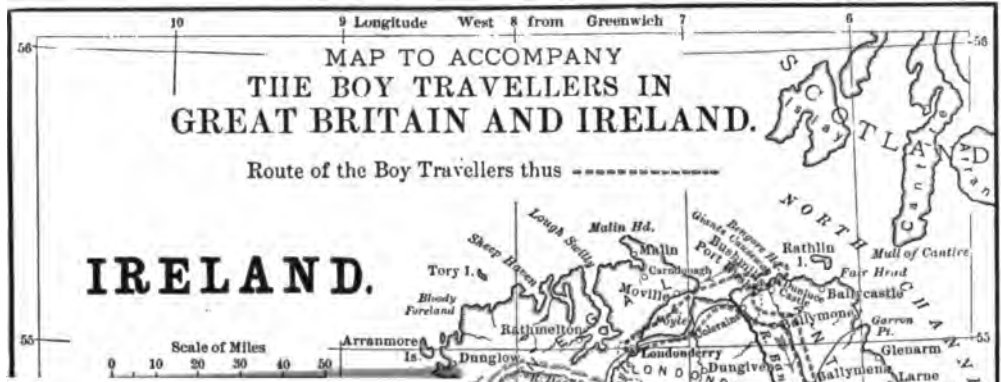


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AND THE ISLE OF MAN

BY

THOMAS W. KNOX

AUTHOR OF

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With this brief preface the narrative is submitted to the hands and eyes of critics and readers, young and old, with the hope that it may enjoy the kindly reception accorded to other accounts of the travels of Frank and Fred.

T. W. K.

NEW YORK, July, 1890.

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THE BOY TRAVELLERS

IN

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW JOURNEY.—ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—ARRIVAL AT QUEENSTOWN.—LANDING IN THE TENDER.—MRS. BASSETT AND HER DAUGHTER.—ROUTE OF THE MAILS BETWEEN QUEENSTOWN AND LONDON.—IRISH EMIGRANTS FOR AMERICA.—THE EMERALD ISLE, AND HOW IT GETS ITS NAME.—PASSING THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.—PEDDLERS AND BEGGARS.—HOW MRS. BASSETT WAS DECEIVED.—THE MONEY-CHANGING BEGGAR.—SIGHTS OF QUEENSTOWN.—OLDEST YACHT CLUB IN THE WORLD.—UP THE RIVER LEE.—MONKSTOWN AND ITS THRIFTY BUILDER.—CORK.—IN A JAUNTING-CAR.—BLARNEY CASTLE.—KISSING THE BLARNEY-STONE.—FATHER MATHEW AND HIS TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

“THERE’S the tender coming out of the harbor.”

“Yes, there she is,” was the reply.

“She’ll be alongside in a few minutes. We’re all ready for her. The baggage is on deck, and the steward is keeping a watchful eye on us, as he hasn’t yet received the fees that he expects from us.”

The foregoing dialogue took place between Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson on the deck of the transatlantic steamship *City of Paris* at an early hour one morning. The steamer had brought them from New York, and they were intending to land at Queenstown and proceed thence through Ireland on a roundabout way to London. They had travelled much in other parts



A QUEENSTOWN PEDDLER.

of the world, but had never yet visited the Emerald Isle, though they had several times passed within sight of its rocky shores.

"We are not altogether unlike other Americans when they go abroad," said Fred, when they were projecting the tour we now have under consideration. "Nine-tenths of them pass by Queenstown on the outward voyage and go direct to Liverpool; they are in a hurry to get to London, and determine that they will see Ireland on their way home;



"A PINNY, EF YER PLAZE!"

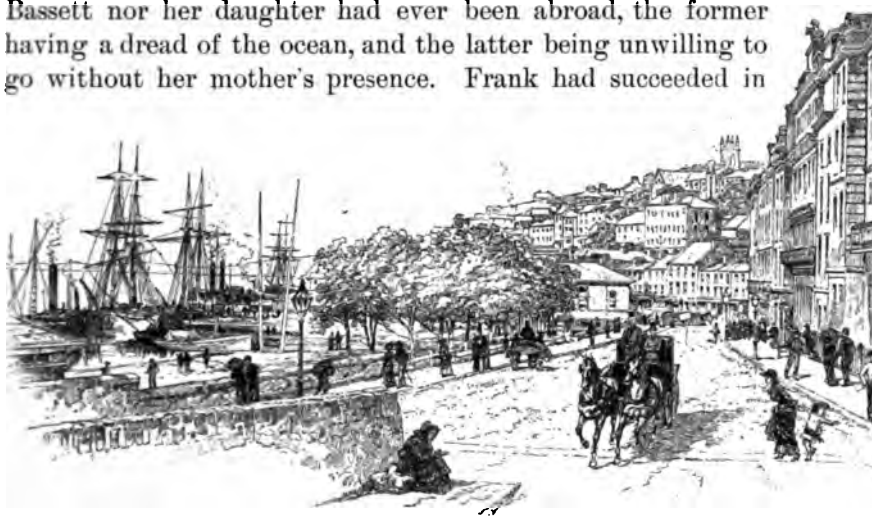
and their determination is an entirely honest one. But they linger so long on the Continent and in England that they have no time to stop on the way home; and that's the way Ireland is neglected by the Americans. With many of them it is a question of money as well as of time, as the majority of returning tourists find themselves with pockets so nearly empty that they would be no temptation to the pilferer along the streets or the ordinary hotel thief."

"We'll land at Queenstown this time, sure," Frank replied, "and

will have no further occasion to reproach ourselves for having neglected Ireland." This was agreed to by all the party, and in compliance with the agreement we see them preparing to go on shore.

Previous travels of Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson are known to many of our readers.* The present volume is the record of their journey through the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Those who have read the story of the wanderings of these youths in other lands will remember that they were accompanied only by their uncle, Doctor Bronson, or, rather, that they accompanied him. On the journey in which we are to follow them the party was enlarged by the addition of Frank's mother and his sister Mary. Neither Mrs. Bassett nor her daughter had ever been abroad, the former having a dread of the ocean, and the latter being unwilling to go without her mother's presence. Frank had succeeded in



STREET VIEW IN QUEENSTOWN.

overcoming his mother's fear of the Atlantic by one day taking her to see the great steamer on which they proposed to secure passage. After thoroughly inspecting the ship, she was convinced that it would be both comfortable and safe, and at breakfast the next morning she announced her assent to the proposed journey. Mary was so excited over the prospect of a visit to London and the other cities of the United Kingdom that she lost all appetite for the morning meal, and devoted herself to

* "The Boy Travellers in the Far East" (five volumes), and "The Boy Travellers in South America," "The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire," "The Boy Travellers on the Congo," "The Boy Travellers in Australasia," and "The Boy Travellers in Mexico" (five volumes). See complete list at the end of this book.

making a mental list of the fine things she would be able to buy for herself and her mother in the British capital.

Fortunately for Mrs. Bassett, the ocean was calm during the entire voyage, and the great vessel behaved admirably, so far as rolling and pitching were concerned. Very few of the passengers were in any way



OFF FOR AMERICA.

disturbed by the motion of the steamer, and Mrs. Bassett was not among the unfortunates. She declared that it was not half so disagreeable to go down to the sea in ships as she had supposed, and said that in future she would always be ready to go abroad whenever she had the opportunity.

Her views changed somewhat when she went ashore at Queenstown in the tender that carried the mails and passengers, as the accommodations of the boat are very meagre, when compared with those of the great ship they were leaving. They had the further discomfort of a shower just as they started for shore. The consolation which Frank offered, by explaining that the frequent and copious rains gave the hills of Ireland the beautiful green which greeted their eyes, did not wholly make up for the inconvenience.

"This is the port of call for all the great steamers between Liverpool and New York," Frank said to his mother, as they entered the harbor of Queenstown. On their eastward voyages they land passen-



A COTTAGE ON THE QUEENSTOWN ROAD.

gers and mails here, and when they go west they stop to receive them. The mails reach London sooner by this route than if they were taken to Liverpool, and you know that with the mails time is of the very greatest importance."

"How is it in coming from London?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"I was just going to speak of that," said Frank. "Suppose a steamer leaves Liverpool on Wednesday noon for New York. Well, it is a run of five hours by rail from London to Liverpool, and therefore her London passengers and mails would have to start very early in the morning in time to connect with the steamer. But they may wait, and the mails do wait, until nine o'clock in the evening, when a train leaves London for Holyhead. It reaches Holyhead at three in the morning; then the Channel is crossed in steamboats that get to Dublin by eight o'clock, and connect with a train reaching Queenstown at four in the afternoon. Then passengers and mails are put on board the steamer which is waiting in the harbor, and away she goes for her voyage over the Atlantic. It isn't a trip to be recommended to invalids, or to anybody who wants to sleep comfortably at night. The mail-bags don't mind it, and we can say the same of business men, and some others, to whom time in London is of far greater consequence than the fatigue.."

"Why do they call the place Queenstown?" was the next query of the good woman. "Does the Queen come here to live sometimes?"

"Not exactly that," replied the youth; "but she came here once in

1849; and in honor of her visit the place received the name by which it is now known. Before that time it was the Cove of Cork."

"It reminds me of New York harbor somewhat," said Mrs. Bassett, as the tender rounded Roche's Point and came into smoother water than she had enjoyed outside. "But there's this difference," she continued; "the land is more hilly, and there's no such beautiful green around New York as we see here."

"That has been observed by many other visitors," Frank answered. Then he pointed to the terraces of buildings that mark the site of Queenstown, near the head of the broad bay, which is large enough for hundreds, yes, thousands, of ships to moor in safety. The harbor is three miles in length by two in width, completely sheltered from the storms of the Atlantic, and its entrance is two miles long and a mile wide. According to the histories, it was a small fishing village until the time of the Napoleonic wars, when it became an important naval station. With the establishment of steam navigation between England and America it increased in importance, and is now a port of great commercial activity and prosperity.

As the tender came to her dock she met a similar boat going in the direction of a large steamer that was anchored in the harbor. The decks of this tender were crowded with people who were evidently from the humbler walks of life, and Mrs. Bassett asked what they were, and where they were going.

"They are Irish emigrants for America," said Frank—"the Michaels and Patricks, the Bridgets and Noraahs, and other Irish men and women, with whose names we are familiar all over the United States. From this port of Queenstown more than two millions of the inhabitants of Ireland have sailed for homes in the New World in the past forty years. It is the great point of departure for Irish emigrants, more of them leaving Queenstown than all the other Irish ports combined."

The white buildings that compose the town appeared in strong contrast to the dark green of the hills. Mary said she understood why Ireland was called the Emerald Isle, as there was never in the world an emerald with a more beautiful green than greeted their eyes in every direction. The shower had ceased, the sun came out just as the tender touched the dock, and as the drops of rain sparkled on the foliage and deepened the tint of the verdure everywhere, Mary declared she had never in her life seen anything prettier.

But other things engrossed the attention of the travellers. As they stepped on shore they found themselves subject to the examination of

the customs officials, who seemed to have a particular eagerness to discover contraband tobacco and spirits, two articles on which the British Government lays a heavy tax. Fred took charge of the trunks of the party, while Mary stood by to aid in any examination that the officials might wish to make of the baggage of her mother and herself. She was greatly amused at the question as to whether she had any tobacco or spirits to declare. The official accepted her prompt and slightly indignant negative, and courteously passed the impedimenta of the travellers with a very cursory examination. Customs officials are generally good judges of character. They make mistakes now and then; but human nature has a goodly number of imperfections, and these men are quite up to the average of their race the world over.

Before Mrs. Bassett knew how it came about, she was beset by a group of beggars and peddlers in about equal numbers, all intent upon extracting money from her purse. They swarmed about her so that she could hardly move; and had it not been for the efforts of Doctor Bronson, she would have been in danger of being overwhelmed. The beggars invoked blessings on her head; and so forcibly was she impressed by them that her hand made a movement towards her pocket.

She was checked by the Doctor; and when the beggars found their blessings of no avail, they changed them to curses. The goods offered by the peddlers were "raie Irish lace" at five times its cost in New York, a profusion of ornaments cut out of bog-oak, shillalahs which could be warranted to break any head whose owner was foolish enough to encounter them, grapes and other fruit at extravagant figures, and now and then a sprig of shamrock, which more than likely was plucked from a currant-bush or some similar product of the garden or hill-side.

"They are an unbecoming lot of folks," said Mrs. Bassett, "with their long cloaks hanging from their shoulders to the ground and their heads stuck in caps, just as we see them sometimes in New York. They



A CAR-DRIVER.

must be very poor, for they haven't any shoes to their feet; I wonder the authorities allow them to suffer as they seem to."

The Doctor explained that many of the peddlers were rich, from the point of view of an Irish peasant; and as for the beggars, they were able to make a good living through the liberality of American visitors. "The English," said he, "understand all the tricks of the business, and so do the Americans who have been here and travelled through the country. But the Americans who come abroad for the first time are generally taken in, as the spectacle seems to them one of real suffering. They buy things at outrageous prices, and give freely to the beggars, who pretend to be starving. The beggars and peddlers know their customers, and exactly how to capture them."

Later on the Doctor told, to the great amusement of Mrs. Bassett, the story of an experience of a friend of his at the lakes of Killarney.



THE JAUNTING-CAR.

While going through the Gap of Dunloe he was greatly annoyed by an able-bodied fellow, who stuck close to him for some time, pleading earnestly for a shilling or a sixpence, with the assertion that he was starving. Finally, the gentleman said, in a tone of despair, "Go away, go away; I haven't a sixpence; if I had I'd give it to you."

Instantly the beggar thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of silver, saying, as he did so:

"All right, yer honor; I'll change a sovereign for yer."

"There are four ways of going from Queenstown to Cork," said Frank, as soon as they had finished with the formalities of the Custom-

house. "The distance is about eight miles, and we can go by carriage-road, by railway, by the river, or partly by river and partly by rail. Which do you prefer?"

Mrs. Bassett suggested that the river would be the most agreeable, and in the same breath Mary proposed the carriage-road. But she at once assented to the river route, out of deference to her mother, and Frank arranged to have the baggage carried to the boat, which lay at the quay a short distance away. He ascertained that the boat would leave in little more than an hour, and so they had time for a stroll about Queenstown and on the soil of Ireland.

The brightest and least soiled of the boys in the crowd was selected to serve as guide to the curiosities of the place; but our friends soon found that they had very little need for his services. Queenstown has not much to show in the way of sights, as it consists principally of a street of shops and hotels, that derive their support mainly from emigrants and sailors. The steep hill back of this street is covered with residences, and some of these buildings are quite extensive. A traveller who has made a close study of them says that the higher up the house is placed, the more aristocratic is the class to which it belongs. The finest houses belong to the wealthy ship-agents and other men whose business affairs are at Queenstown, and there are some costly structures where the officers of the garrison make their homes.

Doctor Bronson pointed to an old war-ship anchored in the harbor, and said it was principally used for flying the flag of the admiral who was stationed there in accordance with English custom. The admiral has very little to do, and a staff of officers to assist him in doing it. Whenever a ship of war comes into the port there are certain formalities to be observed, but otherwise the time is chiefly devoted to idleness. There is a club-house which the officers frequent, and the club to which it belongs is said to be the oldest yacht club in the world. It was established in 1720. One of its rules in olden times was that "no long-tail Wigs, large Sleeves, or Ruffles shall be worn by any member of the Club." It is needless to say that this rule was long since abrogated in favor of something more modern.

Our friends were at the quay in good season, and promptly at her advertised moment the steamer was under way. The course of the Lee—the river which flows into Queenstown harbor, and on whose banks Cork is situated—is somewhat tortuous, but this feature adds very much to its beauty. The hills on both sides are covered with pretty residences, green fields, and pastures, and not a few cabins of the

poorer sort. One of the first objects to attract Mary's attention was a ruined castle a few miles above Queenstown, and she asked what it was and who built it.

"That is Monkstown," said the Doctor. "It was built more than two hundred years ago by a woman."



BLARNEY CASTLE.

"She must have been very rich to put up such a castle as that," Mary remarked.

"It cost her only a groat," was the quiet reply.

"How much is a groat?"

"Fourpence in English money, or about eight cents of ours."

"How could such a building as that be put up for only eight cents?" the girl inquired, with an air of the greatest curiosity.

"This was the way of it, according to the histories," the Doctor answered: "She paid her workmen in goods, on which she made a handsome profit. The profits on these goods covered the whole cost of the building, with the exception of an odd groat, and so the castle is said to have cost only a groat."

"That woman ought to have been a Yankee," said Mary, when Doctor Bronson paused; "and quite likely she was the ancestor of some of the smart people in our own country." With this philosophical remark the subject was dropped, and attention given to other features of the landscape or thoughts that it suggested.

All agreed that "the pleasant waters of the river Lee" deserved the name they had received, and that the river route of eleven miles was certainly the most agreeable one between Queenstown and Cork. On reaching the city the party proceeded to the Imperial Hotel, where they took luncheon, and then started out for a view of the place and a ride to Blarney Castle.

Frank explained that Cork was founded in the ninth century, and that its walls were built by the Danes; its site was in a swamp, which was called "Corroch" in the Irish tongue, and it was not at all difficult to understand how "Corroch" became Cork.

"But there isn't any swamp here now," said Mary, "at least I don't see anything that looks like one."

"No," answered Frank; "it has all been filled up. The island which forms the centre of the city was probably the swampy portion, as you observe that a goodly part of the Cork of to-day has climbed up on higher ground."

It was unanimously agreed that the ride about the city and to Blarney Castle should be made on a jaunting-car, partly for the novelty of the vehicle, of which only a few specimens have ever been seen in America. Here is how Mary described the car in her first letter to her cousin Effie, who had never been abroad:

"It's the funniest thing you ever saw," she wrote. "It's like a New York omnibus turned inside out, the seats placed back to back, and the top thrown away. Frank rode by the side of the driver; Fred and I had the seat on one side, and mother and Doctor Bronson were on the other side. The ordinary cars seat four passengers, but they have some that will carry from six to ten, and are made for parties of tourists. The ordinary cars have two wheels, but the large ones are four-wheelers,

and are drawn by two horses. One horse is enough for a small car, and he goes along at a good speed, provided the driver is willing to urge him.

“The disadvantage of this kind of a carriage is that you don’t see much on the side opposite to where you are seated; you take in all the scenery on your own side of the road, but anything on the other is apt to twist your neck.

“Fred told me a story of an Englishman who rode from Queenstown to Cork on the hill side of a jaunting-car, and didn’t see anything of the river; on the way back he changed seats with another passenger, so that he was on the hill side again, and of course had the same view as when he went up. He denies that there is any river between Cork and Queenstown, nothing but a ‘beastly hill,’ and says he has been twice over the route, and ought to know.”

For the account of the visit to Blarney we will continue our reference to Mary’s letter. She seems to have been an excellent correspondent, both in her powers of description and the fidelity with which she wrote to her friends at home.

“We followed the course of the Lee for several miles. Before going out of Cork we saw Shandon Church, which has been made famous all over the world by the poem about ‘The Bells of Shandon.’ Frank recited the verses as we rode along, and it seemed to me that they were prettier than ever. They were written by Francis Mahoney, an Irish humorist, who was born in Cork in the year 1805. I always thought the poem was the work of a Catholic priest named Prout; but Frank says Mahoney wasn’t a priest at all, but he gave the impression that he was one by writing under the name of ‘Father Prout.’ He was right about the beauty of the river Lee, but when he spoke of ‘Sweet Cork,’ he was rather more enthusiastic than I am. Cork isn’t sweet at all; at any rate, the streets are dirty enough, but some of the fine residences on the hills may possibly justify his words.

“It is five or six miles from Cork to Blarney Castle, or, rather, to the village of Blarney, which isn’t far from the famous ruin. There are cloth factories and other establishments at the village, but we didn’t stop to look at them; we were there to look at the castle, and so we went straight to it. It was built before America was discovered, and is very much in ruins. Close to it are the Groves of Blarney, which Father Prout has celebrated in his verses, but not so much so as the bells of Shandon. The groves are very pretty, and a capital place for a picnic or a camp-meeting.

“The place is kept by an old woman, who took a sixpence for each



THE TOURIST'S CAR.

one of the party, and intimated that she ought to have an extra shilling because there were so many of us. Of course we all kissed the Blarney-stone—not the real one, which is in the wall of the building many feet from the ground, and can only be reached by the lips of a person who is suspended by his heels from the top of the castle four or five feet above. There's a fragment of rock, which is called 'The Ladies' Stone,' on the floor just inside the entrance, and you can kiss this as easily as you could the edge of a dining-table.

“Father Prout says of the Blarney-stone :

“‘There's a stone there that whoe'er kisses, sure he ne'er misses
To become iloquent.’

“Now, if you find when I get home that I'm unusually talkative and wonderfully winning in my ways of speech, you must ascribe it to my having kissed the famous stone of Ireland. The tradition is that anybody who has done so will acquire, in the language of one writer on the subject, 'the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, with soft talk in all

its ramifications, whether employed in vows light as air, such as lead captive the female heart, or elaborate mystifications of the grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons.'

"While we were at the top of the castle enjoying the view and resting from the fatigue of the climb, four young Englishmen came up, and said they were going to kiss the real stone. And they did it too. Each was lowered in turn by his three companions. To make sure that they should not drop him, a sash was tied to his heels, and he was lowered, head downward, till his lips touched the stone. The first of them forgot to empty his pockets, and a shower of shillings and sixpences went tumbling below. Whether he got the money back again or not we didn't wait to see. He came up very red in the face from his suspension head downward, and I fancy that he would not care to repeat the performance with all its risks."

From Blarney the party returned to Cork by the valley road, visited some of the churches, and gave a hasty glance at the public buildings, of which the inhabitants are especially proud. The driver of the jaunting-car pointed out the jails, hospitals, asylums, and similar establishments, and said there wasn't another city in Ireland that had more of them. Frank asked for the statue of Father Mathew, a noted temperance reformer, and made note of the fact that it was surrounded by several drinking shops, as if in mockery of the work of the man commemorated by the figure. Mary asked who Father Mathew was, and Doctor Bronson made the following reply :

"He was a Catholic priest, who was born in 1790 and ordained in 1814, and the early part of his ministerial labors was devoted to the poor people of Cork. In 1838 he became interested in the Temperance cause, and evoked so much enthusiasm that in five months he administered the pledge of total abstinence to one hundred and fifty thousand converts in and near the city of Cork. After that he travelled through Ireland, lecturing on temperance and administering the pledge, and it is reported that he administered it to one hundred thousand persons in Galway in two days. Then he went to England, and afterwards to the United States, and there is probably no one man who ever did as much as he for the cause of temperance. A curious circumstance about the case is that his brother was a wealthy distiller, and was ruined by the temperance crusade of Father Mathew, which caused the closing of many distilleries all over Ireland, in consequence of the great numbers of people that signed the pledge and kept it, at least for a while."

CHAPTER II.

FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY; PLANS FOR THE JOURNEY; THE DIFFERENT ROUTES.—BANTRY BAY.—GLENGARIFF.—GALWAY AND ITS CURIOSITIES.—THE CLADDAGH.—HOW A FATHER CAUSED HIS SON TO BE HANGED.—REMNANTS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH POPULATION.—A REGION OF RAIN.—IRISH SCENERY.—FROM GLENGARIFF TO THE LAKES.—IRISH BEGGARS; FRANK'S PLAN FOR THEIR SUPPRESSION.—BEGGING AS A REGULAR OCCUPATION.—A LITTLE STORY.—THE KILLARNEY LAKES AND THE GAP OF DUNLOE.—KATE KEARNEY AND HER DESCENDANT.—IRISH LEGENDS.—THE SEVEN-YEAR SPECTRE.—WHERE THE FAIRIES DANCE.—ROSS CASTLE, INNISFALLEN, AGHADOE, MUCK-ROSS ABBEY, AND TORC LAKE.—WHAT THE ECHO DID FOR THE EAGLE.

ON returning to the hotel at Cork after seeing the city and the few things of interest it contained, Doctor Bronson found a telegram which called him to London by the first through train. He therefore



THE WITCH'S STONE.

left the youths to take care of Mrs. Bassett and Mary, with the understanding that they were to keep him informed of their movements, and he would join them at the first favorable opportunity. He had no hesitation at trusting them to themselves, as they had seen a considerable part of the world and were well versed in the requirements of travel.

