creating among some of the passengers a second attack of sea sickness. Noon—we are now seven days from New York, and over the banks of Newfoundland, going ten knots* per hour, distance run, only 1200 miles, yet, if we have luck, may possibly complete the passage by this day week (Saturday). Evening—more moderate but still quite cold, causing me to miss very much the good services of my overcoat, which I negligently left behind in the railway car at Scranton, Pa. Night—beautifully clear moonlight, two hours difference in time between us and New York.

16th.—Early morning a dead calm, or what is generally termed by sailors, "Paddy's hurricane" up and down the masts and all over the decks," and heavy swelled sea, the ship rolls very much.

* A sea mile.

Six A. M.—a pleasant breeze from the west, which continued until the afternoon, when it veered around to the S. W., which enables us to set our fore and aft sails as well as our square sails. Ship going eleven knots. We are now in what is termed the "Rolling Forties" (40° north lat.), where the sea is generally in a very turbulent and excited state, skipping and jumping like boiling water. Evening—a drizzling rain with the wind from the same quarter but freshening. Ship doing well. Divine service was held in the cabin this morning and evening, Rev. Mr. Kennedy officiating.

17th.—This morning it blows a strong gale from the S. W., with a very high sea. Ship going thirteen knots under all the canvas and steam she can carry—such weather as we are having is quite unusual for *June*; none of us anticipated such rough cold weather this season of the year. Afternoon—wind shifted more to the westward, and the ship is running right before it, with the sea very high, causing her to roll and pitch heavily—notwithstanding, she proves herself to be an excellent sea boat. Most of the passengers are now confined to their rooms, some sea sick, and others for the want of "sea legs" to enable them to move about. Evening—passed a ship on larboard tack* under close reefed main-top sail and mizzen stay sail, † bound to the westward.

* Wind off the right bow.

† Hove too, making little or no headway.

Night—more moderate, divine service held in the cabin, the Rev. Mr. Sprowl officiating.

18th.—Early morning—still more moderate, with the wind from the N. W. Later—squally with rain and a slight fall of snow (queer weather for June) all the canvas set and the ship going eleven knots. Noon—worked the ship's latitude for the first time in eighteen years, the sun's altitude was 60 deg. 51 min., and the declination 23 deg. 25 min. N., which gave the latitude 52 deg. 22 min. N. Here our course was changed to E.S. E. from E. by S.; difference in time between us and New York 3 hours and 15 minutes, and distance to Moville, Londonderry, 950 miles. Two P. M.—passed and signalled the Montreal R. M. S. S. *Nestorian*, five days out from Liverpool and four from Londonderry. Later—passed two sailing ships on the larboard tack,* bound westward. Evening—squally, with rain and hail. 8 P. M. a committee met to draft a testimonial, testifying our appreciation of the very gentlemanly and polite attention paid us by the captain and his officers during the passage. We have now become as members of one family and begin to feel some regret at the prospect of a speedy separation, for notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, we have passed ten days together in the most sociable and agreeable manner. A difference of opinions has certainly often occurred, for instance, on politics, and the

*Wind off the left bow.

relative abilities of Generals Grant, McClellan, Sherman and others, all of which occurred in good feeling and without anger.

19th.—An exceedingly fine morning, neither too warm nor too cold, a pleasant breeze continues from the N. W. with a moderate sea, the ship going from ten to eleven knots. Noon—passed and signalled the steamer *Iowa*, of this line, which left Glasgow on the 14th inst., and Londonderry on the 15th, bound to New York.—Afternoon—wind shifted round to the northwest. Evening—the wind still drawing ahead; 8 P. M., wind from N. E.; ship close hauled* but going her course S. E. by E., 1-2 E., it has again become quite cold. Night—fresh breeze, and "all's well" is heard from the quartermaster as he strikes the hour on the bell, which is promptly responded to by the lookout man on the fore-castle deck.

How different the evenings are in these latitudes to what they are in New York and Pennsylvania; there, almost as soon as the sun sets, darkness covers the earth, but here we have hours of beautiful twilight, which must be seen to be appreciated, and now, at 10 P. M., we can see to read on deck. Such a beautiful soft light; and I am informed by the captain that in Glasgow, at this season of the year, it continues to 11 o'clock almost as light as day, thus making the night very short, for the sun rises as early as 3

* Sails placed so as to be of some benefit.

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A. M. How delightful this must be to those persons engaged in field labor, and who wish to evade working out in the heat of the day. How pleased the hard working man in America would be if he could, during the summer months, enjoy such a privilege.

I have now made up my mind to go ashore at Londonderry and go from thence, via Belfast and other places, to Dublin by rail, thence by the government mail steamer to Holyhead, &c., which will give us an opportunity to see a great deal of Ireland, leaving Scotland until our return homeward.

20th.—Light and variable wind, ship going her course under steam, square sails furled, and fore and aft sails drawing but slightly.* Noon—pleasant with smooth sea. Distance to Moville, Londonderry, 468 miles. Afternoon—furled all sails, they being of no use, ship going nine knots under steam alone. Evening—the same.

This evening a Dr. Maxon, of Geneva, N. Y., by special request of the captain and officers of the ship, delivered a lecture in the cabin on the "Immortality of the Soul." The subject was well handled by him, but it was too deep for the craniums of ordinary persons. The doctor is on his way to Paris and other cities of the Old World to gather more information and to dive further into metaphysics. He is no doubt an exceedingly talented man, and has, I am

* Doing but little good.

informed, written and published some very excellent works relating to the medical profession. 11 P. M.—beautiful twilight, most of the passengers on deck.

21st.—A fine but light breeze, and from a point which enables us to carry fore and aft sails. The captain expects to make Torry Island (forty miles from Moville) to-morrow morning from 6 to 7 o'clock, or some point on the west coast of Ireland earlier. Lots of Irish coast sea gulls hover around the ship now, a sure indication that we are nearing land. Afternoon—cloudy, with appearance of rain. Evening—beautiful twilight. Capt. Munro was presented this evening after divine service, by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, with the written testimonial signed by the cabin and second cabin passengers, expressive of the feeling they entertain for him and his officers. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Kennedy and replied to in a few happy remarks by the captain, on behalf of himself and officers. Resolutions were then made that copies of the testimonial be published in Glasgow, Londonderry and New York newspapers.

22d.—Early morning, a pleasant breeze from the same quarter. Land was seen at 5 A. M. on our starboard bow (the western coast of Ireland); at 6 A. M. sighted the island of Torry; at 1:30 passed closely to the R. M. S. S. *St. Andrew*, of the Montreal line, outward bound, the passengers of which cheered us lustily as we passed by. 3 P. M.

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Saw the steamship *Britania*, of this line, outward bound, but too far to signal her. At 3:30 the pilot came on board, and we soon got off the village of Moville, where the steam tug came alongside and took off all those going to Londonderry. We soon cast off from the big ship* amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs by those we left behind to proceed further, and then steamed up Lough Foyle against wind and tide; at 6 P. M. we arrived alongside the quay in Derry, and were soon besieged with custom-house officers and porters, the one eager to examine our trunks, and the others fighting and scrambling among themselves, as to who should convey them to the hotels and elsewhere, which was at last settled, but not without some knock-downs between them and the police, of whom there was a good sprinkling. After some difficulty I succeeded in getting our baggage through the hands of the officers, and into the hands of a decent kind of Irishman porter, who conveyed them on a handcart to the *Commercial Hotel*, one of the best hotels in the city of Derry, where we were soon comfortably seated at our evening repast, composed of beef steak, (fine and tender) fresh

*Unfortunately, this fine ship, in a little more than a year afterwards, was lost. She went down when 700 miles off the Irish coast, caused by the breaking of her shaft in a heavy sea. This was on the 25th of November, 1868, and among the lost was Mr. Reed, the first officer, and the chief-engineer, Mr. MacTammany. Among the saved were Capt. Munro, and the purser, Mr. Brown, together with some others of the crew and a few passengers.

cockles (small shell fish), good bread and butter, and delicious tea, which was served up in good style, amid much bowing and scraping, exceeding polite attention.

In my next I will give a brief account of this ancient city and its walls.

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LETTER III.

IRELAND.

LONDONDERRY.--"There are not," says *Kohl's Ireland*, "any authentic records of Londonderry, but for many centuries, up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, its history is almost ecclesiastical, its name Doire, from the old word *Dru* or *Drew*, signifying an oak wood, has been preserved. The island of Derry itself, and the entire district surrounding it, having been covered with a dense forest at one time, in the tenth century, it went by the additional name of *Calgaic* or *Calgach*, the name of some renowned warrior, signifying the *oak wood* of the warrior; later it went by the name of *Doire-choliom-cille*, or *Derry-Columb Kille*, in honor of a Saint Colum, a native of Tyrconnell (Donegal); still later it went by the name of *Termon-doire*, or *Termonderry*, from the *Termon* or free lands belonging to an abbey erected in the neighborhood. All these names gave place in 1612 for the prefix *London*, hence *Londonderry*, when a charter was granted it in that name by James the first. The charter

was granted to a company of London merchants, who advanced the necessary means to incorporate the city. The river up to the city derived its name thus: Febail-mee-Loddin, or *Farel* the son of *Loddin* was drowned in the Lough, hence Lough-farel or *Foyle*, which means a slow flowing stream."

At this time the town or village consisted only of one long street of huts or cabins built of rough timber and mud, and a cell or crypt planted here by St. Columb was then called *Duible-regles*, or *Duo-Regles* (black cell), and thence to Black Abbey Church, which was situated in the dense part of the grove near to the spot on which the present Roman Catholic Cathedral stands, which in 1164 was torn down and rebuilt much larger, and called *Teampull-mor* (more Temple); the present parish is called *Templemore*.

A great portion of the present inward city* was built by the citizens of London in the reign of James the first, and fortified with extensive and substantial walls for defence, having no less than six gates or main entrances, called respectively Bishop's gate, Ship Quay gate, New gate, Ferry gate, Castle gate and Old gate.

There are two bridges across the Foyle, one a very handsome structure, built of iron, and the other of wood. I make mention of those more particularly, because the latter, I was informed,

* That part within the walls.

was built by an American in 1791, at an outlay of nearly £20,000, or \$100,000; there are also here a Monument and two Cathedrals, the former erected to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, the brave and undaunted defender of the city, when assailed by James the second's troops in 1688. The cathedrals are of gothic architecture, one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic. I had the pleasure of attending divine service in the former on Sunday, and was very much pleased with the services, especially the singing, and the high tones of a very fine organ, which made the old building vibrate. In this cathedral hang some of the colors used during the memorable siege.

In 1688 the city was besieged by James the second for one hundred and five days, during which time the inhabitants suffered much for the want of the commonest necessaries to sustain life; indeed, to such extremities were they reduced, that they had to partake of dogs, rats and other vermin to satisfy the pangs of hunger, thousands dying of actual starvation. They were eventually rescued from this terrible state by the arrival of ships of war loaded with provisions, &c., which, after some fighting with the enemy assembled outside the walls, succeeded in relieving them, and the next day after their arrival the enemy was seen to be in retreat. Thus ended one of the most terrible sieges ever known, and during which there were killed and died of hunger

about 10,000 soldiers and citizens. This was during the eventful war between James the second (catholic) on the one side, and William, Prince of Orange (protestant), on the other.— Father-in-law against son-in-law. The catholic army outside the walls was under the command of Lord Antrim, while the city we may say was under the immediate command of the Rev. George Walker, who had been elected Governor, to whose indomitable will and unflinching courage is to be attributed the success of the protestant army.

There are several fine buildings here, among which are the bishop's palace, on which spot the old antiquated abbey stood in the early days of Derry; a gothic church on James street; the chapel of Ease, a plain and unassuming building, erected at the expense of one bishop Barnard, in 1768, the pastor of which is paid from a fund bequeathed by the bishop for that purpose. The roman catholic cathedral stands on the spot where stood the "Teampull-mor, Temple-more, Great Church," and has in it a splendid new organ, and a very fine altarpiece by Haydens. It is built very much after the style of the protestant cathedral, faced with Irish granite and decorated with Scotch free-stone, and cost an enormous amount of money, the amount I did not learn.— There are also what are called meeting-houses (churches) here, four of which are Presbyterian. A large infirmary or hospital erected in 1810. A

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lunatic asylum of imposing appearance. Gwyn's
charitable institution, affording a comfortable
home for male orphans, and erected from the
proceeds of a bequest made by a Mr. Gwyn, linen
merchant of the city. The Foyle and Magee
colleges are beautiful buildings, and well worth
a visit. The former was built by public sub-
scription, while the latter was built from the
funds appropriated by a Mrs. Magee of Dublin
to build a college for the education of clergymen
for the presbyterian church. There are also sev-
eral very excellent schools here, foremost among
which is the national model school, a beautiful
gothic building, and lastly a very fine building
appropriated to a library, newsroom, chamber of
commerce, &c. It is here is located Mehan's
celebrated distillery, so well known in America
for its manufacture of the "crayter" (whiskey).

I will now, before taking leave of Londonderry,
avail myself of the opportunity to allude to a
circumstance which transpired just as we were
on the eve of leaving for Belfast, and which de-
tained us some considerable more time in Derry
than we expected. It appears that the British
Consul at New York put some document in the
hands of the purser of the steamer just as the
ship was leaving her dock, addressed to the
Chief of Constabulary at Londonderry, stating
that there was a man and his wife among the
passengers going to Derry, who, he was informed,
were Fenian emissaries, having in their posses-

sion important documents for delivery in Ireland. Who the man was, was not known to any person on board, but on Monday morning about break-fast time, the Commercial hotel, was besieged with gentlemen dressed in dark green cloth, equipped *a la militaire*, who guarded strictly the hotel entrances and to every room therein; trunks were ordered to be unlocked and emptied of their contents, and innumerable questions asked, which occupied quite a time, till at last a man called Birch was inquired for, and on his being pointed out to the officer in command, he was immediately put under arrest and kept a strict watch over until everything he had with him, and about him and his wife, had undergone a rigid search, and he had rendered a good and satisfactory account of themselves. Nothing was found or elicited justifying their detention, so they were set at large, when the captain of the force apologised for the inconvenience and delay caused us, remarking, "but such, gentlemen, are our duties. My orders are to obey even if it breaks masters." Turning to me and politely taking my arm he led me aside, addressing me at the same time, "your name is W—, sir, I believe." "Yes sir," I replied. "From the description given me by Mr. Murray, the agent for the Anchor Line, I took you to be the person. You are one of the American local agents for the line, Mr. Murray informs me." I replied, "I am." "Then sir," said he, "I will not trouble you or

for delivery in Ireland. known to any person day morning about commercial hotel, was dressed in dark *militaire*, who guarded and to every room and to be unlocked and and innumerable ques- quite a time, till at inquired for, and on the officer in command, der arrest and kept a rying he had with wife, had undergone rendered a good and selves. Nothing was their detention, so n the captain of the onvenience and delay such, gentlemen, are e to obey even if it to me and politely aside, addressing me ame is W—, sir, I l. "From the descrip- ray, the agent for the be the person. You al agents for the line, I replied, "I am." I not trouble you or

your lady to unlock your trunks, and indeed, I am of the opinion, now that I have searched this man Birch, that there are no *Fenians* among you, and I can only account for the British consul's information, that this man must have had an enemy who was determined to persecute him on his arrival in this country."* He then, after very politely wishing us good bye and good speed, ordered his men from off the premises, and then took his leave, much to the satisfaction of us all, who began to pack up, lock up and strap down for our journey onwards, we taking our departure for Belfast direct.

* This proved to be the case, for, on his arrival home, he learned that a clerk who had been in his employ, and with whom he had quarrelled, had done it for revenge.

LETTER IV.

IRELAND, CONTINUED.

BELFAST.—We arrived here after passing through Coleraine, Ballymoney, Antrim, Carrickfergus and other intermediate places, a most beautiful country, well may it be called the "Emerald Isle," for a more delightful green than that of the fields sown with flax, wheat, &c., never was seen. Here and there we saw the peasantry at work, mowing hay, and others cutting turf and piling it up in neat piles to dry, large quantities of which is used for fuel throughout the country; and which kindles equal if not better than coal.

Belfast has a population of 130,000. "This great and astonishing city," writes Kohl, "with all its houses and inhabitants, stands upon the territory of one proprietor, the Marquis of Donegal, to whom the whole town belongs and to whom every citizen pays tribute." I informed myself that this nobleman's income from the town alone amounts to £300,000 per annum, or \$1,500,000. The whole of this vast property is

situated on the river Lagan, which flows into Belfast Lough. The harbor, which is very fine, derived its name from the Irish Beal-nafarsad, which signifies the "mouth of the ford," whereon the town is situated. The city is celebrated for its manufacture of linen and poplin, which gives employment to about 60,000 persons (male and female.) The first Bible (i. e. in all Ireland), was printed here and published in 1794. It was here the oldest Irish periodical, the *Weekly Magazine*, was originally published, (see Kohl's Ireland), and at present the following newspapers are published here: *Belfast News Letter*, established 1737, and issued now daily; *Morning News*, *Banner of Ulster*, and the *Ulster Observer*, all tri-weekly papers. There are numerous and very fine buildings in Belfast, among which I will name the Museum, in College Square, in which there is a very fine collection of Irish antiquities. Linen Hall, Donegal Square, erected in 1715, at a cost of £10,000, where all the business appertaining to the linen trade is managed. Ulster Hall, on Bedford street, used for public meetings and concerts, and will seat 3,000 persons. In this hall is a very powerful and excellent organ, and the front of the building is adorned with six very massive columns, which gives it a very imposing appearance. Then there are the Music Hall, Model School, the Government School of Design, and a great number of churches, chapels, &c. The Queen's bridge,

which now occupies the place of the great old bridge, built in 1682, consisting then of twenty-one arches, very much damaged by Schomberg's cannon passing over it, is now an elegant structure, with its five arches of great length instead of the old twenty-one.

The botanical garden we were informed is well worthy of a visit from the stranger, especially to those who are fond of flowers, plants, &c., of which there is a very elegant and carefully selected assortment.

We will now take leave of Belfast and pass through Lisburn, Lurgan, Armagh, Portadown, along the granite Mourne mountains, getting a glimpse of Rosstrevor, Warren point and Newry on our way to—

DUNDALK.—This is truly an ancient town, and was at one time fortified; the ruins of the walls still remain. Dundalk can boast of being the last place where a *monarch* was crowned in Ireland. This was Robert Bruce, of Scotland, who, at the Irish request, came over after the battle of Bannock-burn. He landed with a large army and took Dundalk by storm, "and resided here in great splendor until 1318," (Kohl's his. I.) when it was retaken after a dreadful battle, or series of battles by the English, and Bruce killed.

There are some distilleries, breweries and flour mills located here, and the principal trade is done with Liverpool. The public buildings are a fine old Parish church, a handsome Roman Catholic

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church, Presbyterian and other meeting houses,
National bank, &c. The seat of Lord Roden is
open to the curious, the mansion is a very fine
turretted building and the grounds are beautifully
laid out. Having no time to spare to visit the
interior I have no further description to give of
this fine mansion.

Leaving Dundalk we proceeded on our way,
passing by *Tara*, the most interesting spot in all
Ireland. "Here the magnificent palace of King
Cormac and his brave champions stood. The
place is called *Ternar* from *Teagh-mor*, the *Great
House*, or *Teagh-mor-ragh*, the great house of the
King." (K. H. I.) The poet Moore sings of
"Tara's Hall":

"The harp that once through Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled."

On we sped pass Dangan castle the birth place
of the hero of Waterloo (the late Duke of Wel-
lington) and Duleck (Damhleac) i. e. the stone
house, where the first stone church in Ireland
was built by St. Patrick in the fifth century.
Leaving behind us Slane and New Grande, we
arrive in—

DROGHEDA. This ancient town is situated on
the banks of the river Boyne, so celebrated in
Irish history, coupled with the names of James
the second, and William, Prince of Orange. It
has a population of probably 20,000 inhabitants,

one-half of which are Roman Catholics, and lies in the counties of Meath and Louth. The town was at one time surrounded by a wall, portions of which still remain, as also two of the gateways, fine old ruins. Drogheda is directly opposite Liverpool, distance 135 miles, and has a very good harbor. In the days of the English Commonwealth, Cromwell led an army in person against this town and defeated the garrison. Two thousand persons under arms were by his orders put to the sword, including the Governor, Sir Authur Aston—a blot in the life of Cromwell never to be erased. On the north side of the river stands an Obelisk, erected on the battle field of the Boyne, which took place on the first of July, 1690, between the Prince of Orange and his father-in-law, James the second, when the latter was defeated and obliged to fly as fast as horse could carry him to a seaport down the coast, where on his arrival at a castle he accosted the lady who received him, with "Madam, your Irishmen run like deer." "So I would suppose, from the appearance of your Majesty, who it appears has run much faster." The Obelisk marks the spot where William commenced the attack, as also where Schomberg, the military commander of Ireland, was killed.

We will now bid adieu to Drogheda, the scene of so much merciless slaughter and crnelty, and push on through the quaint and old

LETTER V.

IRELAND, CONTINUED.

DUBLIN.—Here we arrived late at night and were quickly driven in a cab to the *Angel Hotel*, on Inn's Quay, where we were recommended to go by a gentleman whose acquaintance we made on board the train from Newry. We found it not exactly what we would like, but when at breakfast the next morning, in the coffee room, we had the pleasure of meeting and making the acquaintance of a Mr. Sause and his daughter, from Troy, N. Y., who, like ourselves, were "after taking a look at ould Ireland." He was a native of the Green Isle, but had been absent for many years, and had recently been on a visit to his aged mother in the south. They had just come from the lakes of Killarney, and were on their way across the channel to visit Paris. We passed a very pleasant time together, for our tastes and ideas were similar.*

* I have had the pleasure of several interviews with Mr. S. since, and also of making the acquaintance of the other members of his family.

The city can be reached in eleven hours from London via Holyhead in North Wales, from which point the Royal mail steamers leave thrice daily for Kingston, thence on here by train, an expeditious route, which is quite a convenience to the traveling public. I will now proceed to give you a brief account of the metropolis of Ireland.

It is situated on the banks of the river Liffey, which river runs through the centre of the city. Here much of the celebrated Irish poplins are manufactured, which can be purchased at from 5 to 6s. per yard (\$1.50 in gold), and here are very many fine buildings, public and commercial, a few of which we visited, and among which, first and foremost, I will name the government house, castle and chapel, (the Lord Lieutenant's place of abode). We were, in return for a small fee, politely shown through the various state apartments, by the lady and gentleman in charge during his Excellency's absence in London. The castle itself is not of a very imposing appearance. It was built for the defense of the peaceable inhabitants against the aggressions of unruly neighbors, for nothing but strength seems to be their idea in its construction. There are two towers, one called the Bedford and the other the Birmingham; no access can be had to either of those, for they are used as government archives. The Viceregal chapel, of beautiful external and internal appearance, is used by the Lord Lieutenant and his household.

Around the gallery, are carved the arms of the various Lord Lieutenants from 1173 to 1814, while those of later date are on the painted windows. All the seats, desks, etc., are of richly carved oak, and over the altar window, which represents the passion, beautifully blended in colors, are elegant figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. We pass from this beautiful little place of worship, and enter into the Viceregal apartments. The first room is the Presence Chamber, containing the throne of the Representative of Royalty, which we had the honor of seating ourselves on, a circumstance, rest assured, that did not improve our condition religiously, morally or politically. This room is richly furnished with hangings embroidered with gold. The next room we were taken into was the Council Chamber, which contains rare and beautiful portraits in oil, of Viceroys, commencing with the Marquis Cornwallis, *the same Cornwallis* who had the honor of surrendering his sword, many years ago, to the "Father of his country,"—the *immortal Washington*, after which, in 1800, he was made Viceroy of Ireland, with the title of Marquis. From this room we passed into the private drawing room, gorgeously furnished, and lastly into St. Patrick's hall, used occasionally as a ball room. On the ceiling is a large painting of George III, supported by justice and liberty, St. Patrick preaching to the native Irish, and the submission of the Irish.

chiefs to Henry II, one of whom is in the act of delivering the keys of the fortress to Henry. After going through some other apartments, richly furnished, but of no note, we took our leave, and drove to see the exterior of St. Patrick's cathedral.* This venerable pile is situated on the spot where St. Patrick had a well to baptize his converts, and there built a place of worship, which stood in 890. The present cathedral was partly erected in 1190, for a portion of it was destroyed by fire in 1362, after which much was added to it by Archbishop Minot in 1370; the present steeple is of this date. Mr. Guinness, the great Dublin brewer, generously expended, since 1860, upon this venerable building, upwards of £100,000, or \$500,000: thus it has been nearly restored to its original beauty. Taking our departure from here we went to the general post office on Sackville street, and nearly opposite the Nelson monument. The post office is a beautiful building, surmounted by figures of Hibernia, Mercy and Fidelity. The Nelson monument is a fluted column of 121 feet high, and cost \$40,000, raised among Irishmen who admired the naval genius of the hero of so many battles, and who ended his brilliant career with that of Trafalgar. We afterwards visited the custom house, Trinity college and other public buildings of imposing and very fine architecture.

* It was not open to visitors at that time.

Next day we drove to Phœnix park in a *jaunting car*, whereon you are seated back to back, over the wheels, a peculiar vehicle to Ireland alone. There we witnessed a sham fight, and a review of the troops stationed here, a very magnificent sight. There were upwards of 3,000 men under arms, the music of the bands was very fine, and the movements of both men and horses remarkably precise. Indeed, they seemed to move like machinery, and a delightful place is Phœnix park. We drove from there to the Zoological gardens to see the wild beasts, thence to Glasnevin cemetery, where there are monuments equal to any I have seen in Greenwood, New York. On our arrival we were not long before our attention was attracted to the spot where rest the remains of the great Daniel O'Connell. They but temporarily rest where they are at present, which is a vault with an iron gateway; the massive sarcophagus rests on stands, with the large wreath of evergreens and flowers used at the funeral laying on top, and still looking remarkably fresh and green. The name "*O'Connell*" is rudely written on a board over the doorway. When surveying the place I could not avoid remarking to my companions that "Here, indeed, lies Ireland's great agitator, whose memory will remain in the hearts of his countrymen as green as the fields of their native Isle." Soon the remains will be removed to their last resting place, now in course of construction, over which is a granite round tower

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160 feet high, erected in the old tower style (i. e. the old Irish round tower.) It is anything but beautiful, but can be seen for miles away as marking the spot where it is all that was ever mortal of the great agitator. The space around the tower is surrounded with a deep moat, and in the vault, opening into this moat, are the remains of Steele, O'Connell's staunch friend. Above the door is written "Honest Tom Steele." We passed away from here, and next visited the tomb of Curran and other past celebrities, who have gone to that distant home never to return among us again. Leaving here, we proceeded to the city, passing on our way the celebrated Mount Joy prison, wherein were incarcerated the Fenian chiefs, McCafferty, Burke, O'Brien* and others of the brotherhood. I certainly felt very much for those unfortunates, doomed as they are to pass the remainder of their days within prison walls, subject to the coarse address and command of their keepers. McCafferty I had seen in New York, when making his speech as *special envoy* from Stephens, before a Jones' Wood audience. Poor fellow, he was then full of hope, and his proud and defiant eye glistened when recounting, as he affirmed, his country's wrongs.

After visiting St. Stephen's Green, where there are fine statutes of George II. and of the Earl of

* O'Brien has been released on certain conditions, and I have since made his acquaintance at Troy, N. Y.

Eglinton, once Viceroy of Ireland, the bank of Ireland, and other places of note, we prepared to leave the Emerald Isle to cross over to Wales. But a few remarks about Ireland and its people will not be inappropriate before taking my leave of their country.

IRELAND, no doubt, is one of the finest and most fertile countries in the world, and abounds with precious minerals which, with its flax, linen and other trade, is sufficient to supply thrice the laboring community there at present; but while the rich Irish nobility or property holders will persist in going abroad to spend that which they should spend among their tenantry and in the country generally, but poor hopes remain for Ireland; for if poverty, of which I must acknowledge I saw no more there than I have elsewhere,* is to be attributed to any cause whatever, it is decidedly to the apathy of the rich and prodigal Irish land owners, who suck the life blood out of their tenantry by way of high rents, which money they lavish in England and on the continent of Europe. Such men—men of no enterprise, who live for themselves alone, could do more, if they so willed it, for the pecuniary, intellectual and moral prosperity of the inhabitants of the soil from which they gather the means to live in splendor and idleness, and in return for which they would have the gratitude, love and respect of a generous and warm-hearted people.

* The greatest poverty exists in the Southern provinces.

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O'er the Atlantic.

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Taking the train one fine morning early to
Kingston, by the way a very pretty place, where
we got on board a Royal mail steamer to break-
fast, we were in the course of a few hours safely
landed on the other side of the Irish channel—
(North Wales).

LETTER VI.

WALES.

HOLYHEAD.—Here we staid only for a short time so as to view the pier or breakwater in course of erection and nearly complete, which is 1,000 feet long with a light house on the extreme end. This vast piece of masonry is to protect and shelter vessels while at anchor from the fury of wind and sea. Three government steamers for the purpose of carrying mails and passengers to and from Ireland leave here daily for Kingston. The immense sum of £700,000 has been expended by the British government in constructing and improving the harbor. The Welsh name of the town is *Caer Gybi*, i. e. the Fort of *Cybi*, the latter word being the name of a certain saint who died here, the old church is dedicated to that patron saint. On a rock three miles away is a light house, called the South Stack. The light is produced from twenty-one lamps, with powerful reflectors, and is 212 feet above low water mark. This light house is erected on a rock separated from the main land

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al other smaller ones. Considerably good views of the presence of the Hon. Col. Pennant, M. P. the Wexford coast and other points arrived on Conway with a screech from the Conway tunnel, the castle, emerging look out for the Old pleasure of seeing, rate of 60 miles per celebrated in Welsh being the finest at its old. Its walls are of eight circular towers, Edward the first. It magnificent, but the most was in all Britain. My consort, Ellen, (mother of the Prince of Wales), spent Christmas at the castle, so desirable to the Prince, born in Carnarvon "Dien," (I serve), is a (your man.) King (Llewellyn ap Iorwerth), then King of Wales, who were celebrated "Baron" by some 3,000 men and

chiefs to Henry II, one of whom is in the act of delivering the keys of the fortress to Henry. After going through some other apartments, richly furnished, but of no note, we took our leave, and drove to see the exterior of St. Patrick's cathedral.* This venerable pile is situated on the spot where St. Patrick had a well to baptize his converts, and there built a place of worship, which stood in 890. The present cathedral was partly erected in 1190, for a portion of it was destroyed by fire in 1362, after which much was added to it by Archbishop Minot in 1370; the present steeple is of this date. Mr. Guinness, the great Dublin brewer, generously expended, since 1860, upon this venerable building, upwards of £100,000, or \$500,000; thus it has been nearly restored to its original beauty. Taking our departure from here we went to the general post office on Sackville street, and nearly opposite the Nelson monument. The post office is a beautiful building, surmounted by figures of Hibernia, Mercy and Fidelity. The Nelson monument is a fluted column of 121 feet high, and cost \$40,000, raised among Irishmen who admired the naval genius of the hero of so many battles, and who ended his brilliant career with that of Trafalgar. We afterwards visited the custom house, Trinity college and other public buildings of imposing and very fine architecture.

* It was not open to visitors at that time.

Next day we drove to Phœnix park in a *jaunting car*, whereon you are seated back to back, over the wheels, a peculiar vehicle to Ireland alone. There we witnessed a sham fight, and a review of the troops stationed here, a very magnificent sight. There were upwards of 3,000 men under arms, the music of the bands was very fine, and the movements of both men and horses remarkably precise. Indeed, they seemed to move like machinery, and a delightful place is Phœnix park. We drove from there to the Zoological gardens to see the wild beasts, thence to Glasnevin cemetery, where there are monuments equal to any I have seen in Greenwood, New York. On our arrival we were not long before our attention was attracted to the spot where rest the remains of the great Daniel O'Connell. They but temporarily rest where they are at present, which is a vault with an iron gateway; the massive sarcophagus rests on stands, with the large wreath of evergreens and flowers used at the funeral laying on top, and still looking remarkably fresh and green. The name "*O'Connell*" is rudely written on a board over the doorway. When surveying the place I could not avoid remarking to my companions that "Here, indeed, lies Ireland's great agitator, whose memory will remain in the hearts of his countrymen as green as the fields of their native Isle." Soon the remains will be removed to their last resting place, now in course of construction, over which is a granite round tower

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160 feet high, erected in the old tower style (i. e. the old Irish round tower.) It is anything but beautiful, but can be seen for miles away as marking the spot where rests all that was ever mortal of the great agitator. The space around the tower is surrounded with a deep moat, and in the vault, opening into this moat, are the remains of Steele, O'Connell's staunch friend. Above the door is written "Honest Tom Steele." We passed away from here, and next visited the tomb of Curran and other past celebrities, who have gone to that distant home never to return among us again. Leaving here, we proceeded to the city, passing on our way the celebrated Mount Joy prison, wherein were incarcerated the Fenian chiefs, McCafferty, Burke, O'Brien* and others of the brotherhood. I certainly felt very much for those unfortunates, doomed as they are to pass the remainder of their days within prison walls, subject to the coarse address and command of their keepers. McCafferty I had seen in New York, when making his speech as *special envoy* from Stephens, before a Jones' Wood audience. Poor fellow, he was then full of hope, and his proud and defiant eye glistened when recounting, as he affirmed, his country's wrongs.

After visiting St. Stephen's Green, where there are fine statues of George II. and of the Earl of

* O'Brien has been released on certain conditions, and I have since made his acquaintance at Troy, N. Y.

Eglinton, once Viceroy of Ireland, the bank of Ireland, and other places of note, we prepared to leave the Emerald Isle to cross over to Wales. But a few remarks about Ireland and its people will not be inappropriate before taking my leave of their country.

IRELAND, no doubt, is one of the finest and most fertile countries in the world, and abounds with precious minerals which, with its flax, linen and other trade, is sufficient to supply thrice the laboring community there at present; but while the rich Irish nobility or property holders will persist in going abroad to spend that which they should spend among their tenantry and in the country generally, but poor hopes remain for Ireland; for if poverty, of which I must acknowledge I saw no more there than I have elsewhere,* is to be attributed to any cause whatever, it is decidedly to the apathy of the rich and prodigal Irish land owners, who suck the life blood out of their tenantry by way of high rents, which money they lavish in England and on the continent of Europe. Such men—men of no enterprise, who live for themselves alone, could do more, if they so willed it, for the pecuniary, intellectual and moral prosperity of the inhabitants of the soil from which they gather the means to live in splendor and idleness, and in return for which they would have the gratitude, love and respect of a generous and warm-hearted people.

*The greatest poverty exists in the Southern provinces.

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Taking the train one fine morning early to
Kingston, by the way a very pretty place, where
we got on board a Royal mail steamer to break-
fast, we were in the course of a few hours safely
landed on the other side of the Irish channel—
(North Wales).

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rebellious, promised them in return for their allegiance that they should have a Prince born in Wales, to whom they should owe allegiance. To fulfill which promise, the shrewd King sent for his consort from London, who at the time was *enciente*, and had her brought into Wales, where she was delivered of a male infant. Thus were the Welsh quieted, and hence the origin of "Prince of Wales." * Conway castle is now the property of the government, but held at a nominal rent by the Dowager Lady Erskine. On we went at lightning speed, (for this train stops at no place between Holyhead and Chester, 88 miles), obtaining splendid views of the channel with the great Ormeshead in the distance, passing through or by Abergele, St. Asaph, Holywell, Hawarden, with its castle in the distance, and in a few minutes more enter the very ancient city of—

CHESTER.—On our arrival there we were recommended to go to the Queen's Hotel, adjoining the railway station, a splendid house, owned by the Railway company, an elegant place to stay at, but rather expensive, verifying the old adage, "If you dance pay the piper." The city is situated on the banks of the river Dee, and is supposed to have been founded by

* Edward, when presenting the infant Prince to the Welsh Chieftains, remarked: "*Wle eich dyn*" (Behold your man), and for many years after, such was the motto on the Prince's crest.

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the Romans. The wall surrounding it is in an excellent state of preservation,* as also are the gateways, named respectively East gate, North gate, Water gate and Bridge gate. A great many Roman antiquities have been found here, some of which I will name hereafter. The Romans appear to have left it in the fifth century when it became subject to British rule. In the ninth century it was taken from them and annexed to the Saxon crown, but shortly afterwards it was taken by the Danes and nearly destroyed. William, the Norman conqueror, afterwards restored it, and made his nephew, Hugh Lupus, *Earl of Chester*,† who, it is said, repaired the wall, and erected the castle to reside in. The Prince of Wales, since the reign of Henry III, is, in addition to his other titles, of which he has many, Earl of Chester.

It was here that Edward of Carnarvon received the submission of the Welsh in 1309. The first Royal charter was granted by Henry III, and in the civil wars of that weak monarch, Charles the first. The city was besieged and taken by the Parliamentary force in 1605, at which time the wall completely surrounded it, and from a circular tower on the wall, Charles, King of

* The walls afford an excellent walk of two miles around the city.

† Lupus, by authority, convened a parliament here, where assembled the Barons and their chief tenants, who were not bound by acts of the English Parliament. (B. G.)

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England, witnessed the defeat of his army and the success of the Parliamentary army, on which is the following inscription :

KING CHARLES STOOD ON THIS TOWER,
September 24th, 1645.

And saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor.

We visited Eton hall, the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most magnificent residences in England. A charge is made for doing so. Tickets of admission can be obtained of a stationer in Chester, which money we were informed is applied to charitable purposes. Eton hall is about four miles from Chester, the principal part of the distance is that through the park, a beautiful drive. Grosvenor Lodge, at the entrance to the park, was erected at a cost of £10,000. It is of Gothic architecture, as also is the mansion. On our arrival there we were shown through the house by a person in attendance for that purpose, which was gorgeous and grand, furniture, tapestry and ornaments being of the richest kind, and the paintings, statuary, were by the most celebrated masters. The walls and ceilings were beautifully frescoed. After going through that part of the interior open to the public, we were taken and shown the stables, carriage houses, carriages, harness, &c., but no horses, there being none kept in the stables, owing to the family's absence in London. One of the under gardeners then took us in charge and escorted us over the gardens and

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pleasure grounds, the latter beautifully and artistically laid out with all kinds of flowers. Before taking our leave we were shown a Gothic temple recently erected for the reception of a Roman altar, found, as I remarked heretofore near Chester, and some mosaic pavement from the palace of the Emperor Tiberius. We then, after seeing his Lordship's servants, which they always look for, and for which they bow and scrape a great deal, touching their hats or pulling at a lock of hair every time they speak to you or answer a question, quite a novelty to Americans, bade adieu to this magnificent mansion with its gorgeous furniture and rare works of art, and drove back to Chester, to take a look at the old Cathedral; but before giving you an account of what we saw there, I will give you some idea of the immense wealth of the Marquis of Westminster. I was informed by a gentleman, whose acquaintance I made, that this nobleman is actually in receipt of \$2,250,000 per annum, which will shortly be more than trebled by the passing into his hands on the expiration of leases, immense and very valuable property in London. The whole of Belgravia, Pimlico, Westminster, and the greater part of Fulham, will pass into his hands. Those places constitute the greater portion of the "West End," the finest and most aristocratic part of London, thus adding an immense and most incalculable amount of wealth to his present income, which altogether

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is not less than five dollars per minute, a sum quite sufficient for any economical and respectable American to live and die on. We will now leave this old fellow to roll in his wealth and proceed to give a brief account of the very ancient Chester cathedral. It stands on the site of the Saxon Monastery of St. Wesburgh, founded in 660. The present building, or rather parts of it, was built in the reign of Henry the 6th, 7th and 8th. We were very much struck with the beauty and imposing appearance of this venerable old structure, with its massive and crumbling walls. We were shown a very extensive and elaborate piece of needle work, many centuries old, an altar screen, and the elaborate carving of the wood work must be seen to be appreciated, when it cannot fail to command admiration; and among many other and curious relics, we were shown a copy of the scriptures written on parchment with the pen in 1113, and in an excellent state of preservation. After seeing the venerable and polite old gentleman who accompanied us around the building, we took our leave, and requested Mr. Bow-and-scraper (the driver), which was answered with a fall of the hair and a few affected guttural sounds, to drive us back to the hotel. Fatigued we certainly were, but satisfied with what we had seen. So after partaking of a hearty meal we retired to our rooms and were soon locked in the hands of Morpheus.

Before leaving Chester I must say a little of the old town itself, especially of some of the old buildings still standing in some parts of the city. These old structures have a very picturesque appearance with their gable ends toward the street, high pointed roofs and small diamond pane windows (all framed buildings) with elaborate carved gables in good preservation, built so that you can walk along the sidewalks with the second floor over your head, thus protecting pedestrians from the inclemency of the weather. Wise old fellows were our forefathers.

There but little remains of the castle, although at one time a noble structure. Large barracks have been erected adjoining the old tower which contains 50,000 stand of arms, besides 125 pieces of ordnance. There are several fine public buildings, among which I may name the Shire hall (court house), the Grosvenor and Queen's hotel, and the railway station, the latter a very large and commodious building, built of hard, dark-faced brick. The station is the central terminus for the London & Northwestern, Birkenhead & Chester, Lancashire & Chester, and Chester & Holyhead Railways. Thus there is communication with all parts of the United Kingdom. Opposite the barracks is an equestrian statue, partially uncovered, (it not being yet made public), who it represents I did not learn. Whoever it may be, it is a fine work of

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Leaving this ancient place we took our seats in the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway cars, passing through Wrexham, where we had an excellent view of the old church and its tower, erected in 1742. The latter is 134 feet high and of exquisite workmanship, decorated with statues of various saints placed in niches from top to bottom. Away we went at the rate of fifty miles an hour past Ruabon and Llangollen, the latter the birth place of *Jenny Jones*, the maid of Llangollen, rendered so famous in song. We see Chirk castle in the distance, founded in 1013. In this castle is the state bed in which Charles the first slept, and a beautiful cabinet presented by him to the then residing family. The adjacent valley is the scene of conflict between the armies of Henry the second, and that of the Welsh Prince, Owain Gwynedd, the brave Prince of 1165. Still on at great speed leaving Oswestry to the right until we arrive at Shrewsbury.

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LETTER VII.

WALES, CONTINUED.

SHREWSBURY.—Here we stay but an hour, affording us but a short time to look around. Its ancient name was Pengwern, and is situated upon the banks of the river Severn. William the Conqueror gave this town to Roger de Montgomery, one of his followers, together with the title of earl, who erected here a strong baronial castle. In 1403 a desperate battle was fought near the town between the forces of Henry IV and that of the rebel Earl of Northumberland, under the command of Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, when the death of the latter gave the victory to the Royalists. The old buildings are similar to those described at Chester, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Some of the Royal charters were granted by Richard I and Charles I. Flannel, flax, thread and linen factories are located there, doing a thriving trade.

Taking our seats once more in the cars we left this ancient town and proceeded on our journey through Ludnow, getting a glimpse of the old

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castle as we went past, on through Leamington, until we arrived in—

HEREFORD.—This fine old city is situated on the banks of the river Wye. The cathedral, a very classic building, dates from 825. Destroyed by fire in 1074, it was rebuilt and completed in 1120. Its fine tower was added to it about 120 years ago. In this city was born *Nell Gwyn*, the favorite of Charles II, and David Garrick, the great actor, in the year 1716, in an old house now standing, called the Angel Inn. On the castle green, where formerly stood an ancient castle, of which no vestige remains, is a stone column sixty feet high, erected to commemorate the victories of Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. Several factories for the manufacture of flannel, gloves, hats, &c., are at work, and the population is about 17,000. On we went to—

ABERGAVENNY.—This pretty little town is situated near the river Usk, surrounded by high mountains, and was formerly walled in. In the neighborhood are the ruins of an old castle and monastery, built some time after the Norman conquest. The high mountains in the vicinity are the Sugarloaf, 1,852 high; Blareng, 1,720 feet; Skirrid-fach, 765 feet. It is substantially a Welsh town, although situated on the English side of the boundary.* The very extensive coal

* Chester, Shrewsbury and Hereford are now also on the English side of the boundary, although classed herein as Welsh towns.

and iron works of Blaenavon, and other works are in the neighborhood, thus contributing material increase to the general business of the place.

We will now put the iron horse once more in motion and proceed on our journey, passing Pontypool, where there are extensive iron and tin works, over the great Crumlin viaduct which spans the Ew Vale at the village of Crumlin. This vast structure is composed of open light iron work, of which there are ten spans, each measuring 150 feet, with pieces of iron girded 204 feet high. The whole cost of it was £40,000 or \$200,000, a small sum when compared with the magnitude of the undertaking, which has to be seen to be appreciated. On we go through Aberdare, noted for its very extensive coal works, steaming through the beautiful Vale of Neath (Cwmnedd) until we arrive in the fast improving town of—

NEATH,—Called by the Welsh, *Castlennedd*, a place of great antiquity, situated on the banks of Neath river, is one of the most flourishing towns in South Wales.

The old castle, once the property of Jestyn ap Gwrgan (Jestyn the son of Gwrgan,) *Lord of Morganwg*, was burned in 1231, by Llewellyn ap* Iorweth, and of which now but little remains but the vast and extensive ruins of Neath Abbey.

* Ap signifies son of —

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called by Leland "the fairest in all Wales," deserves from the tourist more than a passing remark. This fine old building was completed by Richard de Granville (who after the conquest came into possession of the castle), and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity, placing therein a small community of Grey Friars, and giving them large possessions for their maintenance. It was at this Monastery the unfortunate Edward III found temporary shelter in 1326, a short time before he lost his kingdom and life. The structure is built of walls of great thickness, composed of native stone, with the corners and embellishments of a sort of cement, which in its present appearance resembles white sand or freestone, and is equally as hard if not more so. The walls of the Abbot's house with parts of the Chapter house and refectory remain—the latter with its heavy and high pointed arches, massive pillars and large fire place and stone mantel, is still in a good state of preservation. And I may say that here, amid the roar of furnaces, clanking of hammers, the humming of the cold blast fan, and the puffing and whistling of the iron horse on the South Wales and Vale of Neath Railways, and in spite of the ravages of time, of war, and weather, there still stand vast portions of this once extensive and magnificent building, a solitary memento of the past ages and the genius of the people of those days. We will now raise our hat to old Neath Abbey and proceed to—

BRIGDEND.—We made but a very short stay here; having hired what is called a *trap* by the natives, a term quite as appropriate as *rigging*, a vehicle on two wheels, whereon we sat back to back, we proceeded to St. Donat's, nine miles distant. While there we were entertained at the house of the mother of an American friend and neighbor, where we passed a pleasant hour or two. We failed to obtain admission into the castle for the want of admission cards from Dr Carne, the present proprietor or lessee, resident three miles from the place, so had to content ourselves with a sight of its outward walls, and a splendid marine view, o'erlooking the Bristol channel. The castle is of Norman architecture. For 684 years it remained in possession of a family called Straddling, and afterwards in that of the name of Drake, no doubt descendants of Sir Francis Drake, the celebrated Admiral of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the hero of the Spanish Armada invasion. I was informed that the carving, &c., of the interior is very fine. Near to the castle and covered with foliage, is the old church, while a portion of an old watch tower occupies a position on the opposite hill looking towards the sea. Until the light house near by was erected, many were the wrecks which occurred in this neighborhood, of which are told heart-rending and strange stories. Portions of unfortunate vessels can be seen in and around the village at this day. In the churchyard is an

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ancient stone cross of great elegance. The castle and church figured much in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Having seen all that we could of antiquated St. Donat's, we bade adieu to our newly acquired friends and retraced our way back to Bridgend, where we took the train for—

MORRISTON.—Here we will halt for a few days although the place has nothing to recommend it to the tourist, it being simply a portion of the borough of Swansea (Abertawe), of which we shall speak of next, but some relatives of the writer residing here we will have to sojourn among them for a season; indeed, we are now among (as the scriptures sayeth) "our own people," so we will have to tarry frequently as we go along.

SWANSEA.—The principal town of South Wales, is beautifully situated between lofty hills on the banks of the river Tawe, from which it derives its name in Welsh, Abertawe. Its population is perhaps 60,000 to 70,000 persons, and is increasing rapidly in commerce and size.

Here are the largest copper works in the world, of which the Messrs. Vivian are the proprietors. There are also extensive copper and silver works owned by other equally enterprising persons; for instance, that owned by a Mr. Lambert, from Chili, South America, and several very large iron and tin works, patent fuel works, potteries, &c. Large floating docks for the accommodation of shipping have within the last ten years been

constructed. Indeed, such have been the improvements made within a score of years, that one who has been absent for that time would scarcely know the place at present.

Swansea carries on an extensive trade in copper ore with Chili, South America, and the island of Cuba, in the West Indies, which, when manufactured into copper, is shipped to London and Liverpool, and from there to all parts of the world. It is also a delightful watering place; a fine sandy beach and plenty of sea-water for bathing, attracts numerous visitors to this enterprising town during the summer months, thus augmenting its wealth and resources.

The castle, of which but a portion remains, is said to have been erected by one Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, a Norman leader of 1113, adjoining which has recently been erected a very handsome building by the government for a post-office. The castle, in which the volunteers hold their drills, is the property of the duke of Beaufort, as baron of Gower. There are also many fine public and commercial buildings here, among which I may name the town hall or court house, a beautiful Grecian structure; the royal institution of South Wales, an elegant building which contains a valuable library; museum of arts and sciences; museum of antiquities, a visit to which will be most interesting to the stranger and tourist. There are also very massive buildings erected from native stone, hewn rock work,

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for instance, the House of Correction or Goal, Union Poor House, Infirmary, House of Industry, Normal School, Music Hall, Gas-works, &c., all on a gigantic scale and substantially erected, as if to last for ages to come. A few miles from Swansea is a pretty little watering place called Oyster-mouth, by some the Mumbles, a delightful place to pass away a few weeks or months during the summer weather. We visited twice here an old friend of the writer, a Mr. G. Bowen, who, with his family, had taken up their residence there for the summer, during which time we enjoyed ourselves very much.

MUMBLES is a small but romantic village, with its beach washed by the tidal waters of the Swansea bay, built at the foot of very bold high cliffs, (limestone cliffs). The "Mumbles head" is a bold rocky projection against which the waters of the bay dash with more or less fury, according to the weather, and on which a fine lighthouse is erected, surrounded with a fort, thus affording not only protection, but security amid perils to the benighted mariner. This bay is not surpassed by any other on the British coast for sheltering vessels from the fury of sea and wind; indeed, the writer of these lines has often, years ago, had to avail himself of the friendly shelter which this little bay affords the mariner. Oystermouth castle is a very fine old building, erected by Henry Beaumont, whom I have had occasion to name (Earl of Warwick)

more than once in this journal, as one of the followers of William the Norman Conqueror.

It has a majestic appearance, standing as it does on a high hill, thus enabling it to be seen a long way off. It is the property, like the Swansea castle, of the Duke of Beaufort. The Mumble is noted for its fisheries, and there are upwards of 4,000 men employed in the oyster fisheries alone. Apropos of oysters, the Mumble oysters, though reckoned very fine, do not come up to our Shrewsbury, Blue Point or East river, served up at a Broadway oyster saloon or in Fulton market. They have quite a different taste, a taste which the New-Yorker would certainly not approve of. It is a rough tincture of iron, and copperish taste, which can be retained in the mouth for an hour after partaking of them. We will now bid a final adieu to our kind friend and his intelligent family, and leave the Mumbles with its gay visitors, and request you to accompany us to Llanelly

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LETTER VIII.

WALES, CONTINUED.

LLANELLY.—In this town the writer spent the greater portion of his youthful days, and 'twas here he took to himself that partner who, for eighteen years, shared with him the ups and downs of life—some of which were anything but cheering—but to the point. Llanelly, although it cannot boast, like some of the neighboring towns, of much antiquity, indeed none, is nevertheless a live town, and ranks as the largest and most flourishing town in the county of Carmarthen, and excepting Swansea, Cardiff, and perhaps Newport, I may say in South Wales. And surrounded as it is with numerous and extensive collieries, together with large copper, lead, tin, silver, iron and other works, it bids fair to become second to no other town in the principality. Much of its prosperity is to be attributed to the indomitable will and energy of the firm of Sims, Willyams, Neville, Druce & Co., the wealthy proprietors of the very extensive copper smelting and lead works located here, which, inclusive of

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their collieries, (not a few) gives employment to many thousands of the inhabitants. This enterprising firm have had one continual run of prosperity for upwards of thirty years, thus enabling them to double, nay, treble their operations during that time. The situation of the harbor is admirably adapted for carrying on an extensive commerce, and so soon as the large floating dock now in contemplation is completed, the facilities for doing a shipping trade will be very much increased. So far as the town is concerned, I may say the same of it as of Swansea. Such has been the vast improvements made here during the last fifteen years, that one absent from the place during that period would scarcely know it.— Streets have been formed, houses and factories erected where there was nothing but green fields and barren wastes a few years ago. A very fine market place has been recently erected on the site formerly known as Chamber's Park, and if it has any fault at all it is that of being too large, i. e. to supply the wants of the town and neighborhood for twenty years hence. Market places in England and Wales are very fine structures, such as I have not seen elsewhere. Every town of note has its neatly erected market place, where, on a certain day of the week, are exposed for sale goods of domestic manufacture, principally farm produce, such as grain, meat, butter, cheese, fruits, &c., each and every department being separate and distinct from the other, and to accom-

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moderate which, neat and admirably arranged stalls, covered in, are erected for the purpose of exposing such articles for sale, which stalls are constructed to form a square, in the centre of which is the market-keeper's dwelling and clock tower, erected of hewn stone, as if to last for ages untold, with wide entrance gates. When the market, when not in use, ceases to be a place of public thoroughfare, and they are well attended by high and low, rich and poor, who sell and buy fairly and honestly. The Llanelly marketplace, as in fact all others generally are, is the property of the Llanelly local board of health, which is simply the people, an institution of men chosen by the inhabitants to administer the laws and regulations for the government of the borough. Shrewd business men, elected to hold the office for honor and not for pay, a toll is collected of the various holders of market stalls on each market day by a collector appointed for the purpose, who is also in some towns, market keeper, which money, like rates and other municipal taxes, is deposited with the treasurer of the board to be used for no other purpose than for matters connected with the borough. How faithfully those monies are expended the well paved, clean streets, and sanitary condition of the towns plainly answer, Honestly!

The Atheneum and Neville memorial combined, is a noble building, and exteriorly does credit to the architect and builder; but I cannot

say as much of the interior, a rather botched up arrangement, to my idea, being not what it should, and could be, had the controlling powers desired it; the Neville memorial recently added to the Atheneum, (additional rooms,) used for a museum, &c., and a square tower, built of native stone in rock work, dedicated to the memory of Richard Janion Neville, Esq., late the managing partner of S. W. N. D. & Co., to whom the inhabitants of Llanelly owe much for their commercial, intellectual and moral prosperity. We will say no more of this town, but bid it and the remainder of old friends and acquaintances a long farewell, perhaps forever; for how very many, did I find upon my advent among them, had gone to "that bourne from which no traveler returns." How forcibly do the words occur to me, that "in the midst of life we are in death;" for some very dear old friends had, but a few days prior to our arrival, paid their last tribute on earth. We are but sojourners, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and as time is precious, we will bid adieu once more to the living of Llanelly, wishing them all the health, prosperity and happiness this old world can afford, and passing through Burry Port and Pembrey, thriving places, and ourselves in the ancient town of

KIDWELLY.—This old fashioned place, although small, is one of the towns of former days, those days when Llanelly and other growing towns were nowhere. It is a market town and under

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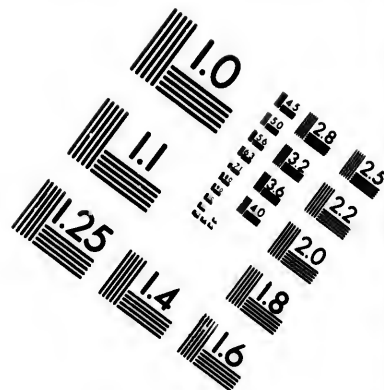
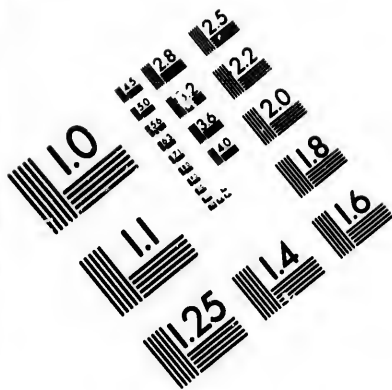
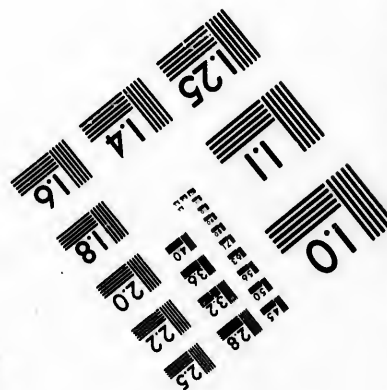
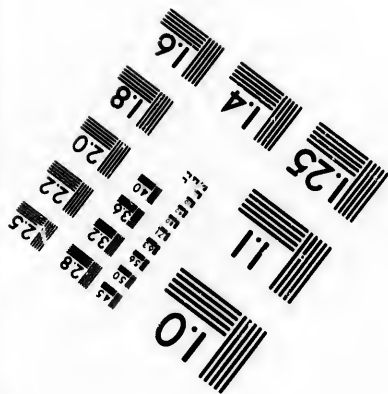
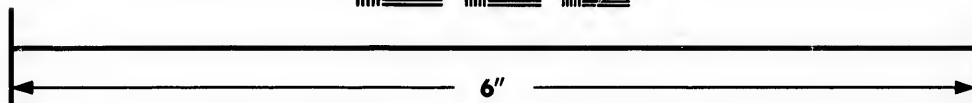
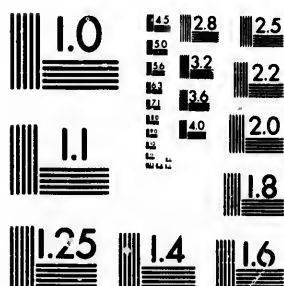


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the provisions of its charter, has its mayor and subordinate officers, like those of the city of London, who meet upon certain occasions clothed in scarlet robes of office, amid much pomp and ceremony. Old Kidwelly, or *Cathwelli*, was formerly surrounded by walls with three or more gates, one of which, together with many of the old houses, are yet standing, defying time and weather. It is not a place of much trade, a small tin works being the only works of any note in operation at present; perhaps there are not 1,500 inhabitants in the place, and if it was not for the grand and extensive old castle, ranking as one of the finest in Wales, the place would scarcely be worth visiting.

The castle stands on a rocky eminence overlooking the town, and the river Gwendræth, and was built by one of the Beaumonts, so popular after the Conquest; it is now a large and imposing ruin in tolerable preservation, with some of its apartments entire, and flights of steps not very much injured. The west gateway is a noble specimen of architecture, and some of the towers at the angles retain their arched roofs of stone. From the battlements a good view may be had of Carmarthen bay and the country around.— There is also an ancient church here fast falling to decay, and not far from it the ruins of an old priory of great age. From Kidwelly we went to a pretty little place called Ferryside, very much frequented by persons desirous of good sea bath-

ing. Here we spent a pleasant day or two, and enjoyed ourselves very much, for the fare at the *White Lion hotel* is not to be sneezed at. Directly opposite Ferryside is another pretty watering place called Llanstephan; both places are situated on the banks of the river Towey.

LLANSTEPHAN,—i. e. St. Stephen's Church, has a sainted well formerly in high repute, but is so noticed, chiefly on account of the picturesque and venerable ruins of its once very fine castle. Crowning the summit of a bold hill, the base of which is washed by the tidal waves, stands this majestic old ruin, its walls hoary with age. It was formerly surrounded with earthen ramparts, was built by Uchtryd, Prince of Meirion in 1138, but it soon fell into the hands of the Normans and Flemings. From them it was taken by Gruffydd ap Rees, Prince of South Wales, and from whom the foreigners were totally unable to recover it. In the neighborhood, and overlooking the river, is the elegant mansion of one Sir James Hamilton. While here we were not a little amused with the freaks and antics of a score of donkeys and their drivers. The females dressed in the primitive style of Welsh costume, which is simply flannel of domestic manufacture, wove in a variety of patterns, that of the red, white and yellow stripe on blue background being the most used. The dress is made quite short, showing off a neat, well-trimmed ankle, and well-made shoe and stocking. Some of

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the better class and others, on the Sabbath and holiday, wear lace caps, very nicely got up, and on top of the head is a tall crowned silk beaver hat, with wide brim, tapering slightly from the brim to the crown. The most youthful and gay wear this hat alone, without cap, instead of which the hair is dressed similar in style to that adopted of late by the American ladies; but the Welsh ladies don't wear the hat on the forehead, but on the head, nor do I think that they have resource to artificial means to increase the size of—I forget what it is called, let me think—well, it is immaterial, for most of my readers will understand what I have reference to, many will smile at the primitive style of dress; but let me endeavor to assure them that a Welsh woman, attired so, seated on horseback with a market basket on her lap, or walking with market basket on her head, well loaded, and perhaps an infant in her arms, with her hat tied to the strings of her apron, blooming with the real color of health, is as pretty, charming and happy as the gaily attired and fashionable lady of the season.

Women and children are those generally engaged in the gathering of cockles from the sands, where they are found in plenty. The cockle is a small shell-fish, similar in taste (but more delicate) to the American clam. They are found imbedded some two inches in the sand, their location indicated by two small breathing holes, and in large quantities in North and South Wales, during the

hours between low water and the coming in of the tide, some scores of women and children are daily engaged in this business, until their sacks and baskets are filled, when they are thrown across the donkey's back and driven home to be prepared for market; some unshelled and some shelled, are taken and shipped to the larger towns of the interior. Indeed, I have seen the Welsh cockles figuring largely in the markets of London, Bristol and Manchester, where they are considered an article of luxury. We will now retrace our steps via. Llanclly, and land ourselves in—

LOUGHOR.—Here the writer first saw the light, and got his first scholastic thrashing (not for good behavior) from the curate of the parish church, who acted in the capacity of schoolmaster during the week days. In the old churchyard are interred the remains of most of his relatives on his mother's side, and the remains of his father and two brothers, so he cannot but stay to pay a passing tribute to the place of his nativity, where lay all that was once mortal of those so nearly allied to him. Loughor, or as it is called in Welsh, "*Castell Llwchwr*," is situated on the bank of the river Llwchwr, which divides the counties of Glanmorgan and Carmarthen, and now spanned by two bridges, one for the South Wales railway traffic, and the other for turnpike traffic. Collieries, copper, zinc and glass works are in the neighborhood, but only the former are in op-

eration at present. Indeed it has nothing but its antiquity to recommend it to the traveler and tourist at the present time. Says the historian: "It is supposed to be the Leucarum of Antonius, and the fifth Roman station on the road called Julia Stratta." A portion of the old castle, a large square building, situated on a mound, surrounded by a double trench for defense, still remains. It was built in 1099, destroyed by the sons of Gruffydd ap Rees in 1115, and rebuilt by Hugh le Despenser in the time of Edward II. An old house called the Sanctuary, still standing, formerly belonged to the Knights of Jerusalem.

The old town had undergone but little change since my boyhood's days. The veteran castle, although hoary with age, and then, as now, clad with ivy, a stale old ruin, appeared to have as much of it left as when the boys and girls assembled to play hide and seek within its walls, or climbed up its lofty tower to get a glimpse of the river and the country around, forty years ago. The old parish church remained about as it was when I attended church (much against my inclination) with my dear old granny, and the high built pew which prevented me from gazing at the congregation, with the massive stone tablet secured to the whitewashed wall directly above it, giving the dates of the demise of some of my ancestors, brought the past forcibly to my mind, when I thought the sermon given by the worthy curate would never end, and when nature had at

last to give way for the lack of something more interesting to my young mind than his logical remarks, I began to nod, and nod, nod, nodding, fell fast asleep, to wake up with the loud congregational singing which closed the morning service. Ah! those were happy days; never to be forgotten in this world!

Then the old churchyard, or burial ground; yes, reader, there had a change taken place there; yes, the past thirty years had filled it, I may say, almost to its utmost capacity. Many had sought it as their final resting place, and scores of my acquaintances slept soundly beneath its green sward. The old and the young had been called away. Some of the former had lived to a ripe old age, and had but recently bade adieu to the living. It was a sad sight, and I could not refrain from shedding a copious flood of tears as I dimly gazed at the tombs and headstones, surrounded with beautiful flowers, which marked the resting place of many well-known to me in my younger days. Near by laid the old fisherman Cadwaladr, who carried me oftentimes on his back across the ford or into his boat, while I watched with wonder and admiration the large hauls of fish he caught, and presented me with one to take home. Poor old fellow! he was a kind, good-hearted old man. Before leaving that hallowed and venerable spot, with its tombstones dating centuries back, and now crumbling to decay, I purchased, and had the pleasure to super-

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intend the erection of a head stone at the head of my brother's grave. He sleeps well by the side of my father and infant brother, while my mother lies among strangers, thousands of miles apart; but I added her dear name also to those which lie separated in the flesh, in the old churchyard at Loughor, but not in the spirit.

What more can I tell my readers of the place of my nativity that would be interesting? Yes, I can tell them that I visited the house where I first saw the light, and wherein I spent the happiest days of my life, visited some of my relatives* resident there, and I saw and conversed with many I knew, who gazed with wonder, and indeed, I may say, admiration at my portly figure, wondered if I was not deceiving them, and seemed surprised to see in the gray haired man, the boy of fourteen, so familiar to their recollection. Said one old lady, who kept a small store wherein she weighed and sold sugar by the quarter pound, tea by the quarter ounce, and tallow candles by the twelfth of a dozen. "Dear me! indeed to goodness! are you W— W—? And they tell me you can spake Welsh as good as when a boy." "Yes, auntie B—h," said I, "I am he, and can speak Welsh, to forget my native tongue would be to me blasphemous; and he that could it had been better he never were born." Said

* There were but two sisters of my mother (two elderly ladies) living, of my grandfather's family, but there are quite a number of cousins.

the old lady, "well, well! we have had several young men leave here for a few years only, and come back with nothing but *Sesneg* (English)." "It is all nonsense, auntie," said I; "no person well versed in the mother tongue can forget it. Those persons you allude to, I suppose, sought to impress you and others that the peculiarity of the atmosphere abroad, deprived them of the language in which they first lisped the word mother, or else they thought it degrading to a man who had visited foreign climes, to speak his native tongue; how foolish, how absurd, is it not?" "Yes, indeed," she replied. The old lady closed the conversation by remarking that "she had always protested it was pride, that the ignorant fellows supposed they were raising themselves in the estimation of their neighbors by pretending that they could not hold converse in *Cymræg* (Welsh), and that even their English was none of the best; quite the reverse." I remarked, "rather say they lowered themselves in the estimation of every person of good common sense."

We will now take the Llanelly and Llandilo railway, now connected with the Vale of Towy railway, and proceed into the interior of the county of Carmarthen, and as we steam along, take a passing glimpse of Castell Carreg-Cennen (Cennen Stone Castle), erected on the summit of a bold rock 450 feet high, about A. D. 1200. It was a fortress of some note about the years 1248 and 1250, when it was taken and retaken from

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LLANDILO-FAWR, or Great Llandilo, so called to distinguish it from other places of the same name in Wales. St. Teilo, to whom the parish is dedicated, is coupled with Dewi (or David) and Padarn (or Badam) in the Welsh Triads, as the "three holy visitors to Britain." The old fortress, called Strah-Towy castle, surrendered to the English in 1277, and was destroyed by them, but there still remains an old relic of the past in the classical old ruin of Dynevor castle, the property of the Rt. Hon. Lord Dynevor, who has a beautiful mansion in the vicinity, the old castle forming part of the grounds.* Camden calls it "a princely castle belonging to the princes of South Wales while they flourished." It was first built by Rhys ap Theodore, in the days of the Conqueror, and demolished in 1194 in one of the feudal wars of that period, but in 1257 it was rebuilt, and again in the possession of the Rhys family, under whom it stood a noted seige against the English until retaken by Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, and it continued to remain as a formidable fortress until the civil war of Charles I, when it was dismantled. The present proprietor, Lord Dynevor, whose family name is Rice, is a lineal descendant of Rhys ap Thomas, the owner and occupant of the castle in Henry the VII's reign.

* The first castle was built by *Roderic Mawr*, in 877.

In and around Llandilo the country and scenery are very fine, and its agricultural resources are very great, and besides Newton Park (the Dynevor mansion) there are several other fine mansions in the neighborhood, for instance, Taliaris, the residence of William Peel, Esq. (cousin to the late Robert Peel); Rhyd Odin or Edwinsford, the residence of Sir James Hamlin Williams; Golden Grove, the residence of the Rt. Hon. Earl of Cawdor, and others of more or less note. Near Edwinsford are the ruins of Talley Abbey, founded in 1180 by Rhys, son of Gruffydd, Prince of Wales. This abbey was surprised by that monster, Henry VIII, who gave its revenues to the family of Albemarle, and on Pantglas estate, the residence of David Jones, Esq., M. P., are two ancient encampments, one no doubt of Roman origin, for several portions of armor, hilts of swords, and other instruments of war, (mostly of Roman manufacture) and Roman coins have been dug up from time to time, thus establishing the fact of their having been at one time a Roman encampment there. Before bidding adieu to Llandilo we may here remark that the last and decisive battle between the Welsh and English was fought near by in 1252, when the forces of Edward I (superior in number) were victorious over those of Llewelen, Prince of Wales, who was shamefully betrayed and slain. This terrible battle* put an end to the Welsh

*The British loss of life was immense to achieve the victory.

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struggle for independance, and Wales has ever since been, as she ever will be, subject to the English crown. We next proceeded to—

CARMARTHEN.—It is the shire town of the county (Carmarthenshire), and has long been regarded as the Capital of the southern division of Wales. (B. G.) It is charmingly situated on the north-west bank of the beautiful river Towy, and is a place of some importance, there being a considerable trade carried on in the manufacture of tin, lead, castings and other branches of trade. Salmon and sewin fishing is quite a business also.

From the Parade ground a delightful view is had of the valley of the Towy, a most picturesque sight, and like all other old towns of note, it was surrounded by a high wall with fortified gates, of which there is but little trace now—while the County prison occupies the site of its once ancient and princely castle.

Carmarthen is of high antiquity, for in the earliest British annals it is spoken of as a town of much importance. In 1137 it was burned to the ground by Owain Gwynedd, and afterwards rebuilt by Gilbert, Earl of Clare.

It was here that the renowned Welsh prophet *Merlin* was born in the *fifth* century, and in the neighborhood is Merlin's Cave, wherein he is supposed to have resided. *Caer-Merddin*, or *Merlin's town*, was supposed to be its original name, of which *Carmarthen* is a corruption. It also can

boast of having been the birth-place of two renowned soldiers, viz: Gen. Sir Thomas Picton and Gen. Sir William Nott. The former was killed at Waterloo, and the latter, after gaining honor and renown in India, returned home to die shortly after his arrival. There are two fine monuments erected in conspicuous places in the town in commemoration of the distinguished services of both these heroes.