“We were going, as you know, from here to Killarney,” said the

Doctor to the youths, “and I had planned to make the journey by the coach. It gives a better view of the country than the route by railway

through Mallow, where the branch to Killarney leaves the main line. The railway journey takes about six hours, and the station at Killarney is about two miles from the lake. There is another route from Cork by Macroom and Glengariff, partly by rail and partly by stage-coach, but it takes two days, while the all-coach route can be made in a single day over an interesting road.

“I suggest,” continued Doctor Bronson, “that you hire a carriage to take the four of you, with light baggage, to Killarney, and send the trunks on by train to meet you wherever you may designate. Be very careful about your bargain, or you will find yourselves tricked in some way. You observed that when we took the car to Blarney I was careful to stipulate ‘there and back.’ Had I not done so, the fellow would have been sure to claim, on reaching Blarney, that he had only been hired one way, and an equal sum would have been required for the return journey, and perhaps more.”

After a few suggestions of a similar character, the Doctor left them to their own resources. How well they succeeded without his guidance we will learn as we follow them.

They sought to engage a carriage for the journey; but as soon as they began to negotiate for it, the prices advanced to a high figure, and there seemed to be a combination among the owners of all available vehicles to make the strangers pay the highest possible price. Thereupon, the youths dropped the idea of a carriage journey all the way to Killarney, and contented themselves with the route by Glengariff. The trunks were sent on by rail to Killarney, and the four travellers started for the station in high glee. The anticipations of the carriage-owners were not realized, and they probably entertained more respect than before for the young Americans whom they had sought to victimize.

The train carried them through a picturesque country to the head of Bantry Bay, where the railway terminates, about fifty miles from Cork. Bantry is a small town, with possibly three thousand inhabitants, and is said to have been in former times a fishing-place of considerable importance; at least this was what our friends learned from a fellow-passenger in the train, who appeared to know all about the country and its history.

“It’s the finest harbor in the world, is Bantry Bay,” said he, as the train brought its waters into view. “Just look at it; twenty-five miles long by three or four wide, and anchorage-ground for all the ships in the world. As if the bay wasn’t enough, Nature has put three or four harbors around it, so that if the wind gets too strong for weak craft in

the open water, they can run into these little nooks. We could put the whole of the Cove of Cork into Bantry Bay a dozen times over, and then have room for the harbor of New York."

Frank was about to suggest that these estimates were somewhat exaggerated, but he remembered the nationality of the speaker and the probability that he might have a landed interest in the neighborhood; so he said nothing but words of approval, and remarked that Bantry Bay would be an excellent harbor for the transatlantic steamers.



A FISHERMAN AND HIS ASSISTANT.

"You're right when you say that," was the reply. "It's been talked of several times, and some day, perhaps, we'll see it done. Bantry's nearer to New York than Queenstown is, and the steamers could save time by coming here."

Fred whispered to Frank that he wished there was a Galway man present, so that they might hear the claims of that port as a terminus for a steamship route. We may remark that a line was once in operation between Galway and the United States, and the hopes of the peo-

ple of that city were carried very high. But the Galway line came to grief; and though much talk has been indulged in towards securing the restoration of the commerce of the port, it has never succeeded. Galway is considerably nearer to Dublin and London than Queenstown, and also nearer to New York by several hours than the last-named port. At present it is a sleepy place, with no great amount of commerce, its inhabitants deriving their principal support from fisheries and a few local manufactures.

Galway was mentioned in the course of the conversation. The stranger advised the travellers to visit it if it came in their way, but assured them they wouldn't be repaid for their trouble. This confirmed the suspicion that he had a direct interest in the prosperity of Bantry against any possible rival.

"If you go to Galway," said he, "don't fail to see the Claddagh."

"Please, sir, tell us what the Claddagh is," said Mary.

"Why, it's a suburb of Galway where the fishermen live. They speak the ancient Irish language, wear the Irish costume—at least the women do—marry entirely among themselves, and won't allow strangers from anywhere to live among them. They elect a mayor of their own every year, and he makes laws for them concerning their fishing business, and settles most of their difficulties. Sometimes they are arrested by the police for fighting, but generally any trouble among them is referred to their own mayor, who has more control over them than the city authorities have.

"Then you must see a house that has a skull and cross-bones on it; and when you ask what it means, they'll tell you that four hundred years ago the house was owned by James Lynch Fitzstephen, who was at one time mayor of the city. There's a remarkable story connected with that house."

"What is that?" one of the party inquired.

"It is this," was the reply. "A son of Fitzstephen had committed murder; he was tried before his father, the mayor; and the father, in his judicial capacity, condemned the son to death. The murder was in some way connected with the local quarrels of the time, and there was a rumor of a plot to rescue the young man on his way to the scaffold. To make sure that there should be no rescue, the father caused the son to be hanged from the window of his own house, and that's why you see the skull and cross-bones on the building."

Mary thought she didn't care to see the house which had such a dreadful memory connected with it. Frank told her there was little

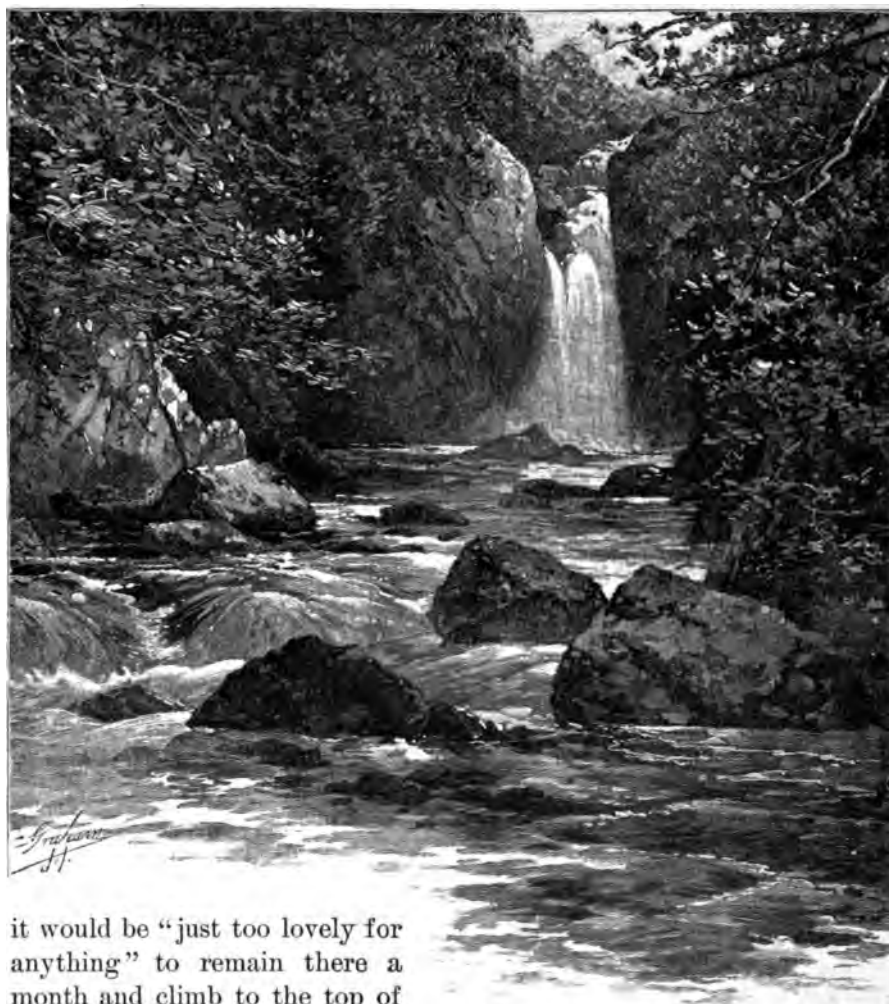
probability that she would see it, as their plans did not include a visit to Galway. Mrs. Bassett was glad they were not going there, as she wanted to forget that horrid house, and wouldn't be likely to if they were once in its vicinity.

The stranger apologized for mentioning the matter. Frank assured him there was no need of an apology, and that the anecdote was interesting. It was an illustration of the conditions of the time when the incident is said to have occurred, and therefore was worthy of note. Suiting his action to his words, he recorded it in his memorandum-book.



ON THE QUAY AT GALWAY.

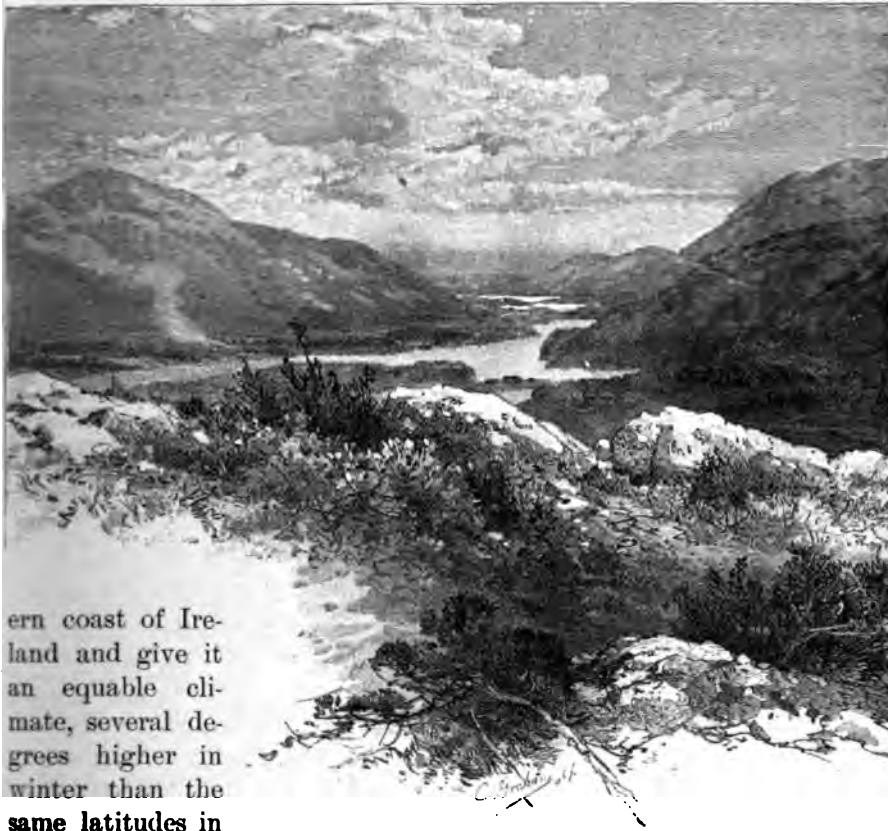
Our friends left the railway at its terminus, and had a delightful drive along the shore of Bantry Bay as far as Glengariff. Sometimes the road took them close to the edge of the water, then suddenly ascended among the hills, and then as suddenly descended. Most of the slopes were very steep, and altogether the scenery was quite picturesque. Towards the head of the bay the mountains are in places precipitous, and many of the rocks are quite bare of verdure. The mountains are brown in some of the bare spots, black in others, and of a rich green wherever the grass finds a foothold. Mrs. Bassett wished she could have a few square miles of the beautiful green of the Irish fields and hill-sides transported to the country around New York, and Mary thought



it would be "just too lovely for anything" to remain there a month and climb to the top of each of the mountains that looked upon Bantry Bay and sheltered it from the winds.

WATER-FALL AT GLENGARIFF.

Frank explained that he would try to meet her wishes to some extent; they would spend the night at Glengariff, at the head of the bay, and for the rest of the month of her desired stay she would be able to feed upon her imagination. Glengariff has two or three good hotels, and is quite a pleasure resort during the summer season; in fact, the spot is so attractive at all seasons that the hotels remain open throughout the year. The waters of the Gulf Stream are poured upon the west-



THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

ern coast of Ireland and give it an equable climate, several degrees higher in winter than the **same latitudes in England.** Probably the mountains

that shelter the spot have something to do in mitigating the rigors of the winter. If some one could patent an invention whereby the number and frequency, and especially the wetness, of the rains could be reduced, he might be certain of an ample fortune from his royalties. The chief drawback of a tour in Ireland, and, in general, of a tour anywhere through the United Kingdom, is the frequency and copiousness of the rain.

"This thing is arranged best in some of the tropical islands," said Fred one day, while the rain was under discussion. "There are places in the world where it rains only in the night; you know exactly at what hour it will rain and when it will clear off and be delightful. You have the whole day out-of-doors, without the necessity of carrying an umbrella, except to protect you from the sun; and if you get home any

time before midnight, you're all safe. The rain falls between midnight and daylight, and that's just the time when honest people are supposed to be in their beds."

Frank suggested a petition to Parliament for the regulation of the rain, and Fred replied that he would think the matter over and report the result. As no report has yet reached us, it is probable that he is yet in the midst of his meditations.

As they approached Glengariff the road made a long descent from the rugged and bare hills to a delightful glen where the grass was thick and bright, and the lines of ownership of the land were carefully defined by luxuriant hedges covered with rich blossoms that converted them into walls of flowers. Vines were growing wherever they could find clinging-places, and some of the houses by the road-side were so completely embowered in them that hardly a bit of the material of which they were constructed could be seen by the casual wayfarer. The bay at this point is almost completely landlocked; and though the winds were blowing outside, the surface of the water was as smooth as that of a mountain lake. Several islands rise from the bay and add to its picturesqueness and natural beauty.

Several little streams flow into the bay at different points, and as they tumble down from the hills they form here and there pretty cascades. These water-falls are an attraction for visitors, and our friends lost no time in going to the one of the greatest fame. Frank said it reminded him of the Bridal Veil Fall in the Yosemite Valley, of which it might be taken to be a copy in miniature, as the amount of water was only a fraction of that in the Yosemite stream, and the height was limited in proportion. Neither Mrs. Bassett nor Mary had any comparisons to make, as they had little acquaintance with cascades, but they agreed that one must go far to find a prettier fall than the one at Glengariff. Below it the bed of the stream was full of picturesque rocks, and there was a wealth of leafy trees, bushes, and vines all about the fall that gave it a magnificent setting. The creamy foam of the cataract made a sharp contrast to the dark green of the leaves and the blackness of the rocks, and the party was reluctant to leave the spot and continue its promenade.

Seats were secured on the coach for Killarney, and our friends took their places for a ride through the wild scenery of this part of Ireland. Frank had secured places on the outside of the vehicle, and taken care that the water-proof cloaks of his mother and sister were ready for them to don when the first shower came. It came before they started,



ROSS CASTLE, LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

and reminded Fred of Mark Twain's pugilist, who "broke up the riot before it began." A water-proof cloak or overcoat is as necessary an adjunct of travel in Ireland as a rifle is to a hunter of bears or lions. Woe betide the tourist who ventures into the Killarney district with neither water-proof nor umbrella.

From Glengariff the road ascends far up into the mountains, and the rich verdure of the lower ground disappears. There are farms here and there, but they do not have an air of prosperity, and some of them are altogether deserted and their houses are crumbling into ruin. The former inhabitants have emigrated, perhaps to other parts of the United Kingdom, or, more likely, to the shores of America, and none have come

to take their places. The mountains are rugged, and however attractive they may be to the eye of the traveller, they are not specially inviting to his feet. They are interspersed with bits of moorland, which are broken by rocky ridges, and very often we come to narrow ravines that the road-maker has not dared to penetrate. Some of these ravines widen into valleys, while others dwindle down to nothing and disappear altogether. A fellow-passenger described them to our friends, and Fred said they must be like a road he had heard of somewhere in the Western States of America that began grandly with sufficient width for four or five carriages at once, but gradually diminished till it became a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree.

Forty miles of this kind of travel brought our friends to the entrance of the valley where the Lakes of Killarney are situated. From the top of a ridge, several miles away, they caught sight of the three lakes, and Mary's cheeks were red with excitement when she beheld the sheets of water in their setting of hills and verdure. She was disappointed at their size, as the mention of a lake suggested to her mind something like the vast bodies of water upon the map of the United States. Fred tried to make a mental calculation of the number of Killarneys that could be made out of Lake Erie or Lake Michigan, but soon abandoned the effort in despair.

As they descended towards the lakes the sterility of the uplands gave place to rich foliage, and on each side of the valley there was a bewildering mass of vines and other green things that almost hid the rocks from view or revealed little more than their outlines. At one place the road wound around the side of a mountain covered with green almost to its top; on one side was the mountain, and on the other a rich slope down to the lakes. The slope was diversified with field, pasture, and forest, with here and there the houses of the inhabitants. Some of the newest of the houses were clearly distinguishable through the contrast of their color with the surrounding verdure, but the older ones were embowered in vines like those around Glengariff, which we have already described.

The approach to the lake was indicated by the swarm of beggars that made its appearance and solicited alms in tones calculated to extract money from the most hermetically sealed pocket. Frank and Fred held counsel, and determined that they would go on record as not having contributed in any way to the begging propensities of the natives, and they asked the ladies to be guided strictly by them, and not to give out a penny, or the half of it, except with their approval.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary agreed to the plan, and, as a preliminary, each of them handed her purse to Frank.

"They'll be sure to wheedle something out of me," said Mrs. Bassett, "in case I have it about me. Now that Frank has my purse, I can't be generous if I would."

"These people live by begging, and some of them are said to be comfortably well off," said Frank, in explanation of his apparent want of charity. "This is their business, their occupation, just as much as any occupation or trade where people work for their living and come honestly by their money. They have a settled purpose to tire you out and



TORC LAKE.

compel you to give something from sheer weariness at the repetition of their demands, and experience has shown them that this plan is pretty sure to succeed."

"That reminds me of a little story," said Fred, "of a man who had been dunned a great many times for the amount of a bill which he finally paid. When he paid it he said to his creditor, with a good deal of indignation in his tone :

"'You've dunned me at least a hundred times for this money. I'd like to know what made you do it?'

"'Because the ninety-ninth time didn't fetch it,' was the reply."

“That’s exactly the principle on which these Killarney beggars operate,” said Frank. “They stick to you all day, in the confidence that you’ll surrender in the end.”

As they reached the unprepossessing town of Killarney and descended from the coach, Frank saw a priest in the crowd, and a bright idea occurred to him. Walking up to the priest, he handed him a sovereign, and explained that it was the contribution of his party to the poor of the parish. The priest accepted the coin, and Frank bowed himself away. During their stay in the neighborhood they referred all beggars to the fund in the hands of their spiritual adviser, and thus cleared their consciences of any charge of having neglected the apparent suffering around them. Their example is commended to other tourists as long as the begging nuisance is allowed to continue. If the British Government were half as tyrannical to Ireland as some people have claimed, it would suppress this degrading business by putting every suppliant for alms under arrest and sending him to the poor-house, which is his proper place, if his sufferings are as he represents them to be.

To follow our friends in their movements around the lakes of Killarney would require more time and space than are at our disposal. We will quote from Mary’s letter on the subject, which was submitted to Frank and Fred for their criticism before its completion. At their suggestion some of its exuberance was stricken out, through the fear that any one who came there with the letter in hand and looked for all the wonders set forth might be doomed to disappointment. The letter, in its amended form, ran as follows :

“We’ve been here three days, and are to leave to-morrow. A good many visitors hurry through in a single day, and others stay a week and don’t find it too long. I could stay a month, but Frank says three days are quite enough to ‘do’ the lakes thoroughly. He’s seen so many places that he ought to know. To me the place is the grandest I ever saw or imagined, but Frank says it doesn’t compare with the Italian and Swiss lakes in the way of grandeur, though it may in beauty.

“There are three lakes altogether, and they are called the Upper, Middle, and Lower. The Lower Lake is the largest; the guide-book says it is five miles long by three wide, the Middle Lake (also called Torc Lake) one mile wide and twice as long, and the Upper Lake just a little smaller than the middle one. It is about three miles from the Upper to the Middle Lake, while the Middle and Lower lakes are so close together that many people regard them as one. Some of the guides here would make you believe, if such a thing were possible, that



MUCKROSS ABBEY.

there are a hundred or a thousand lakes in the Killarney group, and then they'd proceed to collect a shilling from you for each lake. The guides, boatmen, pipers, and all the other people who make a living out of the tourists that come here are nearly as bad as the beggars, and have shaken my head so that I hardly know what I'm writing about.

"The Upper Lake is the prettiest and most picturesque, but all of them are very nice, and I wouldn't have missed them for anything. We went along all the lakes in boats, and had carriages and saddle-horses wherever they were needed. The boatmen amused us with lots of stories and legends as we went along, and some of them must have drawn a good deal on their imaginations.

"Here's a specimen of their legends: when we were in the Lower Lake we came to an island large enough for a good farm, and containing the ruins of Ross Castle, which was built hundreds and hundreds of years ago. It's all in ruins now, and very much ruined it is, fit only for the owls and bats, and all grown over with ivy and other creeping and clinging vines.

"That," said the boatman, "was one of the castles of the O'Donohues; there was lots of thim in Ireland, and this was the powerfulest of thim all. P'r'aps yer won't belave me, but it's thrue for a fact that iv'ry sivin years the chief of the O'Donohues comes back to see his castle. And yer can't imagine how he comes."

"Of course we couldn't imagine, and asked him to tell us.

“Well, thin,’ said the man, ‘this is the way of it: he wakens out uv his grave and gits up; thin he calls for his hoss, that’s white as the goat’s milk they sell at Kate Kearney’s cottage, and whin they bring the hoss he gets onter it. And away he rides right over the lake jist like a bird, till he comes to the castle, and thin he blows his horn, and there stands the castle, iv’ry stone of it back agin jist as it was whin he lived in it five hundred years ago.’

“Frank asked the man if he had ever seen the castle when it was thus restored, and how long it remained standing.

“‘It stays there jist as it was until the day breaks,’ said the boatman, ‘and whin the furst bames of the risin’ sun touches it, it milts away and goes off for sivin years more.’

“Frank repeated his question as to whether the narrator had ever seen this wonderful restoration of the castle.

“‘I’ve nivir seen it meself,’ said the man, ‘but there’s a dozen frinds of mine that has seen it and told me all about it.’ We were obliged to accept this story as the nearest we could get to the actual facts concerning the performances of the O’Donohues.

“There’s a place where the fairies come down and have a dance in the moonlight once in every three years, and another where the witches assemble on stated occasions for a grand revel. We went through the ruins of the castle, and certainly found room enough for the ancestor of the O’Donohues to hold a council of war and summon his followers to battle. One of the pipers said he was a descendant of the real O’Donohue, and wanted extra pay for his services in consequence. He played some Irish airs for us, and put on a good many more when we paid him off. These fellows are never satisfied.

“We had a ride through the Gap of Dunloe, a very wild pass between two high mountains, called the MacGillicuddy Reeks and the Toomies. Before we came to the Gap we passed the cottage of Kate Kearney. You remember the old song:

“‘Did you ever hear tell of Kate Kearney,
Who lived by the banks of Killarney?’

“Well, Kate was accounted a witch in her day, and she was wonderfully beautiful, according to the song and the legend. One of her descendants keeps the cottage to-day, and sells milk and ‘mountain dew’ to thirsty travellers. Kate was evidently selfish, and kept all her beauty to herself, if we are to judge by her descendant, who hasn’t any. Fred says she’s a descendant through another line of fathers and



THE COLLEEN BAWN CAVES.

mothers, and I guess he's right. I wonder they don't get a pretty Irish girl to come here and pass for the great-granddaughter of Kate. I've seen some that are pretty as pinks, and I envied the roses on their cheeks, which seemed to be just as natural as the dew on the grass.

"There's a brook running through the Gap of Dunloe which they call the Loe, and every little while it rounds out into a pool. After getting through the Gap you come to the Black Valley. It gets its name partly from the peat, which gives a dark color to the waters in the pools scattered through it, and partly on account of the shadows from the Reeks. At some places the Gap is so narrow that there is barely room for the path by which we went. One of the beggars that was following us missed his footing and fell into the water. We all laughed, and, would you believe it? the fellow picked himself out of the water, scrambled after us, and was soon alongside demanding pay for having given us something to laugh at. Frank referred him to the fund we had left with the priest; and when the fellow repeated his demand, he was told that we did not owe him anything, as we hadn't hired him to tumble into the water for our amusement or any other purpose.