Among the public buildings worthy of note I may name a very spacious Market-house, the Barracks, the Town Hall, adorned with Ionic columns, the County Jail, the Poor House, a free Grammar School, founded by a Dr. Owen, and a model school, all of which, I may say, are ornaments to the town.

St. Peter's church is a large plain building, with a lofty square tower, in which are hung an excellent peal of bells, and the church contains several remarkable monuments of antique date; there are also numerous dissenting chapels, some of which have very large congregations, and a Presbyterian college for the education of ministers.

The inhabitants of Carmarthen, known in the county as "St. Peter's boys and girls," are remarkable for the purity of their English. They not only speak the language very correctly, but with an *accent* only peculiar to themselves.

It was my intention to proceed beyond this point to visit Tenby, Haverfordwest, Pembroke

and Aberystwith, the former two places celebrated for good sea bathing, all very remarkable and pretty places, and with a history scarcely second to any other towns in Wales; but, as "time was on the wing," we had to forego that pleasure and proceed in an opposite direction, so as to reach Llandovery to visit a relative, who is the proprietor of a *Chemical Works* in that neighborhood.

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LETTER IX.

WALES, CONTINUED.

LLANDOVERY,—In ancient times called Llanymddyfrwy, is a small market town of about 2,000 inhabitants. All that remains of its once fine old castle is the keep, which consists of a circular tower on the summit of a mound, and a few pieces of old ruined walls. The history of this castle, which we will give but briefly, is nevertheless interesting. Howell ap Rhys took it by storm in 940. It afterwards fell into the hands of the English, and was subsequently taken and retaken until the time of Edward I, since which time it has been a ruin.

One of the greatest additions to Llandoverly which has been made of late years, is the building and establishing of a public school upon a large scale, called the Welsh Collegiate Institution, founded by Thomas Phillips, Esq., for the encouragement of native talent. The building is not only commodious but very handsome, and we are informed is a perfect success in every respect.

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Llandovery is situated in a delightful neighborhood, celebrated for its farm productions, especially that of butter, which is generally very fine; fine trout abound in the rivers and streams, the banks of which are much frequented by the angler.

The writer will now have to make a long leap, passing through a picturesque and well cultivated country and enterprising towns, and land his readers in—

CARDIFF.—A few passing remarks about this place, as we travel along, will render the route we have taken the more interesting. Aside from its being the most important commercial town in South Wales, it is celebrated as being the place where Jestyn ap Gwrgan, Lord of Morganwg, (i. e., Jestyn the son of Gwrgan, Lord of Glamorgan) built for himself a strong fortified castle, surrounded with embattled walls, with five entrance gates. This castle was a spacious and stately edifice, and was called Cærdaff (fortress on the Taff), hence *Cardiff*; it became the residence of princes. It was in this castle that Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the conqueror, was confined for twenty-six years, by order of his brother William Rufus, and Henry I, who were jealous of his power and influence. In 1648, when garrisoned by Royalists, it was closely besieged for three days by the troops of Oliver Cromwell, who commanded in person, when possession was obtained through the treachery

of a deserter from the garrison, who Cromwell, after having entered the castle, caused to be hung, as a warning to his own troops, thus paying the traitor in his own coin. Nearly the whole of this very ancient building has given place to the now more modern mansion of the Marquis of Bute, to whose father (now deceased) the flourishing town of Cardiff owes much for its prosperity, the marquis, during his life time, having laid out probably half a million pounds sterling in the building of docks, warehouses and other conveniences incidental to a first class seaport. The present marquis is about twenty years of age, and resides at the castle with the dowager marquise, his mother, and it is said, will, on his coming of age, carry out further improvements projected by his late father.

NEWPORT.—At this place we stayed but a very short time, to call upon an old acquaintance, but who unfortunately was not at home. After hastily penning him a few lines to come and see us at Chepstow, we proceeded to take a hasty survey of the town and its castle, both of which are situated on the banks of the river Usk, the latter on a steep precipice overlooking the river.

Newport, or *Casnewydd*, as it is called by the Welsh, for the last thirty years has been continually improving, commercially and otherwise, until it has become a shipping port of much importance; the extensive floating dock constructed here for the accommodation of shipping of im-

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mense tonnage, renders it one of the most desirable ports in Britain for loading and unloading of vessels, and in the mountainous districts adjacent, are some of the finest and most extensive mineral beds in the world, one of which is iron ore, which, when manufactured into iron at various places, is then sent on to this port by rail, from whence it is shipped foreign and coastwise. Immense quantities of coal for steam and gas purposes are also shipped from here to all parts of the United Kingdom and to foreign ports.

It was at Newport that the chartists under the command of the Dowhead, John Frost, made that very feeble and futile effort to gain reform by force of arms, the result of which crazy move is too well known.

The place derives its interest principally from the rapid growth and prosperity of its commercial transactions; but it has some claim to antiquity also, for it was founded by the Romans, and the remains of an ancient castle, now partly converted into a brewery of no mean pretensions, are still there to gratify the eye of the lover of antiquities. The ancient towns of Cærlleon and Usk are not many miles off, at one time far more important stations to the Romans than Newport was, and in the neighborhood are to be seen some very magnificent mansions, among which I may name Tredegar Park, the residence of Lord Tredegar, Abercarn House, the

residence of Lord Llanover and Llanwern, the residence of the Rev. Sir J. C. Salsbury. We will now bid Casnewydd adieu, and go to—

CHEPSTOW.—Here we will remain for several days with a relative, who resides here, so as to enable us to visit such places as are said to be very interesting to travelers and tourists generally.

First of all we will speak of the town, a quiet, delightful and picturesque retreat on the right banks of the river Wye, which is the boundary line between the counties of Monmouth and Gloucester, but at present its commercial transactions are but very slim indeed.

During the time that the Saxons held possession of Chepstow, it was called Chepestowe, from the Saxon word *chepe*, for market, and the word *stowe*, for town, meaning market town; and at the time that Harold was elevated to the throne, on the death of his brother-in-law, Edward the confessor, Chepestowe was held by the Saxon Earl, Hugh Bassett, but at the conquest (1106) he was displaced, and the conqueror gave all the lands to his own countrymen. Hugh then became an attached refugee to the court of Rhys ap Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, and was slain with that Prince in the contest with Robert Fitzhamon on Mynydd Du (Black Mountain), in the year 1090. The next possessor of Chepstow was William Fitzosborn, a relative of the conqueror, who was created Earl of Here-

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ford, and who was killed in Flanders in 1070. He was then succeeded by his son Roger, who was afterwards condemned to perpetual imprisonment for political reasons. His cousin, Walter Fitzgerald de Clare, then came into possession. Walter was succeeded by his nephew Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, whose son Richard (surnamed Strongbow, from his skill in archery), was Earl of Pembroke and Lord of Chepstow. He died in 1210, leaving sons and daughters, the former succeeded him to the estates and titles, but died without issue. The property then changed hands frequently until 1301, when it became the property of the crown. Edward the II gave a deed of grant of it to his brother, Thomas Plantagenet. From him it passed to the Mowbrays, Norforks, Pembrokes, and then through the female line to the Somersets, and is now the property of their descendant, the present Duke of Beaufort, who is Baron of Chepstow.

The castle of Chepstow is still a splendid specimen of a feudal fortress, situated on a high precipice overlooking the river Wye, and is composed of four distinct courts, with their various apartments and dungeons intact. Near to the entrance gate, a beautiful pointed archway, is the round tower, where in days gone by many a captive sighed and groaned, and now celebrated as the place wherein Henry Marten, one of the special judges of King Charles I, was confined for twenty years, since which time it has been

called Marten's Tower. Marten was a great advocate of the Republican form of government and a staunch friend of Cromwell, the pretender, figuring among the foremost, who were the means of bringing that simple and unfortunate monarch, Charles, to the block, for which act after the restoration he was condemned to die; but his life was not to be sacrificed as that of his king's was, for the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He died in the 78th year of his age, and was interred in the chancel of the parish church of Chepstow, and on his monument is the following, written by himself:

HERE

SEPT. 9TH, 1680, WAS BURIED,

A TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN,

Who in Berkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But immured full twenty years,
Had time to write, as doth appear.

EPITAPH.

Here or elsewhere (all's one to you or me),
Earth, air, or water gripes my ghostly dust,
None knows how soon to be set free.
Reader, if you an old tried rule will trust,
You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.
My time was spent in serving you and you,
And death may pay, it seems, and welcome, too—
Revenge destroying, but itself—while I
To birds of prey leave my old cage and fly.
Examples preach to the eye, care then mine says,
Not how you did, but how you spend your days.

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In addition to the almost impregnable castle the town was strongly fortified. Walls of immense thickness and watch towers surrounded it, and with some few exceptions are now what may be termed in a tolerable state of preservation. The town gate, called in the charter, granted by Charles, Earl of Worcester, in 1524, the "Great Gate," is still standing and in good repair.

During the reign of Charles I, Chepstow experienced its share of the reverses of fortune and hard knocks, identical to that very unsettled period of State affairs, when old England was about becoming a Republic, but only for a season.

Says Ruskworth: "On the 6th of October, 1645, the town and castle of Chepstow, being garrisoned by the King's troops under the command of Col. Fitzmorris, were summoned by a force of 300 cavalry and 400 infantry, assisted by some partisans of the county, the whole under command of Colonel Morgan, the Parliamentary Governor of Gloucester, to surrender. This demand was complied with, the garrison surrendering as prisoners of war on the 10th of the same month. The town and castle afterwards remained in the possession of the Parliamentarians until 1648, without interruption; but in May of that year, during the absence of the Governor, Col. Hughes, it was surprised and taken by a force under the command of Sir Nicholas Kemys, Colonel of horse in the King's

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service. The event so exasperated Cromwell that he proceeded against it in person, at the head of a considerable force of cavalry, infantry and artillery. He entered the town on the 11th of May, 1648, and immediately demanded the surrender of the castle, which was directly refused, and the little garrison, of 160 men only, defended it with the utmost courage and determination; but after a long resistance, the little band, worn out with watching and almost famished with hunger, even then refusing to surrender, had hoped to escape by a boat which they had provided as a last resource for the purpose. In this they were deemed to disappointment, for a soldier of Cromwell's army had swam the river, cut the moorings, and brought it away with him. Finally a breach was effected in the works and the castle was taken by assault. Its valiant commander and forty men lost their lives in endeavoring at the last moment to repel the invader."

The retaking of this castle was considered of so much importance to the Parliamentarians that a reward of fifty pounds sterling, a large sum in those days, was awarded the bearer of the dispatches.

More about Chepstow in my next.

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LETTER X.

WALES, CONTINUED.

CHEPSTOW, *Continued.*—The old parish church of Chepstow was originally that of an alien priory of benedictine monks, dedicated to the Holy Virgin. It was founded in the reign of Stephen by one of the family of De Clare. The principal entrance is of Norman architecture, and the old tower contains a fine peal of bells and a handsome clock with chimes, which chime hourly, commencing five minutes before striking the hour. Several very fine monuments adorn the interior among which is a very elegant canopied tomb of Henry Somerset, Lord Herbert, second Earl of Worcester of that line, who died in 1549.

The Welsh custom of bedecking the graves of departed friends with flowers of early spring, is strictly kept up in the ancient churchyard on Palm Sunday, and is done so generally throughout Wales. Dr. Dodd commemorates the custom in the following and other lines:

Oh! 'tis delightful to maintain
 Of friends deceased a true respect :
 Then bring me flowrets fresh and green,
 Straight shall my parent's grave be decked.

There are several fine buildings, among which is the bank, a branch of the west of England, towering high above the rest, as also several buildings of ancient date, and two alms houses, one the gift of Sir Walter Montague, of Pencoed, for the residence and relief of ten poor persons of the parish, and the other affords an asylum to twelve similar persons. There is also another charitable endowment of four shillings per week, called "Bowsher's charity," for the support of ten poor old bachelors! "What a shame," remarked a lady friend to me one day, "it is that such an inducement should be held out to the young men of Chepstow to live a single life of blessedness, knowing that when they get up in years that they may possibly be one of the fortunate four shillinger's per week, to live a life of idleness. Pooh! I have no patience left when I think of the old f—l of a batch who made the bequest." Poor old thing, for she was on the wrong side of forty. How much it did seem to annoy her, and I must confess that I thought myself that the money was not very judiciously bequeathed.

This little town has a variety of very fine stores, is well supplied with water and lighted with gas, and the streets are well paved and

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beautifully clean; in short, it is a beautiful healthy place, and is well worthy of a week's visit from the traveler and tourist, for it and the neighborhood abounds with antiquities, situated in one of the most delightful countries the eye ever rested upon.

The river Wye, which empties itself into the Severn, is celebrated for its salmon fishery, the right of which, like every other monopoly in Great Britain, is vested in the Duke of Beaufort, who rents it out to an enterprising and industrious Scotchman, who is well versed in the business, and under whose sagacious management very large quantities of the fish are caught during the season. He employs upwards of a hundred men, and during our stay several tons of these beautiful fish were caught and shipped off by train to the markets of London, Manchester, Bristol and other large cities, some of which fish measured more than three feet long and weighed upwards of 70 pounds. The people of the neighborhood deem this act of the Duke's mean and also an infringement of their rights, for if not the lords of the soil, they certainly think they should be of the river. They therefore speak of his grace in any but a respectful manner.

The Wye is spanned by two bridges, which are near the town, one a tubular bridge, erected by the late I. K. Brunell, C. E., of Great Eastern memory, for the South Wales Railway company,

in the erection of which the lamented engineer has displayed much originality and boldness of conception. The bridge, i. e. the span, is 300 feet long and upwards of 100 feet high from low water mark, or sixty and more above high water mark. The other bridge is of wrought iron, is very handsome, and is used for turnpike traffic.

Before bidding adieu to ancient Chepstow, we visited the Wind cliff and Tintern Abbey, passing by Piercefield park, the princely residence of Henry Clay, Esq., of which I cannot give an adequate description; but the grandest scene on the Wye is that to be obtained from the Wind cliff, which we ascended with some considerable difficulty, and were only too glad when we reached the summit. Here we were perched high up in the air, with the water and clouds beneath us, standing upon the edge of a precipice, the depth of which caused us to shudder, and the farm houses in the valley beneath appearing to have been reduced to one-third their actual size, with the eccentric river winding at our feet like the letter S, and resembling a small creek. For let my readers recollect that we were one thousand feet above its level, and from where we overlooked nine counties, said to be the most beautiful and extensive prospect in Great Britain. Descending a different way to that we went, we passed through a large cavern in the rock, nearly 90 feet in length, leaving which we passed down 360 steps, and over a rustic bridge to the Moss

Cottage, a singular building, enveloped in shrubbery, the interior of which is lined beautifully with moss; and its windows are of stained glass, diffusing therein a very nice, soft light. Visitors are here supplied, at rather a *salty figure*, with refreshments and photographs of the cottage, the Wind cliff, &c. After paying the old lady in charge for coming down the ever memorable (i. e. to me), "360 steps," and purchasing a few photographs, we again entered our carriage, which had gone on to meet us here from the foot of the Wind cliff, and drove to Tintern, two miles further, along an excellent road, but not at a 2:40 gait, keeping the river on our right. It was a delightful drive. "Such drives as we sometimes read of," remarked one of our party. To me it was not only delightful, but refreshing, after doubling cape Wind cliff, which was rather severe exercise for a man of my weight (225 pounds), and arrived at Tintern, we proceeded immediately to view the Abbey, a building of much grandeur and antiquity.

TINTERN ABBEY is situated on the right bank of the river Wye, in a hollow sheltered by four gigantic hills. It was founded for white monks in the year 1131, and dedicated to St. Mary by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, son of Constance, the sister of William Fitzosborn, who was created Earl of Hereford by the Conqueror, to whom he was nearly related. This pious act of De Clare was intended by him to expiate his

many sins for having robbed, pillaged and murdered the native inhabitants by wholesale, both he and his brother Gilbert and many others of the nobles. Abbots, priests, &c., were interred in the Abbey.

On entering this majestic and superb ruin, wherein the close cut grass serves for a carpet, instead of the fine mosaic pavement, some of which has been collected together and formed into a floor, surrounded by an iron railing, so many objects meet the eye, in so sudden a manner (says a well known writer), that the visitor becomes astonished beyond conception at the grandeur that must have once reigned within those ancient walls. The long line of massive lofty pillars which divides the aisles, the fallen arches and the elegant remains of the east window (sixty feet in depth), strike the beholder with awe and challenge his admiration and astonishment at what was possible in the days of semi-barbarism. Here and there are scattered some neatly piled up sculptured fragments and tombstones, ruined effigies and broken ornaments, which cannot but strike the eye and cause the mind to wander into centuries long gone by.

From the north aisle you pass through a door or iron gateway into the cloisters, and from there to the chapter house, infirmary, library, refectory and kitchen, all in a good state of preservation, considering the time since they were inhabited by mortal man. Says one writer:

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"How many hearts have here grown cold
That sleep these mouldering stones among?
How many beads have here been told,
How many matins here been sung?
On this rude stone by time long broke—
I think I see some pilgrim kneel—
I think I see the censor smoke—
I think I hear the solemn peel."

The Abbey, grand old classic ruin, is a cruciform, its nave and choir 228 feet, and transept 150 feet in length, height of centre arches 70 feet and the smaller 30 feet, the breadth of entrance door is 14 feet, and the walls above the door 28 feet. The amount of stone and Roman cement used in its construction is astonishing, and had to be transported from a long distance, no doubt by boats on the river. At the dissolution it was suppressed and the site granted by Henry the VIII, to Henry, second Earl of Worcester, and is now the property of a descendant, his grace the Duke of Beaufort, whose agent in charge collects the nominal sum of *six-pence* of all who visit the ruins, a sum well spent by the lover of antiquities. Retracing our steps to Chepstow, there will end our tour through Wales.

Now a few remarks about Cymru (Wales), and its people generally, ere we take our leave of it for the land of the *Saesoneg* (English). It is divided into two territories, commonly called *North* and *South* Wales, comprising twelve counties, and its extent (says W. His. of W. p 2), "may be estimated by the follow-

ing particulars: From Carmel Point to Chepstow on the Severn, is about 145 miles, and from Birkenhead on the Mersey to the Wormshead in Glamorganshire, about 140 miles. From the mouth of the Clwyd in Denbighshire to Barry Island in Glamorganshire is about 140 miles, and from the mouth of the Dovey in Cardiganshire to Bridge-North on the Severn, nearly 70 miles, while Braich-y-pwll Head, in Carnarvonshire, and extends to the west beyond the mouth of the Dovey, about 30 miles, and St. David's head in Pembrokeshire, about 50 miles, in all about 7,500 square miles of territory. It includes, beside the twelve counties, Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, with parts of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Shropshire and Cheshire." The former is, in my opinion, substantially a *Welsh county*, it certainly is in language and habits of the people, although included in the list of English counties at present, while portions of the others were also at one time no doubt part and parcel of Welsh territory taken, like Monmouthshire to enlarge British territory. The whole surface of the country is mountainous, not unlike Pennsylvania, its highest mountain being that of Snowdon or Eryri, which is 3,571 feet above the level of the sea, next are Carnedd-Llewelyn, 3,466 feet, Carnedd-Davydd, 3,422 feet, Arrenig 2,999 feet, and several others of lesser height. Rivers it has many, among which I may name the Severn, superior in every respect to any of the

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others, 190 miles long; next is the Wye and Towy. The Severn and Towy are to a certain point navigable, and the whole three are celebrated for salmon fishing. A vast extent of this country is in a high state of cultivation and the other parts abound with rich minerals, principally beds and seams of coal and iron ore.

WALES—of which there is so little known abroad, generally, deserves from *me*, a native of its soil, more than a passing remark. Hence the following:

Although it comprises only *twelve* counties, six of which form the northern, and six the southern division, it certainly did embrace in olden times much more territory, for, as history says, it included Monmouthshire, together with other contiguous counties, whole or in part, which now are incorporated with England. Thus—I take *Chester, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Chepstow, Newport* and *Abergavenny*, especially the two latter, which are in the county of Monmouth, to be substantially *Welsh* towns, for there the Welsh language still prevails, and more especially in the rural districts, where the natives (more or less) retain their ancient prejudices against the Saxon.

Wales has a population of about 1,250,000. "It derived its name, as also did its people, from the Saxons, who, by so naming, denoted a land and people to which they were strangers. The Welsh have always called themselves *Cymri*, of which the literal meaning is *Aborigines*, and the

language *Cymraeg* or *Cymric*, i. e., the *primitive tongue*; whence the Romans called the country *Cambria*.

It was into this country the ancient Britons retreated, maintaining their independence by heroically defending themselves against enemies superior in power and number, who were everywhere else victorious. The Romans *never* were able to subdue them, and the Saxons, although in possession of the neighboring country, could never secure continued possession of Wales, and it was not until the strength of the country was so diminished, owing to internal dissensions, that the Mercians, under King Offa, laid waste extensive districts, and wresting a portion from the Welsh princes, reduced the country to nearly its present limits, and erected that famous boundary called *Clawdd Offa* or *Offa's Dyke*.

In 843, Roderic was the sovereign of Wales, when he divided it into three principalities; and during the Danish Ascendency in Britain, little is known of Wales. The Danes made some incursions on the coast, but gained no permanent footing in the country. So the Welsh continued under their own princes and laws, and were never entirely subjected to the crown of England till the reign of Edward I, when Llewelyn-ap-Gruffydd, Prince of Wales, through treachery, lost his life and his country, shortly after which, Edward, the better to secure his conquest, and to reconcile the Welsh to a foreign power, sent his

Queen to Carnarvon Castle, where she gave birth to a son, &c.," (B. G.) of which I have treated in the preceding pages. Of its people I may justly say—

The Welsh of *to-day* are a hard working, thrifty and frugal people, truly loyal and patriotic, full of love and song for their native land; and are considered abroad, I am proud to remark, intelligent and good law-abiding citizens.

LETTER XI.

ENGLAND.

Brighstow, or *Caer Odor*, for by these names this ancient and important city was called by the *Romans*, *Saxons* and *Welsh*, is situated in two counties, viz: Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. The largest portion belongs to the former. Two rivers wend their way through it, the *Avon* and the *Frome*.

The city owes its origin to Brennus, a King of Britain, who flourished 330 years B. C. During the sovereignty of the first Edward (1,000) it suffered severely from numerous and severe conflicts with large bodies of the Danes, who frequently found their way up the Bristol Channel, and sacrificed to their brutal fury both sexes irrespective of age. Hundreds fell on these occasions victims to the bloodthirsty invaders, who always left loaded with plunder. But at last they were signally defeated, and had to beat hasty retreats; and, Edward having caused to be constructed several castles along the river Avon for the defense of the places lying upon its banks,

effectually put a stop to their piratical incursions.

The chief of those strongholds was the celebrated one of Bristol, which Henry of Lancaster stormed when defended by one of the adherents of King Richard. *Prince Rupert* took it from the Parliamentary army, they however regained it afterward and finally it was razed to the ground by Cromwell. Within the walls of that once extensive castle *Eleanor*, Princess of Britain, was incarcerated by King John, during a period of forty years; and within the same dungeon the same tyrannical monarch committed the well known deed of barbarity on the person of an unfortunate Jew named *Abraham*, of extracting one tooth per diem until he had paid a sum of *ten thousand marks*. The unhappy victim withstood this flagrant act of injustice and cruelty until he had sacrificed all but *one*, and then complied with the exorbitant demand, a torture some of our *American ladies* now-a-days would think nothing of, for they frequently have a whole mouthful extracted for *appearance sake alone*.

Henry the VIII granted the charter which made Bristol a *city* and the *see* of a Bishop.

Serious riots took place here in 1749, occasioned by the erection of turnpike gates, when the price of bread was very high. A great many lives were sacrificed on that occasion. Another riot occurred in 1792 for the purpose of abolishing the tolls collected on Bristol bridge; then followed a bread riot in 1801, all of which tend-

ed to disturb the public peace and sacrifice a great many lives, without achieving any good results—so much for *riot and civil war*.

The objects of curiosity in this city are very numerous, and of the most diversified character, the Cathedral, the various parish churches, and almost every street contains something to awaken the attention of the visitor, and to excite a laudable spirit of inquiry. This is more particularly the case, as it respects many of those majestic and time honored edifices set apart for the services of religion; viz: that of the Established Church of England.

It is considered the second city in size in England,* and as we visited it specially to see some relatives, remaining there but one day, affording us just sufficient time to visit Clifton and its magnificent suspension bridge, which spans the river Avon, said to be one of the finest structures of the kind in the known world, my remarks will be brief.

Suspension bridges, we are informed, i. e., in a rude form, were first constructed by the *Peruvians*, but the principle was understood in Europe at least as early as the middle ages, and were frequently employed in military operations; the Prince of Orange used them in 1631, and during the Peninsular war, "when the French had destroyed one of the stone arches of the bridge of

Liverpool, as a seaport, is of more importance and probably larger.

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Alcantara (a splendid Roman bridge built by the Emperor Trojan), in order to prevent the passage of the allied troops, a rope bridge was at once thrown across the gap (very nearly one hundred feet wide) and crossed in safety by the entire British army," and temporary bridges formed of iron chains with planks laid across have frequently been used for various purposes. But the last great impulse to the erection of suspension bridges was erected by the completion in 1826 of Telford's Menai bridge, at that time regarded as one of the boldest attempts undertaken by any engineer.

I will now speak of the Clifton splendid structure. Standing upon the edge of the old Roman encampment which crowns the summit of Clifton Downs, with the valley of the nightingale opposite, and 200 feet below you the river Avon flowing swiftly to the sea, is one of the most magnificent views that the eye of the spectator ever rested upon; it is here, spanning the river about 700 feet, is erected the Clifton suspension bridge, so long in contemplation, but now happily for the residents of Clifton and Hotwell-road completed. This bridge is not only very handsome but capable of sustaining a permanent weight of 5,000 tons, the massive links which extend from pier to pier with their gilded bolts, form especially on a clear sunny day a very attractive and dazzling sight, and must be seen so as to form a correct idea of its beauty; indeed

there are but few (if any) of the various bridges erected in other parts of the world can excel it in grandeur, and as we gazed upon it we were struck with wonder and admiration for the genius of the great Brunel, to whose engineering skill the structure owed its presence, although he did not live to witness its completion, but a finer and more lasting monument could not be erected to his memory than the Clifton suspension bridge!

Bristol, especially that part called Clifton, has within the last 20 years increased very much in size, and some of the finest private dwellings in all England adorn its once spacious and fertile fields. College road being the most fashionable of all others, both as a public drive and promenade.

We failed to make it convenient to visit the old cathedral *St. Mary de Redcliffe*, which still stands a venerable and majestic monument to the days of yore.

Bristol has a population of probably 175,000, and is quite a commercial city, doing an extensive trade, principally with South Wales, and is the *terminus* of the Great Western Railway. We will now take a hurried leave of this city and proceed by way of Swindon to—

LONDON.—This wonderful and rapidly growing city has a population of over 3,000,000 of people, and is no doubt the largest and most flourishing city in the known world; a few remarks on its early history will therefore not be uninteresting to my readers.

It was at one time the capital of the *Trinobantes*, a numerous people inhabiting those parts of Britain now called Middlesex and Essex, before the christian era, even in those remote times it was governed by laws and was an important centre of commerce! Cæsar denominated it "the chief city of the Trinobantes." Antiquity has told us nothing of the founder, but tradition gives it to a "Trojan called Brute, who invaded and conquered Britain 1116 years B. C." During the 476 years of Roman rule, stupendous works were accomplished by a people of advanced mechanical skill, whose soldiers were superior artizans and excellent workmen, capable of building fortresses, cities, &c., and as the Romans made London their grand emporium, the city would have had full advantage of their architectural ability. We further learn that the Emperor Claudius (who built Gloster, Glevum and Colchester Colonia) remodelled London and called it *Auguster*; in the reign of *Nero* it was deemed the largest and most opulent city in the British Islands.

Various remains of Roman art and grandeur have been found in London at various times, even down to the building of the great Metropolitan Railway, where now the iron horse traverses the subterraneous passages of the present great city, which of itself is sufficient proof of its being at one time a place of much importance; it is not my intention however to give a history of London from its foundation to the Norman conquest

and down to the present time, but confine myself to London as it is, with its surroundings, giving an account only of that we visited and saw; so by way of commencement I will take my readers to—

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—In 610 Ethelbert, King of Kent, undertook the building of the church of St. Paul, and Erkenwald, Bishop of London, who died about the year 686, gave large sums of money towards its completion, but in 961 it is supposed this edifice was destroyed by fire and rebuilt within the following year. King Athelstan endowed it "with divers fair Lordships," and here the King was interred, and his son Edmond Ironsides crowned.

William the Conqueror bestowed some large estates upon St. Pauls, but towards the close of his reign it was again destroyed by fire, and then Maurice, Bishop of London "conceived" (*says Stowe*) "the vast design of erecting the magnificent structure which immediately preceded the present cathedral, a work that men of that time judged would never be completed," so vast were its dimensions and slow its progress that it took, we are informed, 230 years to complete it.

The great clock was a wonderful piece of mechanism, and a splendid ornament, the figure of an angel pointed to the hour, in the sight of passers by—"a heavenly messenger marking the progress of time."

During the civil war the whole church, except

the choir, was used for stables and places for the accommodation of soldiers, and its moneys collected for repairs, seized by the Parliament; thus within the walls was heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the jingle of the sabres and spurs of the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell's army, together with the coarse laugh, rude jest and muttered curses of a class of people fully determined to carry out the object in view—*that of abolishing monarchical rule*. At the restoration a public subscription was gotten up to put it in repair but before the work was began it again became a prey to the great fire of 1666, upon which occasion it was reduced to a mass of smouldering ruins.

"On June 21st, 1675, Sir Christopher Wren began the building of the present edifice, and the choir was opened for divine service on Dec. 2nd, 1697; the last or highest stone of the building was laid on the top of the lantern in 1710. Thus it occupied 35 years in its completion, under one architect, one master mason, and under one prelate, Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.

The large organ built in 1853 contains 60 sounding stops, viz: Great organ 16, choir 12, solo 9, swell 13, pedal 10, besides accessory stops, movements, &c., and there are 4,004 pipes in it.

A flight of 260 steps takes the visitor to the *whispering gallery*, wherein the slightest whisper can be heard along the wall, by two persons standing a long way apart as if that of a loud

voice—560 steps leads to the *upper gallery* and 616 to the *ball*, from where can be had a most magnificent view of the city and suburbs.

The whispering gallery is 140 yards in circumference, the great bell 10 feet in diameter, the metal of which is ten inches thick and weight 11,474 pounds; this immense weight is suspended forty feet from the floor, and the hour is struck on this bell by a hammer weighing 145 pounds.

The clock has two faces of 57 feet in circumference, or nearly 20 feet in diameter, the minute hands on each face are nine feet eight inches long and weigh 75 pounds, the hour hands are five feet nine inches long and weigh 44 pounds, the hour figures are two feet two inches long, the pendulum 16 feet with a weight at the bottom of 108 pounds, yet it is suspended by a spring one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

From the pavement to the top of the cross over the dome is upwards of 360 feet, and the lantern which crowns the Cathedral is said to weigh 700 tons, the ball is six feet in diameter, its weight 5,600 pounds, and has ample room for the accommodation within of twelve persons; thirty feet above it is the cross, which weighs 3,360 pounds and is fifteen feet high."

In the vaults are the remains of celebrated persons, among whom I may name Sir Chris. Wren, who died in 1723, in the 91st year of his age, Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington;

and upwards of fifty elegant monuments by various masters adorn the interior, all erected at the public expense to the memory of departed celebrities, the cost of which I was informed amounts to no less a sum than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, that of Lord Nelson, Earl Howe, Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Lord Rodney costing upwards of £6,000 each.

In the crypt the most conspicuous and elaborate are the tombs of Nelson and Wellington the latter is very fine, and has near it the funeral car with all the trappings and appointments which conveyed to their last resting place all that was once mortal of the "*Iron Duke*." His coronet (deprived of its precious stones) and baton lie on top of the sarcophagus, solitary memorials of the past, that coronet which on so many occasions shed lustre around amid pomp and state, but now dismantled and doomed to adorn, like that baton which he carried on many a battle field, the last resting place of its once illustrious wearer.

More about London in my next—when I will request my readers to accompany me into the TOWER.

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LETTER XII.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

LONDON *Continued.*—The Tower of London, a very extensive building, is now the receptacle for arms, &c., of the naval and military school, both ancient and modern. It is of Norman architecture, and was founded by William the Conqueror as a fortress, but has since then served for various purposes, even as the residence of Royalty, for several of the English Monarchs have occupied it as a palace; it is therefore well worthy of a visit, and perhaps it may be to others as it was to the writer, the most interesting place in all *England*.

After passing through two gateways and across the moat in charge of a Government official, peculiarly dressed and commonly known as a "beef eater," we were soon within the walls, wherein some of the blackest deeds that ever disgraced the pages of history have been enacted, and stood in front of the Traitor's gate, which opens into the fortress from the river Thames, through which all the State prisoners were once brought

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the name of Anne Boleyn, one of the several wives of Henry VIII, whom he cruelly caused to be beheaded, is inscribed on the wall by one of the unhappy gentlemen imprisoned here in those days, and who also lost their lives on her account; we will pass by several towers of little or no interest and enter the

BEAUCHAMP TOWER—erected during the reign of John, 1119, and Henry III, 1216. This tower derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned in it in 1397, and is the most interesting of the whole, for very many distinguished prisoners have, from time to time, languished and died in this tower. Near the entrance is inscribed the name of Marmaduke Neville, one of the unfortunate adherents to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots. In one of the recesses is inscribed the following: "Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sad and unpropitious. Signed, William Tyrrel, 1541." Near the fire place is the name of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and inscribed under is the following: "The more suffering with Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next world." He was the eldest son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572 for aspiring to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was imprisoned for his devotedness to the Romish religion; he lingered and died at the age of 39 in

his prison cell. Near by and around the old fire place are various other inscriptions, among which is that of Dudley, Earl of Warwick, whose father endeavored to place the crown of England on the head of Lady Jane Grey, which rash ambitious act (Lady Jane being his daughter-in-law) deprived him of his head, and his son died in prison. In another recess is the name "G. Gyfford, August 8th, 1586"—and a great many rude sculptures of armorial bearings adorn the walls of this tower, the handiwork of those unfortunate occupants, who from time to time did thus wile in solitude many an irksome hour away, and are now mementos of those days when a man or woman's life was mere bagatelle. Well may the Lady Jane Grey express herself in the following lines:

"To mortal's common fate thy mind resign
My lot to-day to-morrow may be thine."

Leaving this "chamber of horrors" we wended our way to the Horse Armory, viewing, as we went along, some very ancient cannon, some of which were very interesting, especially those constructed of wrought iron bars welded together, encircled with iron hoops, after cask making fashion; stone shot were used in those days (1400), and not the least interesting among those engines of war was an iron gun, which, after being 300 years in the bottom of the sea, was recovered by divers, among other things, from the wreck of the "Mary Rose," one of the ships of war of Henry VIII. The

to their tower prison, perhaps never to leave it in this life, for within that gate once, the poor captive was wholly subject to the will and caprice of monarchical power, and his life, for a given time, not worth a British *farthing*. It would be next to an impossibility for man to describe all the black deeds and treacherous doings committed here during the early history of England's Kings and Queens, where torture and cruelty in various ways, the axe and the block reigned supreme; therefore I will proceed as we were shown, and take my readers into the—

WHITE TOWER.—This tower is the oldest and principal building, and stands in the centre of the fortification. A spiral staircase of massive stone between walls of immense thickness leads into the various apartments, among which is the prison room and cell of Sir Walter Raleigh, wherein he wrote his history of the world; near the entrance to the cell are inscriptions rudely cut in the stones by Rudstow, Fane and Culpeper, who were implicated in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion in 1553, which proved so fatal to Lady Jane Grey, and for which Sir Thomas was beheaded in the same year. A large room on the upper floor was used as a council room by various Kings, a room of rare antiquity. It was in this room that the Protector Richard, Duke of Gloster, ordered Lord Hastings to be beheaded, ere he, Richard, sat down to his dinner. This room, as are several others in this tower, is now

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used as a depository for small arms, ingeniously arranged so as to resemble flowers, &c. The

BLOODY TOWER—is the scene of the murder of the young Princes, sons of Edward IV, in 1483. The

BELL TOWER—wherein is hung the alarm bell of the garrison, was in olden time a prison lodging. In it was imprisoned the Bishop of Rochester by command of Henry VIII, it was also the lodging place of Queen Elizabeth, when a prisoner here by command of her sister Mary (bloody Mary), who wielded so much power during her eventful reign. The

DEVEREUX TOWER—derives its name from Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the great favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who was confined therein, and whose death she so much mourned, notwithstanding that he was executed by her own order, for, it is said, plotting against her life. Elizabeth's great struggle between resentment and affection, ere she could sign the death warrant, and of which she so bitterly repented when too late, is too well known to need any further comments from me on the subject. The

BOWYER TOWER—contains a gloomy room wherein George, Duke of Clarence, is said to have been drowned in a butt of wine in 1474. The

BRICK TOWER—was the prison lodging of Lady Jane Grey, and the

MARTIN TOWER—was also a prison lodging;

are also exhibited to the curious. On our return through the Horse Armory from this room our attention was particularly directed to an effigy of Charles I on horseback, dressed in a complete suit of rich gilt armor, presented to him by the corporation of the city of London, which was very beautiful indeed. Passing from here we next visited the fire and bomb proof room containing the—

REGALIA OF ENGLAND—the splendor of which we will not attempt to describe. Grouped together on a large stand, covered with crimson cloth and encircled with a massive iron railing, jealously guarded within and without, is the regalia of England's sovereigns, comprising the Victoria Crown, composed of gold and silver, diamonds and other precious stones, the cap of which is purple velvet. St. Edward's Crown, composed of gold, embellished with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, &c. The Prince of Wales' crown is of pure gold with no ornaments. The Queen's crown, i. e., that worn by the King's consort, and the Queen's diadem made for the consort of James II, are very handsome; both are studded with diamonds of a large size and of the purest water, artistically embellished with the finest of pearls. St. Edward's staff is of gold, four feet seven inches in length, and is used at coronations, when it is carried before the King or Queen, as it may be. It is surmounted by an orb said to contain a portion of the *true*

*cross.** The Royal Sceptre is of gold adorned with costly jewels. The Rod of Equity is of gold and ornamented with diamonds. The Queen's Sceptre is of very rich workmanship beautifully adorned with precious stones. An Ivory Sceptre was made for James II's Queen, and another richly wrought golden sceptre was made for William III's Queen. Several other articles, generally used at coronations, such as swords, &c., complete the regalia, the value of which, I presume, would be difficult to estimate.

We will now take our leave of this old fortress, prison, palace and armory, with its secret passages, torture rooms, dungeons, cells and prison lodgings, all of which are identified with the dark ages in which the oldest portion of it was built, and as we pass by, pause before that gloomy archway, the "Traitor's Gate," where oftentimes have royalty, nobility, the clergy and gentry passed its threshold, to exchange for the brilliancy of court, pomp and splendor, lofty positions and the comforts of home, the cold and damp walls of a dungeon, the torture room, and last, but not least welcome, the friendly services of the headsman. Sad indeed is thy record, old tower; a detailed account of the atrocities committed within thy walls would fill volumes; for *eight hundred years* hast thou served for various

* The Cross of our Saviour.

HORSE ARMORY—contains on equestrian statues the armor worn by various Kings and others of note, which were superceded during the seventeenth century, by the general use of firearms. In this room has been collected together the armor and weapons of almost every age of English history. Numerous military trophies and emblems adorn the walls and ceilings, and the windows are of stained glass embellished with armorial bearings. The equestrian figures, a good representation of life, occupy the centre of the apartment, with the horses' heads fronting the visitor, clad in the various suits of armor of the period between the reign of Edward I and James II (1272 to 1683), commencing with the old Asiatic chain mail down to the suits of half armor adopted by Charles I; but to give a descriptive account of the whole would occupy more time and space than the writer can afford—the reader will therefore have to content himself with a brief description of No. 1, viz., that on the effigy of Edward I, which is of chain, with heavy spurs and shield of kite shape. The figure is represented in the act of drawing his sword. This was in the time of Bruce and Wallace, and in such suits were fought, won and lost the fields of Dunbar, Bannock-burn, &c. From this reign the various suits on the other effigies appear to change in style, as does wearing apparel of the present period, some suits varying much in style and finish. And there are upwards of a score of the figures clad in what may be

termed the richest style of armor, among which is that worn formerly by Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I, in 1612. There are also several very fine suits of foreign armor deposited here, viz., Turkish, Greek, Chinese, Japanese, Roman, &c. Ancient battle axes, swords, spears, daggers, anclaces, spurs, helmets, gauntlets, powder-horns and sundry pieces of armor occupy prominent positions in this and adjoining rooms.

In a room adjoining that called Queen Elizabeth's Armory are also many beautiful specimens of old armor, and the first thing that attracted our attention were two figures clad in elegant and very bright armor, and a part of the keel of the ship of war "Royal George," which sank at Spithead when at anchor there in August, 1782. This apartment is devoted almost exclusively to oriental arms and armor, military trophies, &c., among which are several from Waterloo, 1815, kettle drums from Blenheim, 1704, and a host of others from India and other places where the British arms have been triumphant. Here we saw the sword and sash of the late Duke of York, the cloak of Gen. Wolfe, which he wore when killed at Quebec in 1759, and in

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ARMORY—we were shown the beheading block whereon Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock and Lovat were beheaded in 1746, and the axe used on the occasion; thumb screws and other instruments of torture and punishment so often used in those days to extort confession,

purposes, and which time the renowned, the notorious and the innocent have pined within thy walls until grim death generously relieved them of thy forced hospitality; and could thy chapel, wherein rests so many of thy victims, but deliver up its dead to life, much could be related of thee and thy keepers which has never been committed to history.

In my next I will request my readers to accompany me to Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle.

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LETTER XIII.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

HAMPTON COURT.—Having been permitted to emerge in safety from the confines of the old Tower, we the following day went by rail to Hampton Court. This palatial residence is situated on the right bank of the river Thames, twelve miles out of London, and was built by Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey, during the reign of Henry VIII., whose Prime Minister he was for some time; I may say minister and favorite, for Wolsey during his days of clover was the readiest of all that monarch's council to advance his capricious whims, and lewd, barbarous conduct, in return for which, all matters of state fell to *his* governance *alone*; indeed, such was his rule that he became supreme, and such was the power he wielded over King and Court, that he affected to govern without Parliaments, two of which were only held for fourteen years. He was for many reasons the disgrace of his profession, "being lewd and vicious himself, and serving the King (says his biographer) in all his secret pleasures; his

pride and pomp was unbounded and his ambition in proportion, for he even aspired to the Popedom, which he failed to obtain. He became the owner of vast possessions and his income exceeded the revenues of the Crown, thus enabling him to live in the most princely style;" but it is a "long lane that has no turning," for he at last became unpopular with his libertine master, the King, and, eventually, a matter connected with the divorce of Queen Catharine (Catharine of Arragon) and other matters wherein the King was directly interested, shook his power and influence to that extent over his Royal master, that on October 28, 1529, he was commanded to give up the great seal, and his goods were all seized for the King's use and himself impeached in Parliament for exercising power contrary to law, and for the scandalous irregularities of his life. His enemies continued to revile him, and disaster after disaster followed him until he died, when under arrest for treason, November 29, 1530. In his last moments he "regretted that he had not served God with the same fidelity that he had his King." A little before he died he addressed himself in the following words to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the tower, who had him in custody:

"I pray you have me heartily recommended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him on my behalf to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us from the beginning, especially with regard to his business with the

Queen, and then he will know in his conscience whether I have offended him.

"He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one-half of his kingdom. I do assure you that I have often kneeled before him, some times three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail. Therefore, let me advise you, if you be one of the privy council, as by your wisdom you are fit, take care what you put into the King's head, for you can never put it out again."—*Cavendish.*

Thus ended the days of the man who from poverty raised himself to be prime minister of England, the favorite of Emperors, Kings and Princes, and the terror of thousands. A man who wielded such power and influence as but few if any but Richlieu of France ever did, and to whom, history, perhaps has not done justice. I will now proceed to give a brief description of his once princely residence:

Hampton Court, long before Wolsey became disgraced, but about the time the King began to be jealous of the pomp and splendor he lived in, suddenly became the property of the latter. Stowe remarks of the circumstance thus: "The princely residence began to create envy at court. The King therefore took occasion to question the Cardinal as to his intentions of building a palace that so far surpassed any of the royal palaces in England," to which the Cardinal cunningly replied "that he was only trying to form

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a residence worthy of so great a monarch, and that Hampton Court palace was the property of King Henry the VIII." This princely gift gained him much favor, and was the immediate means of supporting his waning influence. In return for this generous present Henry, who determined not to be outdone in generosity, bestowed upon the Cardinal the Manor of Richmond, an old favorite residence of Henry VII, and with him a favorite resort also, during the early part of his reign. Since which time Hampton Court has been the residence of several of the monarchs of England, as also that of Oliver Cromwell and his family. Henry VI was born here October 12th, 1537, and his mother, Jane Seymour only survived his birth a few days. She was one of the wives of Henry VIII, and was married to the brute the day after the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was beheaded; but short was her reign as Queen, for she died in about a year after her marriage. And had she lived much longer the probability would have been that she, like her predecessors, would have gone *headless* to the grave. Catharine Howard was his next Queen at Hampton Court, and Catharine Parr followed; the former shared the fate of Anne Boleyn, and the latter but narrowly escaped it also, but ere another opportunity offered for her decapitation, the tyrannical, obstinate, unfeeling and lewd Henry VIII ceased to exist in this life.

Numerous Kings and Queens continued to spend a great portion of their time at Hampton Court, until the reign of George II, who, accompanied by his Queen, Caroline, were the last of royalty who resided there.

In its present state Hampton Court is occupied partly by private individuals, pensioners upon the Royal bounty of the Crown, principally, indeed, I may say all. Ladies of rank without wealth, in plain English, empty title ladies, whose sires or husbands have faithfully served their country, leaving nothing but a good record and a name behind them at the time of their death. Apart from the rooms allotted to their use are the state apartments, open to the public gratuitously on every day of the week except Friday, as are also the beautiful and very extensive grounds which surround it.

In the state apartments are to be seen beautiful and ancient tapestry, embracing Scriptural and other subjects. Oil paintings, by various masters, of Monarchs, Princes, nobility, and officers of the army and navy, battle and scriptural scenes, &c., some of which are by the most eminent artists of their time. There are also in addition to the paintings very ancient furniture, such as mirrors, bedsteads, tables, and among which is the state bed and hangings of Queen Anne, a clock which goes for twelve months without winding, some fine specimens of crockery and a variety of other equally interesting relics.

The writer having taken his readers hurriedly through this ancient palace, for to give in detail what is to be seen there, would, as he has had occasion to remark heretofore, "occupy too much time and space," will therefore have to request his readers to accompany him to a palace of still more grandeur and antiquity; viz: that of—

WINDSOR CASTLE.—This immense palace is, without exception, the finest and largest of the Royal residences in the united Kingdom, and so vast is its size that it may be termed a town in itself.

It was first intended for a fortress by William the Conqueror. Henry I enlarged it considerably, and in 1170 Henry II held a Parliament there, at which William, King of Scotland, and his brother David, were present. Edwards I and II made it their constant residence. In 1344 Edward III made vast improvements and additions to it. It was this Prince who here instituted the order of the garter on St. George's day with much pomp and ceremony in 1349. Edward IV rebuilt on a large scale the beautiful chapel of St. George, and Henrys VII and VIII did much to enlarge and beautify the buildings and grounds. Queen Mary and her consort, Philip of Spain, made a grand entry into it in 1545, after their marriage at Winchester. Elizabeth, Charles I and II, William III, George III, and especially George IV have contributed much to the improvement and enlarge-

ment of Windsor Castle, but to the latter the very magnificent alteration made during his reign, will for ages untold be a monument to his memory. What remained unfinished at the time of his demise were completed by William IV and her present majesty Queen Victoria. The whole of those improvements, it is said, cost upwards of one million pounds sterling, and still mechanics are at work adding, embellishing, repairing and keeping in repair this ancient and very interesting structure.

The Queen and the late Prince consort surrounded by their family oftentimes retired to Windsor from the gaiety and pleasures of London. Indeed, Her Majesty had but left the Castle on the day previous to our visit, for her Scottish residence Balmoral, in the north of Scotland, where she generally spends every year a few weeks among her loyal and loving Scotch subjects.

Having obtained our cards of admission through a friend before leaving London, we were soon ushered into the state apartments, first registering our names on the visitors' book as we entered the lobby, where stood one of Her Majesty's servants clad in the Royal livery, that of scarlet turned up with gold lace. The state apartments, the round tower and St. George's chapel are all that are shown during Her Majesty's absence. The private apartments, i. e., those wherein she resides, setting royalty, I may say, aside, can only be seen during the time that the court is here.

We first entered the audience chamber, the walls of which are hung with fine Gobelins tapestry, illustrative partly of the history of Queen Esther and Mordecai, and oil paintings of William II, Frederick, Prince of Orange, and Mary, Queen of Scots. Next is the Landyke room, containing about thirty beautiful portraits by the eminent artist of that name; they represent Kings, Queens, Princes, nobles and others.

The State Drawing room contains a few very fine Scriptural paintings and Royal portraits by Ruccarolli.

The State Ante-room, the ceiling of which is painted by Verri, representing a banquet of the Gods, contains some very fine carving, and a stained glass portrait of George III is placed over the fireplace. From here we passed over the grand staircase into the vestibule which contains military trophies and suits of armor highly interesting, and then entered the—

Waterloo Chamber, an elegant large room. On the walls are hung various portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, among which is a very fine one of the Duke of Wellington, as he appeared in the city on the day of thanksgiving after the battle of Waterloo, so fatal to the interest of the first Napoleon, but the means of restoring peace and confidence in Europe.

The Presence Chamber, the carving and gilding in this room is grand, and the walls are hung with the finest and richest of Gobelins tapestry, descriptive of the history of the golden fleece.

In my next I will give to my readers the remainder of what we saw in Windsor Castle, as also what other sights and scenes we saw during our stay in the great metropolis of Great Britain, and then leave its hospitable shore for a while to visit France.

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LETTER XIV.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *Continued.*—From the "Presence Chamber" we were conducted into *St. George's Hall*, a room two hundred feet long, thirty-four feet broad and thirty-two feet high. It is the grand banqueting hall, the ceiling is decorated with the armorial bearings of all the knights of the garter up to the present time, and on the walls are many fine portraits in oil of all the Sovereigns from James I to George IV. The *Guard Chamber* contains arms and specimens of ancient armor very ingeniously arranged on the walls, and there are several life-like effigies, armed *cap-a-pie*, lance in hand, and busts of Wellington and Marlborough, over the heads of which are placed silk banners, regularly renewed on the anniversaries of the battles of Waterloo and Blenheim. Over the fire place is the beautiful shield, in a glass case, which was presented by Frances I, of France, to Henry VIII, on the field of the *Cloth of Gold*, so called from the gorgeous and magnificent display made on

that occasion by those Monarchs and their retinues, when they met socially between the two towns named Guisnes and Ardres, in France, in 1520, where also "the nobility of France and England" displayed their magnificence with such emulation and profuse expense, as to procure for the place of interview the name of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Among numerous other relics and curiosities in this Chamber are two chairs, one made from the oak of Alloway Kirk (immortalized by Burns in his poem of Tam O'Shanter and Souter John-ny), and the other from the oak tree where the Duke of Wellington and staff stood while directing the battle of Waterloo. The *Queen's Presence Chamber* was the last room we were shown into, the ceiling of which is beautifully painted by Verrio, representing Catharine, Queen of Charles II, supported by Religion, Prudence, Fortitude, and other virtues attending her, and the walls are hung with gobelin tapestry, containing the illustrative history (as in the Audience Chamber) of Queen Esther and Mordecai. We next proceeded to view *St. George's Chapel*, the exterior of which bears on its face the marks of old age, and entered just as preparations were being made to hold the regular afternoon service. So imitating the example set us by other visitors, we appropriated to ourselves seats, and were shortly afterwards silent listeners to the most beautiful chanting I ever heard, the fine undulating tones

of the organ and the voices of some of the juvenile chanters being of the most exquisite kind. The service was in full cathedral style, and was conducted with much solemnity; indeed, it was a solemn and grand manner of worshipping Almighty God, which even of itself amply repaid me for visiting Windsor Castle.

Divine worship being over we proceeded to view all that was interesting within this ancient edifice. The carving in oak and stone are very fine, as are also the stained and painted windows, especially that recently erected by the Queen to the memory of the Prince Consort, to whom she was devotedly attached and whose memory she has never ceased to mourn. A tribute his memory is not undeserving of, for he was not only a great man but a good man, beloved by all, affable and kind, and in every respect fitted for the proud position he was destined to fill while on earth.* A character his children would do well to emulate, especially the Prince of Wales, who will sooner or later have to play an important part in the State affairs of Great Britain.

The choir wherein divine service is held is the place where the knights of the garter are installed, and over each of their stalls (sitting places) is suspended each knight's respective banner with his armorial bearings emblazoned thereon, directly under which is placed the hel-

* The Prince, during his lifetime, was very partial to Windsor, and made it his principal and favorite residence.

met, crest, sword and mantle, and at the back of each stall is a brass lacquered plate, inscribed with the name, title and style of each of the followers of St. George. A great many of such plates adorn the backs of some of the stalls, whereon are recorded the names of those knights who have from time to time gone to that world where *title* and *style* availeth them not, and on the several windows of the choir are also painted their respective coats of arms.

The *Queen's Closet*, and the stalls wherein sit the various members of the Royal family are eagerly sought for and scrutinized closely by visitors, and lastly the various tombs are visited. The royal tomb or vault is near the altar, and I was informed only contains the remains of Charles I, Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. Various others of the royal family being interred elsewhere. In a small chapel is a splendid marble monument to the memory of that most excellent and estimable lady the Princess Charlotte, wife of the late King Leopold, of Belgium. It represents the body of the deceased on a bier, covered with drapery, with an attendant at each corner kneeling in despondency and sorrow; in the back ground is represented the spirit ascending, supported by two angels, one of whom bears aloft her infant child. This elegant piece of workmanship appears to great advantage from the reflection of the stained glass window of the little chapel, which diffuses a beautiful soft gold-

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en light around. There are several other very fine monuments there, one recently erected by order of the Queen to the memory of the husband of the Princess Charlotte ("Leopold, King of the Belgians,") who was the Queen's uncle, and several others to the memory of others of the royal family, military and naval heroes, &c. And beneath a lofty stone called the royal tomb-house erected by Henry VIII, are the remains of the Princess Amelia, 1810—Princess Charlotte, 1818—Duke of Kent, 1820—George III, 1820—Duke of York, 1827—George IV, 1830—William IV, 1837—Princess Augusta, 1820, and the Dowager Queen Adelaide, 1849. The "Duke of Kent" was the father of the present Queen, and had he been permitted to survive "William IV," would have been King of Great Britain; hence, why his only child, Victoria, became Queen, a position she has filled for thirty years with the greatest honor and credit, respected and beloved both at home and abroad. The Dutchess of Kent (the Queen's mother) and Prince Albert are interred in the vault at Frogmore house, the late residence of the Dutchess, which is also open to visitors, but time would not permit of our going there.

Before leaving Windsor Castle we visited the Round Tower and Terrace grounds. One hundred steps, then a wide spiral stairway, and as many more, perhaps double the quantity of steps brought us to the top of the former, and from

which we obtained an excellent view of the Castle and grounds, and also of the several counties of Berks, Bucks, Surrey, Middlesex, Oxford, Hants, Wilts, Essex, Hertford, Bedford and Kent. From the flagstaff towering high above us is hoisted to the breeze, while Her Majesty resides in the castle, the royal standard, and we were informed that in apartments in this tower, David, King of Scotland and France, and the Earl of Surrey were confined. At present it is converted into apartments for the accommodation of visitors, &c.

While on the terrace we obtained an excellent view of the winding river, "old father Thames," and of Eaton College, founded in 1440 by Henry VI, so popular as one of the upper schools of England. We also saw a monster cannon imported from China, which weighs over seven tons. Many other things worthy of note are to be seen in and around Windsor Castle, for instance, the royal mews (Queen's stables), riding school, gardens, the home Park, Frogmore lodge, Ascot race course, Virginia water, &c. But alas, we had no time to visit those places, so had reluctantly to bid old Windsor and its fine castle farewell, and take the six p. m. train for London, via. Paddington, thence by the "Metropolitan underground railway" to Moorgate street in the city, near to our hotel in Basinghall street, where we arrived quite fatigued, yet well satisfied with our trip to Windsor.

I will now have to "make a long story short," contenting myself with giving my readers but a brief account of the other places we visited during our stay in London, some of which were very interesting. I will first name the *British Museum*, and let me here remark that no person should visit London without going to see this honeycomb of antiquities and rare curiosities, to enumerate which would occupy a lifetime of scores of years. Suffice it to say that it contains in part, mummies, skeletons of animals, stuffed birds, ancient and modern coins, minerals, precious stones, golden nuggets, gold dust, ancient and modern sculpture, ancient tombs from Asia, quaint and costly relics from Nineveh, ancient documents, letters, seals, books, pictures, statuary and hosts of other remarkable, nay, astonishing, things of the past ages, dating back thousands of years beyond the christian era. To do justice to which, months should be spent by the visitor and antiquarian in exploring this seat of wonder, containing wonders; and if you should want to see anything that the human mind can think of, go to the British Museum, and I verily believe you will find it there.

I will now proceed to give an equally brief account of *Sydenham Crystal Palace*, the most magnificent place, I believe, in the world. We spent there a whole day, and I was only too sorry when leaving, to know I could not make it con-

venient to go there again; but I came away charmed with the land of flowers, beautiful shrubbery, playing fountains, elegant statuary, smooth terraces, fine gravel walks, shady little nooks, beautiful fish ponds abounding with golden and other fish. Its hills and dales, romantic and picturesque beyond conception, and lastly its truly magnificent and spacious glass building, abounding with novelties of every age. Sydenham Palace is that, to a certain extent, which was erected in 1851, in Hyde Park, London, for the exhibition of industry of all nations, taken down and removed to this place for re-erection, which has been done with some further improvements and alterations, making it to-day the wonder and admiration of the world. Indeed, the vast building is a city of workshops and stores in itself! And while we were within its glass walls, I had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated English tenor singer, Sims Reeves, and others of vocal celebrity, male and female, among whom was Madam Santan Dolby, a star of much magnitude in the profession. They sang in the great Handel Orchestra, which is capable of accommodating four thousand performers.

The building is divided into courts, representing the architecture, &c., peculiar to the various countries and places they are named after, of which there are ten; viz:—the Egyptian court, Greek, Roman, Alhambra, Nineveh, Byzantine, English, Mediæval, Renaissance and Italian

courts. There is also a place called the Pompeian house, and there are also what may be termed courts of industry, which are open for the manufacture and sale of various articles to visitors; for instance, the "*Sheffield court*" is an establishment open for the sale of what we call in America, hardware, which means there iron-mongery, and which includes cutlery, &c. This court is a beautiful structure of glass and iron. In the *Birmingham court*, another very fine place, is exhibited for sale the various articles peculiar to the place from which it takes its name. There may be seen sewing machines in operation, silk weaving, braid making, glass blowing, wood and ivory carving, &c., &c. in short, you can obtain within the walls of this hive of industry, articles fashioned after the style of almost every country on the globe. After the various courts follow the main galleries, model gallery and picture gallery. The main galleries are loaded with various articles from Europe, Asia, Africa and America, among which are rare and choice specimens of Indian arms, armor, Oriental garments, models of Indian Mosques and Pagodas, curious and quaint carving in wood and ivory. The model gallery contains models of bridges, houses, vessels and marine appliances, designed and executed in Great Britain. In this department can be seen, of precise dimensions, an exact model of Shakespeare's house in Stratford-upon-Avon, and a model of the Britannia tubular bridge

erected across the Menai strait in North Wales. And in the picture gallery is exhibited upwards of one thousand pictures in oil, water colors and crayon, the productions of the most eminent artists of the age, both of the English, French, Belgium, Dutch German and other schools, some of which visitors purchase daily, and their vacant places are occupied by others immediately, to accomplish which some twelve hundred pictures are constantly kept on hand.

In the Transepts and Nave are some of the finest statuary that human eye ever rested upon, some of which are of marvellous size.

In the Carriage department are carriages of elegant workmanship, constructed of the very best materials, but in their construction about three times the amount of wood and iron is used that is used by carriage makers in this country, which gives them to the eye of an American resident a very clumsy and cumbersome appearance. I certainly saw no necessity for such waste of material, for they have the most beautiful roads to travel over I ever saw.

In the large basement of the palace is an American skating pond, i. e., a prepared floor whereon the parlor skates are freely used, an excellent place to teach the young their preliminary lessons in skating before taking to the ice. There are also within the extent of the grounds a magnificent rosary, secondary island, geological islands of extinct islands and animals.

We must now bid adieu to London for the present, and take my readers to France, but will speak further of the great metropolis and its other sights on our return from the continent.

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LETTER XV.

FRANCE.

FRANCE.—Having made preparations to leave London for a few weeks, one fine morning we started for the continent; taking the train from London Bridge station, we were soon en route for Paris, and in a couple of hours were on board the steamer which was to take us across the channel from New Haven to Dieppe. Such a steamer! A little craft more fit for a tug-boat than to carry passengers,* *a disgrace to a civilized people*. Not only is this remark applicable to England, but also to other European countries. In this great country (i. e. America) the comfort of all classes is studied both on rail and on water; but in Europe the poor man is supposed to have little flesh or blood; at all events, if otherwise, it is estimated at much below par, and indeed, so far as expense is concerned, traveling is equally as expensive as in America. Then

* In this and other respects I will say that Uncle Sam is far in advance of John Bull for accommodations both on board railway cars and steamers.

why is it that the comfort of the people cannot be studied equally as well? The answer is £ s. d!

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man is the gowd for a' that."

Leaving New Haven the small craft steamed across the British channel at the rate of ten miles per hour, and in seven hours we were landed on the quay at Dieppe, whence we proceeded immediately to the railway station, there to take the cars for Paris. And as we have to return via Dieppe, I will refrain from giving any account of the place until our return. So after partaking of refreshments we took our seats in a superior carriage to those we traveled in while on the other side of the channel, and commenced the overland journey through ancient Normandy, of which I shall also speak hereafter, to the gay metropolis of France. Away we sped, traversing the banks of the Seine nearly the whole way, until we arrived in Paris, which we entered late at night, and were soon driven to the Hotel de Londres et Milan, in the Rue St. Ayacinte,* a house recommended to us by an old friend whom I had the pleasure of meeting when in Wales, which, unfortunately for us, was crowded with sight seers to the Exhibition; but the proprietor very politely informed us that if we would condescend to occupy apartments for the night, which they had engaged for sleeping rooms

* Robespierre met his tragic fate in a room in this building.

apart from the hotel, that in the morning we should be accommodated with rooms in the hotel; which proposition we, being fatigued, gladly accepted.

Morning came and found us like many more in the world-renowned city of Paris, with but a mighty slim knowledge of the French language, about a dozen words being all the writer had at his command, and even those few of so very an imperfect pronunciation, that it was with greatest difficulty he could make Johnny Crapeau comprehend their meaning, a circumstance most harrassing and perplexing to a foreigner.

PARIS appeared to me to be all France, and the only place in the whole Empire, probably, where rapid and vast improvements were being made. The piles of buildings which have been torn down to give place to others of more style and beauty, and to wider streets and thoroughfares, during the reign of the present Emperor, is astonishing, and the comparison between ancient and modern Paris to-day is so great that it is called the handsomest city in the world. It certainly has some fine places; for instance, the Rue de Rivoli is an elegant street, comprised of stores, exhibiting the finest and most costly works of Parisian art and fashion. Directly opposite which is the elegant Palace of the Tuilleries with its extensive gardens and public promenades. The Boulevards des Italiens and other public thoroughfares are also very fine, and af-

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ford delightful walks beneath the shade of nu-
merous well planted trees, while the Champs Elys-
ses is the most delightful place in the whole city.
We had an opportunity of visiting this fashiona-
ble drive and promenade during the "Fetes de
Napoleon," a national holiday like that of our
fourth of July, upon which occasion it is illumi-
nated at night with tens of thousands of gas
lights shaded with variegated glass globes, form-
ing, from the entrance to the gardens of the Tuil-
leries, through the Place de la Concorde to the
Arc de Triomphe, at the extreme end, a most
magnificent and brilliant scene, such as is but
seldom witnessed. I was walking along this
charming place one day during the preparations
which were being made for the Fetes, upon
which occasion I was fortunate, for it was the
only time I saw the Emperor during my stay in
the city. My attention was first called to the
fact of his presence by the sudden and rather
tame remark of some person near me saying, "le
Empereur! le Empereur!" Then I saw the
crowd run to the sidewalks; of course I was
glad of the opportunity thus afforded me to see
the man who has occupied for years so promi-
nent a position in the affairs of Europe, so fol-
lowed the crowd.

At a leisurely pace came along two open car-
riages, each drawn by four beautiful and richly
caparisoned horses, with postillions, i. e., drivers
riding each near horse, attended by a small es-

cort. First came their Majesties the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden, then on a visit at the Tuilleries. In the other carriage rode four gentlemen, whose names were unknown; probably members of their suite. I was astonished that there was no excitement, such as cheering, &c.; but no, there was scarcely any notice taken of the cortege except by foreigners, which caused me to think that Louis was anything but popular among his people. One thing is certain, he is not popular with himself, for he looked haggard, thin and careworn, and is a much smaller man than I had frequently imagined him to be. Looking at the various portraits of him, he appears to be a man of much above the medium height, but it is not so; I scarcely think that he is any taller than "King John's man" (5 ft. 6 in.). I will now speak of the—

"*Palais de l'Exposition Universelle*," or, in plain English, the "International Exhibition," which is erected on the grounds of the *Champs de Mars*, whereon the first Emperor assembled his army on his return from Elba, when they took the oath of allegiance to him. It is constructed of iron, lighted from the roof, is of oval form and covers about 40 acres of ground; its outward appearance is not so much to be admired, but the interior is admirably arranged in the most systematic and simple manner, and for the display of goods it has no equal. The grounds that sur-

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round it are tastefully and beautifully laid out, and trees and flowers of every description adorn its wide avenues and walks.

The PARK contains buildings, representing the style of architecture of various nations, as also model theatres, farms, dairies, hothouses, factories, mills, &c., with the various machinery in motion. To give an account of all that can be seen within or without, or even one hundredth part of it, would be perfectly futile; suffice it to say that there gathered together is the handiwork of the industry of the inhabitants of almost every nation on the surface of the globe.

The exhibition comprises three portions; viz., that called the Park, the Garde, and the Billancourt, the latter being an island on the Seine, situated a few hundred yards from the Champs de Mars, and set apart for agricultural exhibitions and field experiments of machines, etc. Apropos of this department, let me say that there American inventions stood A, No. 1, McCormick's implements, especially his reaping and mowing machines, taking the first prize.

The interior of the great oval palace contains wares and merchandise of domestic and foreign manufacture, and we passed through the various circles, commencing from the left of the grand vestibule and returning to the point of departure; and then commenced another circle, then another and another, until we traversed five or six, which occupied us three days. While

traversing those wide circles or avenues of trade, for goods were not only on exhibition but for sale also, we passed by the respective divisions appropriated to and occupied by the several countries who had forwarded goods for exhibition. First came France and its colonies, Algeria, Netherlands, Belgium, Prussia, German States, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Russia, Italy, Roman States, Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Egypt, China, Siam, Japan, Persia, Africa, Australasia, United States, Mexico, Brazil, Republics of Central and Southern America, and lastly Great Britain and Ireland, each country exhibiting such articles as were manufactured within their respective territories, some of which were of the most elaborate workmanship, and a wonder in artistic skill. France exhibited, in addition to her manufactures, very many rare and costly relics, some of which dated back long before the Christian era, a most interesting collection.

The space allotted to the United States, I must confess, was but small, but it appears to make up for it they were given an additional place within the grounds, apart from the main building, which we visited, and where was on exhibition the finest and best finished locomotive, named the America, of all that were within the palace walls, and I was informed, how correctly I cannot say, that the Emperor had, or was then negotiating its purchase.

The outside of the outer circle was occupied by Cafes (saloons), a place appropriated to the various countries represented in the palace, wherein could be obtained refreshments peculiar to the country whose flag hung over the entrance, eating and drinking according to your taste or whim, and be waited upon by persons attired in the respective costumes of the country they represented, and speaking the language; there all could be accommodated according to their tastes, for instance. We of course visited the "U. S. Cafe," where the most fastidious Yankee could be accommodated with the choicest morsels and most delightful drinks that he ever partook of even in a first class Broadway saloon, and our German American citizens could enlarge their dimensions by partaking, as is their wont, of any quantity of bologna sausages, rye bread, switzer-case and bock beer.

I will now ask my readers to leave the Exposition, and accompany me to the

HOTEL DES INVALIDES.—This immense charitable institution was commenced by Louis XIV, in 1671, and restored by Napoleons I and III. It gives shelter to about 3,000 maimed, old and invalided soldiers, and under its dome now rests the remains of the once great Napoleon, which were removed from St. Helena in 1840. The crypt of circular form is open, the sarcophagus is placed in the centre, and the walls are embellished with statuary of colossal proportions, representing the Emperor's twelve principal vic-

tories. A marble staircase leads to the entrance of this crypt, and on the right and left are mausoleums of Duroc and Bertrand, two of his faithful generals and sharers of his captivity. The tomb is upwards of four yards long, two feet wide, about five feet high, and stands on a green granite base. In a black marble vault, facing the entrance door, stands a white marble statue of the deceased Emperor, attired in coronation robes.

Before leaving this building I was shown, among other things, the plans in *bas-relief* of the principal strongholds of France, which were really worth seeing; for large cities and forts, with their extensive grounds in and around them, in miniature, was almost like visiting the originals in person. Such plans cannot fail to give the engineer a very accurate knowledge of the strength and position of such places during a seige.

In the library are about 20,000 volumes of choice military works, and while in there I was shown the bullet which killed Turenne, in 1675, two torches used by him in his campaign, a silver model of his equestrian statue, and a plan in relief of the "Hotel des Invalides," leaving which we emerged into the open air and viewed some cannon, which are arranged right and left of the entrance, comprised of Algerian, Chinese and French manufacture. The latter were those that formerly belonged to the "Army of Egypt."

More anon.

LETTER XVI.

FRANCE, CONTINUED.