"Our ride ended at Lord Brandon's cottage, and we had the journey back by boat, a distance of about eleven miles. We went ashore at Innisfallen Island, not far from Ross Castle. You've heard the song about

'Sweet Innisfallen,' and it certainly must have been a delightful place before it went to decay. It's very pretty now; and though it looks from the lake like a mass of forest, you find when on shore that it has pretty lawns and glades, with the same abundance of vines and leafy plants that we see all about here. Fred said the ruins were very much out of repair—worse, if possible, than those of Ross Castle.

"There are several caves that they showed us; but since we saw the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky last year, I don't care much about any small caves they can get up here. The prettiest they have are the Colleen Bawn caves, which seem almost as though they had been hewn out of the rock. The sun was quite warm outside when we went there, and you may be sure it was delightful to feel the coolness of the caves and listen to the echoes of our voices. And speaking of echoes, there's a remarkable one at a bluff called the Eagle's Nest; it repeats a short sentence very distinctly, but gets confused if you give it a long speech. Frank says this is the case with the echo-places all over the world."



"LIT ME TILL YER ABOUT THE AIGLE."

Our friends took a day to visit Torc Cascade and Muckcross Abbey, together with the ruins of Aghadoe. Here is Frank's description of these curiosities:

"Torc Cascade is a charming waterfall, sixty or seventy feet high, tumbling down from the mountain very much as the old poem says the water comes down at Lodore. Prettier and grander than the cascade was the view of the valley from a point higher up on the path that we followed to reach the cascade; and some who have been all over the country say there isn't a finer view in all

Ireland. Fred and I wanted to climb to the top of Mangerton Mountain; Mary was willing to go with us, but we thought the climb would be too much for mother, so we gave it up. She told us to go without

her; but we didn't want to be selfish, and besides, we'd seen more than we're likely to remember.

"Muckross Abbey is an interesting ruin, which is all that remains of what was an important seat of religion five hundred years ago. It serves as the tomb of many distinguished families of former days, and we found the portions of the building that remain very interesting. Whatever they lacked in any way, the guide made up in the flowery language of this part of the world. Mary thinks he has not only kissed the Blarney-stone, but had a few pounds of it pulverized, so that he can take a pinch regularly in place of snuff.

"We've greatly enjoyed the stories of the guides all around here, though sometimes there's a trifle too much of them. The best of their talk is found in the legends and traditions, as the most of them are of a very supernatural kind. Here's a sample, which relates to the echo at the Eagle's Nest:

"There was an aigle had a nist there for years and years, and that's why the place got its name. The ould bird was a sly one, and she'd put her nist where it wasn't aisy to get at it. The only way was for a feller to lower hisself down along the face of the big rock you see over beyant there. Well, one day whin the ould bird woz away, a sodger said he'd have the young uns out o' the nist onyhow, and so he goes and gits a long rope and lowers hisself down.

"Jist as he got in front o' the nist the ould bird come a-flyin' out of a cloud. "Mornin'," says she to him; and he says "Mornin'" to her jist as perlite as yer plaze. "Wot yer want here?" sez she. "Nothin'," sez he. "I jist dropped down to ask arter the hilth uv yer nice little birdies." "That's a lie," sez she. "It's the troth," sez he. "No, 'tisin't," sez she. And thin she hollered out so's yer cud hear her a mile, ez she woz a-talking to the mountain, "Didn't he come to rob the aigle's nist?" Av coorse the echo sed, "Rob the aigle's nist," and wid that she hit him a wipe atween the eyes wid her hooked ould nose, and away he tumbled inter the lake, and he's bin thar iver sence."

CHAPTER III.

ORIGIN OF WAKES; ORIGINALLY RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES; SUPPRESSED BY ROYAL COMMAND.—“A GOOD SUBJECT FOR A WAKE.”—A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.—INCIDENTS OF A WAKE, AS TOLD BY A SPECTATOR.—THE “KEENER” AND HER OCCUPATION.—PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS.—A GHASTLY FESTIVAL.—A DANCE AND “KISS IN THE RING.”—HOW THE CHURCH REGARDS THE WAKE.—LIMERICK; ITS FISH-HOOKS AND LACE MANUFACTURE.—IRISH BUTTER.—THE POTATO HARVEST.—AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF IRELAND.—THE FAMINE OF 1846; EMIGRATION TO AMERICA IN CONSEQUENCE; ANECDOTES OF THE NEW COUNTRY.—DUBLIN.—CAR-DRIVERS AND THEIR WIT.—TEN MILES WITHOUT A LINCHPIN.—A WAGER AND ITS RESULT.—“THE TWELVE APOSTLES.”

ON their last evening at Killarney our friends made the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman who had spent much time in Ireland, and was familiar with the customs of the people. He was ready to give the strangers all information in his power, and promptly answered the questions which were put to him.



WAITING FOR THE FUNERAL.

Mrs. Bassett had read and heard of an Irish “wake,” and wanted to know what it was. She was aware that it was a form of mourning for the dead, but beyond that she was ignorant.

“Pardon me if I am a trifle pedantic,” said the gentleman, “but it

is well to begin at the beginning. 'Wake' is a Saxon word, and means a holiday festival. Wakes had their origin at the time of the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, and were established for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of a saint to whom a church was dedicated. In this respect they were exactly like the saints' days of the Catholic and Russian churches, and were properly devoted to religious ceremonies exclusively. In those times the Church day was reckoned from sunset to sunset, and consequently the people began their celebration in



THE DISPENSARY DOCTOR.

the evening, continued it through the night, and all the following day until the sun went down.

“So much for the wake as it was in the beginning. Gradually the ceremony degenerated into boisterous merrymaking, and worse. So bad did the wake become that it was discontinued by royal edict three hundred years ago. It was not entirely suppressed, as the saint's day still continues to be celebrated in various parts of England and the other countries of the United Kingdom. In Ireland the principal existence of

the wake is among the humbler classes of the people, and it is connected with the services over the dead."

"That's the kind of wake I wish to know about," said Mrs. Bassett, as the gentleman paused.

"Well," he continued, "through nearly all the country it is the fashion among the poorer classes to hold a wake when one of them dies. I can best tell you what they do by describing the last one I saw in a village on the west coast."

The listeners gathered closer about him, and by their movements and attitudes indicated their interest in the subject.

"In the small villages of Ireland the principal amusements are weddings and funerals, and the tendency of human nature is to make the most of its opportunities, all the world over. What wonder, then, that an old person of either sex is generally regarded as a fit subject for a wake, and that the rest of the population looks forward with some eagerness to the day when, the Angel of Death will favor them with a chance for a local festivity.

"I once saw a case of real anger on the part of a woman who was celebrated for the fervor with which she could cry at a wake. An old man in the village had fallen ill and was supposed to be near his end, and his friends had sent word to this 'keener,' or crier, who lived some distance away. When she arrived he had taken a turn for the better, and was able to walk about and make short calls upon the neighbors. Norah —, the crier in question, pointed at him with a look of scorn, as she said :

"'Look at the ould chate, gittin' up and goin' round among folks, and me a-coming from two counties away to cry at his wake. He ought to be ashamed of hisself; but niver mind, he can't stay round this way for long, and whin he does go we'll have a moighty foine toime over him. I won't go back to County Cork jist now till I see how the ould scoundrel holds hisself.'

"Well, the wake that I attended was that of an old man who had gone the way of all flesh and yielded to the inevitable. I happened to be passing the cabin one morning, and observed a crowd of people coming and going. On stopping to ascertain the cause of the commotion, I learned that 'ould Dinnis' had died during the night, and his people were considering how the wake should be held. 'Sorra bit o' money there's in the house,' said my informant, 'and the coffin-maker won't give 'em the box till he's got the money in hand.'

"I entered the house, and on questioning the son of 'ould Dinnis' I

learned that such was the case. A collection was then being taken for the purposes of the wake, but all the people were poor, and the money was not easy to obtain. So I opened my purse and gave what was needed to make up the amount.

" Blessings were showered upon me, and I was invited to the wake.



WAY-SIDE TOILET.

As this was my object in making the contribution, I gladly accepted, **and took my leave,** not, however, until I had been solicited for an **additional contribution,** 'jist for buyin' a drop o' whiskey.' A wake without **whiskey** would be 'Hamlet' without Hamlet, or Boston without the **east wind.**

" During the day the coffin was obtained, and on its way to the house it was followed by many of the people, as though it had been a hearse on its way to the cemetery. This is a custom of some parts of the country, but of course those who follow the empty coffin give themselves up to lamentations over the friends they have recently lost,

recounting their many virtues, and the grief of the living over the departure of the dead. When the coffin reached the house of Dennis it was hidden away until wanted, as it is not the custom to place the corpse within it until a few minutes before it is to be taken to the cemetery.

“In the evening I went to the house, where several neighbors and friends had already assembled, and was cordially greeted by all whom I knew. The late Dennis was lying upon a table with a sheet over him, and a dish filled with tobacco resting upon his breast. There was a jug of whiskey, and not a small one, either, and there were cups at hand for drinking the fiery beverage. Then there were pipes for all who wished to smoke, and each smoker as he filled his pipe did so from the dish of tobacco that I have mentioned.

“People chatted freely until the entrance of an old woman, who paused at the door-way, and said: ‘God bless all here! God rest the soul of the dead!’ Then she sat down by the side of the corpse and began to lament in a loud voice. It seemed as though she could have been heard for a mile or more, and a stranger passing along the road might have been excused for supposing some one was suffering the most excruciating pain.

“There were perhaps a dozen other old women in the room, and all of them joined in the lament. This lasted for several minutes, and then gradually died away as the old woman who led the chorus had completed the enumeration of the many virtues of the deceased. Whenever a new group of guests entered the house, it was the signal for fresh lamentations, which were particularly loud and prolonged when two old women came in together. I asked one of the party why this was, and he answered, ‘Thim wimmen’s the tidiest criers in the parish,’ an explanation which was sufficient.

“You’ve been in Egypt, I believe,” said the gentleman, turning to Frank and Fred. “The keeners, or professional criers, in Ireland are exactly analogous to the professional mourners of Cairo and other cities in Moslem lands. Where the custom arose among the Irish no one can tell, but it is generally believed to be of Eastern origin.”

“The custom of hiring mourners to cry at funerals,” said Frank, “is not confined to the countries you have mentioned. It is to be found in various parts of Asia and Africa and in some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean.”

“All the population of the village, old and young, was assembled at the wake, and it very soon became more a merrymaking than a scene of grief. The whiskey-cups circulated freely from hand to hand, and the

consequence was that the party became noisy at a very early hour. The old men and women sat and gossiped in the intervals of the lamentations; the young people started a game of some sort, which reminded me of the 'Round a ring, Rosy' of my childhood days. They formed in a circle at one side of the room; one of the girls was placed in the centre, where she picked out one of the youths and saluted him with a kiss. Then she retired and joined hands with the rest of the circle, while the youth selected a girl to be kissed and left in the ring. Then there was a dance, in which all the younger ones joined, and altogether no spectator would have imagined that it was a place of grief.



FROM LIMERICK.

"I didn't stay very late, as there was quite a chance of a fight when some of the party had become affected by the whiskey. Wakes have been the scenes of many fights. The Church has tried to suppress them, but its power is defied, though it is a gratifying circumstance that the number is less numerous than formerly. The scene is a demoralizing one in every way, and it is not surprising that the ceremony is frowned upon by the best people of the country.

"I have heard a story," the gentleman continued, "of a wake where the supposed corpse was only in a trance. He came to life in the midst of the lamentations over him, and quietly reached out for a glass of whiskey which one of the mourners had placed on a chair close by. Tak-

ing the glass and draining it, he soon afterwards sat upright, to the great consternation of the assemblage, who fled in horror from the spot. And there's another story of a man waking from a trance under such circumstances, who was beaten into actual death by the infuriated attendants, who declared that he couldn't impose on them by pretending

to be alive when he wasn't. Needless to say that it was late at night and they were in a condition of wild intoxication. One of the saddest features of a wake is the wild revelry that almost always accompanies it."

"I'm glad we have nothing of the kind in our country," Mrs. Bassett remarked, when the description of this strange custom was finished.

"We have a relic of the wake," was the reply, "in the 'watching' that is maintained in some parts of the United States throughout each night between a death and a funeral. The old custom, now happily unknown among us, of making a festivity out of a funeral, was also a relic of what I have been describing, and you will find the wake still in existence among many of the Irish people who have settled in the land beyond the sea. But the world moves, and every year customs and practices are changing for the better."

Various other topics were discussed during the evening, and then the party retired for the night.

The next day our friends went to Dublin, taking the railway line to Mallow, where a junction was made with the main line from Cork to the capital. The distance is 186 miles in all, of which 145 belong to the main line and the rest to the branch.

Fred wished to make a detour from the line long enough to visit Limerick, but the scheme was voted impracticable under the circumstances, and the journey was not made. The youth's acquaintance with the city was chiefly due to his having used Limerick fish-hooks in several angling excursions, and he thought it would be interesting to see where and how they were made.

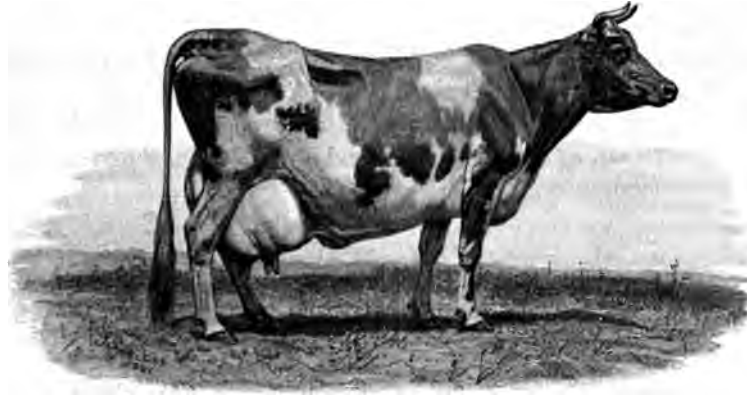
"If that's why you want to go there," Frank answered, "I can save you the trouble. I thought of the same thing, and have been looking up the subject."

Then he went into a dissertation upon fish-hooks, which we have not space for in full. It was to the effect that the English fish-hooks are made from steel wire, which is first cut into the proper lengths for hooks. Then the wire is softened, and the ends of three of the pieces are inserted into a rest or standard, where they are held while the barbs of the three are cut at a single blow with a knife. Then they are pointed and turned, and after this has been done the other end of each hook is flattened out to prevent the line slipping over it. The Limerick hooks are made by cutting the steel wire into lengths sufficient for two hooks; the ends are then forged out to the shape of barb and point, and the barb is undercut with a file, instead of being turned up with a knife, as is the case with the English hooks. This feature constitutes the chief

advantage of Limerick hooks over English ones. The shaping is done by means of pliers, which are manipulated with a great deal of skill by expert workmen.

Fred listened with much interest to Frank's account of how fish-hooks were made, and Mary did likewise. When it was ended, she mildly suggested that Limerick was celebrated for lace as well as for fish-hooks, and she had been trying to find out how it was made.

"I've learned something about it," said she, "but not all I wanted



BELOVED BY THE BUTTER-MAKER.

to know. A great deal of it is made in the houses of the people, and that kind is called pillow-lace, for the reason that it is wrought upon pillows into which pins are stuck to hold the threads. One must have excellent eyesight to make this kind of lace, as it is very trying to follow the fine threads and see that they all get into their proper positions. Then there is lace which is woven in looms, and it is so cheap that the hand-made lace can't compete with it in price. Nottingham, in England, is the greatest place for loom lace, so far as I've been able to find out, and I hope we'll go there and see the looms at work."

"You're a good traveller," said Frank, proudly, as the girl paused, "and I'm sure you'll learn a great deal before you get back home again in America."

Mrs. Bassett joined in the commendation, and so did Fred. Mary blushed at the praise for her efforts, and, to change the subject, called attention to some cows that were grazing in a field near which the train was passing. They were sleek animals, and evidently received careful attention from their owners.

“The fine grazing in this part of Ireland,” said Frank, “and the good breed of the cows are probably the reasons why the butter is so famous. The butter of this region goes to Cork for a market, and Cork butter is claimed to be the finest in the world.”

The Irish butter had already been discussed by our friends, though they were hardly prepared to admit that the dairy product of Ireland was better than that of some parts of the United States. Mrs. Bassett was emphatic on this point, but readily agreed that she had never tasted finer butter anywhere than had been served to them since they landed on Irish soil.

After the subject of butter had been exhausted, the potato came next under discussion, the subject being brought up by the sight of a potato-field where several men were at work. Everybody knows that the potato is the reliance of the Irishman, and that a failure of the crop has more than once caused a famine.

“Many people have an idea,” said Frank, “that there is little else than the potato raised in the fields of Ireland. To show how much they are mistaken, I’ve been gathering some figures of the agriculture of the country in a single year, and here they are.”

So saying, he read off the following, remarking beforehand that he would omit the last three figures of each statement: wheat, oats, rye, and barley, 2,091,000 acres; potatoes, 992,000; turnips, 346,000; other green crops, 136,000; flax, 122,000; and meadow and clover, 1,800,000.

“Nine hundred and ninety-two thousand acres will produce a great many potatoes,” said Fred. “Let us see how many there are.”

Frank turned again to his figures, and reported that the crop of potatoes in Ireland in a single year was estimated at 2,794,641 tons. The population in the same year was 5,402,759, so that there was not far from half a ton of potatoes to each inhabitant.

“No wonder there was so much distress when the potato crop failed,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I well remember the reports of the distress in 1846 and 1847, and how there were liberal subscriptions everywhere to relieve the suffering. They told us that a great many people actually died of hunger, and thousands were reduced to skeletons before relief came to them.”

“The potato famine in those years,” said Frank, “was largely the cause of the emigration to America, which had been growing slowly before that time, but afterwards increased rapidly. Finding life so uncertain at home, the people went abroad, and as fast as they earned any money they sent home for their relatives and friends. Probably three-

fourths, if not more, of the Irish in America were brought there by their friends who had already found a home in the New World."

"They used to send back the most wonderful accounts of the wealth of America," said Mrs. Bassett. "I remember one of the stories current when I was a child was that an Irishman wrote home to his friend: 'Come to America, Dinnis, where the rocks are covered with loaves of bread, and the pigs run around all roasted, with knife and fork sticking in 'em; the dollars and shillings grow on the bushes, and you may have all you want for only the trouble of picking 'em off.'"

"And there's another story," said Frank, "of a newly landed emi-



A FRUGAL BREAKFAST.

grant, who saw a piece of silver lying in the street. His friend stooped to pick it up, but the new-comer checked him with the suggestion that it wasn't worth while, as they'd come soon where the heaps of gold were to be found."

It was now Fred's turn, and he recounted the statement of an emigrant as to the easy way in which he was earning his money. "All I have to do," said he, "is to carry a hodful of brick up a ladder to the top of a four-story building, and the man up there does all the work."

Then Mary was called upon, and the only anecdote she could remember at the moment was about a cook from Ireland who had learned to prepare some French dishes, and thought it would be a good thing to have a French name.

She consulted her mistress on the subject, and the latter consented to put "Mary Murphy" into good French.

After a moment's thought, she said, "I have it. Mary Murphy will hereafter be known as Marie Pomme de Terre." And she went by that name as long as she remained in the service of her new godmother.

The presence of policemen at some of the railway stations suggested the disturbances with which Ireland has been afflicted for a very long time. Frank said it would be a hopeless task to inform themselves thoroughly on the subject of the wrongs and rights of the Irish question, as it was utterly impossible to get at the exact truth from the statements of either side. "Human nature," said he, "is so constituted that nobody can give an impartial account of a dispute in which he is concerned. In the quarrel between England and Ireland there are two sides, and neither party can be relied upon. I don't mean to say for a moment that they wilfully misrepresent the case, but it is impossible for either to see things through the other's eye-glasses.

"There are no more patriotic people in the world than the Irish," Frank continued; "and this is shown by the money that has been subscribed and the blood that has been shed in the effort to liberate Ireland and give her the independence that she had centuries ago. The efforts in that direction have been more patriotic than practical, as any one can see who reads the accounts of the various insurrections of the past hundred years. That the Irish were in earnest was very clearly evident, but they were contending against a military and naval power which was altogether too great for them."

"Later on," said Frank, "we'll take a glance at Irish history; at present we will employ ourselves with Dublin, which we are fast approaching."

In due time they reached the Irish capital, and were quartered at a comfortable hotel. Then they set out to make a tour of its sights, and to study the peculiarities of the city which is associated with many famous names of the Emerald Isle.

Mary ventured upon a conundrum that she had heard somewhere, in which was the query, "Why is Ireland the richest country in the world?" and the answer is that "Its capital is Dublin every year." Fred thought it could be improved upon by using "day" or "hour" in



A WANDERING BARD.

place of "year." The conundrum, he said, was made long ago at an Irish fair, and took the first prize, the second being awarded to the following:

"Why is a timid girl like a ship coming into a harbor?"

The answer to this interrogatory was, "Because she endeavors not to come near the b(u)oys."

Fred had duly acquainted the rest of the party with the historical fact that Dublin was a city of great antiquity. "It was," said he, "the Eblana of Ptolemy, the Dubh-linn (Black Pool) of the ancient Irish, and the Duflyn or Dyvlyn of the Danes. It was captured by the Danes in the ninth century, about the time of the capture of Cork and Limerick, and during the next three hundred years it was the scene of many battles. Celtic remains had been discovered in making excavations in Dublin, the last of them being only a few years ago. The Castle, which is an important edifice, was built in 1205, but has been so often rebuilt that very little of the original structure remains."

Our friends had been advised to hire a jaunting-car for their sight-seeing, and rely upon the driver to serve as a guide. They found one to their satisfaction, and the man proved so amusing that they gave him an extra shilling by way of acknowledgment. On receiving it he

thanked them for the gift, and suggested that a shilling additional would enable him to remember his American friends a good deal better.

Frank said the circumstance reminded him of a story about a gentleman who said that it was impossible to pay a Dublin car-driver enough to prevent his asking for more. He offered to wager a supper for half a dozen that such was the case. The offer was taken, and he and the one who took it started out together to settle the question.

They engaged the first car they found, drove about for nearly two



A LOVE-MATCH.

hours, and then returned to the club where the wager was made. As they stepped from the vehicle one of them handed a sovereign to the driver, and said :

“Never mind the change, Pat; it’s Saturday night, and you want to make out a good week.”

The driver turned the shining gold over in his palm two or three times, and then said :

“Shure, yer honors wouldn’t be afther havin’ me break this nice piece, which I wants to take home to Biddy and the childer. Plaze, yer ’onors, won’t yer be afther givin’ me a small saxpence to drink yer ’onors’ health?”

“After all,” said Frank, “though the Dublin drivers have a bad reputation in this respect, they are little, if any, worse than men in the same occupation all over the world. Where the cabby, boatman, porter, guide, and all of that ilk are not restrained by law, the result of dealings with them is pretty much the same. The story of the wager is a good one, but it might apply to hundreds of other places, as I have good reason to know, and with the difference that the demand for more would not be accompanied by so plausible a reason as in this instance.”

Innumerable stories are told of the wit of the Irish car-drivers. It is next to impossible to get them to say what their fare is; they always want to “to lave it to yer ’onor;” and no matter what is paid them, they insist that it is not enough. Sometimes they offer to carry a passenger “for nixt to nothin’ at all,” but when the journey is ended he finds that the respective views of employer and employed upon the exact quantity of “nothing” are materially different.

A story is told of a driver who took a traveller across the country for a considerable distance, and when the settlement came at the end of the route there was considerable grumbling at the offer of a single shilling extra. As he took the shilling, the fellow said: “Faith, it’s not putting me off with this you’d be if you knew everything.” The traveller offered an additional shilling, and then asked the driver what he meant by “knowing everything.”

“It’s jist this, yer ’onor,” said the driver, “that I’ve druv ye the last tin miles widout a linchpin.”



“THE RIST IS INSIDE, A-SORTIN’ THE LETTHERS.”

An examination of the vehicle showed that this was actually the case, and the necks of both traveller and driver had been in no little danger.

An Irish driver is never at a loss for an answer to a question. If he happens to know the correct one he will probably give it, unless it should happen to interfere with his prospects of revenue from his customer; but if he is ignorant of it he will give the first that his imagination suggests.

A traveller tells a story of an English tourist who was seeing the sights of Dublin, and on passing the post-office asked what the statues on the roof represented.

The driver thought a moment, and then answered: "Thim, sur, thim's the twilve apostles."