From the "Hotel des Invalides" we proceeded in the charge of a guide and interpreter, a very intelligent person, to visit other places of interest and note. First visiting the "Halles Central" (market place), Commercial Courts, where all matters connected with commerce are judicially settled, and Saint Chapelle, or the Holy Chapel, a most magnificent place built in 1245 by St. Louis, to contain the crown of thorns, the cross, spear, and other so-called relics of our Saviour. It is divided into two chapels, upper and lower, the upper one being much superior and more extravagantly decorated than the lower one; the walls and ceilings are profusely covered with gilt, and the carving in wood is very elegant. The lower chapel is, notwithstanding the line of comparison that I have drawn, a very beautiful place also. Leaving here we proceeded to the Cathedral de Notre Dame, a stupendous piece of masonry of the most ancient order, with its scores of statues representing scriptural subjects, adorning the main entrance, and other

embellishments in stone of the rarest kind. It was in the course of completion for three hundred years, is three hundred and ninety feet long, one hundred and forty feet wide, one hundred and two feet high, and of the Gothic style. A very handsome tomb in memory of Archbishop Affre is erected within its walls. The Bishop was killed in 1848 when endeavoring to stay the insurrection of that period.

In the church of St. Etienne du Mont, are two beautiful spiral staircases of very elegant workmanship, and it contains the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patron Saint of Paris. The Pantheon is the scene of the conflict between the people and the troops, in 1848, and the massive columns of the main entrance, as also parts of the interior, bear evidence on their face, of the severe conflict that raged between them. The people raised barricades, took possession of the church and fought from within its gates with that desperation only known to a people fully bent upon not being conquered but in death. For a long time they held possession of the place until it was riddled with shot, when, finding further resistance useless, they commenced the work of death among themselves, until not one was left to render an account of their doings upon earth. So when the military entered the church, it was only to find nothing but the bleeding corpses of a brave and determined people, who would rather die than give in to despotic power. In this church lie the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau.

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The Hotel de Cluny was built in the fifteenth century by the Abbots of Cluny, and has quite an ancient appearance. Mary of England, widow of Louis XII, and James of Scotland resided there. It is now used as a museum for the reception of antiquities, with which it is liberally supplied. Old paintings in oil and tapestry, adorn the walls, and in the various chambers can be seen choice and rare articles manufactured many centuries ago. The Palais du Luxembourg was built in 1615 by Catharine de Medicis for a residence, and is now the French Senate or House of Peers. The State apartments are richly decorated and contain magnificent paintings of the wars of Napoleon. The throne room, wherein is the ancient throne and chair of the first Emperor, is a most elegant room, and the Senate Chamber, which represents very much the same style as the Senate Chamber in Washington, is also elegantly fitted and furnished.

The Corps Legislatif, wherein assembles the Congress of France, is similarly fitted to that of the Luxembourg, and also contains some very fine paintings, especially a full length portrait of the present Emperor, which shows him to be a much larger man than he really is.

The Church of the Madeline, by some persons thought to be the finest building in Paris, is surrounded with fifty-two Corinthian pillars. It was commenced during the reign of the first Napoleon, and completed in 1842, and the inte-

rior is very fine indeed. We visited several other places of worship, all of which had within their walls more or less persons paying their devotions at the shrine of their favorite saint, for which we (among others) were expected to pay, gratuities being demanded, and alms for various purposes by hosts of beggars, of all ages, so that the sight-seeker has to have his hand in his purse continually. The cry is give! give!! This is the great evil over all Europe. The traveler and stranger is bored incessantly and in various manners and ways for the filthy lucre, until he is quite at a loss to know when he has done paying. An abominable system, and one that should be decidedly abolished.

The Place Vendome is a large square, in the centre of which stands a high column erected by Napoleon I, to commemorate his German campaign. It is formed of 1,200 captured cannon, and is surmounted by a statue of himself attired in state robes.

The Palais du Louvre, a very extensive building, was commenced by Francis I, and enlarged by succeeding sovereigns. It is now used as a museum, containing hundreds, nay thousands, of rare and beautiful pictures by the most eminent masters; historical relics of various ages and a fine library also adorns the interior.

The magnificent Palais of the Tuilleries adjoins the Palais du Louvre. It was founded by Catharine de Medicis, and is at present the city

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residence of Louis Napoleon and his Empress Eugenie. The Emperor has caused to be done much to enlarge and beautify it, but owing to the court being at home we could not gain admittance into the interior.

To enumerate and speak of all the public buildings of Paris that we visited, for it is a city of palaces, is almost next to impossible; so I shall have to reluctantly abandon even the thought, and speak of other points of interest, commencing with the—

Place de la Concorde.—This very magnificent place was originally intended to receive a statue of Louis XV, and was called after him; but at the Revolution, so fatal to the blood royal and nobility of France, this statue was replaced by an image of liberty, and subsequently by the murderous guillotine, on which perished Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans and a multitude of others of the best blood of France. Around the place are eight very fine marble statues, which represent the largest cities of France; and in the centre stands an obelisk, brought from Egypt, on either side of which are two large fountains, the whole presenting, especially at night, with its very numerous gas lights, a most magnificent scene. The Obelisk of *Luxor*, from the ruins of *Thebes*, in Upper Egypt, occupies a prominent position here, and has for the last 40 years. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and is over 4,000 years old; which, to-

gether with the colossal statuary, representing the principal cities of France, and the magnificent fountains, form a grand spectacle.

The Bridges across the *Seine*, of which there are many, are also well worthy the attention of the stranger. They are beautiful works of art, some of which are highly embellished with statuary, placed on the pillars supporting the arches, and facing up and down the river. I would like much to be able to give a more liberal and graphic account of Paris, but to enable me to do so, it would require of me a residence of many months.

Near to this spot is the Palais de l'Elysee, where Napoleon signed his last abdication, and wherein the Duke of Wellington, Murat, the Emperor of Russia, Madame de Pompadour, and Napoleon III, when President, have resided at various times.

The Bois de Bolougne, once the favorite hunting ground of the Kings of France, is now a favorite place of resort with the gay and fashionable Parisians. It is very beautifully laid out with lakes, cascades, walks and drives.

One evening we attended a concert in the gardens of the Champs Elysees, upon which occasion we had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated band of the "French Guides" play a selection of the most popular airs. The members of this band are all picked men and thoroughly skilled in their profession, and the spectacle to

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be witnessed in this favorite and highly respecta-
ble place of entertainment, of an evening, is mag-
nificent. Not far off from there is on exhibition,
and which I saw, the immense and very fine paint-
ing of the battle of Solferino. It occupies the
whole of a large circular building, with a mound
in the centre, whereon the visitors stand to view the
great picture, and over which are scattered brok-
en muskets, swords, bayonets, knapsacks, shakos,
dismantled cannon, &c., thus almost depicting to
the human eye the actual field of battle. On
the canvass are faithful likenesses of Napoleon
III and his generals, as also those of the Austri-
ans, and a truthful representation of the scenery,
in which the battle took place. This immense
painting is very interesting, and well worth seeing.

Now a few words about Paris generally. Not-
withstanding the great seige of improvement it
has undergone and is undergoing daily, Paris
does not class with many other cities in Europe
and America. Exteriorly the buildings have an
elegant and majestic appearance, but there is a
lack of those sanitary measures, regulations and
improvements, which now so generally adorn
the interior of buildings in other countries; and
as to water, it is truly abominable. So with all
its numerous palaces, gilded iron work, spark-
ling in the sun, and fashionable places of resort,
with the gayety and splendor of daily life, it
lacks much of being a *model city*, and in the opin-
ion of intelligent Frenchmen, indeed our guide

told me as much, that ere long, beautiful as it is in many other respects, much of it will have to undergo sooner or later the terrible scenes of 1848.* Apropos of this: "The French people," said he, "will never be satisfied until monarchical rule is absolutely abolished and a republic formed. Napoleon is only Emperor of *France*—he never was and never will be *Emperor of the French!* and when he is crowned Emperor of either I shall be prime minister, which is not possible. He is a military despot, who wishes to palm off on the country an heir to the French throne, whose paternity the great mass of the civilian French have their serious doubts about; but, if he lives long enough, he will see his mistake, and if he don't live to see it, the time will then have arrived for Frenchmen to act." Such were nearly the words wherein he expressed himself, confidentially, of course, *i. e.*, that I should not speak of it while in France. He upon another occasion, remarked to me, that the Emperor dreaded all this, and that in consequence he seldom retired to his bed, for anxiety of mind interfered with sleep. Says the guide, "That man don't sleep *twelve hours* in one week."

I will now ask my readers to accompany us to Versailles, an account of which I will give them in my next.

* There is a very turbulent spirit manifested against the Emperor among the people generally, which sooner or later will, I am led to think, prove fatal to Napoleonic rule.

LETTER XVII.

FRANCE, CONTINUED.

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—This very magnificent and extensive Palace, now converted into an Historical Museum, was commenced by Louis XIII, and enlarged and beautified by Louis XIV, who made it his principal and favorite residence; surrounded with the pomp of Court, beautiful women and brilliant nobles, it was here he gave fetes and entertainments on so magnificent a scale as to astonish all the Courts of Europe. Extravagant sums of money were expended by this monarch on the Palace of Versailles. To such an extent did he carry out his extravagance, that he drained the coffers of France and placed the country in a state of bankruptcy, the consequence of which was a revolution. After this monarch came Louis XV and Louis XVI, both of whom occupied the Palace and lived at an equally extravagant rate, until the patience of the people again became exhausted, when they rose in their might. Says a certain writer: "On the 6th of October, 1789, the people of Paris, exas-

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perated by the scenes which had taken place during the banquet given to the *Guards* in the opera house of the Palace, marched on Versailles. Marie Antoinette appeared on the balcony of the first floor, accompanied by Madame and the Dauphin. There was a shout immediately of 'no children!' The Queen, undaunted by the danger which this shout so clearly foretold, advanced alone and unattended. Lafayette presently appeared, and, placing himself next to her, appeased the rage of the mob. The next shout was for the King, who showed himself at once and replied to the cry of the enraged mob, 'The King must come to Paris!' that he would accede to their wishes, confiding all he most dearly prized to the care of his most *good* and *faithful* subjects."—The royal family left the Chateau at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, soon to be deprived of life at the hands of an infuriated and down-trodden people. Since that day this extensive Palace has been uninhabited.

Immediately on entering within the massive gilded gates, whereon are emblazoned the royal arms of France, the stranger is struck with astonishment at what he sees; groups of immense size statuary occupy prominent positions in the Palace yard, the appearance of which rivets him to the spot—makes him spell-bound—and challenges his admiration for its grandeur. We soon found ourselves within the Palace walls, buffeted about by the immense throng of visitors who,

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like ourselves, had come to see the sights of Versailles. It was with much difficulty we elbowed our way from one apartment to another. On the walls are hung the finest paintings in the world, of various sizes, and by a host of the most eminent artists. Those of historical events connected with the first Empire, particularly interested me; and we traversed, I was informed, many rooms if placed in a direct line as would cover *two and a half miles* of ground—in which are exhibited *seven miles* of pictures—and by the time we had got through, rest assured, we were very tired—so much so that we were unable to go through the whole of the extensive flower gardens and walks.

The gardens are divided into squares formed by alleys; immense sheets of water and elegant fountains, statues, pieces of architecture, shrubbery and flowers of almost every description adorn the grounds. Well may this delightful place attract the thousands of visitors it does daily, for it is what may be termed literally, a *Paradise* on earth. The Orangery contains the finest collection of orange trees in the world, one of which I was informed is 400 years old. It was planted by a Princess of Navarre, who gave it to Anne, of Brittany, and ultimately became the property of Francis I. Three very large fountains throw up immense sheets of water, in the midst of which Tritons and Syrens frolic. These fountains are named Diana, Dragon and Neptune.

The latter is one of the grandest conceptions of hydraulic art, and the effect of the water is indescribable. The mists of foam and columns of vapor illumined by the rays of the sun resemble ever changing and fleeting rainbows. There are numerous other fountains placed in other parts of the ground, all of which are beautiful works of art.

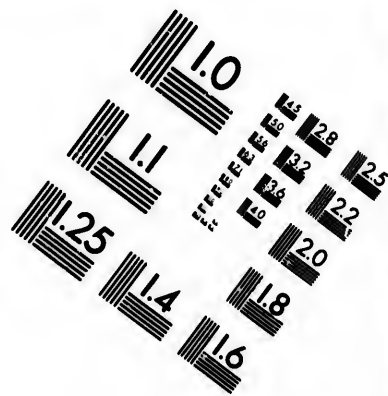
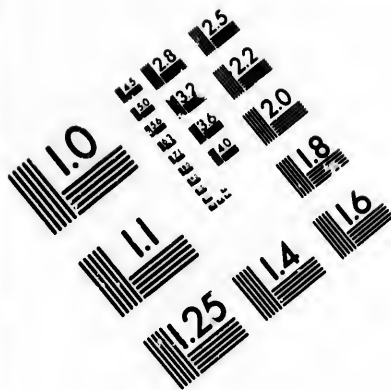
The *Triannons*, which are small buildings or palaces, erected on a small scale by Louis XIV and Louis XV within the grounds, and derive their name from the village which once occupied the site of the Palace, are also very magnificent residences. It was to these palaces the King (Louis XIV) often retired when tired and weary of the pomp and splendor of Court, of which he became satiated, living and conducting himself among his family upon the closest intimacy, and abrogating almost entirely his lofty position in this world. It was there he enjoyed solitude and quiet, and led, I may say, a purely domesticated life. The *Triannons* were, nevertheless, luxuriously furnished and profusely decorated in the highest style of art. Louis XV also spent much of his time there in the society of his numerous mistresses. The building called the *Petit Triannon* was built by him, behind the *Grand Triannon*, in order to give a residence to Madame DuBarry, one of his newly acquired favorites.

In the historic halls of those buildings are carriages used during the reigns of Louis XVI,

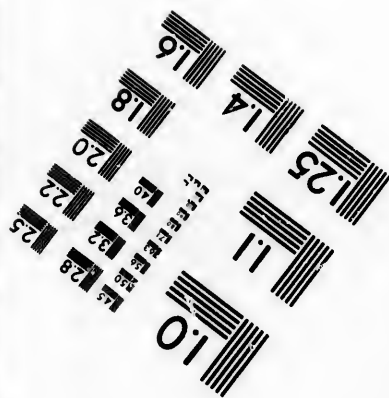
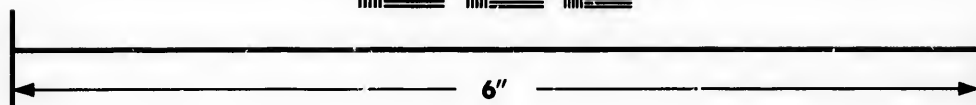
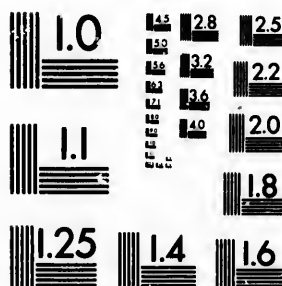
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Napoleon I and Charles X. That of the time of Napoleon is massive and magnificent. There are also sleighs and chaises of great value, and a little carriage that once belonged to the Duke of Bordeaux. There are to be seen other relics in the shape of valuable harness and saddlery, and uniforms worn at the various courts are also on exhibition. Among the carriages is the coronation carriage of the first Emperor, and that of Charles X, which cost, with the harness, about four hundred thousand francs or \$80,000, all of which have been visited by Emperors, Kings and Princes of foreign powers, and gazed at by high, low, rich and poor, with wonder and admiration.

From Versailles we went to St. Cloud, the favorite residence of the present Emperor, which is called the "Summer Palace." This truly elegant and picturesque residence is surrounded by a magnificent park of many broad acres, beautifully and tastefully laid out, with fountains, statuary in Italian marble, and shrubbery and flowers of the rarest and choicest kind.

We also passed through Sevres, noted for the manufacture of the celebrated porcelain so well known among the admirers of fine arts; and, while in the neighborhood, we had the pleasure of witnessing the ascent of a very large balloon, the car of which contained two persons. There being no wind, it ascended almost perpendicularly, making but little headway through space.

Having hired a carriage for the day, we pro-

ceeded at a brisk pace, and were soon once more within the walls of gay Paris, and comfortably seated in our hotel, which was very acceptable after spending a whole day visiting sights far off, a great portion of which time we were exposed to the extreme heat of the sun. Yes, such a day as we occasionally experience in America in the month of July; "that's so."

It was our intention to proceed to Strasbourg, which is situated on the Rhine, to see the celebrated clock in the old Cathedral—a wonderful piece of mechanism, and of great age—but time would not permit; so we had to rest satisfied with not proceeding any further south.

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LETTER XVIII.

FRANCE, CONTINUED.

We will now bid gay and fashionable *Paris* a final adieu, and proceed through Normandy on our return to England, and as we pass along the banks of the Seine, we have a fine view of the surrounding country. How different it does appear to the United Kingdom. The one (Normandy) with its varied colored little patches of land resembling an *American* bed-quilt, with here and there a dingy, squalid little town or village, showing no marks of improvement since the days of the celebrated Dukes, who many centuries ago wielded so much power and influence on both sides of the channel; and the other, with its broad acres nicely fenced around with the well trimmed black thorn and other hedges, and dotted over with hundreds of little towns and villages of various colored brick, improving and keeping pace with the times, as art and science progress. Well may it be said that "Paris is France," for there is but little improvement else-

where. And yet, *Johnny Crapeau*, seemingly contented with his *yard of bread* and bottle of *Vin Ordinaire*,* cannot but be aware of the vast strides made by other nations, aside from beautifying and adorning their capitals!—But ere long the eye of the traveler ceases to dwell upon those monotonous little patches of land, for in the distance can be seen high chimnies, and as he draws nearer, the spires of churches, large buildings and shipping, appear in view, indicating that he is nearing a city of more than ordinary size and importance.— Along we went at a rapid pace, with sundry screeches from the iron horse as it passed through and by certain stations, which its aristocratic nature simply recognized with a screech and a grunt it ran furiously by, and ere long we were in the ancient city of

ROUEN.—This is the capital of Normandy, and and is even termed the “Manchester of France,” for it abounds with cotton factories, which produce the finest manufactured fabrics of the kind in the world, and which bring much higher prices than those manufactured in the Manchester of England, and other places in Great Britain.

Immediately after our arrival at the hotel kept by an obliging Englishman, who had linked his

* Both remarkably cheap and of good quality. Wine is generally used among the people as a substitute for tea and coffee. (Red wine or claret.) The loaves are made narrow and long.

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fate with an equally obliging French woman, we proceeded to see the sights of ancient Rouen. Taking a guide with us, who spoke very good English, we visited first the very fine old cathedral, with its curious iron spire, a portion of which has yet to be elevated. In this truly magnificent edifice rest the remains of the famous Rollo, first duke of Normandy, Richard Coeur de Lion, and his brother Henry, and many others of distinguished and ancient celebrity. It is a marvellous building, and has very many fine sculptured monuments, which adorn the interior, and the front is adorned with two towers, one of which is named the *Butter Tower*, owing to its having been built with the proceeds of the sale of permissions to eat butter during Lent.

Within those walls is a relic which England for some time endeavored to obtain, but could not, although the emperor sanctioned its removal, the people opposed it in all their might. This relic is that of the limestone figure of Richard Coeur de Lion, discovered in the cathedral choir in 1838, and, about the same time, we were informed, his heart was also found, and is now jealously guarded in the Museum of Antiquities. This venerable building dates back to A. D. 260.

The church of St. Ouen is also a magnificent building, of great antiquity, and is said to be one of the finest buildings in the world; it is of gothic architecture, and is lighted by 128 windows, and contains several chapels, beautifully

and tastefully fitted up. There are many other churches of varied interest, and much frequented by the traveler and tourist. But the greatest point of interest, *i. e.*, the most interesting, is the *Place de la Lucelle* in the square of which stands the monument of the unfortunate Joan of Arc, or *Maid of Orleans*, who was burned on this spot at the stake in 1431, and the old chapel, or at least a portion of it, stands near by, wherein she, in her last moments, called upon God to give her strength to go through, with fortitude and courage, the terrible ordeal without shuddering. Near by is also the Hotel du Bourgtheroulde, so well known to antiquarians. It was built in the fifteenth century. A stone tablet gives a brief history of the place, and enumerates the names of the distinguished persons, who have sojourned within its walls from time to time, the first of whom was Francis I, A. D. 1540, and the last Madame, afterwards Duchesse, de Montpensier, 1640, just 100 years after Francis I first occupied it. And on the outer walls is rudely carved the meeting of Francis I and Henry VIII, of England, on the field of the cloth of gold. Those ancient buildings are located in the oldest part of the city, where the streets are so narrow that the overhanging tops and roofs of the old houses very near form an arching above your head.

The Palace de Justice is an exceedingly interesting place. Our guide introduced us within

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its walls, walking upon tip toes, for the criminal court was in session, and one of the leading counsel for the prisoner, was addressing the jury in behalf of the unfortunate individual in the person of a young woman, who, it was alleged, had murdered her illegitimate child; hence, we had to pass through with a noiseless step.

We observed, as we went along, the far-famed ancient ceiling, carved in oak, appearing as fresh as ever, and surpassing anything of the kind I had ever seen, so elaborately carved is it. Passing out of this room we entered other apartments, bearing unmistakable marks of old age, one of which is used by the Counsellors at Law, the public, and those interested in court matters, as a promenading and discussing room, and for arranging and settling matters out of Court. After visiting several other places of note, and viewing with wondering admiration the various old gates and classic buildings with which the old city abounds, we took a carriage, and with our guide drove to visit the new and handsome church of Notre Dame Le Boscre, on St. Catharine's Hill. From Rouen to this place, and back over a different road to that we went by is a most beautiful drive, and the view from the hill of the country round, including the river Seine and the city, is the most magnificent, and should by all means be seen by strangers visiting Rouen.

The church is a splendid structure of modern and gothic architecture combined, and is deco-

rated in a style wherein the cost must have been a secondary consideration; the whole of it being finished in elaborate gilt carved work. Indeed, it has more the appearance of an opera house than a place of worship, so profuse are the decorations. We will now have to leave the old capital of Normandy in all its grandeur and magnificence, and take the cars for—

DIEPPE—another of the ancient towns of old Normandy, a place of no mean pretensions, for it has a population of probably twenty thousand inhabitants, and a castle and citadel commanding the entrance of the harbor. Very fine bathing is to be had in the neighborhood; and the town, during the summer months, is frequented by visitors from all parts of Europe and America, to accommodate whom some very fine hotels are erected on the heights overlooking its beautiful beach and placid water. The peculiar manufactures of the place are in ivory, such as little images chiefly connected with the Catholic faith, specimens of which are to be seen in the windows of the shops for sale.

On our arrival here we were put to considerable trouble, owing to the steamer in waiting to convey us across the channel being overcrowded with passengers that I deemed it advisable to remain over until the next steamer sailed on the following day, but scarcely had we partaken of supper and made preparation to retire for the night, I was informed that the agents of

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the line had ordered an extra steamer to proceed in a few hours after the sailing of the other. So having secured our baggage once more and paid our bill, we took leave of *Mons le Host*, of the hotel, and were soon on board the steamer, which I found equally as crowded as its predecessor, but rather than return to the hotel I quickly determined to proceed and run all risk in common with our fellow passengers.

Early morning saw us steam out of the harbor, howing *ungracefully* to a "short and troubled sea," caused by what is termed among sea-faring men a "spanking breeze," but although not more than enough, it came from the *wrong direction*, for it was "*dead-on-end*."

This was one of the most disagreeable sea voyages I ever experienced—the vessel small, badly constructed, and over-crowded with passengers, chiefly excursionists returning from Paris, all of whom were quickly in the arms of Neptune, and paying sickly tributes to his majesty of the briny deep, who now and again would throw considerable of his briny element all over the deck, causing the lubbers, as he would term them, to look more dead than alive, which, coupled with its being quite cold, made many a poor votary to pleasure to curse his fate and wish himself once more in *hold Hingland!* Among the weak stomachs which so generally prevailed above and below decks was a good sprinkling of women and children, whose sufferings were

intense ; indeed, it is almost impossible for me to describe the amount of suffering, for in the little cabin overcome by heat and sickness, laid the poor women and children two deep, and their stalwart companions on deck, literally soaked with salt water, too sick and helpless to render them any assistance. Such is but a feeble description of the suffering on board the little *cockle snell* of a boat, which, in my opinion, was constructed more for the convenience of the proprietors than their passengers. Oh, yes! find me an English railway or steamboat company who cater for the comfort of the public, and I will find the north pole. I know no other remedy to bring them to a realization of the truth than by the government confiscating and consigning to the flames two-thirds of their vile railway cars and steamboats.—At last, after a delay of an hour and a half waiting for tide off the harbor of New Haven, we were safely landed on the quay, and a more miserable and forlorn set of creatures seldom or ever assembled together.* As soon as our baggage was duly examined by the custom house officers, we took our seats in the cars, and, after two hours' ride, arrived, tired and weary, at the London bridge station ; and here ends our trip to France.

*The writer suffered more in going to and from Dieppe than he did the whole of the long sea voyage, indeed, it was the only time he experienced any sensation of seasickness.

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LETTER XIX.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

LONDON AGAIN.—After resting a day in our hotel, we once more took to the street, and were soon whirling along at a fast rate, cosily seated in a *hansom*, to see some more of the sights of London. But a few words about the "hansom" ere I commence to give an account of the place we visited, which is nothing more than a one-horse vehicle upon two wheels, for the accommodation of two persons, driven by a man who sits behind, perched up as though he were there to counter balance the weight of the horse, for the shafts raise to the level with the back of the animal, and have a very awkward appearance. Yet these vehicles are easy of ingress and egress, and combine comfort with speed, for they are licensed to travel faster than any other of the cabs in the metropolis.

Well, after turning a great many corners we were soon driving along Cheapside, then to the left, and away we went through St. Paul's Churchyard, the great Cathedral occupying

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almost the whole of the square, causing the shops (stores) to look dingy and gloomy without and within. Then onward, down Ludgate Hill, through Temple Bar, which was having its dingy old face washed by the City Fathers, along the Strand, past Somerset House, the Charing Cross Hotel, and we were in Trafalgar Square. Away we went down Parliament street, past the Admiralty and Horse Guards, and in a few minutes more we were in sight of the great

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Those buildings are said to be unsurpassed by any other of the kind in the known world*. The exterior is adorned with a multitude of towers of various sizes, varying from the great clock tower down, and the elaborate workmanship of the whole baffles any description I can give. The Houses of Lords and Commons are elegant rooms in every respect, and the whole of the Chambers are furnished in massive grand style.—Near by is Westminster Abbey, a magnificent old building, which has stood the test of centuries, and the interior of which is embellished with the finest sculptured tombs of kings, queens, princes and others that art could perfect.—Passing from here we found ourselves again in front of the Horse

*It is a pity that so magnificent a structure should ever have been erected on the low bank of a sluggish, muddy river, (the Thames.) They are worthy a far more elevated position, which would add much to their grandeur and beauty.

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Guards, admiring the sentry, who sat on his coal black steed with a coat like velvet, draped in hemlet and cuirass, as immovable as a statue, resembling more a figure in wax than a live being. The soldiers of the Horse Guards are all picked men, measuring none of them less than six feet out of their boots, and are generally in attendance upon the Queen's person when appearing in public.—From here we wended our way to Trafalgar Square, and viewed the sight of Nelson's pillar or monument, with immense crouching lions on each angle of its wide base. I consider this place the finest square I have ever seen, not even excepting the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. We afterwards visited Somerset House, the National Gallery, Zoological Gardens, and other places in and around the great city, all of which were "big sights," and I regret that time won't permit me giving them but a passing remark. As to places of amusement, or rather entertainment, I found Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures the most entertaining, and very interesting also. It is all that it is represented to be. The life like figures, gorgeously attired, especially those of the crowned heads of Europe and foreign princes, are most magnificent. And the Napoleon rooms contain relics associated with the first empire that are highly interesting, which even include three of his carriages, one of which is that which he used and escaped from during that ever

memorable battle which proved so disastrous to him, and sent him to die in exile—that of Waterloo. To me this was very interesting indeed. I opened the door, got in, and sat on the same cushion which the *great* little man had so often occupied when going forth to battle, causing monarchs to tremble at what would be the result. It is very strongly built, lined with dark blue cloth, fitted within with drawers, a writing desk, lamp, map, racks, &c., and under the coachman's seat is an iron bedstead, and various other things connected with camp life, all of which were found, as well as some very valuable jewelry, diamonds and clothing by the Prussians on the spot from where he effected his miraculous escape.

Madame Tussaud has now been dead several years, but the business is still carried on by the sons in the old firm name, and near to the entrance in the main saloon stands a very faithful representation of the old lady in wax, executed by herself when living, and so near to life is the figure, snuff box in hand, and slightly moving her head occasionally, as does also that of old Cobbett, sitting near by, that but few take them for what they are, a mere representation of what was *once mortal*. On either side of the entrance doors stands neatly attired life-like figures of Washington and Ben Franklin, the former dressed in plain black velvet with but few ornaments, and the latter in the very plain

homespun unassuming, amid the splendour and at the feet of the late King and General, which did not in proportion, what they saw there were executed. Let me be remedied at them with and admiration.

THE WAX ROOM, but retains the life in state uniform Marshal's robes hung in glass cases, badges, &c. abroad, and of the Duke are also very the history of the room, all of the admirer during the history of Britain proved so faithful and follower

homespun brown cloth of the period, in which unassuming garb he figured so conspicuously amid the splendor and pomp of European Courts; and at the upper end of this saloon are figures of the late President Lincoln, President Johnson, and Generals Grant and McClellan, neither of which did I consider good, for they were out of proportion, and lacked much to make them what they should or ought to be. In my opinion there were none in the building so badly executed. Let us hope that the defects will ere long be remedied, so that American visitors can look at them with pleasure and with a feeling of pride and admiration.

THE WELLINGTON ROOM, like the Napoleon room, but recently added to the collection, contains the life-like figure of the Iron Duke, lying in state under the canopy, draped in a Field Marshal's uniform, and around the room are hung in glass cases, exact copies of the various badges, &c., bestowed upon him at home and abroad, and also many relics once the property of the Duke when sojourning upon earth. There are also very many other articles connected with the history of the great man, in and around the room, all of which must be very interesting to the admirers of the man who figured so much during the hostile meetings between the troops of Britain and those of France, and which proved so fatal to the first Emperor, his family and followers.

In conclusion, before I take my leave of this truly beautiful and magnificent place of entertainment, I wish to remark that it appears far more beautiful at night, when the effect is most brilliant, the gayly dressed figures with orders and jewelry, dazzling the eye, and appearing grand in the extreme.

Before leaving London we visited the *Tabernacle*, at the Elephant and Castle, and had the pleasure of hearing the world-renowned Spurgeon address a congregation of not less than 5,000 persons—indeed, I was informed that there were 7,000 present.

Spurgeon is decidedly a great man—a plain matter-of-fact man is he, whose soul-stirring eloquence is astonishing, and who preaches so that his congregation can understand the meaning of the text thoroughly; hence, why he has so many admirers. His style of oratory is such that no person can for one moment cease to listen to his plain unassuming address, for he rivets the attention of the most sluggish. Upon this occasion, after reading portions of the Scriptures, which he expounded as he read them, he drew his text from Job 14, 14th verse: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." This subject he handled in a masterly style for one hour, and in a clear, audible voice, apparently without any stress, and certainly without being at a loss for a word during the whole time, but with much eloquence expounded

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the position of Job driven to desperation by bodily pains and the exasperating remarks of his wife, a sore trial upon his patience, causing him to cry, "Oh, that Thou wouldst hide me in the grave." Mr. Spurgeon then called the attention of his hearers to the aspect of life which Job gives us, his estimates of our work, and to his view of the future, ending his discourse on the blessedness of sudden death. Said he, "There is much to be envied in sudden death. I never could understand why it should be put in the Litany 'From sudden death, good Lord deliver us!' So long as we can die prepared, let the change come suddenly," &c., &c.

In this immense house of worship there is no organ, nor any other musical instrument. The singing is purely congregational—and oh! such singing! Imagine 5,000 voices mingling in one song to the worship of Almighty God! The effect is grand—nay, sublime. And while he gave out the hymn, verse after verse, the falling of a three cent coin to the floor might be heard.

Apart from his ability as a preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, I was informed, is doing an immense amount of good in various ways. "And there is not," said my informant, as we rode in a stage back to London bridge, "a man in all London who works harder than Spurgeon. He has nobly earned the proud position he now holds,

and is deserving of all the aid and support we can give him." *A great man truly is Spurgeon.*

I must now leave my readers for the present, and ask them to meet me in my next in the city of Manchester. *Adieu.*

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LETTER XX.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

Having devoted all the time we could spare to seeing London and its neighborhood, I had to forego the pleasure of visiting many places that would have been interesting to me and probably to my readers. So on the morning of the 27th of August we left the great metropolis, taking our departure from Euston Square Station, by the London & Northwestern Railway, the best laid road in all England, over which we traveled at the rate of upwards of *sixty* miles an hour. The first place we stopped at was Rugby, 84 miles from London, (celebrated now as Dickens' "Mugby Junction,") which distance was run in *one hour and twenty minutes!* There we stopped only three minutes, affording me scarcely sufficient time to reach the refreshment rooms to snatch a sandwich and pay for it, for almost immediately was heard the guard's voice, "Take your seats, if you please," followed by the banging and locking of carriage doors, and the

appearance of the ticket inspector, with "Show your tickets, please," and a polite "thank you," then one, two, three, four, counting the number of passengers in each compartment, with the remark, "All right," time was called, and the shrill starting whistle of the guard was heard as the signal for the immense train to proceed on its journey. Away we went past towns and villages, through various stations, at a fearful rate, away past Stafford, celebrated for its potteries, and ere long we were in the elegant station at Crewe, where we had to change carriages, the through "Lightning Express" going on direct to Liverpool.—And now, before taking our seats in the other train, I will avail myself of the opportunity to explain how the Lightning Express and Mail Trains on the L. & N. W. Road take in water for the locomotive, and how the mail bags are delivered and received, without stopping or even slackening speed. As regards supplying water: At various places on the road are laid in the centre of the track some two or three miles of iron gutters, through which a continual stream of water flows. Those gutters are about fourteen inches wide and eight inches deep, and as the tender attached to the engine passes over them, a suction pipe connects with the water, which, caused by the speed, fills the tank to overflowing ere the engine passes over the length of the gutter. Thus there is no delay in stopping to take in water. And then as to the mail bags:

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On the outside of the mail carriage is a netting attached to an iron frame, which comes in contact with the mail bags hung on a post, fixed on the station platform, which, by the force of speed, causes a spring to give way, and Her Majesty's mail is safely within the netting, and soon in the hands of the guard in charge of the mail carriage. The mails are delivered in a similar manner, although this to me was quite a new feature in railroad traveling. I was not astonished when the simplicity of both were explained to me, and was only surprised that both inventions were not in general use. Leaving Crewe, one of the great junctions of England, we proceeded on our way, but not at so fast a speed as that we traveled at from London, for we were then riding in what the Englishman terms a *Parliamentary train*, which enabled us to have a more distinct view of the country and the various station houses on the road, which are substantially built of hewn stone and fine brick,* surrounded with tastefully laid out flower gardens, and the beautiful trimmed thorn hedges which serve as fences for hundreds of miles along the lines, together with the neatly sodded slopes in the deep cuts, on which thousands of tons of hay are mowed every season, gives the whole country a most beautiful and charming

*Much of the brick used for building in England are well hardened, and are finished on one side with a gloss, rendering it impervious to wet.

appearance. We were soon in Stockport, and traversing the line of railway elevated above houses and factories eight and nine stories high. On we went, turning a curve to the left at a steady speed, when scores of very high chimneys appeared in the distance, from which long lines of black smoke streamed forth, and mingled with the clouds in the heavens, and in a little while we were made aware of being in the great city of *dry goods*.

MANCHESTER.—This great cotton metropolis of the world, enveloped in smoke, is situated on the banks of the river Irwell, in the county of Lancaster. We stayed but a few days, during which time the "Liverpool & Manchester Agricultural Society" held their annual fair in the neighborhood, which, of course, we visited, and I was very much pleased with the exhibition. This fair is frequented by, and open for competition to the counties of York and Chester. Consequently the collection was very fine, comprising horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs, poultry, farm produce, machinery, (principally connected with farming), wagons, carts, carriages, and a host of articles too numerous to mention, among which were some of American manufacture, such as washing machines, wringers, &c. The exhibition of horses was very fine, for there was the graceful thorough-bred Hunter, the Galloway, the Pony, and lastly the noble and majestic Draught Horse, so well known in

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England, whose tread makes the earth tremble as he moves leisurely along.

Manchester, until within a few years ago, was simply a town, but of considerable importance, when Her Majesty, the Queen, visited it, and Knighted the Mayor, now Sir John Potter. When Salford (the see of the Bishop) was incorporated into Manchester, and the great cotton town became a city, since which time the march of improvement has been very great; and now several very fine public buildings adorn its streets and squares, among which I may name the Court House (Town Hall), erected in 1866, a splendid building, unequalled for its conveniences, ventilation, and style of architecture by any other building of the kind in England. The Atheneum and Royal Institution, on Mosley street, are also very splendid buildings. In the latter is an exhibition of paintings well worth seeing. And the Royal Exchange, on Market street, and St. Ann's Square, now in the course of erection, will be, it is said, far superior to any other building in the place, and not inferior to any in all England. It is constructed so as to form a square around it. The first floor is to be occupied as shops (stores), and the upper floor approached from the north and south side by very wide flights of hewn stone steps, is intended for a Court Room, Offices, Exchange Room, &c. The principal shops will front on Market street, with good roomy basements to underlet for

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various business purposes, and Free Trade Hall, where such men as Cobden, Gibson, Bright, Osborne, and others of the great champions of the corn law and free trade have frequently held forth, advocating in more than eloquent language the rights of the working man, is a building of no mean pretensions.

Manchester is also not without its monuments. Very fine statues of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel occupy prominent positions in front of the Infirmary, and one of Dr. Dalton, and of James Watt, the celebrated engineer, occupying each a pedestal, forming the entrance to the Institution, and there is a very fine statue of the late Prince Consort, in Italian marble, under a canopy on Albert Square.

The city is also blessed with some very fine public parks, of which it has three, viz. : Peel's Park, comprising forty acres, in which there is a very extensive Museum of Antiquities and Fine Arts, and an extensive Library, both of which are always open to the public gratis, and within the grounds are five statues, viz. : of the Queen, Prince Albert, Sir R. Peel, Richard Cobden and Mr. Brotherton, late M. P. for Salford. The other Parks are called the Queen's Park, and Phillip's Park, both of which are extensive, but have nothing to recommend them to the eye of the stranger, aside from their shady groves and quiet retreats, which are so very much courted

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Among the hotels, of which there are several very fine ones, one deserves special mention. I allude to the "Trevalyan," conducted on the Temperance plan, and is decidedly one the finest, as also one of the most convenient and elegant furnished house in the United Kingdom. It is admirably conducted, and is precisely what it is represented to be, "a first-class house," combining elegance, and comfort at moderate charges. The "Waterloo" is the only house which caters to the taste of Americans generally, and is provided with an elegant room for their reception, adorned with American engravings of various subjects, but is rather *salty* in its charges.

Before leaving we were afforded an opportunity of visiting the new Cotton Factory of the Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee & Co., which is one of the finest, most modern and complete in the place. On entering the first floor we could not hear ourselves speak with the noise of the machinery at work, and the humming din of scores of looms, busy at work under the management principally of females, weaving various patterns and qualities of cotton, worsted, and silk fabrics combined. We were politely shown through this extensive establishment, from bottom to top, which gave us some idea of the various stages through which the raw material had

to go ere it was in a fit state to pass into the weaver's room.*

It is astonishing to see the great number of foreigners from almost every clime, who traverse the streets of busy Manchester; among whom are the *Turk, Arab, Greek,* and the *Mahomedan* from the far off Indies, dressed in the peculiar costume of their country. As also the *Frenchman, Spaniard, German* and *American*, attired *a la anglaise*, all buyers, or rather resident agents, for the purchase of goods for the various houses they represent in their far-distant homes. And now let us leave busy and smoky Manchester, and in my next I shall give an account of our trip to the far-famed *Windermere lakes*, and thence on by way of Carlisle into *bonnie Scotland*.

*The proprietors of the Manchester Cotton Mills are very jealous of strangers visiting their factories, but we gained admission without any trouble through the influence of a friend, who said we were simply desirous of satisfying our curiosity by seeing the looms at work.

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LETTER XXI.

ENGLAND, CONTINUED.

On the road once more, propelled by the iron horse at the usual speed, we soon left Manchester far behind, passing through Bolton and Preston, with their numerous cotton factories, coal and iron works. On through Lancaster, and in a few hours the train arrived in Oxenholme Junction, where I had the extreme pleasure of meeting an old friend from Pittston, then on a visit to his aged father residing at Sedburgh, after an absence in America of 30 years (more or less). To meet so many thousand miles from our home was very pleasant, and right glad were we to see each other, but the pleasure was somewhat marred by him announcing the death of an old friend of ours at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Although unwell, he put himself to some trouble and expense in coming several miles to meet us, for I had been in correspondence with him prior to leaving London. But unfortunately we had but little time to spend in each other's company, for as soon as the baggage could be transferred from one train to the

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other, then in waiting, we had to bid each other a hasty adieu,* take our seats again, and proceed on our journey-by Kendall, and in a short time we arrived at

WINDERMERE.—On our arrival here, situated in the immediate neighborhood of the far-famed Windermere Lakes, we soon were cosily seated in the coffee-room of a very comfortable hotel, named after the place, where from the windows could be obtained an excellent view of the lakes in the distance.

After a stay of a couple of days at this very fashionable place of resort, boating on the lake, &c., a portion of which time the rain fell in torrents, we concluded to leave and proceed on our journey north, being perfectly satisfied that there are lakes and scenery *elsewhere* as fine, if not superior, in many respects, to that Windermere can boast of, and to view which none of us need leave the American shores. For what a great contrast there is between the lakes and rivers of Britain and those of America! The former are but ponds and ditches when compared to the vast lakes and rivers of the latter; and as to scenery, truthfully, I have seen none, as yet, to equal our own beautiful *Valley of the Wyoming*,

*This was the *only* personal acquaintance from his home that the writer had the pleasure of meeting during his *tour*, although there were several in various parts of Europe at the time, and he, notwithstanding feeling very unwell at the time, traveled several miles under *unfavorable* circumstances to obtain an interview. *May his shadow never grow less.*

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and that of the *Hudson River, Starucca Valley*, and other places, during autumn especially. Such are not seen in any other country that I have visited, but if the American is an *antiquarian* or an admirer of *green fields, well-trimmed hedges, and pretty gardens*, adorned with almost every variety of *flowers*, tastefully laid out, and beautiful *roads*, let him visit *Britain*, and his tastes will be gratified to the *fullest extent*.

We continued our journey northward from Windermere, re-passing Kendall, and taking the train once more from Oxenholme Junction, we started, making the first stoppage at Penrith, and while there obtained from our carriage window an excellent view of the old castle, now a perfect ruin, standing in the immediate neighborhood of the railway station. On we went through a well-cultivated country, until we arrived in the magnificent station of Carlisle, something like that erected at Chester, and of which I spoke in my account of North Wales.

On our arrival here we were very much pleased to meet a lady companion *du voyage* from New York to Ireland, in the person of a Mrs. Stevens, who was staying with a relation at Penrith, but our conversation was of short duration, for the baggage being quickly transferred to the train on the Waverly route (N. B. R. R.), a stentorian voice proclaimed the customary, "Take your seats, please," when suddenly the refreshment rooms were emptied of hungry

travelers, with their lunch in hand, quickly followed by the banging of doors, and the "Show your tickets, please," then the guard's usual shrill whistle for the immense train of carriages to move on to cross "the border." Puff—puff—puff—ending in one continual puffing—and ere we had finished partaking of our luncheon, purchased hurriedly at Carlisle, we were fairly in the "lang o' cakes"

SCOTLAND.—Rapidly traversing the banks of the noble Esk; which, I informed myself, abounded with very fine trout. On we went through Castleton, with its "hermitage water," St. Boswell, which put me in mind of Newburgh Abbey, still on through Newstead, and in a little while we were in Melrose, where we saw the *royal standard* still floating over the hotel which, but a few days prior to our arrival, Her Majesty, the Queen, had honored with her presence on her visit to Melrose Abbey, when *en route* to her highland home at Balmoral.

We saw the splendid old abbey wherein rests the once lion heart of "the Bruce." Grand old ruin! Honored thou art in having such a relic resting within thy ivy-clad walls! Let it continue to shelter under thy wings, even when ages shall have made thy crumbling walls a mass of rubbish, never to be forgotten until time ceases to be no more.

Melrose Abbey is a similar ruin to that of "Tintern Abbey," of which I gave an account

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when in South Wales, but more profusely decorated. It was founded in 1156 by David I, and restored in 1326 by the Bruce. Edward II destroyed the original building, and the present building is that restored, which occupied 200 years in completion. It belonged to the Cistercian Monks. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," alludes to the east window in the following lines:

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

"On many parts of the ruins fruits, flowers and foliage are carved with the most artistic skill, and several of the pillars which support the roof are yet as entire as when William of Deloraine and the monk visited the wizard's grave." It must have been unrivalled in its day, "and now the dust of the departed monks and the rude forefathers of the hamlet, with that of the inhabitants of the village of Melrose of the present day, mingle together in the graveyard of the old ruin."

Leaving Melrose, we steamed along the banks of the "lovely Tweed, soil hallowed by the eloquent poetry of Burns, and rendered glorious by the wonderful genius of Scott, a land

where prose and fiction, fact and sentiment, are so indissolubly linked together that it becomes almost an impossibility to separate one from the other."—On we went, leaving Abbotsford, the once princely residence of Sir Walter Scott, to our left, sorry we could not spare the time to visit it, and as we went further along we obtained excellent views of Borthwick and Creichton Castles, the former a fine old baronial tower of the 14th century. 'Twas there Mary, Queen of Scots, passed, I may say, with Bothwell, her *bitter* honeymoon, till hunted down by her nobles, when she fled their vengeance dressed in male attire, but to no purpose, for she was afterwards taken prisoner, and taken back to *Edinboro*, where she was insulted in the streets, and afterwards removed to and confined in Lochleven Castle, wherefrom she effected her escape and fled into England, and threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, then Queen of England, who protected her by causing the headsman to deprive her of her head. Creichton Castle was founded by Sir William Creichton, Chancellor of Scotland, who was the guardian of James II. The ill-fated Mary gave various grand entertainments there, and magnificent as it was once, it is now a desolate, forlorn looking old ruin. We passed through Gallashiels, and occasionally passed large factories wherein the celebrated Scotch tweed is manufactured, and steaming along at a fast rate, passed Stow, Fountain

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Hall, Heriot, Falahill, Tynehead, Gorebridge, Dalahousie, Eskbank, Dalkeith, and soon afterwards came in sight of the Firth of Forth, arriving in Edinburgh at 6 P. M., and were soon seated in the luxurious coffee-room of the "Cockburn Hotel," conducted like the "Trevelyan" at Manchester, on the temperance plan, where our wants were promptly supplied, and our comfort duly cared for, by the very accommodating host and hostess.

After supper we strolled up and down Princess street, where is erected the elegant monument in memory of Sir Walter Scott, the most beautiful structure I have ever seen; and viewed as we walked leisurely along the numerous shop-windows, wherein was exhibited in profusion the very beautiful jewelry which Edinburgh is so justly celebrated for its manufacture.

I must now bring this letter to a close, and in my next will give my readers a continuation of our visit to this very beautiful city, and capital of Scotland. *Au revoir!*

LETTER XXII.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

EDINBURGH.—We found it very pleasant to linger in and around this very beautiful city, the most delightful of *all* the cities we visited, and by way of giving my readers an idea of what is to be seen there, I will commence with its Ancient Castle.

Edinburgh Castle is situated on a high rock, overlooking both the ancient and modern parts of the city, and was the scene of many a fierce and deadly struggle between the English troops and those of the *Pretender*, as also, of some of the trials of the ill-fated Mary. We were shown her little apartment, when a prisoner there, (6 x 4 ft.) and looked down with a shudder, the steep rocks beneath the window, from which she lowered in a basket her babe, James VI, to be conveyed by her adherents to Stirling Castle, where it was baptised in her favorite faith.—Two portraits only adorn the walls of this little prison

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chamber, in which James VI first saw the light,* viz., that of the Queen and her consort Darnley, and an old arm chair of the period, with the crown and letters M. R. rudely carved on the back. The reception room adjoining the chamber is much larger. It was in this room, during her captivity, she gave audience to those who had occasion to visit her in her solitude and downward career. Leaving this part of the castle, we proceeded to view the *Regalia* of Scotland's Kings and Queens, now kept and guarded within a strong iron railing or cage, placed in a bomb-proof vault, erected within that part known as the "Old Palace." The whole are placed on a crimson covered stand or table, and consist of the Crown of Bruce's time, with additions made to it by James V, the sword of state presented by Pope Julius II, to James IV, and a sceptre made for James V. There are also rare and costly jewels bequeathed by the late Cardinal York, who was the last of the Stewart race, to George IV, which consist of the St. George collar of the Order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth of England, to James VI, the badge of the Thistle, ornamented with diamonds, and secretly containing a portrait of Anne of Denmark, and lastly the coronation ring of Charles I. This costly finger ornament is set

* James VI was born there while his royal mother was a prisoner.

with beautiful rubies, and the ornament, St. George and the Dragon, attached to the collar of the Order of the Garter, is on one side thickly set with diamonds of the purest water. The whole have a most brilliant appearance and are in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding the many long years they were locked up from mortal view. *Apropos* of this circumstance, a few lines may not be uninteresting to some of my readers, whereby they may be made better acquainted with the past history of "Scotland's Regalia," than I was, prior to my visiting the country; but before doing so, I wish to allude to the royal robes, which, it is said, "were of purple velvet, lined with ermine, with a kirtle of the same materials and trimming, combining grace with elegance, which, with the crown, was worn by the King upon solemn occasions, but the latter on other occasions was placed before him on a cushion, and when laws were passed in the Scottish Parliament it was presented by the Chancellor to the King, who ratified them by touching it with the sceptre, in token of royal assent. This ceremony, after the accession of James to the English crown, was performed by a Lord High Commissioner, invested for that purpose with the delegated state of a viceroy." "During the troubles of Queen Mary's time there was scandalous dilapidation made upon the crown jewels and other treasure in Scotland belonging to the sovereign. The Regalia, how-

ever, escaped at this time Castle, where Bishop of appears from the Bishop and sceptre, head, with circumstance

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ever, escaped the general plunder. They appear at this time to have been preserved in Sterling Castle, where James VI was crowned by Adam, Bishop of Orkney, July 29th, 1567, when, as appears from the records of the Privy Council, the Bishop delivered into his hands the sword and sceptre, and put the crown royal upon his head, with all due reverence, ceremonies and circumstances used and accustomed."

After the coronation of Charles II the events which followed were fraught with so much danger to the existence of royalty and its emblems, that it became necessary to take prompt measures for the preservation of the Regalia from a foreign enemy; but as I cannot give in detail the circumstances attending the removal of the Regalia from place to place, it must suffice to say that from 1651 until the union with England the Regalia were removed frequently from one place to another, and sometimes under the most tedious and difficult circumstances.

On March 26th, 1707, they were again secluded from public view by being deposited in the great chest, which was their usual receptacle, and secured by three strong locks, in the crown room of the castle of Edinburgh. The chimneys and windows were well secured by massive iron bars, and the entrance protected by two doors, one of oak and the other of iron bars, with locks of great strength; the keys of the chest and of the room were afterwards deposited somewhere, but

never recovered.* Doubts seem to have been entertained by the Scotch people shortly after this of the actual whereabouts of the Regalia, and the Jacobite party availed themselves of the circumstances to circulate a report that the English government had secretly caused these royal emblems to be transported to London, and a crown being exhibited in the Tower of London as that of Scotland's kings led to confirm the report so industriously circulated. Thus matters stood for upwards of a century, the people still in doubt of the existence of Scotland's royal emblems, when in 1817, the "Prince Regent, considering that all political reasons for withdrawing from the people of Scotland the sight of the ancient symbols of her independence had long ceased to exist, was pleased to give directions for removing the mystery, which had so long hung upon the existence of the Scottish Regalia."

A warrant was accordingly issued and handed to the officers of State in Scotland, directing them to open the crown room and chest and report the state in which the Regalia should be found.

The crown room was accordingly entered, and the lid of the great chest was forced open, when to the great joy of all present, lying at the bot-

* Secluding the crown jewels from public view, was done to cause the loyal and patriotic Scots to banish from their memory their *once* independent government.

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tom of the old chest was the long lost Scottish Regalia, in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding their having laid there 110 years. The royal flag was immediately hoisted upon the castle, which was greeted by the loud shouts of a numerous crowd assembled outside the walls, impatient to learn the result of the interesting search. The officers having reported the happy result to the Prince Regent, the custody of the Regalia was on the 8th of July, 1818, committed to the officers of State, by a warrant under the great seal, with instructions, after making suitable precautions for their safety, that they might be exhibited to the public, and in one year later the public were gratified with a sight of those venerable memorials.

Afterwards we visited, before leaving the castle, "Queen Margaret's Chapel," the most ancient building in Edinburgh, measuring only 16 1-2 feet by 10 1-2 feet within the nave, and I was informed that it was the smallest chapel in all Scotland. An immense cannon formed of staves and hoops of iron welded together, adorns a modern carriage near by, called "Mons Meg." On the carriage is a description of its history, but there is a doubt as to whether it was forged in Scotland or in Flanders—most probably the latter.

Leaving this ancient fortress, still garrisoned by troops, we wended our way to Holyrood Palace, situate at the foot of a lofty hill called

"Arthur's Seat." This building is constructed similar in form to Hampton Court, and dates back from the days of Queen Mary. We were soon wandering, i. e., I was in deep thought, through its ancient chambers, entering first the picture gallery, a long room, the walls of which were hung with portraits in sombre frames of a hundred kings of Scotland, from Ferguson the First to the end of the Stewart dynasty, being copies of originals and painted by De Witt in the 16th century. A striking peculiarity in the features of most of those monarchs is the length of the nose, which is unusually long, especially among those of the earlier date, which date back to 330 years B. C., when Fergus was king. The Parliament for some time was held in this room. We were next shown into Lord Darnley's room and the audience chamber, the walls of which are hung with ancient tapestry, and some dozen paintings of various monarchs. There are several other rooms of more or less note hung with tapestry, the subjects of which are dim with age, the most interesting of which are Queen Mary's reception room, supper room and bed room. In one of those is to be seen the bedstead and other furniture of Charles I, which he used when residing in the palace, also some embroidered chairs of the same date. In the reception room Mary and the great reformer Knox oftentimes met face to face, and discussed topics with reference to her religious faith, the result of which

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proved so fatal to her interests.* It was the supper room wherein Secretary Rizzio received his mortal wounds, and whence he was dragged in the Queen's presence by the conspirators, stabbing him over and over again, until death relieved him of his agonies. The ceiling of her bed room is divided into panels, each panel bearing the arms and initials of Scottish sovereigns in the centre, and is partially furnished with the bedstead, bedding and decayed hangings, used by the unfortunate Queen when occupying the apartment. It was from this room through a small private door that the upstart, Darnley, and his infamous associates went into the royal apartment to murder Rizzio.

In my next I will give my readers an account of the Old Abbey or Chapel Royal adjoining the Palace, and the remainder of the sights we saw in the *modern Athens*.

* The Reformer was the source of much annoyance to the Queen, and his persistent efforts to induce her to change her creed, made her the more firm in her belief.

LETTER XXIII.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

After seeing all that was of interest within the walls of Holyrood Palace, we wended our way to survey the ruins of all that is left of the old abbey or chapel royal, adjoining the palace, which was founded by King David. The monastery dates back to the twelfth century. Edward II done much damage to it, and Richard II set fire to it in 1385, when after undergoing repairs it suffered much in 1547, and at the outbreak of the reformation it was made a complete ruin.

Within its ancient walls many of the Scotch monarchs were crowned and married, and in the eastern extremity, under the large window, kneeled Mary, Queen of Scots, when she gave her hand to the simpleton, Darnley, and near the spot, to the right, is the old vault, wherein it is said, rested at one time, the remains of King David II, as also that of other monarchs of Scotland; but alas! the ravages of war and time, have left no record of the facts. Leaving the interior for a while, we went outside to view

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the exterior, and looking up over the doorway we saw the following inscription on a plain and unassuming stone, imbedded in the wall by Charles I, and I give it to my readers in precise form :

" He shall build a house
For my name, and I will
Stablish the Throne
Of his Kingdom
For ever."

" Basilicam hanc
Return Carolus Rex
Optimus Instauravit
Anno Domini."

Several fine monuments, especially those erected to the memory of Lord Reay and Viscount Belhaven (the latter a very beautiful one), and tombstones are to be seen within the ruin, the inscriptions upon several of which are quite legible, one showing the distinct date of 1455, and on one is the following very characteristic inscription :

" Heir lyes ane honorable woman,
Callit Margaret Erskin, Lady Alercus,
And Dame XVII, July, 159."

But the history of a great many of even those that can be deciphered, is buried with them, for there are no authentic records to be found of who, or what they were in their time; and notwithstanding the ruinous state of the abbey, many of the present nobility of Scotland, whose ancestors sleep within those old walls, still keep

adding to the number, as the members of the various generations depart this life, for they cherish a love and respect for their ancient burial place.

After taking a last lingering look at this old ruin, we took our leave, entered the carriage, which had been in waiting, and were driven around the "Queen's drive," which afforded us beautiful views of the Firth of Forth, Leith Harbor, and of Craig-millar Castle, wherein have resided James IV, V, and Queen Mary. Passing around the mountain called "Arthur's Seat," which towered high above us, crouching in *lion* form, for it resembles very much that majestic beast of the forest, we again entered the city by another route, and proceeded to visit other places, among which I may name the Royal Institution and the Antiquarian Museum, which contained a host of national relics, many of which were associated with the life and times of John Knox and others of his time, the National Gallery devoted to the exhibition of pictures, quite a fine collection, and Callow Hill, from where we obtained a beautiful view of the city, the Firth of Forth, Arthur's Seat and the Castle, and I will say that it was the finest view I have ever witnessed.

On Callow Hill, resembling the ruins of Athens, is the unfinished National Monument, which has in its incomplete state, cost £12,000, and owes its present classic appearance, to a want of further funds for its completion. In the immediate

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neighborhood is the Edinburgh high school, a magnificent building, the Prison, a castellated building, constructed of hewn stone, and Burns' monument, which contains relics connected with his memory.

We also saw John Knox's house, built in the fifteenth century, and occupied by him until 1572, when he died; it contains implements of torture, and his favorite chair; Regent Murray's house, Union cellar, and the old Parliament house; but we could not remain in beautiful Edinburgh any longer, *tempus fugit*, so we had to leave for other scenes, but it was with regret, that I had to forego the further pleasure of strolling up and down gay Princess street, with its magnificent Scott monument, its less pretending one of Allan Ramsay (*Gentle Shepherd*), elegant buildings and beautiful walks, where Sir Walter Scott oftentimes loitered, chatting with one, then the other, and politely saluting each passer-by, as they respectfully recognized the soul-stirring poet of Abbotsford.

Yes, I left Edinburgh with a pang of regret, for I liked it very much, and would gladly reside there, but it could not be.—We must onward; hark! it is the old request; "take your seats, please," the train is on the eve of starting, we hurry to our seats, the carriage door is closed and locked, and in a minute we are steaming out of the delightful city of the "Modern Athens" (a very appropriate name) and in a very short time

it is far behind, and the train stops at some place, the name of which did not catch our ears, as the guards called it out, so I inquired of an elderly gentleman who sat opposite me, who politely answered *Linlithgow*. Yes reader, we were in the place where the Stuarts figured so much in their day, and on our right was the ancient Palace, wherein the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots first saw the light; but while we were intently gazing upon the ancient structure, the train moved on, and I had to lean out the window to gain one parting look at its ancient walls. Away we went past Falkirk, where the great Wallace sustained defeat by Edward I on over a portion of the field of Bannockburn, which promptly called to my mind Burns' immortal song, "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," and ere I had quit thinking of the terrible conflict which once deluged the field with blood, we had arrived in Stirling, of which I will write in my next.

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LETTER XXIV.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

STIRLING.—We remained there but sufficient time to see the most interesting parts of it, so made our way immediately on our arrival for the old castle, which we found resembled very much that of Edinburgh, especially in the position it occupies, and like it, has within its walls its chambers of horrors, for there is the room in which the brave Douglas (now called the "Douglas room,") lost his life by the hands of assassins, who secreted themselves in the chamber adjoining, hence why it is named the "Secret Chamber," and underneath the window over the arched gateway his lifeless body, it is said, was found in the morning. A lady is in charge of those rooms, who expects a fee from all visitors ere she will volunteer to give a minute account of how and why the brave warrior became a victim to the assassin's knife, which account is no doubt vague and very incorrect.*

* This woman was most exacting, unpleasant and impolite, and should be removed, to give room for one of better manners.

One of the soldiers of the garrison, off duty, as we emerged from the Douglas room, very politely proffered his services to show us around the castle, which I gladly accepted, and our guide quickly led the way to the battlements, from where he pointed out various places of interest, commencing by drawing my attention to the Wallace monument, now in the course of erection on the Abbey Craig, to complete which Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen in the United States and the Canadas have contributed, and are still contributing large sums of money; but the structure, magnificent and stupendous as it is, deserves a better location than that it is erected on. Stirling, or the *centre* of the ever memorable field of Bannockburn would be, in my opinion, a far more desirable location. My attention was next called to the battle field of Stirling, and then to that of Bannockburn, both in right opposite directions, but within a few miles of each other. Airthrey Castle, the seat of Lord Abercrombie, and that of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Kerr, Kenneth Abbey, in which lies interred the remains of James III, and over which has been lately erected at the expense of her present majesty, the Queen, an elegant tomb in memory of that long departed monarch. I was also shown the Tournament ground beneath the walls, and the stone wheron Mary Queen of Scots often sat to watch the national games of the period, by looking through

an aperture those engaged in the game. The view of the tance and visible little to of much res tating am Indeed, from around for n extensive an nessed.

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"This ol Regent, inte after it was tion the site haps by the of a proud

an aperture in the wall, without being seen by those engaged in the games. Away in the distance and visible to the naked eye is the fashionable little town of the Bridge of Allan, a place of much resort by the wealthy, desirous of rustivating among mountains and green fields. Indeed, from the battlements the whole country around for many miles can be seen, and a more extensive and delightful view is but seldom witnessed.

Leaving the polite and obliging man at arms, the palm of whose hand I gently pressed with one of Her Majesty's silver coin, and in return received a most grateful smile and a polite salute for my generosity. We passed the guard of red coats on our way to the outside of the walls of the castle, and ere we had proceeded very far met an elderly man, who introduced himself as guide, and offered me his services in that capacity, which I did not refuse nor accept. "Silence gives consent," thought Mr. Guide, no doubt, for he commenced by calling my attention to an old building in front of which we had halted, and the history of which he gave to me in broad Scotch, viz:

"This old building, sir, was erected by the Regent, intending it for a palace for James VI., but after it was commenced and in process of construction the site was objected to by the public, and perhaps by the King himself, and the Regent being of a proud and independent spirit, suddenly sus-

pended operations and left it in its unfinished state." The following characteristic inscription over the doorway speaks for itself:

The moir I stand on open hicht
My faults moir subject ar to sight,
I pray all luckers on this loging
With gentle e' to gif thair juging.

The cathedral, or grey friar church of Franciscan monks, in the rear of the Regent's old building, was erected by James IV, 1494, and is really an old fashioned building. It was then undergoing repairs, so we did not see the interior, but went through a great portion of the burial ground adjoining, in which are some very fine monuments, several of which have been erected at the sole expense of a Mr. William Drummond, a wealthy Scotch gentleman, resident in the neighborhood, to the memory of Scotch martyrs of the reformation, and others identified with it. One of those monuments attracted my particular attention. It was enclosed within a glass pavilion to protect it from the weather, in memory of Margaret Wilson and her sister Agnes, comprised of three life size figures representing the two sisters and their guardian angel, the latter of the finest Italian marble, sculptured in Rome. This group is exceedingly beautiful, and cannot but challenge the admiration of all who see them. A high pyramid is also erected there by the same gentleman in memory of martyrs of the 17th century, and there are also

very many figures of John Knox whose names are acquainted with

As I wand the oldest inscriptions of which I find the following erected in memory 1809, and last of the same name, Stirlingshire,

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Our guide man, directed

very many fine statues, among which are those of John Knox, Henderson, Melville and others, whose names are as household words to those acquainted with the history of Scotland.

As I wandered over the ground in search of the oldest inscription among the old tombstones of which I found none prior to 1523, I noticed the following lines on a tombstone, formerly erected in memory of Alexander E. Mifflin in 1809, and later to the memory of one of the same name, who had been chief constable of Stirlingshire, who died in 1867 :

Our, life, is, but, a, winter, day,
Some, only, breakfast, and, away,
Others, to, Dinner, stay,
And, are, well, fed,
The, oldest, man, but, sups,
And, goes, to, bed,
Large, is, his, debt,
That, lingers, out, the, day,
He, that, goes, soonest,
Has, the, least, to, pay.

From "Ladies' Hill," an elevated spot overlooking the Tournament ground beneath the castle walls, can be obtained a beautiful view of the country. General Monck held this position when he took the castle, and on the old church tower can be plainly seen the marks of the shot fired on his forces from the battlements of the castle during the siege.

Our guide, who I found was a well informed man, directed our steps from the old burial

ground to Argyle Lodge, erected by Alexander, first Earl of Stirling, 1652, and told me it was occupied by the Duke of Argyle during the first rebellion. Within its walls Charles I was entertained when on a visit to Stirling. We were afterwards shown Lord Darnley's residence, where James VI was nursed; Earl Bothwell's house, the murderer of Darnley, who afterwards aspired to the hand of his royal widow; and the old mint, wherein the first coin, called a *bawbee*, was coined, which had on one side an impression of the head of Queen Mary when a child, hence *bawbee*, meaning little or small, perhaps of the value of a farthing or an American half cent. —Proceeding on our way to the hotel our attention was drawn to an old building still inhabited, wherein at one time resided a certain Knight of the Scissors, whose sign of native stone still remains imbedded in the wall over the door, with the following inscription rudely inscribed thereon. I give an exact copy so far as form is concerned:

ROBERT SPITTAL,
Tailor [scissors] to King.
James 4th Anno
1530
R. S.

We left this ancient and pretty town by the North British Railway for Glasgow, by way of Balloch, on Lochlomand. For unfortunately we were unable to proceed to the *Trossachs*, owing

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to the heavy rains which fell at the time and which we were informed made it very unpleasant, a circumstance I was sorry for, as the scenery it is said, is grand in the extreme.

On our arrival at Balloch we changed cars and proceeded on our journey through Dumbarton with its old castle on the rocks high above the Clyde, then along the banks of that shallow and muddy but busy river, until we arrived in the great city of Glasgow, and immediately proceeded, weary and tired, to the "Cobden Hotel," on Argyle street, which we found replete with every comfort and convenience.

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.LETTER XXV.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

GLASGOW.—I found this city to be precisely as I was informed, a smoky, busy place, as much unlike Edinburgh as day is to night, with nothing of much interest to recommend it to the stranger and tourist; but notwithstanding I must give my readers a brief account of some of its public and commercial buildings, and what we saw during our stay.

THE CATHEDRAL.—This large, and indeed I may say fine old structure, now very much restored, was dedicated, it is supposed, to St. Mungo or St. Kentyn, who is the reputed founder of the city. In 560 he established the bishopric of Glasgow. The cathedral was erected by John Achams, Bishop of Glasgow, in 1113, some historians say during the reign of David I. It is of Gothic architecture, and has in and around it tombstones whose inscriptions date back to A. D. 1500, at which time the people, we are informed, went to church carrying concealed weapons, even the clergymen went armed into

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the pulpit, which, it appears, was necessary, so as to protect themselves from the lawless and ferocious, which were those generally opposed to their doctrine. The cathedral is conducted strictly, *i. e.*, in the mode of worship, as the church of Scotland (Presbyterian), and like all the churches of that persuasion throughout Scotland, the services are simple and plain, with only congregational singing, there being no organ nor any musical instrument and professed choir tolerated, to cater to the refined taste of those who advocate professional harmony.

The windows of the cathedral are remarkably fine, being works of art of the most costly and elaborate kind, in stained and painted glass, manufactured at Munich and other places celebrated in the art, and are gifts to the church (in memoriam) from various members of the congregation, whose respective names, dates, &c., are inscribed thereon, and setting forth particulars connected with the deceased relatives of the donor, consequently the windows are not of the same pattern and design, but vary according to the taste and amount of money expended in the construction of those handsome and useful monuments.

THE NECROPOLIS.—In the immediate neighborhood and to the rear of the cathedral is the necropolis or cemetery, elevated two hundred and fifty feet above the river Clyde, in which are erected some very fine monuments, and the

grounds are kept in the highest state of cleanliness, order and cultivation; so much so, that it is daily the resort of hundreds, who stroll through its romantic walks, admiring the elegant and handsome monuments and vaults which adorn the place, among which stand conspicuous those in memory of John Knox, Dr. Black, Dr. Dick, McGevin, Maj. Monteith and Alice Dunlop. Knox's monument was the first erected on the ground, long before it became a cemetery, erected there because of its high elevation, and from where a most magnificent view can be obtained of the surrounding country.

Within the city is a fine public square wherein are some very fine monuments, among which stands in the centre that erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, and equestrian statues of the Queen and the Prince consort.

The Glasgow University is a fine old building of the 17th century. The National Bank of Scotland and the Royal Exchange are fine modern buildings. In front of the latter is a very fine Wellington monument commemorative of the battle of Waterloo, in the design of which the artist has displayed much genius and good taste, in giving life like representations of the soldier in civil and military life, graphically portraying his career from agricultural pursuits to the battle field. As a monumental work of art I was much struck with its beauty and natural appearance.