"That can't be," responded the tourist; "there are only four of them."

"And shure it's right I am, sur," replied Pat. "Thim's the twilve apostles; there's four of 'em there, and the rist is inside a-sortin' the letthers."



HERDING THE GESE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN.—“THE LIBERTIES.”—THE SILK INDUSTRY.—AN ENTERPRISING POLICEMAN.—THE BREWERY OF GUINNESS & CO.—ORIGIN OF BREWING IN IRELAND.—THE RIVER LIFFEY.—HOUSE WHERE TOM MOORE WAS BORN.—TRINITY COLLEGE; A GREAT SEAT OF LEARNING.—CHARLES LEVER.—OTHER FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF DUBLIN.—ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—SNAKES IN IRELAND; HOW THEY WERE BANISHED.—PHENIX PARK.—DONNYBROOK FAIR.—ROUND TOWERS AND THEIR CHARACTER.—THE GRAVE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.—HISTORICAL TALKS.—THE IRELAND OF ANTIQUITY.—EARLY KINGS.—ORIGIN OF MANY MODERN FAMILIES.—THE MILESIAHS; WHO AND WHAT THEY WERE.—END OF THE PAGAN DYNASTIES.—BRIAN BORU, AND WHAT HE DID.

FRED will tell us what our friends saw during their stay in the capital of Ireland.

“There is so much in Dublin that is interesting,” Fred wrote in his journal, “that I hardly know where to begin, and am afraid that when once started I shall not know where to stop. The contrasts which the city presents are not always seen even in places of as great a population as we find here. The aristocratic part of Dublin is very pretty, the streets being wide and the houses fine in construction. There are some beautiful squares in this part of Dublin, and everything is laid out with a great deal of taste. We have driven through many of the streets in the wealthy part of the city, and are never weary of admiring them.

“But when we go to the south-western district, which is known as ‘The Liberties,’ there is a different story to tell. Dirt and degradation are all around; men, women, and children are in rags, and it seems as though we were in the midst of people on the verge of starvation. Fights are of hourly occurrence among the inhabitants of ‘The Liberties,’ and the police have no easy task to preserve anything like order. In former times the silk trade had its centre here, but very little is to be seen of it now. The name of the district comes from certain privileges or ‘liberties’ that were formerly enjoyed by the inhabitants. Some of the houses are very old; they show signs on their exterior of having cost a considerable amount of money to build, and they were once the homes of wealthy people. Now they have gone into the



A HOUSE ON KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

occupation of the poor, and are divided into tenements of the most restricted character. It is said that at one time over one hundred persons were found sleeping on the bare floor in one house, and not a very large house at that!

“Frank and I went through ‘The Liberties,’ accompanied by a guide. We had been advised not to take the ladies with us on that excursion, and very glad we were that we heeded the advice. The guide pointed out several buildings that had been the scenes of murders, and in Thomas Street he showed us the house where Sir Edward Fitzgerald, one of the insurgents of 1798, was arrested. He had concealed himself there, but was betrayed, and when the officers went to arrest him he



SPINNING WOOL - BOON CHHAI-PHUA

killed one of them with a dagger, and was himself fatally injured by a bullet from a pistol.

“The inhabitants of ‘The Liberties’ are employed at any kind of labor that comes to hand, and it is proper to say that there are many industrious and sober persons among them. Our guide told us that the curse of ‘The Liberties,’ as of other parts of Ireland, was whiskey. ‘If it wasn’t for whiskey,’ said he, ‘there’d be a dale of prosperity where you see nothing now but wretchedness.’ Very little observation is required to show the correctness of his assertion; drunken people are to be seen on the streets at almost every turn, and as long as they make no actual disturbance they are not molested by the police. And this reminds me of a story of a policeman who had just been appointed on the force, and the very day he went on duty he made an unusual number of arrests of men charged with drunkenness. When the cases came to be investigated, it was found that nearly all his arrests had been made after the victims had gone home and retired to bed. He had heard they were intoxicated, and thought it his duty to bring them to justice. The judge reproved him, and said that for the future he must not disturb any one under similar circumstances, greatly to the surprise of the over-zealous officer.

“We saw some hand-loomers in which the celebrated Irish poplins are made, though they are fast giving place to machinery. Poplins are the most celebrated manufacture of Dublin. The work was introduced by French refugees, and is said to occupy five or six hundred people. The manufacturers complain that their product is imitated in other parts of the world, and one of them told us that not one-tenth of the Irish poplin sold in London was ever in Ireland at all. There was once a large industry in Dublin in the manufacture of woollen goods, but it has fallen off greatly in the past sixty or eighty years.

“The guide took us to the immense establishment of Guinness & Co., famous for its brewery where porter is made. It covers a large area of ground, and its product goes to all parts of the world. Our guide said that Dublin owed this enormous business to the west wind. This statement excited our curiosity, and we asked him how it came about that the wind could make a brewery.

“‘This was the way of it,’ said he. ‘The porter for Ireland used to come from London; that was before the days of steamboats and railways, when everything was carried by sailing-vessels, and of course they had to look out for the winds.

“‘Well, one time there were west winds and west winds for a long



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

while, so that the country ran short of porter, and for weeks there wasn't a bottle to be had for love nor money. The agents of the London firms thought they would not be caught again, and so they set about the experiment of making porter for themselves. They hit it the first time, and made porter so good that it couldn't be told from the London sort. Ever since then we haven't imported any from London or anywhere else; and, what's more, we've sent more of it to England than they ever sent to us.

... If you don't believe there's money in the business,' he continued, 'I'd have yer know that Guinness is one of the richest men in the world, and some say he's the very richest of thim all. Anyway, he's rich enough to spend a hundred and fifty thousand pounds on repairing St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he did it jist as aisy as yer honor would give me

an extra sixpence for telling about it. His ginerosity is in iverybody's mouth—jist like his porter.'

"Dublin stands on both sides of the river Liffey, which is navigable for small vessels up to the middle of the city, but not for large craft of the present day. There is a harbor at the mouth of the river, partly natural and partly artificial, where larger craft may find good anchorage. The foreign commerce of Dublin is said to be very small, most of the imports and exports being by small steamers from Liverpool. We went down to Kingstown, eight miles away, and saw the swift steamers that carry the mail between that port and Holyhead. We were told that they were the fastest steamers in the world, as they can run twenty-two miles an hour, and have been known to exceed even that high rate of speed. They are as full of machinery as a watch, and have very little room for anything but passengers and mails and such baggage as the passengers carry. Freights by these boats are so high that nothing but the most important express matter is sent by them.

"There are several bridges over the Liffey, some of them very old. One that they call the Barrack Bridge was formerly known by a more sanguinary name, for the reason that there had been much blood spilled in its vicinity in the battles for the supremacy of Ireland. The traditions concerning it are too long for me to give, and they are a good deal confused, owing to the carelessness of those who have written about them.

"We were shown the house where the poet Thomas Moore, better known to the reading world as Tom Moore, was born. It's a very ordinary building, and has a bust of the poet in a niche just above the centre of three windows in the second story. The ground-floor is occupied by a grocery, and our guide said a large part of the revenues of the proprietor came from showing the house to strangers. We did not go through it, as we were told that the interior had been changed very much of late years, and it was said that the house would soon be torn down to make way for a finer structure.

"Moore's melodies are very popular in Ireland, and in fact all over the English-speaking world. His long poems are hardly so well known; but what school-boy or school-girl is there who has not heard of 'Lalla Rookh,' or does not know by heart a verse or two at least of 'Araby's Daughter'? The melodies are for sale in every music-store in Dublin, and the guide said they had made a fortune for their publishers since the death of their author, as well as before it. We have been to a fashionable concert one evening since we came to Dublin, and nearly

half the songs given for the entertainment of the audience were from Moore.

“Who has not heard of Trinity College, Dublin, where so many men famous in life have received their education? Probably many who were never within its walls have claimed to have graduated from it, and certainly the college is widely celebrated and is an object of great interest to the visitor here. We were shown through a part of the college, and couldn't fail to admire its extent and facilities for instruction. It was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591, and its charter was confirmed and extended by King James I. It has been in successful operation ever since, though it has passed through some stormy scenes. Formerly the fellows of the college could not marry without losing their fellowships; but this condition was removed by Queen Victoria. A gentleman told

*I'll'd with calm the gale sighs on
 -Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in music's breath.*

Sloperton Cottage

Thomas Moore

May 27. 1842.

FAC-SIMILE OF MOORE'S HANDWRITING.

us that when the prohibition was ended, every fellow of the college seemed to consider it his duty to fall in love and get married as soon as possible.

“We entered the college through a large quadrangle, the buildings being erected around this open space. The Examination Hall, Library, and other buildings are spacious and finely equipped, and the man who showed us about said that the hall of the library was the largest of its kind belonging to any college in the world. There are many very old and valuable manuscripts, and they told us that the library contained more than two hundred thousand printed volumes. The college admits students of all religious denominations. Formerly the adherents of the Catholic religion were excluded, and this naturally caused a great deal of opposition on the part of the Catholic Irish. The managers of the

college try to hold it clear of politics; and in order to do so they keep a very watchful eye over the debating societies and other associations formed by the students.

“Our visit to the famous institution recalled some of the scenes described by Charles Lever in his stories of Irish life, many of them having been laid at Trinity College. He was born in Dublin, and educated at the college. His books are still popular here, and the salesman in a book-store that we visited said their sale was as regular as that of ‘Moore’s Melodies,’ or the speeches of Daniel O’Connell. His first stories were published in the ‘Dublin University Magazine,’ and he was the editor of that publication for three years and more. Some of the incidents in his early stories were actual experiences of the writer, who is said to have been mixed up in a good many pranks of the students during the time he was here.

“That will do for the institution of learning which has been the schooling-place of many famous men. The other celebrated buildings of Dublin are the Castle, St. Patrick’s Cathedral, Bank of Ireland, Post-office, Four Courts, and Christ Church. We have seen them all, and they are very interesting, especially to Mrs. Bassett and Mary, who are not as old travellers as Frank and myself. We might have omitted some of the sights if it had not been for the ladies, and their enthusiasm has helped us along very much.

“I’ve already mentioned St. Patrick’s Cathedral when referring to the handsome gift of the brewer, Guinness, for its restoration. It stands on the site of a church which is said to have been built by St. Patrick himself. As he died about the year 495, the church must have been a very old one when the present building was begun in 1190. The saint did such excellent work for Ireland that it is no wonder he is held in such high estimation. He converted nearly the whole population to the Christian faith, and, according to tradition, banished snakes from the country.

“Speaking of snakes, there is a dispute as to where the last of them disappeared under the influence of St. Patrick, as several places claim that honor. There are naturalists who assert that the climate of Ireland is unfavorable to serpents of every kind. A gentleman tells us that snakes are brought here sometimes to be exhibited for money, but they never live more than a few weeks. He also said that moles will not live in Ireland, and that Irish earth is sometimes carried to Scotland to cover lawns, for the reason that the moles cannot live in it. There is an old song which locates the scene of the departure of the last snake

from Ireland at the Hill of Howth, not far from Dublin ; it begins as follows :

“ ‘Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint ;
He drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.’

“ The historians say there were no frogs in Ireland as late as the end of the last century, but they are now common enough in many parts.

“ When we had finished with the public buildings, we went to the



A PROPOSAL.

far-famed Phoenix Park, of which the Dublinites are very proud, and justly so. Very few cities in the world have parks that can approach it in extent and beauty. It occupies nearly two thousand acres of ground, and one can walk or drive about it for hours without travelling the same road more than once. The trees are splendid specimens of their kind, and many of them are of great age. The Park is a popular

resort for pleasure, and was formerly equally popular for the shedding of blood. It is said that in the days when duelling was in fashion there were not fewer than a hundred duels a year in Phoenix Park, and sometimes the average was three a week. Since duelling passed under the ban of the law, there are not as many hostile meetings with sword or pistol as of yore, and whenever one occurs the affair is managed with great secrecy. The scene of several famous duels was pointed out to us, and also the spot where Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered. The residence of the Viceroy is in the Park, and at the farther end of the grounds we come to the Strawberry Beds, which are a very popular resort in the season of strawberries. Everybody goes there, from highest to lowest, or at least everybody who can afford the price of a vehicle and the feast upon berries and other refreshments, which are a part of the excursion to the famous locality.

“We asked for Donnybrook Fair, of which we had read, and were told that it ceased to exist years and years ago. The authorities legislated it out of existence on account of the riotous scenes that occurred there. The story is that men used to go to Donnybrook with their coat-tails dragging on the ground, and then issue a challenge to any one to ‘jist trid on the tail of me coat.’ Of course some one would do so, in the determination to provoke the fight that was sure to follow. ‘I’ve chalked a band all round me hat,’ said an Irishman at the fair one day, ‘and challenge anybody to say it isn’t gold-lace.’ Irish and other writers have described the scenes of the fair in former times as a disgrace to civilization, and it is a wonder that they were permitted to continue as long as they did. The fair was formerly held in August of every year, and was attended by the largest and worst part of the population of Dublin, and continued for several days.”

Mary was interested to learn that the Duke of Wellington was born in Dublin, a circumstance of which she was not aware until she saw the monument to his memory. She had read about the battle of Waterloo, and knew that Wellington commanded there and was a great general. When she came to the monument to O’Connell she asked if he was also a great general, too.

“No,” answered Frank, good-naturedly; “he was a great orator, and one of the most talented men that Ireland has ever produced. He did more to secure the rights of the Catholics and their equality before the law than any other man of his time. He made many speeches to immense assemblages of people; and while he always denounced the treatment of Ireland by the British Government, he never counselled

opposition to the law. The Irish people revere his memory, as you see by that monument which they erected."

"What a funny shape it is!" said Mary; "I never saw such a monument as that in a cemetery anywhere else."

"There is something typical of Ancient Ireland in the shape of the monument," Frank answered. "It represents a 'round tower,' as it is called, of which you've already seen several specimens."

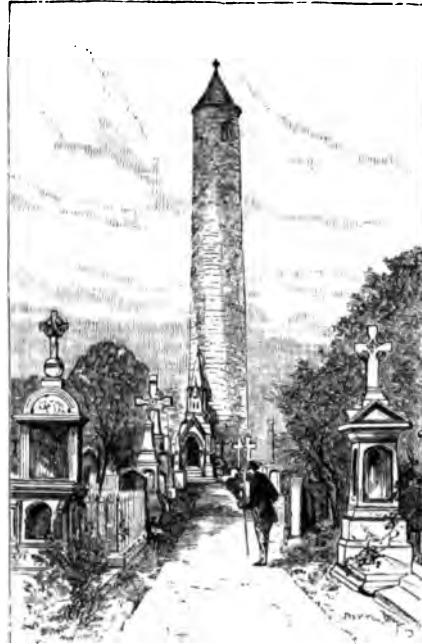
Mary recalled that she had seen one of these towers at Aghadoe, but she had not thought to ask any question about it.

"They were once very numerous throughout Ireland," said Frank, "but at present there are only fifteen or twenty perfect ones in the whole country, and about sixty which are more or less decayed. Their use is a mystery that has never been fully revealed, though there have been numerous explanations or attempts in that direction. They vary from seventy to one hundred and thirty feet in height, and their diameter is from eight to fifteen feet. They are perfectly round, and their doors are several feet above the ground.

Each floor has a single window to light it, except the upper floor, which has four windows facing the cardinal points of the compass."

"Who built them, and what were they built for?" Mary asked.

"That is the conundrum that has been unanswered through hundreds of years," replied Frank. "Nobody knows their history, and from present indications, nobody is ever likely to know it positively. The people have a great many legends about the structures, and the idea prevails among the superstitious that each tower was built in a single night by supernatural aid or agency. Volumes have been written about the round towers, and they have been ascribed to every race of people, from the earliest and prehistoric pagans down to the Danes of the ninth century. If you can solve the riddle you will receive a



MONUMENT TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

handsome prize, which has been offered for a satisfactory and authentic explanation. Nobody has yet formed a theory that has not been quickly demolished by some one else."

The modern round tower which marks the resting-place of O'Connell in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, is one hundred and seventy feet high. Curran, Hogan, and other celebrated Irishmen are buried in this cemetery, and also several men whose deaths on the scaffold testified to their love for their native land. Their graves are frequently strewn with flowers, and handsome shafts have been raised in their honor.

The conversation about the round towers naturally led to questions relative to the early history of Ireland. Mrs. Bassett and Mary wanted to know all about the subject, and Frank kindly set about the collection of the desired information. Here is the result of his investigation :

Like nearly every other country the world over, Ireland has a good deal of mystery connected with her early days. It appears on a map of Ptolemy, and is mentioned in the "Argonautica" of Orpheus and Crotona, where it is called Iernis. It was mentioned by Cæsar, Tacitus, and Pliny as Hibernia; other historians allude to it as Juverna, and the native name is given as Ir, Eri, and Erin. Irish writers have claimed a very remote antiquity for their native land, and some of them would even place its existence prior to that of the Garden of Eden.

Taken altogether, it would seem that the country could be traced very fairly since about one thousand years previous to the Christian era, and that all before that date is fictitious or mythological. The island was occupied by various tribes, who seem to have been of the same race as the early Britons. About the year 900 B.C. there appears to have been a sort of triennial assemblage or Parliament at Tara, under the leadership of Ollav Fola. This Parliament condensed and arranged the laws into what was called the psalter of Tara. Ollav Fola (probably the ancestor of the Foleys of the present day) was a progressive and far-seeing ruler, as he founded schools of philosophy, astronomy, medicine, poetry, and history, and established them so firmly that they were continued by his successors. He may be regarded as the earliest king of Ireland of whom we have any reliable record.

About the year 300 B.C. the country was ruled by Hugony the Great, who married a daughter of the King of Gaul, made war upon the Picts until they consented to pay tribute, and divided Ireland into twenty-five provinces for administrative purposes. Previous to his time the kings had been elected by the different tribes or provinces. Hugony thought he would improve on this plan, as there was great jealousy

among the tribes, and the elections were often the scenes of great disorder. In this respect history repeats itself, as fighting at elections is by no means unknown at the present day. Hugony's plan was to make the office of king hereditary in his own family, and he succeeded in having it adopted, though not without opposition.

While his family occupied the throne the country was divided into four great provinces, for convenience in management. The King had no easy task to rule his subjects, as troubles were constantly arising between the various



ANCIENT ROUND TOWER, ANTRIM, IRELAND.

clans. One of the rebellions was so successful that the King was forced to give up half his dominions to the King of Munster, and the line of

division between them was marked by a ditch, which extended from Dublin to Galway. This separation lasted only a year, and the country fell under the control of Conn Keadcahagh, or Conn of the hundred battles. His grandson Cormac (ancestor of the M'Cormacks) was a great warrior as well as a statesman. During his reign Fin M'Cool, or Fingal, organized a military brotherhood, which was hostile to the King and made considerable opposition, but it was conquered during the reign of Cormac's successor.

"You have often heard the term 'Milesians' applied to the Irish people," said Frank to his mother. "Now, what do you suppose was the origin of the word?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Bassett. "I always supposed it was another way of saying they were natives of Ireland."

"I always thought so too," answered the youth, "but find I was mistaken. There was a Spanish warrior named Mileagh, who invaded Ireland before the Christian era, and settled there with his followers. His people were called Milesians, and in a few centuries they were so mingled with the original inhabitants that their identity as a distinct race was lost. But traces of them are preserved in the people that we see about us to-day. Haven't you observed that some of the girls have long, coal-black, silken hair, while others have the hair of a very positive auburn hue?"

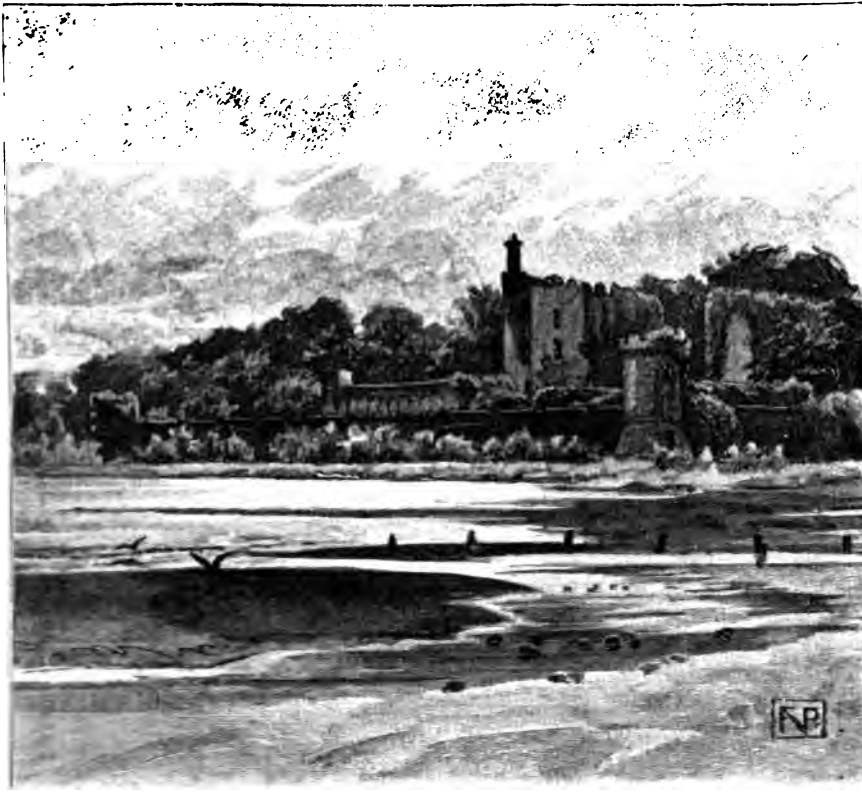
Mrs. Bassett had already remarked it, and said she was speaking to Mary on that very subject only a few hours before.

"Well," continued Frank, "the dark-haired ones are of Milesian blood, while the blondes belong to the more ancient stock. The same characteristics are observable among the men, some having dark hair and beards, while others run very much to a sandy hue."

Leaving this dissertation upon the Milesians and their origin, Frank returned to the historical discussion.

Nial (O'Neil) was the last but one of the pagan kings, and his successor, Dathi, was the last of the line. They were both inclined to war, the former being killed in battle on the banks of the Loire in France, and the other losing his life in the same way at the foot of the Alps. Altogether, Ireland is said to have had a hundred and seventy-one kings. The royal families were sufficiently numerous to furnish many lines of descent, and this is the reason why so many people of the present day can trace their ancestry to a throne.

"Now we come," said Frank, "to the establishment of Christianity and the troubles that arose between Ireland and England. The Danes



SHANES CASTLE, LOUGH NEAGH, ONCE THE HOME OF THE O'NEILLS.

and Normans invaded Ireland in the eighth and ninth centuries, built Dublin and other cities, or greatly enlarged the settlements that they found there, and gave an impetus in the direction of civilization that the country had not before known. Naturally the native Irish resented this invasion, and rose against the invaders. Several battles were fought, in fact many of them, and a vast quantity of blood was shed. The most successful warrior against them was Brian Boru, whose name is revered among the Irish people everywhere, and from whom the O'Brians, or O'Briens, claim their descent."

"I've seen him mentioned very often," said Mary, "and wondered what it was that made him famous."

"It was his successful warfare against the Danes," was the reply. "He besieged them in Limerick and Waterford, and compelled them to pay tribute to him. He made himself supreme ruler of Ireland; and in

order to do so, put aside the legitimate families of O'Neills and O'Melaghlin (O'Laughlins). This reminds me that I once heard of a fight in New York between two Irishmen, Kennedy and O'Neill, growing out of the action of Brian Boru (the son of Kennedy, King of Munster) in the year 1002, nearly nine centuries before the quarrel on Manhattan Island.

"Brian Boru's palace was at Kinco-
ra, County Clare, and he had two other
palaces, one at Tara and one at Cashel."

Mary asked if that was the palace,
the one at Tara, of which the poet
Moore speaks in his melody about

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
'The soul of music shed."

"I suppose it is," Frank answered,
"as the historians seem to agree pretty
well as to there having been a royal pal-
ace there. Of course it can hardly have
been a palace such as we understand a
building of that sort to-day. But let us
go back to Brian Boru and what he did.

"It is said that in his reign the laws
were so strictly administered that a lady
could travel from one end of the king-
dom to the other with a gold ring on the
top of a wand in perfect safety. It has
been surmised that the custom of the
time was for ladies to wear their rings
in this way and not on their fingers.
You remember the lines in one of
Moore's poems :

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand."



OF MILESIAK BLOOD.

"Brian Boru had his final battle with the Danes at Clontarf, a vil-
lage near Dublin. The battle was a defeat for the Danes, but the vic-
tory of the Irish was saddened by the death of Brian and his son, and
also of other of the native leaders. The Danes had no power in Ireland
outside of Dublin after this battle. They remained in the city, however,

for more than a hundred years later, when they were driven out by the English, who made up their minds for the conquest of Ireland."

"What was the date of the Clontarf battle?" asked Fred.

"The battle was fought on Good Friday, 1014. The country, after his death, was broken up into five kingdoms and many small principalities, which were constantly at war with each other. This made Ireland an easy prey for the English when they came here in the latter part of the twelfth century, and the country fell into their hands with very little opposition.

"That will do for this evening," said Frank, glancing at the clock. "Some other time we'll have a further talk on the subject." The others thanked him for the information he had given them, and Mary was particularly grateful for being instructed as to the origin of many familiar names.



IRISH RURAL SCENE.

CHAPTER V.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—EXCURSION TO COUNTY WICKLOW; FAVORITE RESORT OF THE PEOPLE OF DUBLIN.—THE DARGLE.—LOVER'S LEAP; AN INTERESTING LEGEND.—PHOUL-A-PHOUCA FALL.—THE SPIRIT HORSE.—TOMMY CUTTINGS'S ADVENTURE.—“WHERE THE BRIGHT WATERS MEET.”—GOLD-MINES IN WICKLOW.—MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES IN IRELAND.—WOOLLEN AND LINEN INDUSTRIES.—REPRESSIVE LAWS OF ENGLISH RULERS.—TEXTILE FABRICS IN ANCIENT IRELAND.—LEGEND OF THE MIRACULOUS SPRING.—BELFAST; ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.—FUNNY STORY OF IRISH SHIP-BUILDING.—ORIGIN OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN BELFAST AND THEIR SUPPRESSION.

“WHEN I was called for breakfast,” said Mary, the next morning, “I was looking through ‘Moore’s Melodies,’ and had just got to ‘The Meeting of the Waters.’ How charming is the beginning:

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

“Well,” said Frank, “you shall have an opportunity to judge of the correctness of the statement, as we’re going to County Wicklow to-day and will see the Vale of Avoca, where the scene of the poem is laid.”

“Won’t that be delightful!” exclaimed the girl, and she fairly danced with joy, making the circuit of the room.

Mrs. Bassett echoed her views, and suggested that a good breakfast would make it more delightful, and enable them to bear whatever fatigues were connected with the journey. Fred agreed with her, and Mary became demure at once, and signified her intention of following the example of the rest.

A carriage took the travellers to the railway station, and the train whirled them quickly into County Wicklow, which is claimed to be the prettiest county of Ireland; at any rate, such is what you will hear from its inhabitants. It is proper to say that there is a certain amount of jealousy on this point, and the rest of the country is prepared to dispute the views of Wicklow.

The impartial stranger will certainly agree that County Wicklow is a very pretty region, though policy may dictate his withholding the



superlative degree. There are high and rugged mountains, narrow and fertile valleys, occasional plains or glades, forests and glens, ravines and water-falls, brooks and rivers and lakes, farms and villages, together with many fine houses, where the residents of Dublin spend a portion of their leisure time. Wicklow is so near to Dublin and so attractive and health-giving that many of the merchants and others have their country-seats within its borders, and some of them live there throughout the year, in the same way that business men of New York make their homes in the suburban towns.

So completely enveloped in foliage



WATER-FALL AT GLEN ARIFF.

are many of the houses that the traveller who looks from the railway train would not be aware of the extent to which the country has been

occupied by city people. This was the case with our friends; and neither Mrs. Bassett nor Mary was aware of it until informed by Frank and Fred. The railway wound through a very picturesque country, and carried them rapidly to their destination. Frank said it was a pity they were obliged to travel so fast, and he more than half wished that the old system of posting was still in vogue. "However," said he, "we'll accept things as we find them, and perhaps the railway will show us enough of the beauties of Wicklow to satisfy us, at least till we can come again and look for more."

Their first stop was at Bray, where they took a carriage to the Dargle, a beautiful glen, which is a favorite resort of the people of Dublin. It is a deep ravine, with steep hills on each side, and the hills are covered to their tops with a thick growth of trees, save in a few places where the absence of soil does not leave sufficient clinging ground for their roots. In the centre of the glen is a steep crag, called "The Lover's Leap," and of course there are many stories concerning it. A guide had joined the party, and, in answer to a request on the part of Frank, he gave some of the legends, of which the best is the following:

"A long time ago there was a lady whose lover died suddenly, and she knew nothing about it until she heard the bell tolling for his funeral. Every night she went and sat by his grave, and no matter how much her friends tried to persuade her, she would not come home till after sunrise the next morning.

"One day she told her sister that her lover had risen from the grave, and had promised to walk with her in the glen as soon as the sun went down. Then her friends knew that she was out of her mind, and they tried to shut her in the house, and thought they had her safe. But she managed to get out; and when they found she had gone, her brother went straight to the church-yard. He was just in time to see her running, or almost flying, to the Dargle. He followed as fast as he could, but could not stop her. She jumped from the top of the cliff into the river, and every midsummer night since then her spirit comes here, and can be seen floating in the air on its way from the church-yard to the glen. Sometimes it takes the shape of a white fawn, that runs through the forest and jumps from the cliff that you see there. Ever since then it has been called 'The Lover's Leap.'"

"A very good story," said Mary, as the guide paused.

Thus encouraged, the guide gave them a bit of history, to the effect that during the various revolutionary disturbances for which Ireland is noted, the mountains of County Wicklow have often sheltered the rebels.

“There was once,” said he, “a rebel general here—it was in the revolution of 1798—who was so close beset by the military and the police that he could see no way of getting out. He had been wounded in the head, which of course was a mark by which they might know him; but he got away by his impudence, and nothing else. He walked boldly up to a party of soldiers, and asked which way the army had gone, and he de-

nounced the rebels who had robbed him of his horse and hat. They showed him which way the army was, and he followed, and then he turned off into the bushes and got safely away.”



TOM MOORE.

From the Dargle our friends paid a visit to the demesne of Powerscourt, which is one of the finest estates in Ireland. It contains about fourteen hundred acres, and the buildings are extensive and constructed with much taste. It is the property of Lord Powerscourt, and a great deal of money has been expended upon the grounds. There are several water-falls on the slopes of the mountains sur-

rounding the estate, and one of them, Powerscourt Fall, has in the season of floods a perpendicular descent of nearly three hundred feet. In ordinary times, however, it is a good deal broken by the rocks over which the stream tumbles, and much of its beauty is lost.

There is another interesting cascade in Wicklow, called the Phoul-a-Phouca Fall, where the river Liffey is precipitated over a steep rock into a deep pool, which has been worn into a gigantic bowl by the action of the water through centuries and centuries of time. The term Phoul-a-Phouca applies more particularly to the pool than to the cascade, and of course there's a legend connected with it. The whirlpool at the bottom of the fall is said to be unfathomable, and is the haunt of a spirit-horse. the Phoul-a-Phouca, that lures people to the brink of the cataract, to

drown them beneath the waters. The only person who ever escaped was a little tailor, who started out one night to carry a pair of breeches which he had been making for the priest, and was under contract to deliver as soon as they were done. "His name was Tommy Cuttings," said the guide; "and when you know his name you'll know the story is true. His rale name was Moloney, but they called him 'Cuttings' because he was a tailor.

"It was just after dark when he started, and he hadn't gone fur before a foine black horse come up and asked him if he wanted a ride. Tommy didn't like the looks of a horse that could talk, but he knew he could get along faster, and, besides, the horse tould him to get on whether or no. Tommy had never rode any beast in his life, except it was a pig, when he was a boy. Of course he always mounted a pig by taking hold of the tail and sliding up his back, and he started to get on the black horse the same way. With that the beast guv an awful kick, and tould Tommy to come around to the side and take a hold of his mane. Tommy trembled for his life, but he did as he was bid, and when he touched the critter's mane he found himself on his back in no time.

"Away wint the horse as soon as Tommy was mounted, and he wint like wind, with his feet never touching the ground. When he come to the edge of the cliff above the fall he guv a shake, and Tommy wint overboard as though he had been shot from a gun. How he ever got out nobody can tell; and he's the only one that ever did get out after he'd been shook over by the spirit-horse. Tommy come home all wet to the skin, and widout the priest's breeches, which he'd lost in the water. He never wint out-o'-doors after dark again in all his life, though he lived to a good old age, rispicted by all his neighbors."

Our friends returned to Bray in season to take a train that carried them to the station near "where the bright waters meet." They spent the night at a comfortable hotel in the neighborhood, and after visiting the famous spot, returned to Dublin by the way they had come. Here is Fred's account of their experiences:

"The spot is very pretty, but if any one comes here with his hopes raised as high as they may be by Moore's verses, he is likely to be disappointed. He will be forced to remember other lines of the poet, in which he says, 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,' but 'the friends of his bosom' who were there to meet him. Happily we were four friends together, and so we did not lose much enjoyment.

"The famous meeting of the waters is formed by the junction of the rivers Avonmore and Avonbeg, which together form the Avoca, just as

the Alleghany and the Monongahela form the Ohio. The 'Sweet Vale of Avoca' extends from the meeting-point to the town of Arklow, a distance of about seven miles. There are other valleys in the world, and a good many of them too, that are just as attractive; but altogether we think that the poet was justified in his work, when

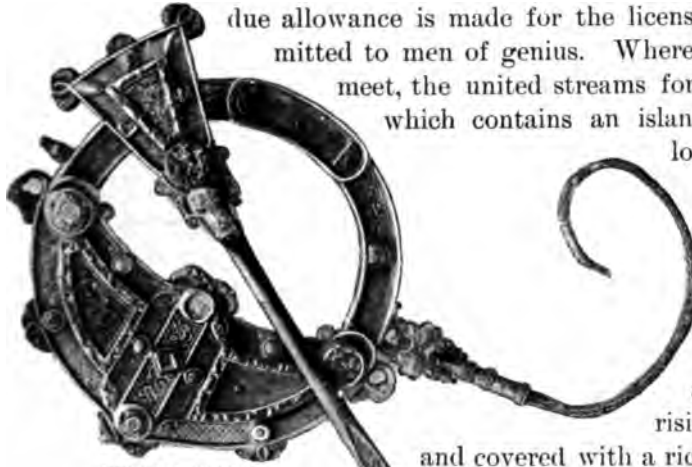
due allowance is made for the license which is permitted to men of genius. Where the two rivers meet, the united streams form a little lake, which contains an island covered with low bushes, and

the picture is framed in mountains, one forming a background in the distance, and the other rising near at hand

and covered with a rich forest. They showed us the spot where Moore is composed the verses. In a note poem was composed in 1807, but saying that the rivers which ca, when they are really the Avoca, as already stated.

said to have sat while he to his 'Melodies' he says the he makes the curious mistake of meet here are the Avon and Avonmore and Avonbeg, forming the "Howard Castle and Shelton Abhood, but we did not visit them. The gold-mines in the Wicklow mountains, been worked at different times, but never speaking of gold in Ireland, it is evident that deposits of the precious metal known to the ancient inhabitants. Every few years there is a 'find' of gold ornaments of different kinds, some of them of considerable weight, and all made of fine metal. There was one that weighed thirty-six ounces, and another weighing twenty-seven ounces and a trifle more. In the Wicklow mountains gold to the value of many thousand pounds has been taken out, and it was so fine that the Dublin jewellers used to buy it of the peasants by giving weight for weight in coin. The alloy in the coin gave them sufficient profit on their purchases.

"Many of the ornaments of gold and silver that have been found by



THE TARA BROOCH.

the peasantry have unfortunately gone into the melting-pot and been lost to the world, but a goodly number have been preserved, and are now in public or private collections. That the workers in these metals were very skilful and quite equal to many of the jewellers of the present day is very evident from the specimens that we have seen. Look at the picture of one of these specimens known as the Tara Brooch, which is made of bronze, silver, and gold, jewelled and enamelled, and then bear in mind that it was made hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Look, too, at the Cross of Cong, which is quite as old, and made in the same way. If you ever go to Dublin don't fail to see the collection in the Royal Irish Academy, and in Trinity College."

Having finished with Dublin and its neighborhood, our friends went northward in the direction of Belfast. As they rode out of the capital Fred remarked that they were leaving the largest Irish city, and would henceforth be obliged to put up with smaller ones.

"You're wrong there," said Frank, "this is not the largest Irish city by a great deal."

"Certainly it is," was the reply, "look at the populations; let me read them to you."

Thereupon Fred read the following, omitting the odd hundreds from each statement:

"Dublin, 249,000; Belfast, 207,000; Cork, 78,000, and the rest of the Irish cities are smaller still."

"You have forgotten New York," said Frank, with a smile. "It has more inhabitants of Irish birth or parentage than Dublin, and therefore may be called the largest Irish city, just as it may be called the fifth German one."

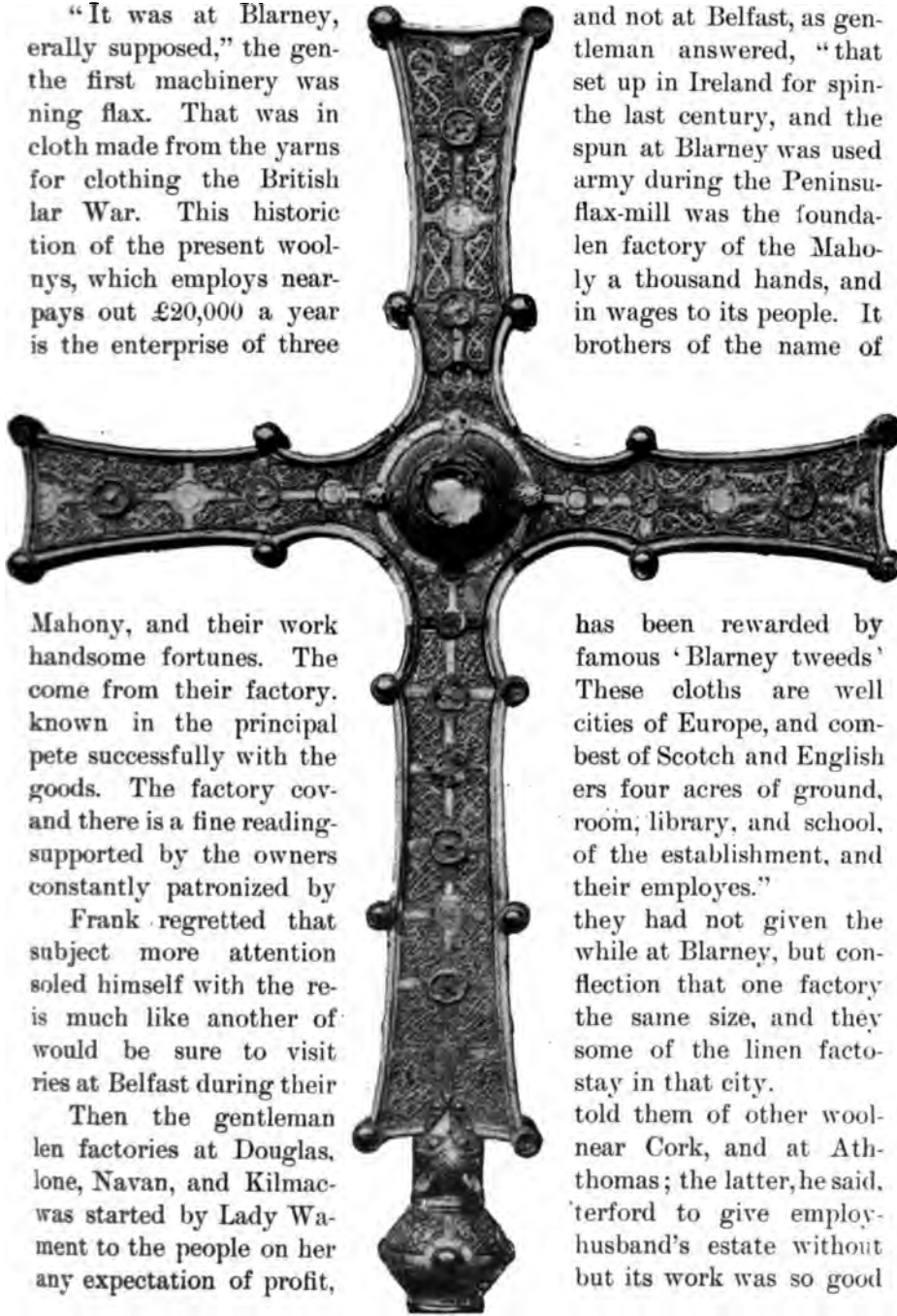
Fred promptly acknowledged that he had been "sold," to the great amusement of Mrs. Bassett and Mary; the conversation was changed to something else as soon as the laugh had subsided.

Soon after leaving Dublin the train passed a large building which appeared to be a factory. Frank asked a gentleman who was in the same compartment of the railway carriage what the building was.

"It's a woollen factory," was the reply. "Most of the woollen industry of Ireland is in Dublin or its vicinity, but I'm sorry to say there isn't a great deal of it. You probably visited Blarney on your arrival in Ireland, if you came here from America, and must have seen the factories there." Frank replied that they were at Blarney Castle, and passed through the village, which appeared to be prosperous, though they did not visit the factories there.

"It was at Blarney, generally supposed," the gentleman answered, "that the first machinery was set up in Ireland for spinning flax. That was in the last century, and the cloth made from the yarns for clothing the British army during the Peninsular War. This historic mill was the foundation of the present woolen factory of the Mahony, which employs nearly a thousand hands, and pays out £20,000 a year for the enterprise of three

and not at Belfast, as the gentleman answered, "that set up in Ireland for spinning the last century, and the spun at Blarney was used during the Peninsular War. The flax-mill was the foundation of the Mahony factory of the Mahony a thousand hands, and in wages to its people. It is the enterprise of three brothers of the name of



Mahony, and their work has brought them handsome fortunes. The factory comes from their family, and is well known in the principal cities of Europe, and competes successfully with the best of Scotch and English goods. The factory covers four acres of ground, and there is a fine reading-room, library, and school, supported by the owners, and constantly patronized by their employes.

Frank regretted that he had not given the subject more attention while at Blarney, but consoled himself with the reflection that one factory is much like another of the same size, and they would be sure to visit some of the linen factories at Belfast during their stay in that city.

Then the gentleman told them of other woolen factories at Douglas, Navan, and Kilmacshane; the latter, he said, was started by Lady Warrington to the people on her estate without any expectation of profit,

has been rewarded by famous 'Blarney tweeds'. These cloths are well known in the principal cities of Europe, and compete with the best of Scotch and English goods. The factory covers four acres of ground, and there is a fine reading-room, library, and school, supported by the owners, and constantly patronized by their employes.

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told them of other woolen factories near Cork, and at Athlone; the latter, he said, was started by Lady Warrington to give employment to the people on her estate without any expectation of profit, but its work was so good

THE CROSS OF CONG.

that the cloths from the factory were always in demand at prices which gave an excellent return.

"You must know," said he, "that Ireland was for hundreds of years burdened with many exactions that were calculated to destroy her industries. They began during the reign of Henry VIII. with an act of Par-



JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON.

liament that forbade the importation of Irish woollens into England, and this was followed during the time of Queen Elizabeth by a similar decree. Then the Irish manufacturers sought to introduce their goods into foreign markets, and did so with great success until, by a decree of Charles I., Irish manufacturers were forbidden to export to foreign countries as well as to England."

"What was the object of that?" Frank asked.

"The object was to kill the industry altogether, and force the Irish to buy their goods in England. Other enactments followed in the reign of William III., and armed ships were sta-

tioned in and near all the Irish ports to enforce the requirements of the law. The Irish woollen manufacture was completely ruined, and the operatives were thrown into the greatest distress. Many of them emigrated to Germany and France, and others to America; the statistics show that twenty thousand went to America and helped to build up the weaving industry there. The restrictions were removed in 1780, but in the mean time the industry had been so built up in England and Scotland that it took some time for the Irish manufacturers to be able to compete successfully. There was a revival of business in Ireland soon after the removal of the restrictions, but it did not last long; manufacturing industry languished until the great famine in 1847, when it seemed to have died out altogether, with the exception of the linen industry of Belfast and its vicinity, the brewing and distilling interests of Cork and Dublin, and the lace-making of Limerick."

The youths listened attentively to the recital of the manufacturing troubles of Ireland, and Frank remarked that the men who had built up the industries of the country in the face of so much difficulty were deserving of much praise.

"Certainly they are," was the reply, "and one of the most deserving among them is Mr. Richardson, John Grubb Richardson, of Bessbrook, in Armagh. His father went into the business in 1846, in a small way, and ever since then the factory and its accessories have been growing. It is one of the model establishments of the world," he continued; "it has twenty-two thousand spindles, and a proportionate number of looms; employs four thousand people, and has a town of five hundred houses around the factories. This town is a model in its way, and it's a great pity there are not more towns like it."

"Why so?"

"Because it contains churches, schools, libraries, a savings-bank, and a post-office, but not a drinking-shop, poor-house, police-station, pauper, or policeman. Where is there another place, of as many inhabitants, of which the same can be said?"

Frank was unable to name one, and Fred was in the same quandary. Their informant then went on to say that the Irish manufacturers practically controlled the linen trade of the world. "They have," said he, "800,000 spindles in their mills, while the combined force of England and Scotland is 337,000. They have 22,000 power-looms, while England has 4000, and their annual product is worth £12,000,000, or \$60,000,000 of your money. They import large quantities of flax, notwithstanding that Ireland is one of the best countries in the world for producing that article."

There was a pause of a few minutes, and then Frank said he had read somewhere that the people of Ireland were manufacturing textile



NICHOLAS MAHONY.

fabrics and wearing them at a time when the inhabitants of Great Britain were clad in skins, or went with very little covering upon their bodies; in other words, the Irish were well advanced in industry while the Britons were little better than savages.

“Commissioner MacCarthy, of Dublin, is authority for the publication of that statement, which is doubtless correct,” said this gentleman. “It was deduced from the Brehon Laws, the system of jurisprudence that prevailed in Ireland from very early times. The brehons (judges) used to make laws for the tribes to which they belonged, and their decisions were pronounced in the open air, very much as judicial decisions are now given in court. All through the Brehon Laws, there are references to weaving, carding, dyeing, and other processes to which wool and flax were subjected, which show that textile fabrics were then made. There is a volume called the ‘Book of Rights,’ which is said to date from the time of St. Patrick (fifth century), which says that tribute to the kings was paid in mantles, cloaks, tunics, and other articles of wool or linen, and some of them were embroidered with gold or trimmed with fur.

“So you see,” he continued, “we have a right to be proud of our ancestors, and if we are backward in comparison with the rest of the world, we think we know where to look for the reasons.”

Then he dropped the topic of industries, and, as the train slowed up at a station, he bade farewell to the travellers, but not, however, until he had received their hearty thanks for his courtesy.

As our friends passed through County Down, Mary suggested that they should visit the town of Downpatrick, which is a place celebrated for its antiquity, and also for containing the grave of the patron saint of Ireland. She had been conning the guide-book, while Frank and Fred were storing their minds with information on other points, and thought the grave of St. Patrick, and also the miraculous spring which is attributed to him, would be well worth seeing.

“Of course there’s a legend about the spring,” said Frank. “I wonder what it can be?”

“Here it is,” replied Mary. “St. Patrick and St. Bridget were walking there, and the latter, feeling thirsty, asked where it was possible to procure water. St. Patrick was carrying a staff, which he struck violently on the ground; immediately a stream of water gushed forth, and has flowed ever since.

“There’s a church there,” continued Mary, “which stands on the site of a very old one that was destroyed by Lord de Grey in 1538. He was impeached for several crimes, and among others for the destruction of

the church of St. Patrick at Down, and his impeachment resulted in the loss of his head."

Frank thought it would hardly be worth while to delay their journey to visit Downpatrick, and so they remained in the carriage as the train reached the station nearest to it. They passed through Newry, which has a considerable population and presents a prosperous appearance, but they did not stop there; in fact they made no halt until reaching Belfast, 112 miles from Dublin, and a city of whose importance we are already aware.