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Glasgow has also some fine streets, of which I liked Argyle street the best, and several fine large hotels, which are, I was informed, second to none in the United Kingdom, and it is celebrated as being the great emporium of the world for steamship building. Its Clyde built steamers are well known and acknowledged to be the finest and fastest vessels afloat, and are now doing the leading trade in freight and passengers between the United States and the various ports of Europe. It was on the Clyde such steamers as the *Scotia*, *Persia*, *Cuba*, *Java* and the *Russia* of the Cunard line, and others of the Inman and other lines were built, after lines and designs of celebrated Scotch ship builders, who are acknowledged to be all over the civilized world masters of their profession. Bidding adieu to Glasgow, we took rail and proceeded through Paisley, celebrated for its manufacture of shawls and spool cotton, on by Lochweiron, whereon is often played the celebrated games of curling between the north and south, still on by Kilberney, noticing as we went along several large iron furnaces, wherein is manufactured the celebrated iron known all over the world as "Scotch Pig," obtaining a view of Ardrossan in the distance, the Firth of Clyde, a broad expanse of water, and Isle of Arran with its lofty hills away to our right, on we went until we arrived in Trova, from where we saw Kilmarnock some distance to our left, and soon after we were duly

set down in the quaint and quiet little town of
AYR, IN THE LAND O' BURNS,—which Burns
informs us

"Ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

As we entered the town, the first sight that greeted my eyes and received due attention were the "Twa Brigs o' Ayr," which are so hallowed in the strains of Burns, whose humorous and poetic truth will outlive the memory of both. The Auld Brig was built during the reign of Alexander III, 1249-1285, at the sole expense of two maiden ladies named Lowe, who, it is said, devoted the whole of their fortune to the purpose. It is very narrow and steep at both ends, and was intended no doubt for a foot bridge and for beasts of burden. As we went along I was suddenly brought to a stand still, as my eyes got riveted on the following lines, with two jovial looking figures painted on a sign board displayed over the door of a respectable looking thatched house:

"The house wherein Tam O'Shanter
and Souter Johnny held their meetings."

Of course I could not but stay awhile beneath so classic a roof, so in we went and were very politely shown up stairs by the good landlady, Mrs. Glass, who cosily seated us in the Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny chairs, and were soon imbibing of Scotch dew out of the ever memorable cup (of which but very little is left),

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used by those worthy and congenial spirits when they met in that very room in the days of Burns, based upon one of which meetings the poet contrived to link together the humorous and inimitable poetic tale of "Tam O'Shanter," when

—— "Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely
Wi reaming Swats that drunk divinely
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny;
His ancient, trusty, drouthie crony."

The bard seems to have truly entered into the spirit of the occasion, for he describes how the fleeting hours under the merry influence of John Barleycorn passed swiftly away, viz :

"The nicht drave on wi sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better."

Too often is it the case, that to partake of a little is to create a desire for more, which I infer was the case with those two worthies.

Midnight came at last, when it is supposed the two "cronies" prepared to separate for the night, Tam to straddle his "auld grey mare," to proceed on his way home, upon a remarkable dark and stormy night, of which the poet further says :

—— "Night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in."

And his jovial companion the shoemaker, to wend his way homeward afoot, after the fashion of great circle sailing.

In my next, after giving a general account of Ayr, I will conduct my readers o'er the ground which boozey Tam traveled on that eventful night.

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LETTER XXVI.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

AYR.—I closed my last communication with Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny's carousal at the old tavern named after the worthy pair, with a promise of giving my readers in my next a further account of this pretty little town ere I took them over the road on which Tam *ganged hame* on that eventful night.

This beautiful and picturesque town is the county seat of Ayrshire, and is, with its immediate surroundings, so much associated with the life and times of the farmer poet, that it has become known all over the civilized world as the "Land o' Burns." In the northern suburb is the harbor and quay, stretching towards the Firth of Clyde, and the outer position of the latter is occupied by a strong fort, so placed as to command the entrance to the harbor. The present barracks, which occupy the site of a much older edifice, were erected by Oliver Cromwell, when at the head of the British Government. Passing up Sandgate street, a wide and rather handsome

thoroughfare, we were soon in front of the town buildings, the spire of which is lofty and handsome. I was informed that it is 235 feet high, and that the building contains an assembly room, together with several others used for various purposes. It was erected about forty years ago at an outlay of £10,000, and it is certainly a building which the good people of the town and county of Ayr should be proud of. Nearly opposite this building is the Ayrshire Bank, and a little further on, Wellington Square. On this square are several well built houses and the county buildings, wherein are the court house, county assembly room, the office for the use of the various county officials, and of those connected with the court. Those buildings were erected in 1822, at a cost of £30,000, which amount was defrayed by the county. But the most interesting feature in the adornment of this square is that of a statue of General Neill, who was killed as he led his troops into the citadel of Lucknow, in India, on the 25th of September, 1857.

Leaving Wellington Square and turning to the right we had a view of an old antique tower, standing in a field a little distance off. It is called the ancient tower of St. John's Church, which was destroyed by Cromwell during the civil war. It was founded in the 12th century, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist.—
“Soon after the independence of Scotland had

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been achieved, on the 24th of June, 1314, by the victory at Bannockburn, it became desirable to fix the succession to the Scottish throne, for which purpose a Parliament was held in St. John's Church at Ayr, on Sunday, the 26th of April, 1315, on which day, in the old church, was adopted the line of succession in the Bruce family, the whole assembly swearing fealty to King Robert *the Bruce*.

Retracing our steps from this point towards Sandgate street, we obtained a good view of the Bay of Ayr, with Grennan Castle, built on a high rock, and the celebrated Ailsa Craig, in the distance.

The Parish Church, or "Auld Kirk o' Ayr," is built upon the site of an old Dominican monastery, founded in 1230, out of funds contributed by Oliver Cromwell by way of compensation for the destruction of St. John's Church.

The Wallace Tower is a beautiful gothic structure, rising to the height of one hundred feet. The lower part is converted into a handsome store or shop, above which are three stories, each a good sized room in itself, one of which is occupied as a mechanics' institute, and the others by the bellman of the tower. The building contains a fine peal of bells and a handsome clock. In a niche on the front is a statue of the lamented and patriotic Wallace, to whose memory the tower was erected at a cost of about two thousand pounds.

Leaving Ayr we proceeded some distance into the country, to see the neighborhood where Robert Burns spent a great portion of his lifetime, and I was soon gladdened with a sight of the following, written on a sign board over the doorway of a thatched cottage (the outer walls of which were thickly white washed with wholesome lime):

"The house in which Burns was born."

Soon we were within its portals, which we found densely crowded with visitors. Yes, reader, in that humble abode on the roadside, was ushered into the world on the 25th day of January, 1759, a peasant boy, whose fame has gone forth throughout the civilized world. And in a recess, whercin stands the old bedstead in the kitchen of the cottage, still occupied as a sleeping place, as he himself informs us,

—"A blast o' Januar win
Blew hansel in on Robin."

By which he meant to convey to us that on a certain night soon after his birth a storm blew down the outer wall of the frail cottage, owing to which himself and his mother had to be removed to another part of the house while the damage was being repaired.

In this old cottage, it is said, the poet—indeed his biographers say so—wrote the much admired poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and now its great and growing celebrity, the popularity of the district, and the multiplicity of visitors,

has done much for the old homestead. The father sold the land and family to build in the only improvement property, but by the proprietor as an Inn-keeper of visitors, a graph of the life, who have world to view bard received

In the kitchen on which was suming crock their frugal n old grate is the cottage w

So interesting Burns become the white was votary written doors, door-f have scarcely have been ser

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has done much to keep in repair and improve the old homestead for the owners. "The Corporation of the Shoemakers of Ayr," to whom Burn's father sold the property before removing himself and family to Lochlee, caused a large hall to be built in the rear of the old premises, thus not only improving and rendering more valuable the property, but doing much to increase the accommodation for visitors. A register book is kept by the proprietor of the house, who is licensed as an Inn-keeper, wherein are registered the names of visitors, and which now contains the autographs of thousands of almost every rank in life, who have journeyed from all parts of the world to view the spot wherein the immortal bard received his first inspiration.

In the kitchen still remains the old oak dresser, on which was once placed the plain and unassuming crockery ware used by the family for their frugal meals, and I was informed that the old grate is the *same* in every respect as when the cottage was occupied by the family.

So interesting has the birth place of Robert Burns become, that there is scarcely a spot on the white washed wall but has the name of some votary written thereon in pencil, and cupboards, doors, door-frames, tables, chairs, benches, &c., have scarcely an inch of smooth surface but that have been served likewise with the knife.

Had time permitted, I would have gladly spent a few days in the old cottage, for I love such

places, and let my mind wander back to the days when the immortal bard lived and moved within its precincts. Good old days were those, wherein lived the man who done more to elevate man in the estimation of himself than did any other of the great poets of the past or present day. But I had to take not one, but many long lingering looks at the old spot, ere I could tear myself away.

Near to the cottage, and on the road to the Burns monument, is Alloway Kirk, a roofless old building described by the poet in his poem of "Tam O'Shanter," as "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," wherein, he informs us, the witches held their high carnival on the night Tam rode his "auld grey mare" toward his home from Ayr, after his merry making with his friend Souter Johnny. Imagine Tam jogging along well filled with home brewed ale, with his "Dutch courage" at sticking point, wondering to himself what kind of a reception he would receive from his better-half, who was anxiously waiting his return, and what reasonable excuse he could make for his prolonged stay, when passing the old church to witness therein that which the poet describes in the following lines:

"—— Sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A towsie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirk."—

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causing Tam, perhaps, to plunge the rowels of his spurs (if he had any), deep into the flanks of the old mare, making her to bound forward with the speed of a race horse, with the witches close to her heels.

The first thing that attracted my attention on entering into the grave-yard of the old church, was a head stone, erected by Burns in memory of his father, on which were inscribed the following affectionate lines, composed by the poet :

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend ;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the generous friend,
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For even his failings leaned to virtue's side,"

The interior of the old church is now used as a burial place, wherein rest the remains of several persons of note, and in the grave-yard are interred others of no less note, in vaults surrounded with iron railing.

The old sexton in attendance showed us the grave of Souter Johnny, "Tam's ancient, trusty, drouthie crony." The following lines are inscribed on an unassuming head stone of native stone :

"Erected by John Laughlan,
To the memory of his Father,
and
DAVID LAUGHLAN,
his Grandfather,
late in Cunning Park.

I was informed that the bard's remains lie at Dumfries,* over which an elegant monument is erected, which represents him in the capacity of plowman. His mother's remains were interred at Bolton, East Lothian, and those of Tam O'Shanter lie beneath the green sod of Kirk Oswald. The following lines are copied from the poem by Mr. Roscoe, on the death of Scotia's Bard:

Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills,
 Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
 But never more shall poet tread,
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he the sweetest bard is dead
 That ever breathed the soothing strain.

I must now bring this letter to a close, so adieu for the present.

*Robert Burns, who was then in the British Revenue service as Exciseman, after a series of afflictions, among which was that of rheumatism, departed this life at Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, leaving a wife and four sons to mourn his early death. Two of his sons became officers in the East India Company's service, and another was employed in the British Stamp Office, and the other, a lad of much promise, died of consumption.

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LETTER XXVII.

SCOTLAND, CONTINUED.

From Alloway Kirk we proceeded along the road which our friend Tam O'Shanter rode over when followed closely by the witches, in the hope that he could reach the bridge, now known as the "Auld Brig o' Doon," which spans the river Doon, and leave the keystone of the arch in his rear, when their power over him, it was said, would cease. But alas! he was doomed to disappointment, for just as he gained the bridge the enraged hags caught the auld grey mare by the tail, of which the bard further says :

"The carlin claught her by the rump,
An' left puir Maggie scarce a stump."

On we went until we came in sight of a neat hotel, erected at the junction of the old and new road leading towards Maybole, named the "Burn's Hotel," in and around which some hundreds of persons were assembled, to visit the monument and Auld Brig o' Doon, some of which were accom-

panied by bands of music, whose lively strains were principally those associated with the songs of Burns.

The monument is erected on a site overlooking the old bridge, and is an open circular temple of classic beauty, having nine fluted Corinthian columns representing the muses. It is sixty feet high, on a base of rustic mason work twenty feet high, making it eighty feet from the ground. The interior is a circular room, lighted by a cupola of rich stained glass, which contains many relics connected with the history of the poet, among which is the Bible he presented to Highland Mary when they last met, and Jane Armour's gold finger rings, some copies of the best edition of his works, and other articles of interest linked with his memory, as also a well executed marble bust of him in his palmy days.

Leaving that room we wandered over the grounds which surround the monument, and while doing so came upon a small cottage which we entered, and found it to contain the original life-size statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, the handiwork of a self-taught sculptor, a native of the neighborhood. I was informed that they were exhibited in all the principal cities and towns of Great Britain, where they were universally acknowledged as being perfect in every respect, and admired as a great work of art, thereby establishing for the artist a reputation

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and gaining for himself a name, which added much to his pecuniary resources.

We left this delightful retreat and proceeded down the old road, and soon were on the Auld Brig o' Doon, picturing in my imagination Tam O'Shanter's fight over it, "when more dead than alive," and the days when the immortal bard trod its surface. There I stood with my heart full, attentively listening to the beautiful song, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," rendered by one of the visitors, accompanied by a chorus of a hundred voices from those standing on and around the bridge. More pure devotion I had but seldom witnessed. Every one seemed to be solely devoted to the day and occasion, as if there to worship at the shrine of Burns.

The bridge, of late, has been very much restored by removing the thick ivy which for many years had clad its gray walls, and by repairing with cement the fast decaying stones, joints and crevices. But the stones which surmount the walls are the same, and still bear thousands of names and initials of names, rudely carved on their surface by some of those who have from time to time journeyed into the land of Burns, and among which soon figured another name, for I availed myself of the opportunity of adding mine to the list, choosing for the purpose the tenth or centre stone on the right hand side going towards Maybole.

I found it very pleasant, nay, delightful, to

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wander along the banks of the beautiful and placid little river, so much associated with the memory of the great bard, where he, upon many occasions, as he reclined on the green sward, or leisurely walked along, his soul wrapped in the muse, composed some of the poems which now are so much admired. *Apropos* of this, if I recollect right, it was there he composed or laid down the foundation of his truly laughable and amusing poem of Tam O'Shanter; and while doing so his wife, who became anxious for his return home one day, owing to him remaining out on his walk longer than usual, went out to seek him, when she found him walking along the river bank, making the strangest gesticulations, and at times laughing and talking to himself, which might have led her to suppose that he had become suddenly insane, and perhaps more fit for an inmate of a lunatic asylum, than a wanderer along a river bank. But the poet was then, it appears, overhead and ears in this inimitable poem, which was affording him mirth beyond his conception, and causing him to laugh immoderately at his ludicrous composition, of which the following are the most amusing parts, depicting Tam's approaching the old haunted kirk :*

"The lightnings flashed from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,

*The writer is not positive that the Bard composed "Tam O'Shanter," even in this neighborhood.

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Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

" Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' asquabae we'll face the devil !—
The swat's sac ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd nae deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd ;
She ventur'd forward on the light,
And wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

" As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark !

" But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
And how Tam stood like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main ;
Till first ae caper, syne anither
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And roars out 'weel done, cutty-sark !'
 And in an instant all was dark ;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

"As beets bizz out wi angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When " catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

"Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin' !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin' !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin',
 Kate soon will be a woefu woman !
 Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And coin the keystone of the Brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss.
 A running stream they darena cross !"

"Thus runs the legend poem throughout, displaying much variety of power in its brief composition. It was written as an inducement to Grose to admit Alloway Kirk into his work on the antiquities of Scotland, so we are informed, by Allan Cunningham, in his new life of the poet." And now having given a somewhat more lengthy account of the "Land o' Burns," past and present, than I intended to do, I must away from that very interesting spot and subject, and bid Scotland adieu, for the time has at length arrived to within a few days of our departure to re-cross, once more the broad Atlantic; but

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a few words about Scotland and its people generally will, I trust, not be out of place in this letter; for I have on the termination of our tour in Ireland and Wales remarked briefly on the same subject.

Scotland is the northern part of Great Britain, and to a great extent is mountainous, its mountain tops, covered with heather, and dotted with hundreds of thousands of small sheep, is grand, majestic and picturesque in the extreme; and indeed, I may say that there are but few places or parts of the united kingdom which can favorably compare with the rich and prolific soil that lies between Edinburgh, Sterling, and away towards Balloch on Loch-lomond, land, I was creditably informed, that cannot be excelled for its yield of the product of agriculture.

To me, Scotia is certainly to be much admired for its vast wild mountain scenery, perfectly treeless, but when covered with the blooming heather as with a purple mantle, it lends it a charm but seldom if ever witnessed in any other country that I have visited. And when the approaching storms begin to gather, when the lowering clouds begin to nestle on the mountain tops, when the thousands of small sheep in consequence begin to gather into their respective folds, under the adroit management of their shepherds and sagacious dogs, and amid the roaring of the wind and the pitiless rain, the claps of thunder and much dreaded forked lightning, the scene

changes from that delightful charm to that of the most awfully grand; but I am digressing in speaking of the country I must not forget its people, who have so much to admire and be proud of.

The Scotch, as I remarked in my letter on the termination of our tour through Wales, are of the Celtic or Keltic race. A people endowed with much courage, accustomed to great hardships, physically and otherwise, and are thrifty, industrious and frugal in their habits, patriotic and loyal, becoming intelligent and well informed through not being backward in study, availing themselves of the teachings of the excellent schools with which the country abounds, hence why we find among the Scots in this country such a well informed class of people. As a people, both at home and abroad, I have had frequent opportunities of judging their characteristics, and am pleased to remark that I have always found them honest, truthful and upright, warm in their friendship, and good law abiding citizens.

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LETTER XXVIII.

ENGLAND AGAIN.

Leaving Glasgow by a different route to that we arrived by, we on a fine morning in September, took the 10 A. M. train on the Caledonia Railroad for

LIVERPOOL,—Of which place I shall give but a brief description, for its history is so well known in America, commercially and otherwise, from its almost every day communications with New York; and setting aside its vast and magnificent line of docks for the accommodation of shipping, I may say that there is nothing of much interest to be seen by the traveler.

The Liverpool docks are very many, among which I may name a few, viz: The Victoria, Albert, Princess, Waterloo, Clarence, Brunswick, Bramley-moore, Nelson, Trafalgar, St. George and Salthouse, all of which are said to be the finest and most substantial in the world. They extend in a direct line for a distance of eight miles, and are constructed of massive hewn stone, enclosed within lofty walls, which have wide

entrance gates, and have accommodation within these walls for wares and merchandise in lofty fire proof storehouses on a very extensive scale.

There are also very extensive and similarly constructed docks at Birkenhead, directly opposite Liverpool, a place rapidly increasing in size and population, which will no doubt in the course of time become a second Liverpool.

Liverpool can also boast of a few very fine public buildings. First is the St. George's Hall, the most magnificent building of the whole; it resembles very much the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris, having massive Corinthian columns and broad flights of stone steps around the entire building, and it is the only structure of note that has been erected in the town, on a site where it can be viewed to advantage. Next in style of architecture are the Exchange, General Post Office and Custom House, and lastly, the Sailors' Home, quite an imposing structure and a blessing to the often too good natured Tar, wherein he is perfectly safe from the land sharks who generally infest large sea ports. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," for such can be truly said of the Liverpool Sailors' Home, wherein the venturesome and frequently victimized mariner can find shelter and protection, with the free use of books and nautical instruments to occupy his leisure hours and improve his mind.

I must now, for the time has at last arrived for us to bid the "Mother Country" a long farewell, and

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once more tread the decks of an ocean steamer. I will therefore omit speaking of England and the characteristics of the people generally, especially as my readers have had frequent opportunities of judging of them for themselves. Indeed, an Englishman and a Frenchman are so well known to the world that it would be superfluous on my part to attempt to describe either of them.

On the 12th of September we embarked on board the royal mail steamship "Peruvian," Captain Ballantine, for Quebec *via* Londonderry, and steamed out of the Mersey late at night against a strong breeze of wind, which soon increased to a gale, and that from precisely the wrong point of the compass.

The next day, when nearing Moville, and close into the Irish coast, we were fortunate in obtaining a good sight of the renowned Giant's Causeway, and had the pleasure of passing close to the good ship "Hibernia," of the anchor line, the very ship that brought us safely from New York to the Emerald Isle. She was then *en route* on her trip from New York to Glasgow, after having touched at Derry to land passengers. Glad were we to meet her, and to wave our handkerchiefs to the very gentlemanly and social Captain and his officers, who done so much for our comfort and catered so much for our pleasure and amusement, whereby the monotony of a tedious and rough sea voyage was very much lessened.

Both Captains were old acquaintances and recognized each other, and passed the usual compliments by dipping their respective colors in token of respect, soon after which the heavy engines of the "Peruvian" were stopped, for we were off the village of Moville, ready to receive the mails and passengers from Londonderry, for which we were detained four hours. The mails, forwarded during the night from London, together with the passengers, at last arrived, which occupied some considerable time in transferring from the small steamer which came along side. The mail, consisting of about two hundred sacks of letters and newspapers, were put on board first, then the passengers, none of whom were permitted to come on board before the last mail bag was given in charge of the government mail agent. "Keep back until the mail is delivered," was the order given to the anxious passengers huddled together on the deck of the tender, followed by the hasty and gruff remark, "Make room! Make room for the mail!" Thought I to myself, as I leaned over the side of the ship watching the transfer of Her Majesty's letter bags, Mr. Mail is "*some pumpkins*," and must be of considerable more importance than the human race. At last Mr. Mail was safely on board, and the Messieurs passengers were allowed to leave the little craft, whereon many were about half sea sick. Then the ponderous engines were again put in motion, and the stately vessel

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headed out towards the Atlantic against a strong gale of wind, and ere long many there were among us who, were inclined for anything else than replenishing the stomach. Of all the maladies extant—if it may be so termed—I verily believe from what I have witnessed, that sea sickness is the worst.

Thinking that an account of the passage across the ocean may not be very interesting to my readers, it being of about the same daily routine, I will omit giving a detailed account, and content myself with stating that after a very stormy passage, during which the wind was "dead and end," we, on the 20th of the month, sighted Belle Isle, with several immense icebergs right and left of us.* At 5 p. m. we passed through the straits and exchanged signals with the lighthouse keeper on that very barren, desolate and weather-beaten island, where the world must be to him almost a blank. On we sped, without slackening speed, leaving him in his solitude, and perhaps, as contented and happy as if mingling with the gay and fashionable people in a bustling city of the world. That night we steamed along the coast of Labrador, heading direct for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at 10 p. m. the next day we were in smooth water,

* Icebergs are known to be near long before they are seen. Sailors say they smell them, especially when to windward of the ship—a cold air is easily felt.

off the Island of Antacosta in the gulf. Quite a treat to all after the severe weather we had encountered throughout, and the occasion was rendered the more pleasing when evening came, in witnessing that beautiful phenomenon the northern light or *aurora borealis*, which so frequently adorn those latitudes, and which were of the brightest and most beautiful description.

We had a most pleasant time steaming up the gulf, but on our arrival in the river St. Lawrence we were detained off Father Point, where the pilot came on board, for five hours, owing to an accident to some part of the machinery, which at last being repaired, we proceeded at a rapid speed up the beautiful river, the scenery on which, and that optical illusion the mirage, ahead and astern of the ship, was beautiful to behold.

On the afternoon of the 23d we were running along the Island of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec, with the citadel of the city to be seen in the distance; and at 8 P. M. the "Peruvian" got into her dock, making the passage from Liverpool under the most unfavorable circumstances in eleven days, of which the following is her log, giving the latitude and longitude, and distance run each day:

osta in the gulf. Quite a severe weather we had, and the occasion was interesting when evening came, a beautiful phenomenon the *a borealis*, which so frequently occurs, and which were of a beautiful description. At that time steaming up the river in the river St. Lawrence off Father Point, where we were for five hours, owing to the machinery, which we proceeded at a rapid rate up the river, the scenery on the river, the mirage, the illusion the mirage, the ship, was beautiful to

On the 23d we were running down the river, a few miles below the city to be seen in the morning. The "Peruvian" got a favorable passage from Liverpool under favorable circumstances. The following is her log, longitude, and distance

O'er the Atlantic.

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Date.	Lat. N.	Lon. W.	Miles.	Remarks.
10 P. M. Sept. 12				Left Liverpool.
2 " " 13	38	12	190	Arrived at Moville.
" " 14	55 55	12 15	191	Blowing hard and much sea.
" " 15	"	19 41	250	More moderate.
" " 16	56 19	27 50	274	Blowing very hard.
" " 17	55 29	35 46	270	More moderate.
" " 18	54 19	42 33	245	Wind increasing.
" " 19	53 25	47 33	185	Severe gale and head sea.
" " 20	52 07	53 47	245	More moderate—among icebergs—very cold—made Belle Isle.
" " 21	50 17	59 11	250	Calm—in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
" " 22	49 24	65 20	270	Pleasant, mild weather going up St. Lawrence, many ships in company.
" "			288	Arrived at Quebec 7 P. M.
Distance run,			2658	Contrary winds whole passage.

The "Peruvian" is owned by the Montreal Ocean Royal Mail Steamship Company, is a large vessel of great power, and an excellent sea boat; but I must say that the officers of the ship are not of that kind which officered the "Hibernia," of the anchor line, on our passage to Europe. The latter were kind, sociable and agreeable, and the former quite the reverse, unkind, unsociable and disagreeable, the Captain a regular old salt, blunt, uncourteous and undignified in his manner and conversation, but a good sailor no doubt. So we left the good ship "Peruvian" without a single regret, and were

quickly driven to our hotel, named the St. Louis where we were well entertained. In my next will give an account of Quebec, the passage up the river to Montreal, &c.

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LETTER XXIX.

CANADA.

QUEBEC.—The next morning after we arrived in this remarkable city, erected on a hill, we hired a caleche (carriage), and proceeded to see the city and its environs, driving first to see the Citadel, which is erected on the summit overlooking the Plains of Abram and the country for many miles on both sides of the river.

On our arrival within the massive walls and ponderous gates of bar and chain, we were taken in charge by one of the guard, then off duty, and politely shown everything that was interesting to strangers.

A delightful view is obtained from the ramparts of the city beneath, with its narrow and intricate streets, of the entrance to the harbor, with Point Levi and the Island of Orleans in the distance, as also of the naval and mercantile ships at anchor, and moored alongside their docks. There we stood looking directly down upon their decks, enabled to observe every movement made by the officers and crews under their

command while performing their work. It was on that spot stood the Prince of Wales, when on a visit to Quebec some years previous, a stone having the Crown and Feathers, with the motto, "Ich Dien" over his name and date inscribed, marks the spot in commemoration of the event, and away to our right and near by was the steep rock or cliff where fell General Montgomery, during the French and English struggle for possession. An old sign, very much obliterated by the action of the weather, announces the fatal circumstance in a few words: "Here fell Montgomery," etc.

Leaving the Citadel, we proceed to the Plains of Abram, whereon was fought the great battle so fatal to the French, and which was gained by the British at a great sacrifice, counting among their slain the brave and accomplished General Wolfe. A monument of no mean pretensions is erected on the spot where he breathed his last, just as victory crowned the day.

When a boy serving my apprenticeship at sea, I made a few voyages from Wales to Quebec. It was about the years 1840-41, upon which occasion I visited the Plains of Abram. At that time Wolfe's monument was simply a round stone pillar of perhaps, including its base, ten feet high, inscribed, "Here died Wolfe." It had, and was then undergoing daily a great deal of abuse, caused by children and thoughtless persons throwing stones at it until at last the

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government erected, at a considerable outlay, the present more appropriate and handsome structure which, like its plain and unassuming predecessor has, I regret to state, already been very much defaced from the same cause. The vast plain of those days has undergone great change, for very little of it is left but that has been occupied by buildings of various kinds. Apart from this change, Quebec seemed to me to have scarcely changed its appearance, unless it was for the worse. The Lower Town, in the neighborhood of the shipping, had improved none, and the buildings along Champlain street were in the last stages, with but few exceptions, of rot and decay, while the street was in a filthy and dangerous condition. But I must away and conduct my readers to the Falls of Montmorency, to which we drove from the Plains, passing on our way through a portion of the burned district, which lies between the upper part of the city and the Falls, and which was consumed by the disastrous conflagration of about three years ago a circumstance many of my readers will undoubtedly recollect, especially as it occurred about the same time as that equally disastrous fire which partially devastated Portland, Maine, causing tens of thousands of the inhabitants of both places to seek shelter from the fiery element in the streets, as it spread and traveled from house to house, like the waves of the ocean, seeking all it could devour.

An hours' drive brought us into the neighborhood of the Falls; but ere we could proceed to view them, the proprietor of the grounds adjoining demanded of us the usual entry fee—one quarter of a dollar each, which we paid with anything but good grace.

On our arrival at the splash of water, we found that the river directly over the Falls had at one time been spanned by a suspension bridge of some importance. Portions of the pillars and some pieces of chain still remained; but a terrible tale is told of its treachery, which is this: A man, accompanied with his wife, seated in a buggy, were one day crossing the bridge when, horrible to relate, the chains suddenly gave way, and the bridge, and its living freight, were carried over the Falls and thrown headlong into the boiling cauldron below, and strange to say, not a vestige of the remains of man, woman or horse nor carriage were ever found.

Before going to see the Falls of Montmorency, ask yourself, have I seen those of Niagara? If in the affirmative, *don't go*. If in the negative, *go*. For the line of comparison is so great that Montmorency, although higher—being 250 feet high—dwindles into insignificance when seen by those who have witnessed Niagara. The writer had not seen the latter, but after having done so, he almost lost all recollection of the beauty and grandeur of the former.

Retracing our way back to Quebec, we could

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not but recognize the similarity in the construction of the dwellings with those of France, and everything around them was *a la Johnny Crapeau*, and the inhabitants speak a mongrel French.

Before taking our departure for Montreal we visited several places of interest within the city walls, a brief account of which, as also of the city's history, may not be uninteresting to many of my readers.

Quebec at one time, and indeed but recently, was the capital of the Canadas, and has a population of probably 50,000 inhabitants. It is divided into two parts, known as the Upper and Lower Towns. It was taken from the French in 1629 by the British, but restored to them in 1632, and was again captured by the British in 1759, when Wolfe commanded on the Plains of Abram, by which victory the city, with all the French possessions in North America, were ceded to Great Britain at the peace of 1763.

The Public Gardens, where stands a monument erected in 1827 to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, is in the Upper Town. The monument in its early days was no doubt beautiful, but now has a somewhat weather beaten appearance. From Durham Terrace, where formerly stood the old castle of St. Louis, which was destroyed by fire in 1834, a splendid view of the river and Lower Town can be obtained.

The Place d'Armes is an open piece of ground around which the old chateau of St. Louis, the

Government offices, the English Cathedral and the Court House are located.

The line of fortifications enclosing the Citadel and the Upper Town is nearly three miles in length, mounted with very heavy guns, mostly 48 pounders. There are five gates to the city, named Prescott, Palace, Hope, St. Louis and St. John, and fronting the Plains of Abram are four Martello Towers, to impede the advance of an enemy from that direction.

There are four Catholic Churches in the city, viz: The Roman Catholic Cathedral, which contains some fine paintings by the old masters, the St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Rock's Church and the Church of Notre Dame Des Victoires. The latter is one of the oldest buildings in the city, but none of them have any pretensions to architectural beauty; as also a great many Protestant Churches, of which the English Cathedral is the handsomest and will seat about 4000 persons; there are besides very many public buildings, which include the Barracks, General Hospital, Quebec University, the Jail, Marine Hospital and City Hall or Court House.

There are a great many sights to be seen in and around Quebec, but it would occupy several days to do so; but being while there almost I may say in the neighborhood of home, we were anxious to get away, so had to forego the further pleasure of rambling about, and take passage in the beautiful and fast river steamboat, "Quebec,"

at 6 P. M. on the next day after our arrival, and proceeded up the river to Montreal. The accommodations on this truly elegant boat were magnificent, and the charges, which included fare, supper and stateroom, very moderate indeed.

At 6 A. M. the next morning, the long Victoria Bridge across the river at Montreal, appeared in sight, and soon afterwards the city, which we reached about 6:30. We were driven to the St. Lawrence Hall, which we made our headquarters during our stay there.

The trip from Quebec being made during the night, prevented us from making notes to remark upon the score of towns and villages which are situated along the banks of the river, as also of the islands, rapids and beautiful scenery, which I was informed are very much to be admired.

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LETTER XXX.

CANADA, CONTINUED.

MONTREAL.—Montreal is the largest and most populous city in Canada, bounded on one side by the river Ottawa, and on the other by the St. Lawrence, and in connection with steamer and rail, it has become the commercial metropolis of British North America.

It was founded in 1642, and for a long time bore the name of *Ville Marie*. In 1763 the English came into possession, by force of arms, at which time it was surrounded by a wall, a ditch, fort and citadel, and the French made it the headquarters of their army.

Fifty years of industry, enterprise and labor have done much to enlarge and beautify the old city: for the old French style of houses and narrow streets have succumbed to those of more modern structure and architectural beauty; and to-day, with Mount Royal in the back ground, covered with elegant villas, I must say that it makes a beautiful appearance.

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shipping is upwards of a mile in length, and is built of excellent stone, where ocean steamers and sailing vessels of large burthen, discharge and receive freight, and at that point terminated the voyage of the "Peruvian," reaching there in the evening of the day of our arrival.

I will now proceed to give an account of the places we visited during our short stay in the city, and what we saw that was interesting and pleasing to the sight.

As we landed from the floating palace our attention was soon attracted to the fine and imposing buildings fronting us—the Market and Town Hall, the lower floor of which is the market place, and the upper is occupied as city offices and a large concert hall, which will seat 4,000 persons.

On Jacques Cartier Square is a monument erected to the memory of Admiral Lord Nelson, and a little way to the left is the Court House, a very fine building.

On the Place d'Armes are some very elegant buildings, among which is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which will hold 10,000 people—no doubt the largest church, as it is claimed to be, on the American continent.

It struck me very much that the place was a second Brooklyn, for the whole neighborhood is studded with churches of various sects, comprising Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and a host of others—not even omitting that

peculiar sect of which Brother Brigham is the Apostolic General. But of all those we entered I found that of the Jesuits to be the most imposing, and as to the interior, it is finished in the most elaborate style with frescoes of incidents in the lives of our Saviour and his Apostles. This church, no doubt, as the Cathedral of Notre Dame is the largest, is the finest and most elaborate of all churches in North America.

While being driven from place to place, our attention was called to a very unassuming looking dwelling, wherein we were informed was domiciled the once notorious but now almost forgotten Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the once Confederate States of America. How glad I would have been to have seen the man himself; but in that we were unfortunate. The individual who battled for years to no purpose but that of *devastation* and *ruin* was not to be seen.

A few remarks about the great Victoria Bridge e'er I take my leave of Montreal, and I will accompany the reader farther up the river St. Lawrence.

The bridge is a wonderful structure, on the tubular principle, resting upon twenty-four piers, is a mile and a quarter long, and over it is the great line of traffic with the United States. It cost upwards of \$7,000,000, and was built by Mr. James Hodges, under the direction of that celebrated Engineer, Mr. Robert Stevenson.