Here is Fred's note about the city:

"Belfast is a very attractive place in many respects; it stands on both sides of the Lagan River, and they tell us that the flat portion of the city was reclaimed from a marsh exactly as was the case with Cork. Compared with Dublin, in point of age, it is a modern town, as Dublin had become quite venerable before Belfast was thought of. As late as 1586 it was so insignificant that it was not mentioned in a list of the towns and villages of the counties of Down and Antrim.

A map that was printed in 1660 gives only five streets and five rows, which consisted of 150 houses; and in 1782 it had a population of 13,000, which was thought by some to be an exaggeration.

"Its public buildings are handsome; it has fine bridges to enable us



THE SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

to go from one side of the river to the other, and its factories are a prominent feature in a country where there is so little manufacturing industry as in Ireland. The prosperity of the city, and of much of the surrounding country, comes from the linen manufacture and the work connected with it. A great deal of embroidery is made in the north part of Ireland for the linen makers of Belfast, and it is sold in the



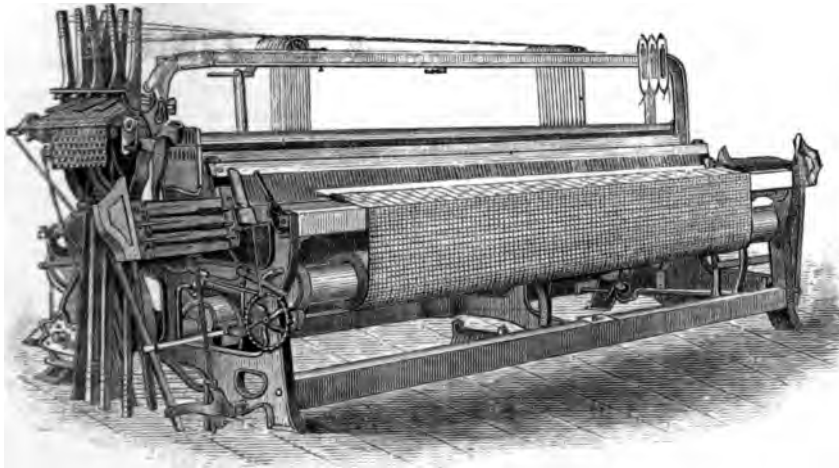
PIECE OF LACE-WORK, UNFINISHED.

market as Belfast work. In addition to linen factories, there are distilleries, breweries, flour-mills, ship-yards, and founderies, together with other industries, which are, in the language of the auctioneers, 'too numerous to mention.' The steamers of the White Star Line, running between New York and Liverpool, were built at Belfast, and the people point out the yards where they were constructed with a great deal of pride.

“There is a funny story about the origin of ship-building at Belfast; it is said to date from 1636, when an enterprising clergyman of the Presbyterian Church built a privateer for the purpose of preying upon the commerce of the nations with whom England was at war. Privateering was fashionable in those days, but it seems an odd sort of a business for a preacher of the Gospel; but he made money at it, and his neighbors went into the same enterprise, so that the building of privateers established the ship-yards of Belfast. The work of building wooden ships was kept up for two hundred years, and was quite an industry until iron ships came into fashion. Then, as Belfast had no iron or coal, and could not compete with the Scotch and English builders, the business of ship-construction was stopped altogether.

“In 1853 some enterprising men started a yard for building iron ships, and from that beginning the enterprise extended until a single firm employs five thousand men regularly, and in some years many more. Ships are built here for all parts of the world, and any New Yorker who has crossed the Atlantic on one of the White Star steamers knows what good work is turned out at Belfast.

“Of course we have been through one of the great linen factories,



POWER-LOOM FOR FANCY WEAVING.

and seen how table-cloths, handkerchiefs, and a hundred other things of that class are produced. It wouldn't be interesting to tell about the processes, at least not interesting to everybody, and so I'll let you refer to any good encyclopedia if you want to know how the work is per-

formed. That it is well performed, you may be convinced by looking at the goods in any of the shops of Belfast, or, if you can't come here, you may go into any good shop in your own country, and look at the cambric handkerchiefs and other fabrics that come from this enterprising city of the north of Ireland.

"A gentleman, whom we met at the hotel, told us a good many



SUNDAY SCENE IN AN IRISH VILLAGE.

things that were interesting to us, and probably will be so to others. He said Belfast claimed the honor of having started the temperance movement on this side of the Atlantic, and added that the originator of it was a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. John Edgar, who sent out an appeal in favor of temperance in August, 1829. He obtained the idea from an American clergyman, Dr. Penny, who was visiting him, and

told of the progress of temperance societies in the New World. Dr. Edgar caught at the idea and issued the appeal, and this was followed by others; the appeals resulted in the formation of temperance societies in Ireland, and soon afterwards in Scotland and England. At the time the movement began, it was estimated that the annual expenditure in Ireland for strong drink was three guineas, or nearly sixteen dollars for every family!

“Another thing that he said, but it was not by any means new to us, was that Belfast was the seat of a great many quarrels of a religious origin, and these quarrels had frequently resulted in bloodshed. There is a much larger Protestant population here than in any other city of Ireland, and the Protestants and Catholics do not get along harmoniously. Some of the riots, growing out of the hostility of the religious sects, have lasted for several days, causing a suspension of business, the destruction of property, and the necessity of calling out the military forces to restore and preserve order.

“‘Formerly it was the custom for the Orangemen and Catholics to parade occasionally,’ said the gentleman; ‘and whenever either of them did so, the other was pretty sure to attack the procession with a shower of bricks and stones. Things came to such a pass that it was necessary to prohibit all displays of the kind, and that was the reason for passing the Act of Parliament known as the Party Processions Act. Belfast is a slumbering volcano, and very little will serve to start a row at any time; if anybody wants a fight he has only to put on a Catholic or an Orangeman’s badge, no matter which, and walk along any of the streets. He’ll have a row on hand before he has gone a single block.’

“We were willing to take his word for it, and did not make the experiment. From all we could learn through other sources, he described very accurately the religious sentiment of the city.”

CHAPTER VI.

FROM BELFAST TO PORT RUSH.—THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY; THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD; HOW IT WAS BUILT AND MODE OF WORKING.—DUNLUCE CASTLE.—THE BANSHEE.—AN IRISH SUPERSTITION.—ANECDOTES OF GIANTS AND THEIR PERFORMANCES.—CAVES NEAR THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—WRECK OF A SPANISH SHIP.—CARRICK-A-REDE.—BY WATER TO LONDONDERRY; CURIOUS FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN; THE GREAT SIEGE; REV. GEORGE WALKER; RELIGIOUS WARS IN IRELAND; HOW THE SIEGE WAS RAISED.—THE HOLY WELL.—MIRACULOUS CURES OF PILGRIMS.

ANY traveller in the North of Ireland who does not see the Giant's Causeway is certain to be regarded as not quite right in his mind. As our friends were all in the possession of their sober senses, they



OF THE OLD STOCK.

arranged to visit this wonder of the world, and found that the journey could be made with great ease from Belfast; so, on the morning of the second day after their arrival in the city, they took a train for Port Rush, a ride of four hours over a distance of seventy miles. Port Rush is about nine miles from the Causeway, and on the west coast of Ireland. There is a carriage road along the shore from Port Rush to the Causeway, and until quite recently the mode of travelling this road was by jaunting-car. In the last few years the journey has been made by electric railway, a circumstance that has brought to the place many visitors who otherwise would have never seen it.

Frank obtained from one of the gentlemen in charge of the road some interesting information concerning its construction and management. Here is the substance of what he learned on this interesting subject:

“The idea of the railway was formed about 1881 by several enterprising men, who thought that the power of a water-fall at Bushmills, which is on the road from Port Rush to the Causeway, might be utilized

for propelling trains by means of electricity. There was much opposition to the scheme as soon as it became known. The car-drivers opposed it as a matter of course, because it would interfere with their business; and there was a fear, on the part of the ignorant, that the thunder and lightning which the new railway would bring would change the climate



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

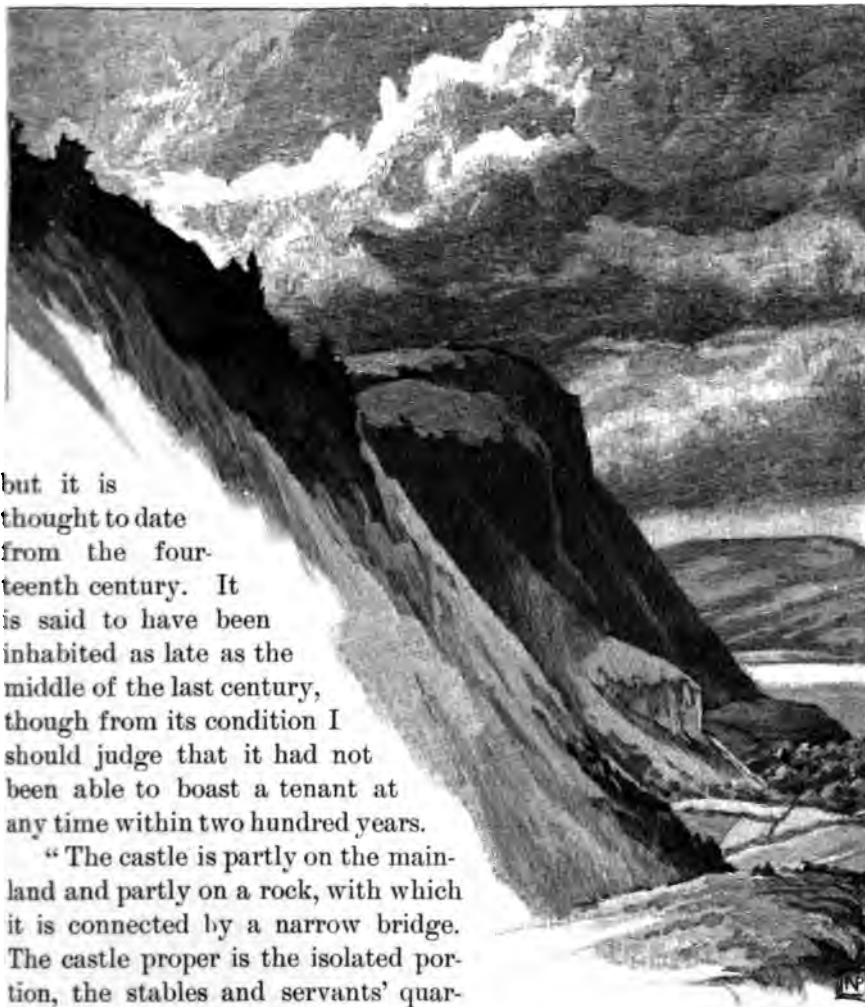
of the country altogether, and make matters very dangerous generally. The directors of the railway company owning the line from Belfast to Port Rush opposed it, and so did nearly all the land-owners; but the projectors pushed ahead, and obtained an Act of Parliament authorizing them to build the road, and under this authority the line was laid down. It is at the side of the main road, and separated from it by a low fence. It was opened to Bushmills in 1883, and to the Causeway three years later. The managers claim that it is the first electric railway in the world, but doubtless the owners of other lines will be prepared to dispute the assertion whether it be true or not.

“The station whence the power comes is at Bushmills, and the machinery is propelled by great turbines that utilize the power of the stream which pours down from the hills above. These turbines are controlled by the engineer in charge, who regulates the amount of water flowing into them according to the movements of the trains along the road. There are indicators on the walls that show him when a train has started, and he knows how to regulate the power to the needs of the propulsion; when the trains stop the current is reduced, and when they are ready to start it is increased.

“The opposition to the road has pretty well died out, with the exception of that of the car-drivers, who cannot view with satisfaction the trains filled with passengers whom they consider their natural prey. Not infrequently they injure the road by cutting the rod which serves to conduct the electric current, and I was told that they had gone in gangs of a dozen or more and torn up whole sections of track. But as time goes on they will accept the situation, drift into other occupations, and allow the trains to run in peace along the electric track.

“We enjoyed this novel ride very much,” Frank continued, “and wondered when, if ever, the new system would take the place of the locomotive with its showers of cinders and clouds of smoke. No smoke, no cinders, no dust, no steam, nothing whatever apparent to the eye, and a delightful air around us, fresh from mountain and sea. We glided along as though on a descending grade, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the man who designed the electric railway, and to the men who had the enterprise and energy to construct it.

“The first object of interest along the road was Dunluce Castle, to which we paid a brief visit. It is a mass of ruins, and of course there was a swarm of guides to take us through the place and tell us all about it, together with much that didn't concern the castle in any way whatever. Exactly when it was built nobody seems to know with certainty,



but it is thought to date from the fourteenth century. It is said to have been inhabited as late as the middle of the last century, though from its condition I should judge that it had not been able to boast a tenant at any time within two hundred years.

“The castle is partly on the mainland and partly on a rock, with which it is connected by a narrow bridge. The castle proper is the isolated portion, the stables and servants’ quarters being on the shore. It is said to be haunted by a Banshee, whose wailings are often heard above the storms, and who can be seen at certain times. Perhaps you don’t know what the Banshee is?

COAST SCENE IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

“The literal meaning of the word is ‘fairy spirit,’ and the sex of this spirit is supposed to be feminine. She foretells death, and when her form is seen or her presence made known by her song, it is believed that there will soon be a death in the family of those who hear or see her. Like most spirits, her appearance is usually at night, but she is

sometimes heard or seen at mid-day. When she is seen it is usually in the form of a beautiful woman, but sometimes in that of an ancient hag, of the sort supposed to be witches in the early days of New England.

“Many people in Ireland, not only among the peasantry, but of the higher classes, believe solemnly in the Banshee, and can relate how she has foretold death among people whom they have known. Several instances of this are mentioned in ‘Hall’s History of Ireland,’ and it is stated in that work that nearly all of the old families of the country lay claim to an attendant spirit that informs them when death is about to occur. Shane’s Castle is said to be a favorite retreat of the Banshee; and whenever a member of the old race of the O’Neills was in danger, she never failed to give warning. She still occupies the ruins of the castle, as she does that of Dunluce. In the latter they pointed out the Banshee’s room, which is always swept clean. Of course they believe that the lady herself attends to the house-keeping of her own apartment, while the probability is that the currents of air perform the work.

“The belief in this guardian spirit is not confined to any part of Ireland, as it exists in the south quite as much as in the north. She is supposed not to appear visibly except to a member of the family to whom she belongs, though she may be heard by anybody. She never deserts her family, no matter how much their fortunes are broken or into what degradation they have fallen, and in this particular she is an excellent example of the constancy attributed to her sex.

“From Dunluce Castle we continued on to the Causeway, and after taking lunch at the hotel set out to inspect the wonder. The Giant’s Causeway is a work of nature, and not of art. It consists of basaltic columns of stone; and if you are familiar with geology, you will remember that basaltic rocks, all the world over, are nearly always found in an upright position. There is a sort of jetty, or pier, that runs out into the sea, and this jetty is composed of basaltic columns, on whose tops you walk as you would on a paved street; indeed, it has a wonderful resemblance to pavement, as the blocks are set accurately together, so that they form a floor like that of a house or street. The immense size of the Causeway is what caused it to be attributed to the giants, who are said to have built it in a single night.

“One version is that it was built as a play-ground for the wives and children of the giants who came here to bathe, and hence the sloping direction into the sea. There is the same basaltic formation all through the northern part of Ireland. In the islands of Staffa and Iona it may be seen, and there is a legend that it extends all the way to Scotland.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

It was built, according to this legend, by Fin M'Cool, an Irish giant, who had invited a Scotch giant to come over and fight him. The Scotch giant objected to venturing on the water; whereupon Fin built the Causeway, 'jist fer perliteness,' to save the Scotchman from getting his feet wet.

"And this reminds me of a story about an Irish giant who had issued a challenge to a Scotch giant to come over and fight him. The challenge was accepted, and when the Scotchman arrived in sight of the house of his about-to-be antagonist, the latter was frightened at his size. He ran into the house and hid in a large trough; his wife covered him partially with bedclothing, and had just done so when the Scotchman entered, looking very fierce.

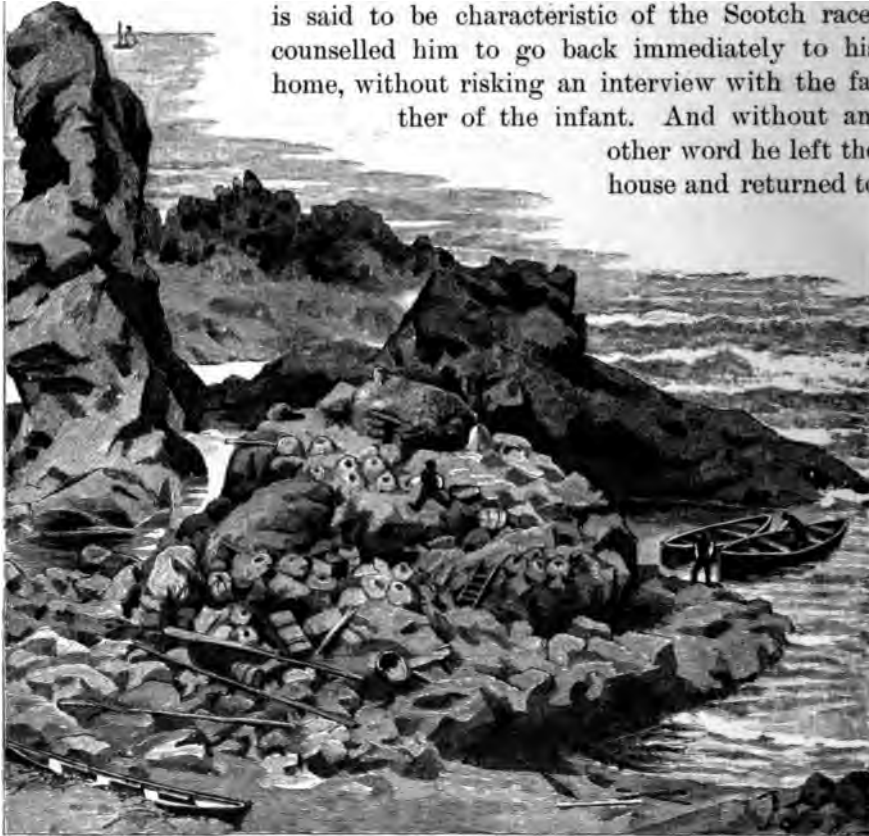
"'Where's the giant that was to fight me?' he asked of the lady of the house, who was busy with her sewing.

"'He's gone out fer a walk, yer 'onor, and will be back in a jiffy.'

"'I've come here to fight him,' was the reply, 'and want to see him this very minnit.' And he stamped on the floor and made such a noise

that the Irish giant's wife reproved him, and said he must not wake the baby that was taking its nap.

“He gave a look at the ‘baby,’ and thought, ‘If that’s the baby, what must the father be like?’ Prudence, which is said to be characteristic of the Scotch race, counselled him to go back immediately to his home, without risking an interview with the father of the infant. And without another word he left the house and returned to



LANDING-PLACE NEAR THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Scotland, glad enough to escape alive, and without a broken head.

“There are some caves near the Giant's Causeway, but the water was so rough that we didn't try to visit them, although the guides and boatmen assured us there was no danger. The caves must be visited in a boat. The boats go out upon the waters of the Atlantic for the excursion, and the waters of the Atlantic on this part of the coast are not at all agreeable to nervous persons. So we stayed on shore and listened to the stories of the guide as he pointed out objects of interest to which fanciful names have been given.



CARRICK-A-REDE.

“There are the Chimney-tops, the Giant’s Organ, the Giant’s Grandmother, the Giant’s Loom, the Lady’s Wishing-chair, Lord Antrim’s Parlor, and several other places of which I did not make a note. Lord Antrim’s Parlor is a small nook, with walls smooth enough to receive the names of visitors. A great many names and dates are cut in the rocks, and the guide showed us the most ancient of them, which was cut in the year 1717. This seems to be the first record of a visit to the Giant’s Causeway, and the curious circumstance about the place is that it is not mentioned in any of the ancient literature of Ireland.

“There is a legend about a ship of the Spanish Armada that went ashore close to the Causeway and then to the bottom of the sea, taking down all the people on board, with the exception of four sailors. The place where this ship went down is called Port-na-Spania, and the story is that for many years afterwards Spanish coins were washed up on the beach, and a chestful of treasure was gathered and taken to Dunluce Castle. The chest was moved from place to place, and finally went into the hands of the Earl of Antrim, but when it reached him it was empty. This seemed to us the most probable part of the treasure story.

“A gentleman whom we met at the hotel told us not to miss a visit to Carrick-a-Rede, and after we had finished with the Causeway we went there. It is a rock standing out in the sea, with high precipitous sides, and accessible only over a foot-bridge of very frail construction. Fred and I ventured across this bridge, but the ladies stayed behind. The bridge consists of two ropes about twenty inches apart, on which boards are lashed, and there are hand-ropes by which a passenger may steady himself. It is a hundred feet above the water, and there is a whirlpool below that would swallow up the strongest swimmer in a few moments. A fall from the bridge would be almost certain death. The fishermen who inhabit the island, or go there to catch fish, cross with the greatest coolness, and think nothing of doing so. I asked one of them if there were ever any accidents. He admitted that now and then somebody tumbled from the bridge, but he declared that it was always the result of carelessness or drunkenness.

“The guide said we must cross one at a time, as the bridge sways so much with one’s footsteps that it is unsafe for two persons to be upon it at once. The wind was blowing pretty hard, and this added to the danger; but by clinging well to the hand-ropes, and remaining as cool as was possible under the circumstances, we got over and back again all right. Anybody who is at all nervous, or inclined to be dizzy when at a great height, had better think twice, and even three or four times, before venturing to cross the frail bridge of Carrick-a-Rede.

“We were much interested in Sea-gull Island, a large rock lying to the east of the Causeway, and the home of thousands of the birds that give the place its name. They breed there and upon other rocks along the coast, and it is forbidden to disturb them during their nesting season, except in certain localities. I said there were thousands, but the number might almost be expressed by millions, so numerous are they.”

From the Giant’s Causeway our friends returned to Port Rush, and there laid their plans for proceeding farther in their exploration of the Emerald Isle and its places of interest.

Mary had read and heard of Londonderry, and wanted to see it. Mrs. Bassett seconded her desire, as one of her ancestors was said to have come from that city, and so it was decided that Londonderry was the next place to be visited.

“Why do they call it Londonderry?” Mary asked. “Why isn’t Derry enough of a name for a place of that size?”

“It was originally called Derry,” replied Frank, “and is supposed to have been founded some time in the sixth century. It was captured and



WALKER'S PILLAR, LONDONDERY.

held by the Danes, but not without opposition from the Irish chiefs, who pillaged it on several occasions and ultimately drove out the foreigners. In the twelfth century it was captured by the English, and through a good many years it was the scene of a great deal of fighting. It was pillaged and burned so many times that it seems almost a wonder that even the ground on which it stood can be found there."

"And it was Derry all that time, was it?" Mary asked.

"Yes, down to the early part of the seventeenth century it was Derry, and nothing more. It resisted the authority of King James I., and on that account it was captured, and the whole town, with the land on which it stood, and much that surrounded it, was declared forfeited

to the Crown. The King gave it to the mayor, aldermen, and corporation of the city of London, and it was parcelled out to the city companies of London. They proceeded to rebuild it, and from that time on it was called Londonderry."

"That's something to be remembered," said Mary; "and to make sure of remembering it I'll write it down." She suited the action to the word, and we give the information she obtained that our readers may remember it too.

Just then Fred came in and said there was a steamboat about leaving for Londonderry, and he thought it would be pleasant to go thither by water. So the party set off presently for the landing-place, and in a little while were under way for Lough Foyle, at whose head, or, rather, on the Foyle River, lies Londonderry. They had an hour or so of rather unpleasant dancing on the waves until they passed the entrance of the lough and were in comparatively smooth water. The voyage up the lough or bay was delightful, and Mrs. Bassett was warm in her praise of Fred's spirit of inquisitiveness that had discovered the boat, which she was glad to take instead of the railway.

Frank was silently contemplating the bright waters and picturesque shores, when Mary suddenly came up and offered him a penny to know what he was thinking about.

"You can know it without the penny," was the reply. "I was carrying my thoughts back two hundred years, and picturing the scene here in the year 1689."

"What was that?"

"It was the siege of Londonderry," replied the youth, "one of the greatest events in Irish history. When the town was rebuilt in 1633 by the city of London, as I've already told you, it became the stronghold of Protestantism. The wars of those times were mostly religious, and this was no exception to the rule. In December, 1688, an army, under the Catholic king, James II., marched into this region with the avowed object of subduing it. The army was 20,000 strong, and was composed of French and Irish Catholics, just as brave men as the people against whom they were marching, and that's saying a great deal in their favor. The population and garrison consisted of Scottish Presbyterians and English Episcopalians, and though they might quarrel among themselves about points of religion, they were united against the Catholics. They were 7000 against 20,000, but that did not prevent their making a most heroic defence."

"What did they do?"

“They drove out all the Catholics in the place, shut the gates, and sustained a siege of one hundred and five days, until they were relieved by a fleet from London.”

“I read something about that,” said the girl. “Half of the garrison and population died, and the rest were on the point of starvation.”

“Yes, and the defence was conducted by a clergyman, the Rev. George Walker, who was governor of the town during the siege. He kept a journal, which shows to what straits the garrison and townspeople were reduced.” And Frank read from a book in his hand the following memorandum of the worthy governor: “One pound of horse-flesh, 1*s.* 8*d.* A quarter of a dog fatned by eating the bodies of the slain Irish, 2*s.* 6*d.* A rat, 1*s.*; a mouse, sixpence.” And when relief came the garrison had eaten all their horses and dogs, and were on their last ration of tallow and salted hide. Governor Walker says: “We had nothing to eat, unless we could prey upon one another. A certain Fat gentleman conceived himself in greatest danger. Fancying the garrison lookt at him with a greedy Eye, he thought fit to hide himself for three Days.”

“They must have been in great distress,” Mary remarked. “And did an army come to drive away the besiegers?”

“No, their relief came by water. A ship of war with two transports came sailing up the lough one day, the war-ship ready for fighting and the transports laden with provisions. The besiegers turned their cannon against the vessels, but were unable to stop them. There was a boom stretched across the river just below the city to keep ships from entering, and the boom was held fast by ropes. One of the shots directed against the ships cut the ropes, and the fleet sailed up to the city, where it was welcomed by what remained of the garrison. More than half of the garrison and population had perished, and by far the



“THERE IS AMERICA!”

greater number of them died for want of food rather than from the enemy's shot.

"A lady of Londonderry has described the arrival of the *Mountjoy*, the first of the relieving fleet, in a poem, of which I will give you the last verse :

"She sails up to the town, like a queen in a white gown,
And golden are her lilies, true gold are all her men ;
Now the *Phœnix* follows after—I can hear the women's laughter,
And the shouting of the soldiers till the echoes ring again.'

"That was the end of the siege," said Frank. "The army of King James disappeared in a few days, and the people were free to go outside their walls for the first time in more than three months."

While this conversation was going on the steamer was nearing Londonderry, and when Frank paused after the story of the siege the spires of the place were in full sight. A little later they were at the landing-place, and ashore in one of the prettiest cities in the Emerald Isle.

As Mary has shown a deep interest in Londonderry, we will listen to her account of what they saw there.

"It is very interesting to see a walled town such as this. The walls would be of very little use nowadays, as Frank says the cannon that they use to-day could fire all over them and break them down in a very little while ; besides, the town has spread out beyond them, and if an army should come, as it did two hundred years ago, it would have a great deal to plunder before reaching the walls at all.

"The town, or rather city, is on a hill, and on the very top of this hill is the cathedral of Derry, with a tall spire that can be seen for miles and miles around. This is not the only object of interest that you see as you look towards the hill. There's a column that was erected in 1828, in memory of Governor Walker and his heroic defence of the city, and there's a statue of the governor on the top of it.

"They showed us a cannon-ball that the besiegers fired into the town in the early days of the siege. In this cannon-ball was a letter, which offered a great reward to any one who would open the gates and admit the enemy. The offer was never accepted, and there does not appear to have been any one in the place who was willing to surrender. One day, so the story goes, one of the gates had been opened to have a talk with the enemy under a flag of truce. Some apprentice boys happened to discover that several French soldiers were creeping close to the gates, and, without waiting for instructions, they ran and shut them, and thus saved the place from capture.

“They showed us the spot where the besiegers drove a band of Protestants under the walls of the town and threatened to kill them unless the gates were opened. The garrison immediately brought out the prisoners that were in their possession, and threatened to execute every one of them on the spot in case their own friends were harmed. It is



BATHERS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

proper to say that it was the French commander, not the King, who thus endeavored to secure an entrance to the city. From all accounts this Frenchman seems to have been a man of great barbarity, and it is said that he caused much discontent among the Irish Catholics in consequence of his cruelties.

“Londonderry, or Derry, as I prefer to call it, is a quiet sort of place when we compare it with Belfast or Dublin. It has about thirty thousand inhabitants, and its principal business is like that of Belfast—the manufacture of linen. Very few travellers come here, if we are to judge by the way people look at us as we go about the streets and along the pleasant walls.”

As our friends sat at dinner in the hotel, after their round of sight-seeing, Fred remarked that he was very glad to have come to Londonderry and read and heard the story of the siege. And he added that it

threw light upon a subject that had been hitherto shrouded in darkness to a great extent.

Mrs. Bassett asked what that subject was.

“Why,” replied Fred, “it’s the bitter feeling that exists between the two religions in the north of Ireland—the Catholic and Protestant. When we were at Belfast I couldn’t understand why there should be so much hostility of each for the other, but now I comprehend it. It is the fight that began here centuries ago, and has been kept up in various forms ever since. The feeling between the adherents of the two relig-



DANCE IN AN IRISH CABIN.

ions to-day is that of the besiegers and besieged at Derry. Both feel that they are right, and both are determined never to yield an inch in their faith. For three hundred years the quarrel has been kept up, and is likely to continue for three centuries more.”

“More blood has been spilled in the name of religion,” said Frank, “than for all other causes put together. Men believe they are right, and so believing, they are ready to die for their faith. The spirit that leads them on cannot be too highly praised, though it is impossible to say the same of all their acts.”

“There is this difference in favor of the present time,” said Mrs. Bassett, “that nations and people do not go to war, as they did formerly, for religious reasons. It is true they occasionally indulge in riots such as we heard of at Belfast, but the spirit of the age is against that form of missionary work, and there is no danger that Londonderry or any other city will ever be required to undergo a siege for religious reasons, as in the case we have heard and read about. Intelligent people everywhere believe in religious liberty, or, at all events, do not believe in making war in order to force others to adopt their faith; and where the intelligent people favor freedom of belief, the ignorant and bigoted are forced to follow their example.”

Our friends made some excursions into the country around Londonderry, and found much to interest them. On one occasion the driver told them of a holy well, where pilgrims came from long distances to pray for the cure of their ailments. “And they *are* cured, mum,” said he to Mrs. Bassett; “ef yer don’t belave me, jist ask the folks in Derry.” The driver then went on to say that he had taken people to the well when they were only able to hobble about on crutches, and had taken them back again walking as well as any one of his present customers. He gave several instances of miraculous cures, and said that the well they were visiting was not the only one in Ireland which possessed the property of healing the lame and sick.



PILGRIMS AT A HOLY WELL.

CHAPTER VII.

A GLANCE AT THE "IRISH QUESTION."—RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—RELIGIOUS WARS.—CONFISCATION OF LANDS.—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.—ABSENTEEISM; THE CAR-DRIVER'S EXPLANATION.—REVOLUTIONS IN IRELAND; THEIR CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCES.—LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.—WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.—ORANGE SOCIETIES; THEIR FORMER AND PRESENT EXTENT.—FROM BELFAST TO GLASGOW.—SHIP-BUILDING ON THE CLYDE.—JAMES WATT.—COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES OF GLASGOW; FIRST VIEW OF THE CITY; ITS GROWTH AND PROSPERITY.—THE IRON INDUSTRY.—TRYING JOKES ON A SCOTCH GUIDE; HIS VIEWS OF "THE JUMPING FROG."

WHILE the party was at breakfast preparatory to taking the train for Belfast, there was an animated discussion between two gentlemen at a neighboring table concerning the much-debated Irish question. The disputants were evidently opposed in politics; and though their demeanor towards each other was decorous, they said a great many things that were not at all harmonious.

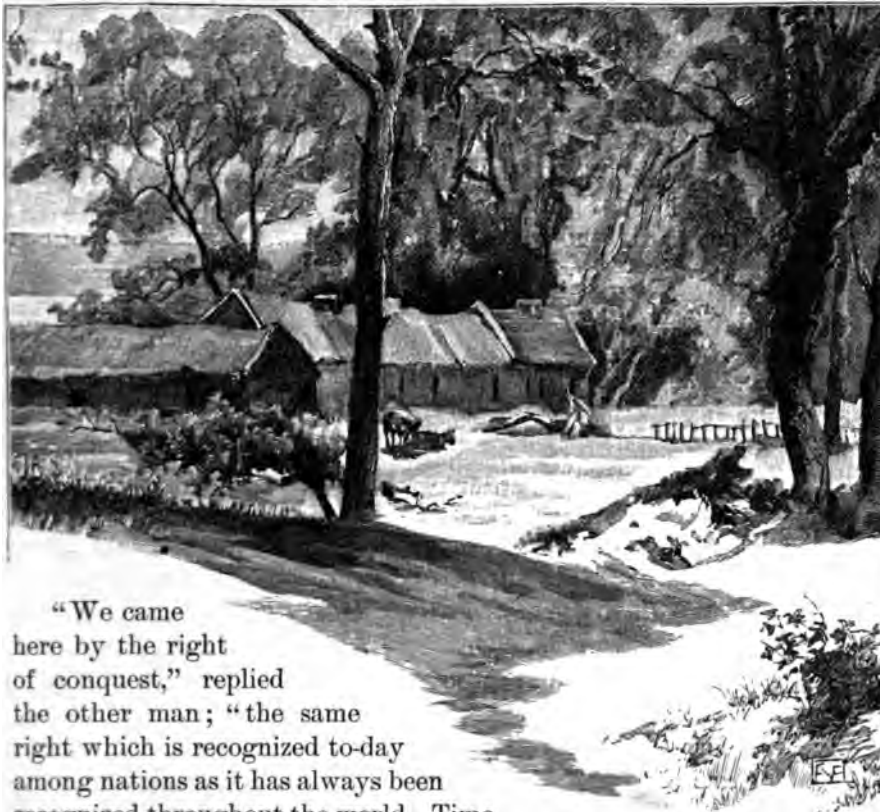
"England is to blame for all the troubles of Ireland," said one of them. "She has oppressed the country ever since she came into it, and the oppression goes on to-day as much as ever."



TOMB OF THE FIRST LORD ANTRIM.

"You have just as many rights to-day as the English have," was the reply, "and in some cases you have more. You have the Church disestablished, and that's more than the English have; and some of the laws about rents are more liberal towards the tenant than those in any part of England."

"Admitting, for the sake of argument, that such is the case," said the first speaker, "you haven't any right to be here at all and receive the rents of the land. The rents go to Englishmen in great part, and are spent outside the country."



“We came here by the right of conquest,” replied the other man; “the same right which is recognized to-day among nations as it has always been recognized throughout the world. Time has softened it somewhat in the mode of its application to private individuals, but it is the right that your people would exercise to-day as much as any other people in the world if you had any sort of an opportunity.”

PEASANT COTTAGES
IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

As a matter of course this assertion was promptly denied, as is generally the case in a political discussion. Thus disputing, the gentlemen left the breakfast-room, after having turned the attention of the listeners to a subject that had already served as food for thought.

Mary asked Frank what was meant by the rents of the land going to Englishmen and being spent out of the country.

“It’s a long story,” replied her brother, “but may be briefly summed up in about this way: As a consequence of the wars between England and Ireland, a great part of the land was forfeited to the conquerors and parcelled out to English settlers. Whether this was right or wrong

is a question we will not discuss; it was in accordance with the custom of the times, and even of much later times, as you heard one of those gentlemen say."

"I remember he said so," Mary answered, "and he said that it was recognized all over the world. He must have been wrong there, as I'm sure we would do nothing of the kind in America."

"Don't be so sure of that, my dear," said Frank, with a smile. "We took our country from the Indians who lived there 'by the right of conquest,' and there is a very large part of our territory, including Texas, California, New Mexico, and Arizona, that we annexed in consequence of the defeat of the Mexicans in a war which we provoked, though we did not take away the rights of private owners."

Mary was silent. She wanted to believe, in common with many of her countrymen, that the American eagle hovers over a land where oppression of all kinds is unknown, and this awkward truth enunciated by her brother was not at all to her liking.

"I've been reading up a little more of the history of Ireland," Frank continued, "and will give you some of it to facilitate the digestion of your breakfast. In the year 1155 King Henry II. obtained from the Pope a decree authorizing him to take possession of Ireland on condition of paying a certain amount of revenue into the papal treasury. Exactly how the Pope could thus give away the country does not clearly appear, other than on the ground that his missionaries had converted the people from paganism to Christianity. Henry did not make use of his authority until ten or twelve years later, when he supported one of the deposed Irish kings and assisted him to regain his authority and lands. The King came with a powerful army and fleet, and the result was that he received the homage of some of the Irish chieftains, suppressed others, and divided many of their lands among his followers, in consequence of his grant from the Pope. Very naturally the Irish were much opposed to this system of appropriating their lands, and they resisted. They retained possession of some parts of Ireland, while the invaders occupied other parts, and for many years there was almost constant warfare. After a time some of the settlers became rebellious, and formed an alliance with the natives. The outcome of all the trouble was that the English authority diminished in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and amounted to nothing outside of a few towns along the coast, which were frequently besieged.

"Ireland had a parliament at Dublin, and in 1541 this parliament, which was composed of English settlers and native leaders favorable to



MOUNT ERIGAL, GWEEDORE, NEAR LONDONDERRY.

them, bestowed the title of 'King of Ireland' upon the English Henry VIII. Some of the native princes acknowledged his authority and were created peers of the realm. But there was great opposition to the new King, and much fighting followed. In Queen Elizabeth's time a large army was sent here, which had varying fortunes, and whenever it triumphed there was a division of land among the conquerors. Some of the Irish chiefs held out and were recognized by the English Government; but such recognition, in several instances, compelled them to flee from the country to save their lives.

"In 1641 there was an insurrection, in which many of the Protestants were massacred by the Catholics, and there was a state of anarchy till Cromwell overran the country, shedding blood without mercy. There was another revolution in 1688, which lasted for four years. This was the war in which occurred the siege of Londonderry, of which you know. In 1690 the battle of the Boyne was fought. The English were victorious in this battle, which is often referred to as the one in which the liberties of Ireland were crushed. Some historians regard it as much more than a struggle for the control of Ireland. They regard it as a battle between the two religious forces of Europe—the Catholic and

Protestant—and say that the issue of the battle settled the question for England and a considerable portion of the Continent. The armies were each about thirty thousand strong, and composed respectively of Catholics and Protestants. Its result is to this day revered by Protestants all over Ireland, and correspondingly mourned by those of the opposing religion.

“I think there is enough of history for one breakfast,” said Frank, “and I hope you’ll be able to digest both.”

The rest of the party agreed that they wanted no more for the present, as their time was limited, and the meal was finished in comparative silence. The fact was, that while Frank had been talking, his listeners had indulged in “an occasional bite,” as Fred expressed it, and consequently the historian was somewhat behind his auditors.

During their drives in the neighborhood of the town Mary had used her sketch-book to advantage, and soon after they took their seats in the railway train she set about finishing one that required a few touches. It represented an Irish cabin of the poorest sort, a mere heap of stones fashioned into a shelter, and not an attractive residence for one who could afford anything better. She was told that she could find many cabins of the same sort in various parts of the country, and that their abundance was partly due to the improvident character of their occupants, and partly because of the high rents which the tenants were required to pay for their land; so, when the opportunity occurred, she asked Frank if this were really the case.

“That is a subject on which there is a great difference of opinion,” Frank answered. “The owners of the land insist that the rents are fair and just, while the tenants declare, with equal emphasis, that they are required to pay so much that they cannot make a living by tilling the soil. Who is right and who is wrong I will not venture to say. No matter what opinion may be given by one man, there will be found another who will demonstrate to a mathematical certainty the utter falsity of the first one’s claim. Whoever comes here from another country and endeavors to be enlightened on the Irish question has a formidable task before him. It’s a bewildering subject.

“But there can be no doubt,” he continued, “that it is very injurious to the country that so much of the money paid for rents should be spent outside of Ireland. There is a strong feeling, and very justly so, against the absentee landlord—the man who lives out of Ireland altogether, or for the greater part of the time, upon the money drawn from his Irish estate. If the money were spent in the country it would not

be so bad, as it would be kept in circulation, and some at least would drift back into the hands of those who produce it."

Frank paused and gave an opportunity for Fred to speak.

"Your remark," said Fred, "reminds me of a story I heard the other day about an Irish car-driver who was talking to his customer, a stranger, while showing him around Dublin."

"What was that?"

"The driver remarked that the curse of the country was the absen-



A CABIN AND ITS OWNER.

tee landlords, whereupon the stranger said he supposed there were not many of them."

"'Many of 'em!' exclaimed the driver; 'many of 'em! the absentees! the country's full of 'em.'"

There was a laugh all around at this specimen of an Irish bull, and then Frank returned to the subject of the historical wrongs of Ireland.

"From the time of the battle of the Boyne down to the end of the last century," said he, "Ireland had a parliament which was completely

under the control of the Protestants, and a large part of its occupation was to enact severe measures against the Catholics. Possibly the latter consoled themselves in some measure by planning how they would revenge themselves if ever they should have the opportunity. In 1801 Ireland was united with the Kingdom of Great Britain, just after the revolution of 1798, in which 20,000 English lives were lost and 150,000 Irish. There have been other insurrections since then, but none of such magnitude. At no time has the country been in a condition of absolute peace, nor is there much probability that it ever will be. A distinguished revolutionist in Poland once stated the case of that country against Russia in a way that will apply very well to Ireland."

Mrs. Bassett asked what it was.

"It was this," said Frank: "'Under a despotic ruler it is Poland's duty to rebel against tyranny; under a mild ruler it is her duty to rebel because she has the opportunity.'"

At Coleraine our friends were somewhat surprised at the entrance into their compartment of the two gentlemen whom they had seen in the breakfast-room. It seems they had been travelling in the same train, and the carriage in which they were riding had been left at that station. They apologized for their intrusion, and said they should drop off at the second or third station and would make no further trouble.

They were made welcome, and, after the ice had been broken, Frank told the strangers how much he and his companions had enjoyed the dialogue at breakfast.

This brought up the subject of Irish politics, and so interesting was the talk which followed that before anybody was aware of it the train was at the station where the two antagonists were to leave. From what they heard in the course of the ride, Frank and Fred summed up the Irish situation about as follows:

The great desire of Catholic Ireland at present is for Home Rule, the restoration of the Parliament it had before the Union in 1801, and the right to manage its own affairs in its own way. The dissolution of the Union is opposed by England and by the Irish Protestants, for the reason that it would give the control of the country into the hands of the Catholics, who are very largely in the majority.* Neither side can

* In 1881 the Catholic population of Ireland was returned at 3,960,891; that of the Church of Ireland (Protestant Episcopal), 620,000. There were also at the same census 470,374 Presbyterians, 48,839 Methodists, 6210 Independents, 4870 Baptists, and 3645 Quakers.

be relied upon to exercise impartial justice to the other in the present inflamed state of feeling, and therefore neither is willing to trust the other, nor is ever likely to be.

The relations between the landlords and their tenants are very unsatisfactory. The tenants, in many instances, refuse to pay their rent to the landlords, and the latter proceed under the law to evict the ten-



A VILLAGE ON THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND

ants from their houses and farms. The tenants occasionally murder landlords or their agents, resist the authorities, and in other ways give trouble of no ordinary character. Each side proceeds to severe measures, and justifies itself by the conduct of the other. A large police force is maintained in Ireland to keep the peace, and the police is supported by the military. Irish members of Parliament are denounced as traitors or extolled as patriots according to the political views of the individual who has them under consideration. Treason and patriotism are practically interchangeable terms, so far as the consideration of the Irish question is concerned, and they will probably remain so for years and years to come.

As long as this turmoil continues Ireland will remain a land of poverty. Only peace can give it prosperity. How to bring peace to the land has baffled the best men of the British isles for many years, and

will doubtless continue to do so through the existence of all men now living and for many years afterwards.

"I've a question to ask," said Mary, as soon as their party was left to itself in the railway train.

Frank turned his kindly eyes towards his sister and awaited her query, which he surmised to be political.

"It is this," said the girl. "I've heard the Orangemen mentioned several times, and don't know what they are. Please tell me."

"Certainly," was the reply. "I'll tell you as briefly as I can. You remember what I said of the battle of the Boyne, do you not?"

"Of course I do," Mary answered. "That was the battle where the Protestant army defeated the Catholic one, and decided the control of Ireland from that time to this."

"Quite right," responded Frank. "But I didn't tell you that the Protestant army was commanded by William, Prince of Orange, a stadtholder of Holland, who had married Mary, the daughter of James. James became King of England in 1685, and it was expected that after his death his daughter Mary would become Queen. James sought to establish the Catholic religion in England, and of course in this measure he roused the opposition of all the Protestants. William, Prince of Orange, was an earnest Protestant. He was invited to England



AMONG THE HILLS.

with an army, and when he came James fled from the throne and sought refuge and support in Scotland, and afterwards in Ireland. William and Mary were invited to the throne, and William went with his army to Ireland and fought the battle of the Boyne, which we have already talked about."

"Now I understand," said Mary, "why orange is the color loved by the Protestants and detested by the Catholics."

"But I haven't yet told you of the Orangemen," continued Frank. "They are a secret society, on the same general plan as the Freemasons, Odd-fellows, and other well-known organizations. They had their origin in the 'Peep-o'-day Boys' in the north of Ireland, who committed many

outrages upon the Catholics. The latter retorted by organizing under the name of 'Defenders,' and being equally violent in their conduct. Armed bodies of these organizations met quite often, and rarely without bloodshed, and on some occasions they had regular battles in which



IRISH GOSSIPS AND COSTUMES.

hundreds of men fought on each side. The 'Peep-o'-day Boys' grew into the Orange societies, the first of which was formed in 1795 in County Armagh. The system spread rapidly throughout Ireland, and thence to England and other countries. At one time (1835) it was said to embrace 250,000 members, but from that date it has greatly declined in consequence of the injudicious acts of some of the ignorant and vicious persons enrolled in it. To-day there are probably more Orangemen

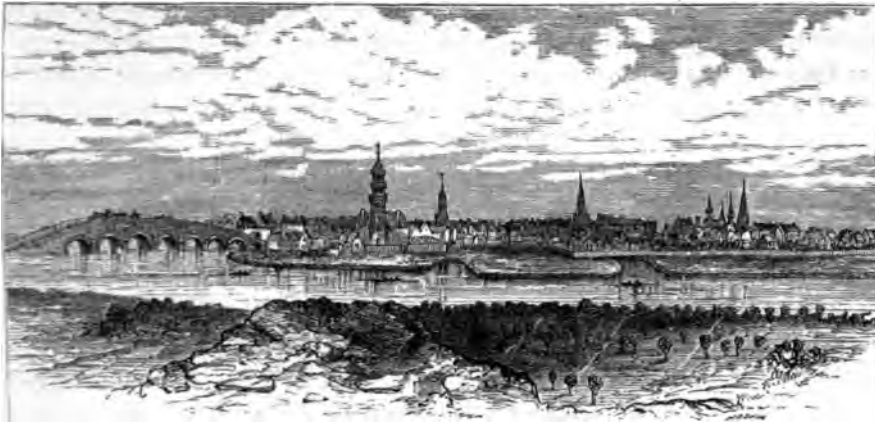
in Canada than in any other country in proportion to its population, and not infrequently they come into collision with the Catholics of that colony. A Catholic procession in Canada is always liable to an attack by Orangemen, and a Protestant one by Catholics, so that the honors, or dishonors, of the business are about equal."