After parting with my *better half*, who was

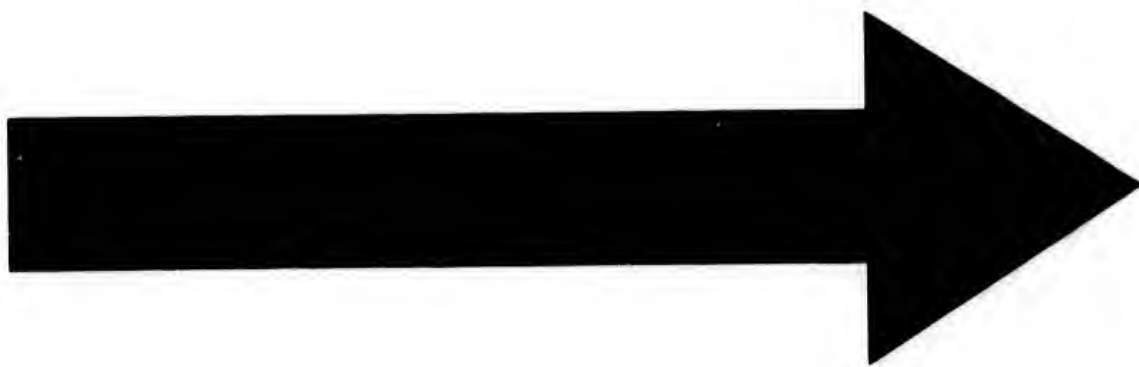
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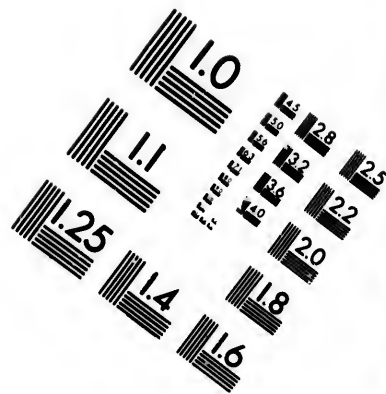
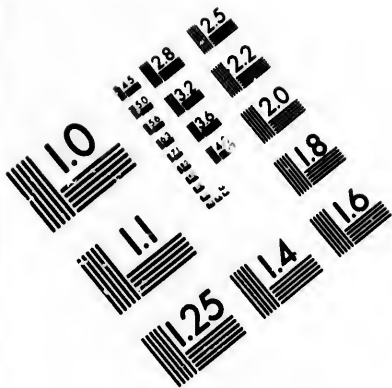
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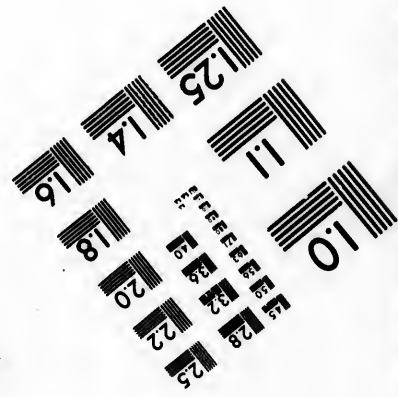
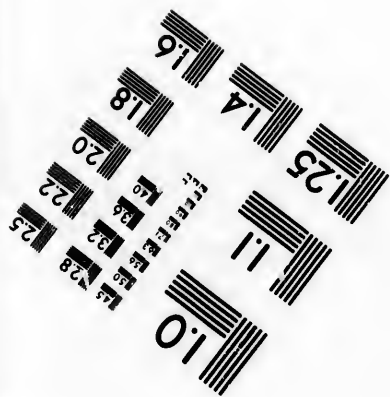
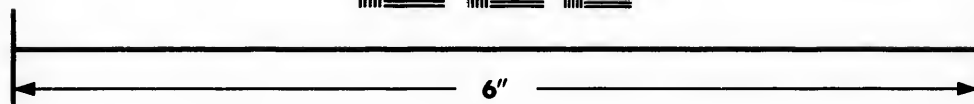
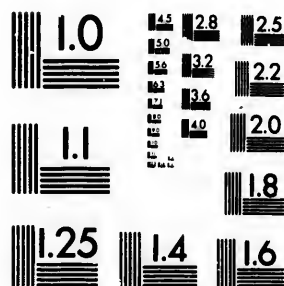
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going to take rail direct for New York, and bidding *adieu* to an old *companion du voyage*, a Mr. Dunn, of Manchester, England, (as good a soul as ever crossed the Atlantic), who had come to Montreal in connection with his business, as master machinist. I took passage on board the steamer "Kingston" for Toronto, in company with Lieut. Whittaker, of Her Majesty's 53d Regiment,* and a Mr. Wolfe, of London, England, also fellow passengers, per "Peruvian," and proceeded up the river, avoiding the turbulent rapids by passing through canals erected at an immense expense.

We soon arrived at the village of Lachine, below which is the swift and turbulent rapids, after a short stay, proceeded on our way; and although it was the latter part of September, it was cold and cheerless enough in the country we passed through for January—a terrible cold country to live in, no doubt, especially in mid-winter.

On our way we passed through the following canals, so as to avoid the various rapids: Lachine, Cedars, Beauharnois, Cornwall, Farren's Point, Rapid Platt, Point Iroquois and Gallop, in all about fifty miles long. A very tedious time we had while steaming at a remarkably slow speed through the narrow water bed and intricate

*This young gentleman was killed in Quebec by the brother of a young lady, who he had, it was said, seduced.

locks; but after getting through them, we were delighted with the scenery which the beautiful river afforded us the next day.

The first place of any note the steamer stopped at was Prescott, opposite which, on the "Yankee side" of the river, as I heard my fellow passengers say, is Ogdensburgh, a very flourishing town, and of far more importance than its neighbor Prescott. It has of late become better known as the point from which the Fenians have attempted frequent raids on the British Possessions.

Prescott, on the Canadian side, is a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants; and, in my opinion, is one of the last places that I can think of that I would like to reside in. A more miserable, dilapidated looking place is but seldom seen. The old Windmill near the town is the place wherein the "Patriots" under Von Sultz, a Polish exile, established themselves in 1837, but from which they were driven with severe loss.

A couple of hours after leaving Prescott we were steaming among the "Thousand Islands," which are the wonders of the St. Lawrence. A thousand is no name for them, for I was told by the Captain of the steamer, (by the way, a very agreeable and sensible man), that there are very near double that number. A most beautiful sight are those islands of various sizes, viewed as the steamer wends her way through the channels which separate one from the other, the pic-

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turesque Martello towers and light houses erected on several, give them an additional charm, and serve as landmarks to the ever watchful pilot.

Immediately after passing through the islands we were on Lake Ontario, and the boat soon afterwards was alongside her wharf at Kingston, where we stayed two hours, affording me sufficient time to visit a few places, of which you shall read in my next.

KINGSTON.—Immediately on my arrival here I proceeded to the British American Hotel, kept by an old friend, M. B. White, late of Carbon-dale, Pa., who was taken by surprise, but very glad to see me, and done all he could to make my short stay pleasant and agreeable.

It was Agricultural Fair week in Kingston, and my friend drove me out to the grounds whereon it was held. It seemed to be conducted with much spirit and enterprise, and the stock on exhibition was worth seeing.

Kingston was founded by the French just a century before the British came into possession, who changed its name from Fort Frotenac to that of its present title.

A very pretty little town is Kingston, situate as it is on the margin of the great lake. There are but few if any places on the banks of that immense sheet of water that can compare favorably with it. It is delightfully situated, well laid out, is one of the most important military

posts in Canada, and has a population of about 12,000 inhabitants.

I spent a pleasant time in the company of my friend, who introduced me to several of his acquaintances, among whom was a distinguished member of the Canadian Government, Sir. J. A. MacDonald, a very plain and unassuming gentleman, who was pleased to make my acquaintance, and treated me with much courtesy and respect.

The boat was to leave Kingston at 6 P. M., and I had much difficulty in tearing myself away from my old friend, who was very desirous to have me stay with him a week, but I was anxious to get home to my family, so thanking him for his kind attention and promising to pay him another visit during the ensuing summer,* I took my leave and embarked on board the steamer just as she was on the point of leaving. That night we steamed over the beautiful lake, an ocean in itself, with scarcely an air of wind or a ripple to mar our progress, and the next day we arrived at

TORONTO.—This is a quite a city, it was formerly called Little York. In fifty years its population has increased from 1,000 to 60,000, and at that rate of increase, its population in a few years will be second to none in the British Provinces.

* Wr. White sold out before the "ensuing summer" and returned to Carbondale.

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The Grand Trunk Railway passes through the city, which adds much, coupled with its lake navigation, to its commerce. The former in itself is a connecting link with every place of importance in the New Dominion. There are several fine buildings there, among which is the church of the Holy Trinity, erected at the expense of an English gentleman at an immense outlay, on condition of the free use of seats; and I was informed that the main street is *forty miles long, i. e.* I suppose it reaches into the country for forty miles, with dwellings along the route as few as "angels visits."

Leaving Toronto I proceeded by rail *via* Hamilton to Niagara Falls, where I spent only two hours, which scarcely gave me sufficient time to view the world renowned Falls, and the great Suspension Bridge, which at one time was the marvel of the age.

From Niagara I took the cars for Buffalo, thence over the Erie road for Great Bend, connecting there with the D. L. & W. R. R. for Scranton, which I reached the next morning, and that afternoon arrived at my residence in West Pittston, where there was much joy at my safe arrival home. I found my family in the enjoyment of good health, and eager to know all that had transpired during an absence of *four months*, and here ends my *voyage to Europe!*

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Perhaps my readers would be pleased to have my opinion upon Europe generally, or in other words draw a line of comparison between the old and new world.

England and the other countries that I visited are as much ahead of America in some instances as the latter is of them in others. At present we lack the permanency and stability which greets the eye of the American when in Europe, for instance, buildings, bridges, railroads and other structures, the handiwork of man, are constructed as if to last for ages untold; but in America how different, we are a "fast people," fast in all our doings, constructing and erecting in a few months that which would take double, nay treble the time on the other side of the Atlantic; we build for the present and not for the future, also, the American says, "time is money, labor is expensive," and he is in a hurry to realize from the investment, a large per centage; for the principal from which it is derived is not going to last long. With the European it is otherwise,

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time is no consideration, not because labor is cheap, acting as an apology for time, but because the durability of the investment is a sure guarantee of a handsome return, at a moderate percentage ere the principal crumbles to decay; therefore in my opinion, to be a "cent wise and a dollar foolish" is poor policy. Let us emulate the Mother country in the works of permanency and durability, and our capitalists will soon find the vast benefits to be derived from that which has been well done, besides being a great protection to life and capital.

So let us hope that when our country has existed as a nation for *centuries*, for it is in its youth as yet, that it will be as thorough and permanent in every respect, if not more so, than any other country on the globe.

But again, America can crow louder than Europe, in catering for the comfort and convenience of her people; for as I have had occasion to remark during my *voyage*, our hotel, saloon and traveling system is a century ahead of theirs, our steamboats and railway cars are moving palaces when compared to the dirty, confined and badly ventilated little river and channel steamboats which ply in British waters, and the horrid passenger cars (cattle boxes I may almost say), which traverse British railways, then their baggage or "luggage" system is abominable, the traveler is always "in a sweat" about his trunks, for which he has received *no checks*, and which he is con-

tinually looking and inquiring for on his arrival at stations where he has to change carriages. Picture in your imagination the foreigner, perhaps unable to speak the language, endeavoring to single out his baggage, followed by half dozen begging railway porters, who condescend to remove it for him in consideration of *back-seesh*, and who, after the traveler has taken his seat in the carriage, walk up to the carriage door, makes a rustic bow by tugging at the hair of his head, and remarking with a winning smile and a grin, "Ma-ster, you'l find your low-gage zur on top of saventh or aighth carrage forard, yez zur," followed by another tug, smile and a grin, then is handed him a piece of coin which he slyly accepts with a "*thankee' zur.*" So are you pestered throughout your journey, always in charge and responsible for your own baggage, for which you have to pay fleecing porters in the employ of the company, or run the risk of having it left behind.

There is a vast difference in the style of living between Europeans and Americans generally, which in part may be attributed to our Republican Institutions, and to the amount paid for labor, for the United States classes far ahead of all Europe in giving compensation for labor; for instance, a good artisan will obtain here from three to five dollars per day, while in Great Britain, a person possessing the same ability will receive from three shillings and sixpence to seven

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For on his arrival change carriages. The foreigner, perhaps, endeavoring followed by half who condescend to the carriage of *back-*er has taken his to the carriage with a winning smile. I find your low-ly carriage another tug, smile a piece of coin "thankee' zur." t your journey, le for your own to pay fleecing company, or run

shillings and sixpence per day,* and in France from three to five francs per day. In Germany, Switzerland and Russia the average is much lower, indeed, I may say, n'most a mere pittance in comparison even with France.

Having obtained the daily necessaries of life, the Europeans, *i. e.* the laboring class, leave the style of dress, the extreme of fashion, to persons of wealth and position, and are content with a less unpretending style, indeed, I may say, that they generally adopt the *primitive costumes*, leaving even an attempt at fashion to the middle classes, or men and women in business, clerks, &c., who put it on very sparingly.

A servant girl who would ape her mistress with white satin bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a heap of hair as large as a *peck measure*, with veil, parasol and flounced dress, would be laughed and jeered at in the street for presuming to ape her betters. They are expected invariably to dress befitting their station in life.

Then so far as dieting is concerned, in partaking of the necessaries to sustain life, they are very frugal, seldom or ever partaking but the plainest of food and no variety. Very simple fare indeed is that generally made use of. It takes but very little to sustain life if we but partake of *that only* which is *beneficial* to health. To be temperate in all things is the true phi-

* Laborers get from 10s. to 15s. per week, and farm laborers less than that even.

osophy of living. Would I could say as much of Americans, but I cannot. There is more truth than fiction in the remark, "We eat fast, drink fast, work fast and die fast."

That we are degenerating, physically, both male and female, especially the latter, there is but little doubt, who need more—shall I say exercise? Then would they come forth with the bloom of health mantling their cheeks, and a firm step, denoting sound health, comfort and happiness.—In Europe a young lady immediately after marriage is anxious to enter upon her household duties, so that she may show how skillful she is in the various duties appertaining to the kitchen and laundry. To go and board in a hotel or elsewhere, would be considered by a married couple the greatest of *absurdities*.

I must now draw these remarks to a close, and I trust that I have said nothing herein to displease any of my fair readers, but trust the facts narrated will be accepted in the spirit they are written—for *their benefit*.

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Appendix.

TO TOURISTS AND OTHERS.

As little or nothing has been said in the preceding pages touching the expense and manner of traveling to and in Europe, I would respectfully submit the following pertinent remarks to the consideration of those who may at some future time have occasion to visit that country:

There are but few, in proportion of the thousands who go to Europe yearly from this country, who have not to study economy (more or less), during the journey. I shall therefore confine myself in the few remarks I am about to make, more particularly to that subject.

To make a voyage to Europe in these days is not that which it was twenty years ago and upwards. In those days it seemed as quite an undertaking, and it took a person of more than ordinary nerve when not compelled to go to undertake it. Months were occupied by persons in making up their minds to undertake a long and perilous voyage, for it frequently took as many weeks as it now takes days to accomplish the passage. Very extensive preparations were made, friends and acquaintances talked of it, as if they were never to meet again, and when the time came to depart they assembled around the voyager to bid him farewell, with moistened eyes and hearts too full for utterance, as though they were committing his body to the deep; but now in the days of steamships, of the most approved build, with engines of immense power, which, when once put in motion in the

bay of New York, never cease working* until the ship's arrival in an European port.

Indeed, a voyage to and from Europe, has ceased to be thought of as anything extraordinary outside the daily occurrences of life. A person makes up his mind to-day and is gone to-morrow.† Thousands upon thousands of our people yearly, from the millionaire and merchant prince, to the laboring man, cross the great Atlantic highway without scarcely giving it a thought. All the world and their wives go, some on business, others on pleasure, and many to visit relatives and friends; but to the point.

Having made up your mind to go, it is not necessary you should make any preparation outside of setting "your house in order," *i. e.* if you are in business, arrange that so much as possible to your satisfaction, insure your life, and lastly, if you have anything to leave, make your will, for notwithstanding the short time it takes to go and come, there is still more or less danger attached to the voyage, of which we have had of late, I am sorry to say, abundant evidence. Yet withal, we are as liable and are frequently called away from off *terra firma* as suddenly as those who make the ocean their temporary home. A small trunk or valise, large enough to contain an extra suit of clothes, a Scotch cap, half a dozen shirts, half a dozen pair of socks, with the necessary under garments, a pair of slippers, and your toilet articles, together with a shawl or overcoat on your arm, is all you need, for when you arrive in Europe you can purchase clothing of very superior quality for at least half the price you can here. There is no doubt of this even with our currency at par. I advise from experience, for purchase

* There are exceptions, but they are very rare. Night and day are they kept going until arrival of the ship in port.

† A friend of the author's left the port of New York upon two or three occasions, within a couple of hours after making up his mind to go.

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As regards the amount of money necessary to pay the expenses of, say a three months trip, with gold as it is now, at 1.15, I would estimate the amount at \$500 in gold, which sum would be amply sufficient to enable any respectable person to make the trip we did in a pleasant and comfortable manner, which would include cabin passage to and fro,* hotels, railway fares, incidental expenses, and a decent supply of necessary articles of clothing and souvenirs, with which sum procure a letter of credit of Brown Bros., New York, on Brown, Shipley & Co., of London, or any other respectable house of the kind, for its equivalent in pounds sterling, the safest and best, as well as most convenient investment a traveler can make, for it entitles him to draw from any bank such sums as he actually requires to carry him from place to place, and at the same time the amount or balances in the banker's hands is accruing interest.

Your passage money being paid, you are assigned a state room or berth on board the steamer, and you are ready to embark. The hour having arrived for you to be on board, you are there, where perhaps every face you encounter is a stranger to you, and you feel amid the din and bustle on board, where everything at the time is confusion, that you almost repent the steps you have taken. The moorings are being cast off, the pilot is in charge, and in a few minutes the ship is steaming down the bay, and in as many hours you are on the blue Atlantic, far away from those you perhaps love better than all the world beside. Then a change comes over you. You feel depressed, heavy. You reel to and fro. Wonder what is the matter. Ah! my "fresh water sailor," you are sea sick. Yes, very. Down you go to

* Per *Inman*, *Anchor* or *National* line of steamers, all *first class* and inexpensive lines, commanded by experienced and gentlemanly officers. A second cabin, intermediate or steerage passage would decrease the cost in proportion; but the latter I would not recommend to any person.

your berth, which you find with difficulty; and there lay yourself down "more dead than alive," not caring whether you survive or not, and wishing from the bottom of your heart that you had remained on *terra firma*. But it is too late, there are no back doors to run through, so you must be content, and there I leave you for perhaps two or three days.

You are now three days out. You are on deck, seated, not walking, for as yet you have not your "sea legs" under you. You "feel better, yes, much," and wish you "could eat something;" but alas, "cannot retain anything on your stomach." There are none but your fellow passengers that sympathise with you, all of whom, perhaps, are as sick as yourself, for it is a common occurrence; but day by day you gain strength, and with it comes back your appetite, and by the time you are on the banks off Newfoundland, you are perfectly well, have become acquainted with some congenial spirits and reconciled to your fate. Then, when weather permits, follows the usual games, gotten up through the kindness and courtesy of the officers, who know well how to wile away the monotony of a voyage at sea. By and by you sit up and down the quarter deck arm in arm with, perhaps, one of the gentler sex, with the dignity of a son of Neptune, forgetful of the past and hopeful of the future. Thus you go along from day to day avoiding all familiarity, being simply courteous and polite to all you come in contact with, till at last the ship has arrived at her port of destination, and all is hurry and bustle to get on shore. Not so with you. Take it coolly, there is time enough, for the "last shall be first." You leave the ship in good time, having, while apparently loitering, satisfied yourself by inquiries made of several persons who have come on board, of a good, respectable second class hotel to sojourn at, by which you have, notwithstanding your seeming tardiness, gained time.

And now that you are safely over, a choice of route from the point of debarkation (if the one we took will not suit),

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must be left to yourself, which has to be governed by taste, money and time. But go wherever you may, there is no excuse for you putting up unless you desire it, at first-class and expensive hotels, for in Europe, especially in Great Britain, you can get very superior and select accommodation, with every polite attention shown you, in plenty of respectable hotels and coffee houses for one-third the cost charged in the first-class hotels. For instance, and by way of comparison, read the following bills, both being served to order:

THE FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

(STYLE.)

Tea, 2s. 6d., supper, 2s.,	- - -	£0. 4s. 6d.
Lodgings,	- - -	2s. 6d.
Breakfast,	- - -	3s. od.
Dinner,	- - -	3s. 6d. to 5s.
Attendance,	- - -	2s. 6d.

Total per day, - - - - - £0. 16s. od.

Without wine, which you are expected to call for (say 5s. more), a sum equal to *five dollars* of American gold.

THE SECOND-CLASS HOTEL.

(COMFORT.)

Tea, (cold meat, ham or chops),	- - -	70. 1s. 6d.
Lodging, (good accommodation)	- - -	1s. 6d.
Breakfast, (fish, steak, chops, or ham and eggs),	- - -	1s. 8d.
Dinner, (roast and boiled meats, with vegetables, pastry, &c.),	- - -	2s. od.

Total per day, - - - - - £0. 6s. 8d.

Add to the latter occasionally, a trifle for attendance and a couple of glasses of ale, in all about *one shilling* additional.

There are, however, houses quite as respectably conducted that you can live at a much cheaper rate than even 6s

8d. per day, or \$1.50 of our American money.* I simply quote prices of hotels that will compare favorably with first and second-class American hotels.†

In Europe, like most countries, you will find plenty "on the make," and as Americans are known to be very liberal, they are the more imposed upon. You might give, give all day and to no purpose; but be guided by your own good judgment in that respect. When attendance is charged for in the bill, I see no necessity of giving to servants, yet they expect it, waiters especially. Cabs and omnibuses are quite an institution, and are conducted upon a system that unless you are very stupid you cannot be overcharged, carrying you for a very reasonable compensation to any point you wish to go.‡ I wish I could say as much of the cabs in the city of New York.

Then, while on the road, travel in a third-class passenger car. You are perfectly safe and free from insult, and by doing so you save half the fare you would pay in a second-class carriage, and two-thirds that you would have to pay in a first-class carriage; and putting aside the style, the luxury of, and riding more select, you ride *a la Amérique*, lacking style and conveniences only, travelling equally as fast as your fellow passengers who have the pleasure or privilege of paying half or two-thirds more to travel by the same train. Indeed, gentlemen of wealth, position and refinement (unaccompanied by ladies), can be seen riding daily in third-class carriages in Great Britain. The fares are 1d., 2d. and 3d. per mile. In conclusion: Always look well

* Among which, especially in London, and other large places, there are houses termed "Commercial Boarding Hotels," or small unlicensed private hotels. Such houses combine economy with the comforts of a home.

† Living on the Continent is much cheaper than in Great Britain.

‡ The laws regulating *cab hire* are very strict in London and Paris, and are as strictly observed by the *Jehus*.

to your baggage, if you have any apart from yourself, for there is no system adopted like that in United States for the transportation of baggage, and if heavy to handle you will find it necessary to fee a railway porter occasionally, so as to prevent it being left behind, especially at a point where you have to change cars. And in France you have the additional trouble of submitting it to be searched thoroughly at the depot, your ticket too, where it has to go through quite a quantity of red tape, apart from which I think the baggage system preferable to that of Great Britain.

And now having said *all* that I deem necessary for the guidance of those contemplating a trip to Europe, I will lay my pen aside, and bid you a final *adieu*.

THE AUTHOR.

The Author's Address,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE "P. C. C.," ON THE OCCASION OF HIS
RETURN FROM EUROPE, AND IN REPLY TO THE
FOLLOWING SENTIMENT:

"The health of Capt. Whyte and lady—may their recent tour to the Old World, and their return to their family and friends, be an epoch in their lives of continued happiness and sweet reminiscences long to be remembered by them."

WORTHY CHIEF AND CLANSMEN OF THE PITTSTON CALEDONIA CLUB: I have no language sufficient to express myself on this occasion, for I feel somewhat deficient in that, sometimes vulgarly called *gab*, and in the first place for fear I may make a break down, permit me to thank you for this very kind reception. A reception as flattering as it is undeserving, for I am not aware of my having done any thing to deserve so much of your notice, and although I have not been in the habit of making speeches, *i. e.* speaking in public—I must nevertheless in return for so much kindness, do my endeavor to give you a brief account of my late trip to Europe, but believe me, I would rather walk a mile than talk a minute.

The 8th of June saw me leave this country, and after a stormy passage of fourteen days I landed in Auld Ireland, a country as green as that gem it is so often compared to; well may it be called the *Emerald Isle* for a beautiful and picturesque country is *Erin* indeed, and her people a warm hearted and generous race. I visited and passed through many of the cities and towns of Ireland, among which I

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may name Londonderry, Belfast and Dublin, all of which pleased me very much, but to give you an account of all I saw in Ireland and elsewhere, is more of a task than I could accomplish this evening, you must therefore excuse me from dwelling at length on the beauty, industry, commerce and habits, of various places and the people, and allow me to cross the Irish channel into old *Cymru*.

WALES, GWALIA, land of my nativity, with its cloud-capped hills and delightful vales, the land of mirth and song, abounding with antiquities, sacred to the Briton's heart, had undergone great and many changes; indeed, such had been the march of improvement that had it not been for some old land marks still left, I would have scarcely believed it to be the land of my birth. Many dear relatives and old friends had gone to their long home, and but few remained to welcome him who had spent some twenty-eight years of his life in foreign lands, but those few, who, like myself, had been permitted to linger a little longer on this old planet, vied with each other to make my sojourn among them as pleasant and agreeable as possible. Oh! how delightful it was to meet and discourse with old friends, to wander over spots where I had played in my youth, to visit the old church yard wherein lay all that was once mortal of those so nearly allied to me, and to survey with solemn thought and admiration the castellated ruins of Cambria's ancient fortresses—such was my enjoyment, that when the time came for me to bid farewell to all, and to so much that was dear and familiar to me, I could scarcely articulate the word "good bye." Leaving Wales I went into

OLD ENGLAND, the land wherein my father first saw the light, dear to me, if only for that reason. He was born in the great city of London, now perhaps the largest city in the world, commercially it certainly is. London with its Metropolitan under ground railway, traversing through dark labyrinths beneath its ever busy and thronged streets, and spanning the great city with its *three million* of inhabitants, from east to west, is a marvel in itself; while such places as

address,

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the British Museum with its hordes of antiquities, Westminster Abbey with its colossal monuments of various ages, National Gallery, with its beautiful pictures, the Tower with its dungeons, cells and armory glittering with ancient and modern instruments of war and torture, and other places of much note must be seen to be appreciated.

While in England I visited many of its cities and towns, for instance the great commercial cities of Manchester, Liverpool and Bristol, and other places, seeing all that I deemed worthy of note, and then crossed over channel to

FRANCE.—Landing at Dieppe, I proceeded direct to Paris, the centre of Parisian life. Of France, I may truly say that Paris is France. Commercially it is not, for there is but little done in commerce, in proportion to the size and population, but otherwise I may call it France. A wonderful city is Paris, now claimed to be the finest city in the world, externally it may be, for with its broad avenues, public drives and promenades, its public and lofty buildings of beautiful architecture, white as marble, some of which are gorgeous with the spoils of war, it certainly is not only beautiful but magnificent. I was fortunate enough to be there during the *Fetes de Napoleon*, a national holiday like that of our Fourth of July, upon which occasion the French people don their best apparel and go in for lots of enjoyment, and the whole city at night is brilliantly illuminated. The *Champs Elysees*, which is the finest of the public drives or promenades, the *Place de la Concorde*, *Place de Vendome*, the *Rue Rivoli*, the gardens of the *Tuilleries* and other places, with their tens of thousands of gas lights, shaded with red and white glass globes, formed the most brilliant spectacle I ever witnessed—it was fairy land on earth.

The Exposition, a decided success, is the most admirable and well arranged building that the human mind could possibly conceive for such a purpose, *i. e.* the interior, so well arranged is it, that the visitor cannot fail to see all that is on exhibition, and so far as products are concerned, every civilized nation on the globe is represented there, yes, even

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in language, costume, habit and diet. For instance, in the American Restaurant, a beautiful place, *a la Amerique*, could the indomitable Yankee hear his native tongue spoken freely, dine on pork and beans, and assuage his thirst with a gin cock tail, brandy smash, mint julep, sherry cobbler, or with any of the multifarious cooling drinks out of one of the most modern of American soda fountains.

Now a few words about the exterior of this great hidden building. So insignificant is the appearance of it, that there is no line of comparison to be drawn between it and that erected in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, evidence of which can be seen at Sydenham to-day, the finest and most magnificent place of the kind no doubt in the world. A wonderful monument to the indomitable will and energy of the British people; but to my theme.

While in Paris I visited places of rare antiquity, and saw the finest statuary, pictures and paintings (those around and in the Palace of the *Louvre* and *Versailles* especially), that the most talented artists or old masters ever produced; pictures to be counted by the mille. As they hang on the lofty walls, imagine to yourselves walking and viewing seven miles of pictures, but such is the fact at Versailles.

Before bidding adieu to France, I visited ancient Rouen, the old capital of Normandy, now stiled from its numerous cotton factories, the Manchester of France. I was very much interested with every thing I saw there, so full of antiquities is it, and in the neighborhood are the scenes of many hard fought battles waged between the hostile armies of England and France.

In conclusion of my remarks on France, I may say that aside of the magnificence and beauty of Paris, with its surroundings and antiquated Rouen, that I saw nothing to interest me elsewhere or on my route, Paris being as I remarked before, France. Gobbling up immense sums of the people's money to make and keep it so; yet with all its finery and gaiety it needs much sanitary reform, it needs less water in the public fountains, of which there are thousands

perhaps, and more in the public and private dwellings, and lastly, the able superintendence of a Board of Health, such as that of New York and elsewhere; but I am inclined to think that ere reformation takes place, rebellion will have done more than can be undone for generations untold.

I have occupied your attention somewhat longer than I intended, but will have to crave it for a short time longer, so as to make a few remarks respecting.

SCOTLAND.—The land which gave the majority of you birth, the land of a Bruce, a Wallace, a Burns, and a Scott, and from which our Club takes its name. Having one fine day reached Carlisle after a stay of a few days at the Windermere Lakes, the iron horse soon propelled me over the border, and steaming along at a more than rapid rate soon found myself in Melrose, there to see the old Abbey, of which Sir Walter Scott gives so fine a description in his lay of the "Last Minstrel." It is even now a magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture. Then how grand it must have been in its day, unrivalled no doubt. I must continue my journey north, "for time is on the wing." Away the iron horse sped once more, ganging along the banks of the "lovely Tweed," rendered so famous in the poetry of Burns, away pass princely Abbotsford, once the abode of Scotia's genius, Creichton and Borthwick Castles, famous in the time of the ill-fated Mary, and I am soon in sight of the Firth of Forth, and ere long in Edinboro.

A beautiful city indeed is the modern Athens, I except not even gay Paris, for it pleased me the most, and when I say that if circumstances would permit I would like to reside there, which in itself is sufficient to convince you of how much I was struck with its natural beauty and grandeur. While here we visited the Castle, saw Queen Mary's room wherein James VI was born, the regalia of Scotland's Kings and Queens, Holyrood Palace, Scott's and other monuments and many other places of note.

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saw in Scotland, "but it can't be did," suffice it to say that among others, I visited Linlithgow, the favorite resort of the Stuarts, the field of Bannock-burn, wherein "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was in Stirling Castle, saw the Douglas room, and the Wallace monument on the Abbey Craig, now approaching I am glad to say completion.

I was in Dumbarton, smoky and busy Glasgow, and picturesque Ayr, where I saw the Wallace Tower and the "Twa Brigs," and sat in the room wherein the Bard says,

"The nicht drave on wi sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better."

There sat myself down gently in the old arm chairs of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, and drank in moderation mind, out of that old cup, the contents of which at one time, we are informed, so completely turned poor Tam's brain.

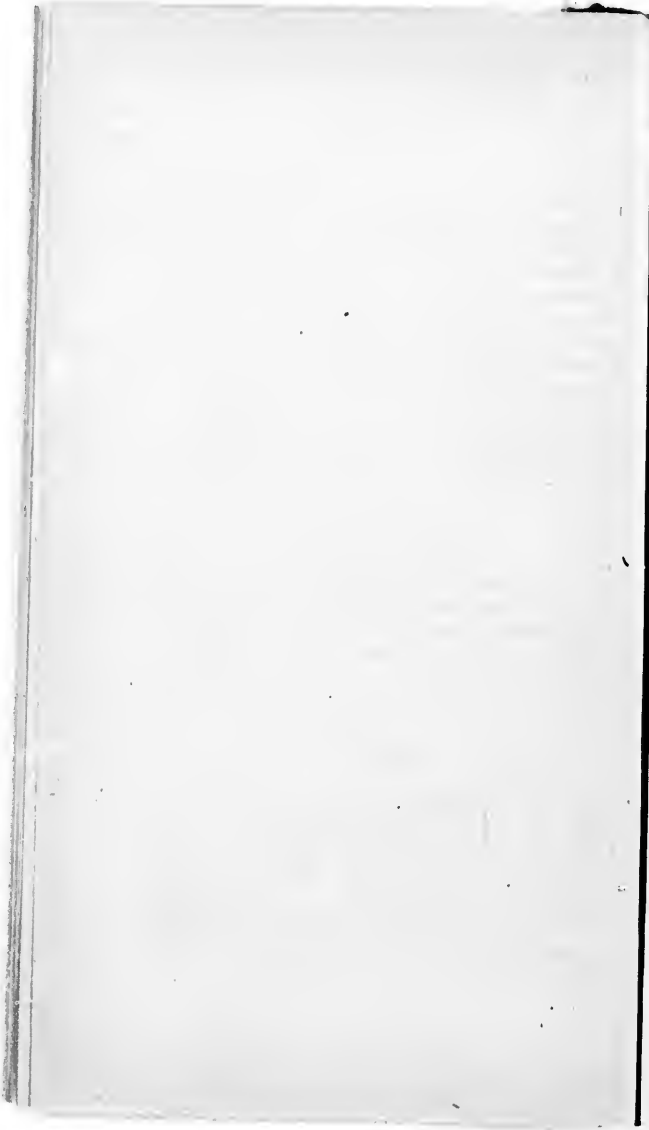
I was in the Immortal Burns' native cottage, and I saw the very spot where, as he says,

—"A blast o' Janwar' win,
Blew hansel in on Robin."

Visited Alloway Kirk, saw the grave of the father of Robin and that of Souter Johnny, the great Bard's monument, a temple of classic beauty, Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, looking as natural as life, and the Auld Brig o' Doon, whercon

"The Carlin claught her by the rump,
And left puir Maggie scarce a stump."

On the auld Brig, recently restored, I, like thousands of others, admirers of the poet, rudely inscribed my name on it, and should either of you ever visit there you will find it on the *tenth* stone which surmounts the right hand wall *ganging* north; and now having satisfied myself by visiting old Scotia, I have to tell you truthfully, well may it be called *Bonnie*, for its scenery is grand, picturesque and sublime, the blooming heather covering the mountain tops as with a purple mantle, and that I am not at all surprised at Sandy's intense love and admiration for his bonnie Scotland.



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- Page 17. Preface—Note.—For "tripe," read "stripe."
- Page 34. Note.—For "wind off right bow," read "wind off left bow."
- Page 39. Last line.—For "composed of beef steak," read "comprised of beef steak."
- Page 62. Eighth line from bottom.—For "Fort of Cybl," read "Fort of Gybl."
- Page 64. Note.—For "Burlhyn Slate Quarries," read "Peurhyn Slate Quarries."
- Page 69. Last line.—For "hands of Morpheus," read "arms of Morpheus."
- Page 80. Eighth line from top.—For "4000 men," read "400 men."
- Page 94. Sixth line from top.—For "cousin to Robert Peel," read "cousin to Sir Robert Peel."
- Page 88. Fifth line from bottom.—For "Glanmorgau," read "Glamorgan."
- Page 97. First line.—For "the former two places," read "the former and latter places."
- Page 118. Last line.—For "Caer Odor," read "Caer Oder."
- Page 145. Second line from top.—For "Goberlin tapes-try," read "Gobelin tapestry."
- Same page. Fourteenth line from top.—For "Verri," read "Verrio."
- Page 169. Eleventh line from top.—For "Catharine de Medicis," read "Marie de Medicis."
- Page 171. Sixth line from bottom.—For "Princess fo Navarre," read "Princess of "Navarre."
- Page 182. Eleventh line from bottom.—For "it ran furiously by," read "as it ran furiously by."
- Page 191. Third line from top.—For "hentlet," read "helmet."