From Belfast our friends proceeded to Glasgow, crossing the channel which separates Ireland and Scotland in one of the steamers that connect those ports. There are two steamers, one leaving at five in the afternoon and the other at nine in the evening. Frank suggested the later boat, for the reason that it would give them a better view of the Clyde than the earlier one. The voyage is made in eight or ten hours, and the last two hours of it are on the Clyde, where the immense ship-yards are an interesting sight to the stranger from America. By rising



A RURAL SCENE IN IRELAND.

at five in the morning the party had a good view of the river, and Fred declared that five in the morning was quite early enough for anybody to get up. It is fair to say that the ship-yards were more interesting to Frank and Fred than to Mrs. Bassett and Mary, neither of whom remained on deck during the entire trip up the Clyde.



VIEW OF GLASGOW IN 1698.

Here is Fred's note on this subject :

" We were not deafened by the sound of the hammers, as some travellers have said, perhaps because it was so early in the morning ; but we heard enough to convince us that the hammer plays a very important part in the construction of an iron or steel ship. We are quite ready to believe what we were told, that two-thirds of all the British steamers afloat were built on the Clyde, or, at any rate, were equipped with their engines here. We saw some very large steamers on the stocks, and also many small ones, for the Glasgow builders construct steam craft of all sizes and at all rates of speed. The steamers of the Cunard, Inman, Guion, and other well-known transatlantic lines were built here ; in fact, all, or nearly all, the ships of the British companies, with the exception of those of the White Star line, which come from Belfast, as already stated. And it is quite proper for Glasgow to be the principal seat of steamship building, since the first steam-engine was built in Glasgow in 1763 by James Watt, a native of Greenock, near this city, and the first steamboat on this side of the Atlantic was built at Glasgow in 1812, to run on the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock.

" Just see how the business has grown : from that one steamboat in 1812, Glasgow had in 1882, an interval of seventy years, a fleet of 683 steamers, with a measurement of 458,668 tons ! And this does not include the hundreds and thousands of steamers built for other ports of the United Kingdom and the rest of the world. In some years Glasgow has built more than two hundred steamships and steamboats, and her builders are ready to take contracts to compete with all other

builders on the surface of the globe. Their yards cover many acres of ground, and employ thousands and thousands of men, and the vessels are turned out ready for service with all their fittings complete and in order. Not only can the ships be supplied ready for work, but also with officers and crews. The Scotch are excellent sailors, and the Scotch steamship companies are noticeable for the shrewdness and economy with which they are managed. It has been said that they can make money by the establishment of lines between uninhabited countries in unknown waters."

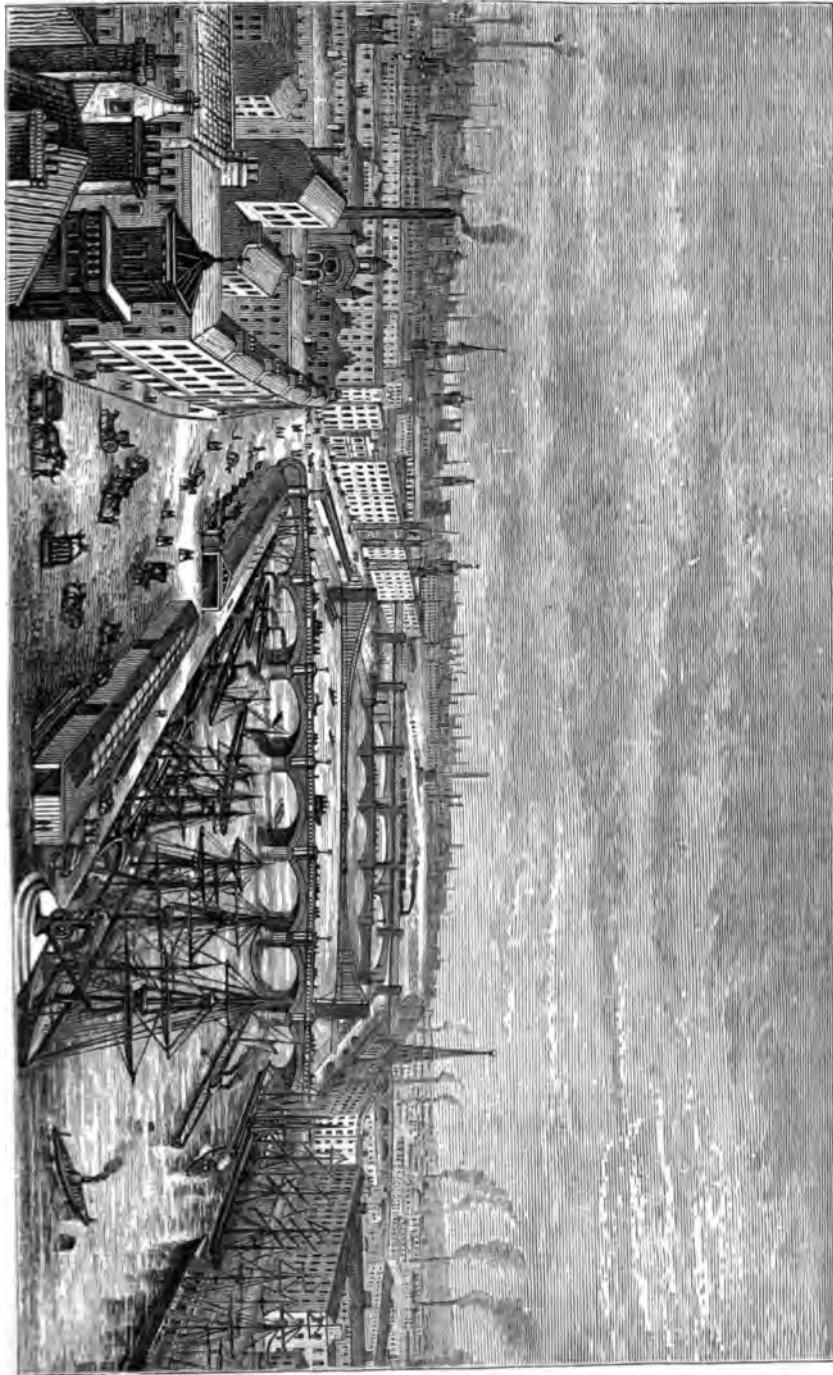
The steamboat landed our friends safely in Glasgow, and they proceeded immediately to the hotel which they had previously selected and notified of their coming. They landed at the Broomielaw, a quay more than a thousand feet in length, on the north side of the river, and just below Glasgow Bridge. As they approached the pier they had a fine view of the harbor and the shipping it contained, and the youths quickly reached the conclusion that the city they were entering was one of the most important seaports in the kingdom.

They remarked as much to a fellow-passenger, a resident of Glasgow, who had kindly pointed out the principal ship-yards during their ascent of the Clyde.

"You may well say that," replied the gentleman, "and if anybody has any doubt on that point he can satisfy himself by looking at the figures of our commerce. In one year (1886) the harbor was entered by 15,878 vessels, most of them steamers, with an aggregate measurement of more than three million tons. The corporation of Glasgow has spent more than four million pounds sterling in the harbor and dock improvements, and the customs dues every year are about a million pounds. Fifty years ago the harbor was 200 feet wide and only three or four feet deep. They have dredged and widened it so that it is now 450 feet wide and 20 feet deep, and lower down it is deeper than that. The greatest ocean steamers can come up here at high tide. They enter and leave at high water, just as they do in most other ports the world over, and it's a splendid sight to see them come in from America and from the other countries they run to. And we owe pretty much all this to Jimmy Watt. If it hadn't been for his invention of the steam-engine, Glasgow wouldn't be what it is to-day."

Frank readily assented to the suggestion that Watt's invention had been the foundation of steam navigation the world over, but he added that the recent improvements in the compound engine had left the original invention far behind. To this the stranger replied that if Watt had

VIEW OF GLASGOW FROM RAILROAD 'HORN', BELOW THE BRIDGE.



lived he would have invented the compound engine and made it a great deal better than it is to-day, and then the subject was dropped, as the boat was making fast to the dock and everybody was in a hurry to go on shore as soon as possible.

What our friends saw and did in Glasgow may be best learned from their journals. We will first listen to Frank on this subject.

“We had ocular proof as we came here that Glasgow is a very important seaport,” said Frank, “and as we look about it we also see that it is a great manufacturing centre. It has the tallest chimneys in the world, one of them being 435 feet high ; and as if that were not enough,

it has a neighbor that rises 455 feet in the air. The intention is to carry the smoke and fumes of the chemical works to such a height that they will not pollute the air, and if all the chimneys in Glasgow were like them I'm sure the city would be less smoky than it is. We are told that a million and a half tons of cast-iron are made in Glasgow every year, and a hundred thousand tons of wrought-iron. Just think what an immense mass of iron that is, and how many thousands of men find employment in making it ! Then there must be a great many more men employed in shaping such of the iron as is made into other things, and therefore you needn't be surprised that the city has a population of not far from 750,000.

“They have a great trade in coal, as a matter of course, where there is so much manufacturing industry. They have cotton and other factories, with thirty thousand looms run by steam-power, and these looms turn out every year more than three hundred million yards of woollen and cotton goods, which go to all parts of the world. They manufacture machinery, chemicals, glass, pottery, and I don't know how many other things. A gentleman I talked with said they could make anything in Glasgow, from a pen-holder to a marine engine, and from all I can find out he was within the truth.

“The same gentleman told me that Scotch engineers and mechanics



ARMS OF GLASGOW.

were to be found in all parts of the world, and it was universally recognized that there could be no better training for them than they get in this prosperous and busy city. We have been through some of the factories and other large establishments, and certainly what we saw there was the equal, if not the superior, of anything elsewhere of the same



THE OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE.

sort. The St. Rollox Chemical Works, the one that has the chimney 435 feet high, occupies fifteen acres of ground, and employs a thousand men, and there are several other manufacturing concerns of equal extent, or nearly as great.

“At the beginning of this century Glasgow had only about one-fifth its present size and population, so that its rapid growth has been within the memory of living men. The most of the ground on which it stands is level, but in the districts to the north and north-west there are elevations which add to its picturesqueness, as they afford fine views over the lower portions. We went to the top of one of the hills, but were somewhat disappointed, as the cloud of smoke hid a great deal of what we wanted to see. On a clear day, when a strong wind is blowing, there are some fine views, but they disappear when the weather is foggy and the smoke and dampness are mingled. Fred remarked to our guide that the cloud was ‘thick enough to cut with a hatchet’; whereupon the guide replied it was not so; he had lived here, man and boy, for forty years, and had never seen the smoke so thick that anybody could not walk in it. ‘I’ve walked around meself mony a time when it was very thick,’ said he, ‘but never yet did I see the day or night when I had to

cut it with anything.' The fellow hadn't the least idea that the expression was a jocular one, and not intended to be literal.

"We've tried this guide several times with jokes, and find he has no more comprehension of them than a cat has of the operation of a sewing-machine. Fred asked him the old conundrum, 'Why is a dog's tail like the centre of a tree?' and soon after gave the answer, 'Because it's farthest from the bark.'

"'That doesn't follow at all,' said the guide. 'Bark, as applied to the voice of a dog, is entirely different from the covering of a tree, which is called the bark. The two things are entirely unlike in character, the one being a sound and the other a substance.'

"We tried him with Mark Twain's account of 'The Jumping Frog,' but he insisted that the story was highly improbable, as it would be quite impossible to put five pounds of shot inside any frog that ever lived, and especially into an athletic frog, such as the one in the narrative. He also doubted if a frog could ever be made to understand the command to jump from the floor to the counter of a store and seize the flies that might be there. He had never heard of a frog that could understand the human voice, although he had read many works of natural history and had been in the country districts where frogs abounded."

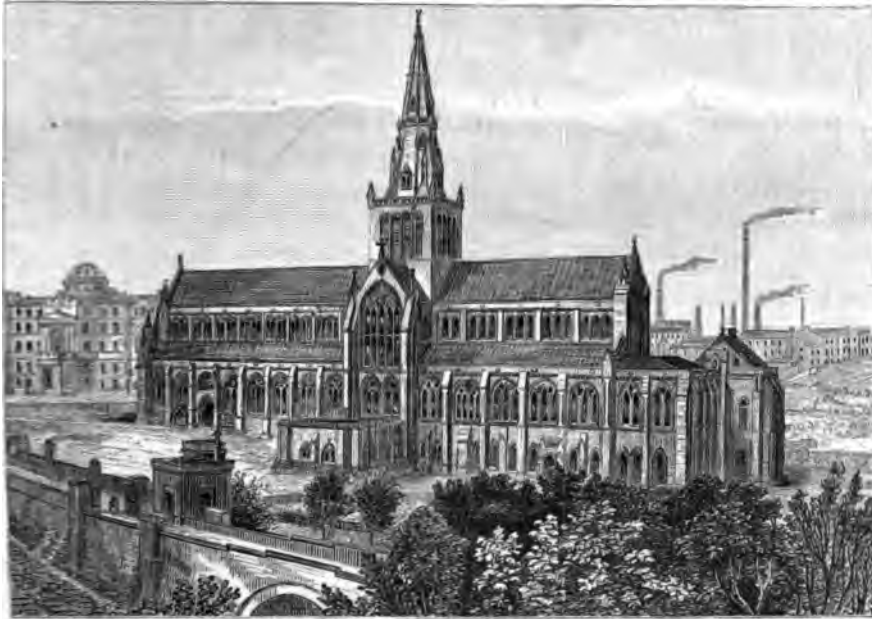


ON A SIDE STREET.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT BUILDINGS OF GLASGOW; THE CATHEDRAL—WHEN IT WAS BUILT; THE NECROPOLIS.—UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW; ITS EXTENT AND AGE.—BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—HOW GLASGOW OBTAINED ITS COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE.—STATUES OF BURNS AND SCOTT.—INDUSTRIES OF GLASGOW.—HOW THE JOKES OF THE VISITORS WERE NOT APPRECIATED.—SHOPPING IN GLASGOW; MARY'S COMMENTS THEREON.—EXCURSIONS AROUND GLASGOW.—PAISLEY AND ITS SHAWLS.—HAMILTON PALACE AND PARK.—CADZOW CASTLE.—AYR AND THE COUNTRY OF BURNS.—TAM O'SHANTER INN.—WALLACE TOWER.—THE TWA BRIGS OF AYR.—RELICS OF BURNS; HIS BIRTHPLACE.—ALLOWAY KIRK.—BRIG O' DOON.—SCOTCH CUSTOMS.—THE MONUMENT TO BURNS.

LIKE most manufacturing cities, Glasgow has few stock sights in the shape of antiquities. The most famous and the oldest edifice of note is the Cathedral, and thither our friends went soon after



their arrival. We will let Fred tell the story of what they saw in and around the venerable building.

"According to the histories," said Fred, "the Cathedral was built in the tenth century, but it has been repaired and restored so much that hardly anything remains of the original building. In fact, there can be little besides the foundations, as the first one was burned and a second one rose on its site, both in the tenth century. It took several hundred years to complete it, and by the time it was completed the old parts needed restoring.

"It is a very handsome building, and our guide said there was nothing better in all Scotland. The stained-glass windows are magnificent, and must have cost a great deal of money. As we looked at the windows we could hardly believe we were in Scotland, where the people are more inclined to practical things than to those that only please the eye; but there the windows are, and no mistake. The city had its beginning around the Cathedral. It extended to the south-west, with this as a starting-point, and we tried to picture the scene as it was centuries ago. The crypt is very fine, and must have received a great deal of honest work to carry out the designs of the architect.

"On a height near the Cathedral is the Necropolis, or cemetery. As a French writer says of the cemetery at Scutari, opposite Constantinople, it is 'very well inhabited,' and evidently shares in the prosperity of the city. We went through a part of it and looked at the monuments, one of the most interesting being that in memory of John Knox, the great preacher of the Reformation. There is no danger that he will be forgotten, as he is remembered by monuments in various parts of Scotland. Mrs. Bassett is a great admirer of Knox, and the first thing she wanted to see was his monument, as soon as she heard there was one here.

"From the Necropolis there is a fine view of the city. Frank said the people who selected this place for a cemetery must have been in sympathy with those inhabitants of the Orient who think much more of having a pleasant resting-place after death than a comfortable house to dwell in during life. Some of the tombs are so old that the inscriptions on them are hardly legible, and this made us think of Scott's 'Old Mortality,' who went about renewing the inscriptions on ancient grave-stones, and devoted all his time to that work.

"Of course we went to see the University, which has almost as much connection with Glasgow as the Cathedral. It was chartered by James II. in 1443, but did not prosper very much until Queen Mary gave it half of the Church property that had been confiscated in the city. Then

the Government and the city corporation added to the grants, and altogether the University is very richly endowed. You will understand that it is very extensive when I tell you that the grounds include twenty-two acres, and there are several buildings, one of them a library with 120,000 volumes. One of the halls that we visited contained portraits of eminent men who have taught in the University in past times; and some of them were evidently 'characters' in their way. A very good idea of the changes in costumes from time to time can be obtained from a study of these portraits. There are about twelve hundred students attending the University, and they can study pretty nearly everything in the way



UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

of science that can be named, with the exception of base-ball. The American colleges and universities have a monopoly of that accomplishment and some other athletic studies.

“There used to be a great deal of ceremony about the graduation of students of the University. It began in what was called ‘The Black Stone Examination,’ and passed through several stages, which terminated with a sort of coronation, or ‘laureation,’ in the principal hall of the University, and sometimes in one of the churches. But these ceremonies have disappeared, along with other ancient customs, so that at present the graduation exercises are very much like those of universities in other parts of the world.

“After we had finished with the Cathedral and the University, we were shown the Royal Exchange, Merchants’ Hall, and some other large buildings of which Glasgow is justly proud. A building that interested



THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

us very much was the old Tolbooth, which dates from I don't know when, and has a very fine chime of bells. The tower is square, and the top is crenellated, like a fortress.

“Another building that took our attention more than the Royal Exchange, or any of the great edifices, was the house where Sir John Moore was born. What school-boy is there in America who doesn't know the lines about 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and recited them when compelled reluctantly to 'speak a piece'? You may be sure that

Frank and I revived our memories, and repeated in unison the whole of that famous production, which begins with—

“ ‘Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,’

and ends with—

“ ‘But left him alone in his glory.’

“ It is a very ordinary-looking house for so great a man to have been born in, but Frank reminds me that it is a great deal better than the one where Shakespeare first saw the light, and a palace compared with the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. The sight of the house led us to learn more of the hero of the poem than we had ever known before. We knew only what our school-books told us, that he fell at Corunna in Spain, in 1809, but the circumstances of his death were unknown to us. We now learn that he was born here in 1761, and was the son of a celebrated Scotch physician, John Moore. He entered the army when fifteen years old, served in Corsica, Egypt, and the West Indies, assisted in suppressing the Irish rebellion in 1798, and was made a lieutenant-general in 1808, and sent to Spain to unite with the Spanish forces in the north of the Peninsula to fight against the French. And there it was that he was killed and ‘buried darkly at dead of night,’ as we are told in the poem. And by-the-way, do you know that Lord Byron said ‘The Burial of Sir John Moore’ was the most perfect poem in the English language?

“ We drove through the part of Glasgow which contains some of the houses built by the ‘tobacco lords,’ as they were called. And here comes a bit of history :

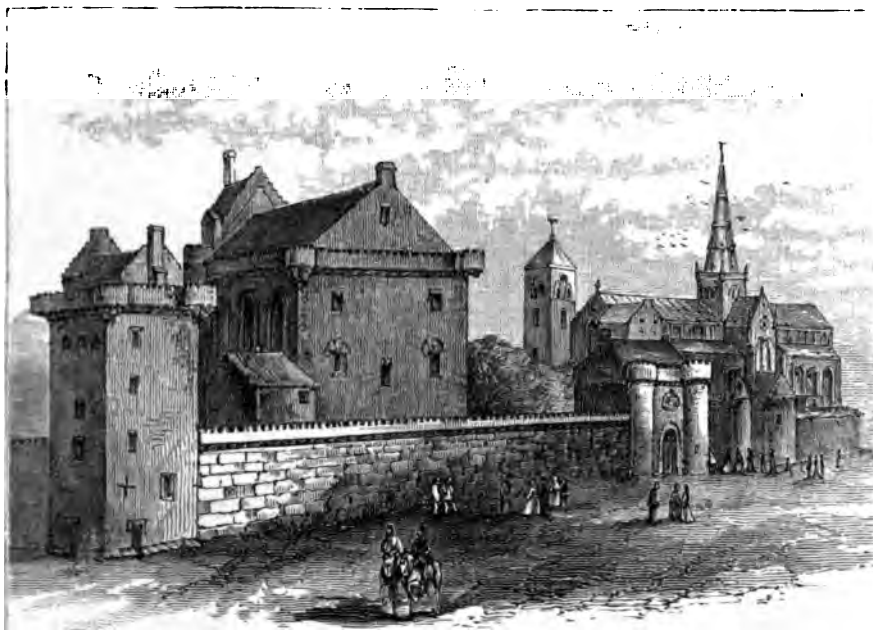


HOUSE WHERE SIR JOHN MOORE WAS BORN.

“Scotland was united with England in 1707, in spite of the opposition of many of the people of the former country. So hostile was Glasgow to the union that there was almost a riot when it was proclaimed, but it wasn't long before the merchants saw that it was greatly to their advantage. As they were thus made commercially equal with England, they set about getting some of the trade of the latter with the American colonies, and their position gave them great advantages. Bristol had a monopoly of the tobacco-trade at that time, and Glasgow set about taking a share of it. She not only got a share, but in time the whole of it, leaving poor Bristol to go about something else for a living. The Glasgow merchants grew very rich on the tobacco-trade, and were called ‘lords’ in consequence of their expensive way of living and the fine houses they built. When the American Revolution came on they lost this trade, but before the war was over they had established themselves in other lines of commerce, and managed to hold on to their wealth. It was about that time that they went into the manufacture of cotton goods, and they prospered in it until the American Civil War, which brought them to grief by stopping the supply of cotton.

“There are some fine statues in Glasgow, and we've looked at all of them. We didn't pay much attention to those of royal personages, but turned our eyes towards those who have done more for the world than to make war and issue decrees; we were interested in looking at the figures of James Watt, David Livingstone, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott. To show how the people appreciate Burns, I may mention that his statue was paid for by subscriptions of a sixpence or a shilling each among Scottish working-men. It was executed by a Glasgow sculptor, and appears to be an excellent piece of work. David Livingstone, the great missionary and explorer, was born near Glasgow, and therefore the people take especial interest in what he did for humanity. Thomas Campbell, the poet, was born in Glasgow, and he, too, is honored with a statue, which he certainly deserves.

“In driving around the city we have observed several temperance hotels, and on inquiry find there is a considerable number of the hotels of Glasgow that are run upon total abstinence principles. The Scotch seem to combine the opposites of thrift and shiftlessness to a degree more marked than any other people; their economy is of the most careful character, and on the other hand, their poverty and wretchedness, when they exist, are equal to anything we saw in Ireland. The poor quarters of Glasgow are the haunts of a great deal of vice and misery, and the charitable institutions, which are numerous, have plenty of occupation in



EPISCOPAL PALACE AND CATHEDRAL.

carrying for suffering in all its forms. There are many temperance societies, and they do a vast deal of good; but in spite of their work there is a large consumption of ardent spirits, and a great amount of drunkenness and degradation. The temperance hotels had their origin in an effort to remove travelling people from the temptation to drink, and altogether they have been very successful. They are to be found all through Scotland, and the advocates of temperance have secured the passage of laws that materially restrict the amount of drinking in all parts of the country.

“Some of the people excuse themselves for their drinking habits by arguing that the climate is very moist, and something is needed to ‘keep out the damp.’ They certainly have a very moist climate; an American whom we met at the hotel declares that it has rained forty hours every day since he arrived, but our guide says ‘the mon is mistaken, ye ken, for there be only twenty-four hours in the whole day.’ Of course he’s right.”

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were less interested in buildings and statuary than Frank and Fred were, but they went the rounds with the youths and duly inspected everything. While the latter were absent on an excursion among the factories, the ladies took the opportunity to inspect the shops, in company with a feminine compatriot whom they met at

the hotel. Perhaps some of Mary's schoolmates will be interested in what she saw while on the round of shopping; for the most that she wrote she was indebted to their new acquaintance, Mrs. D——, as the girl's practical knowledge of such matters was somewhat limited.

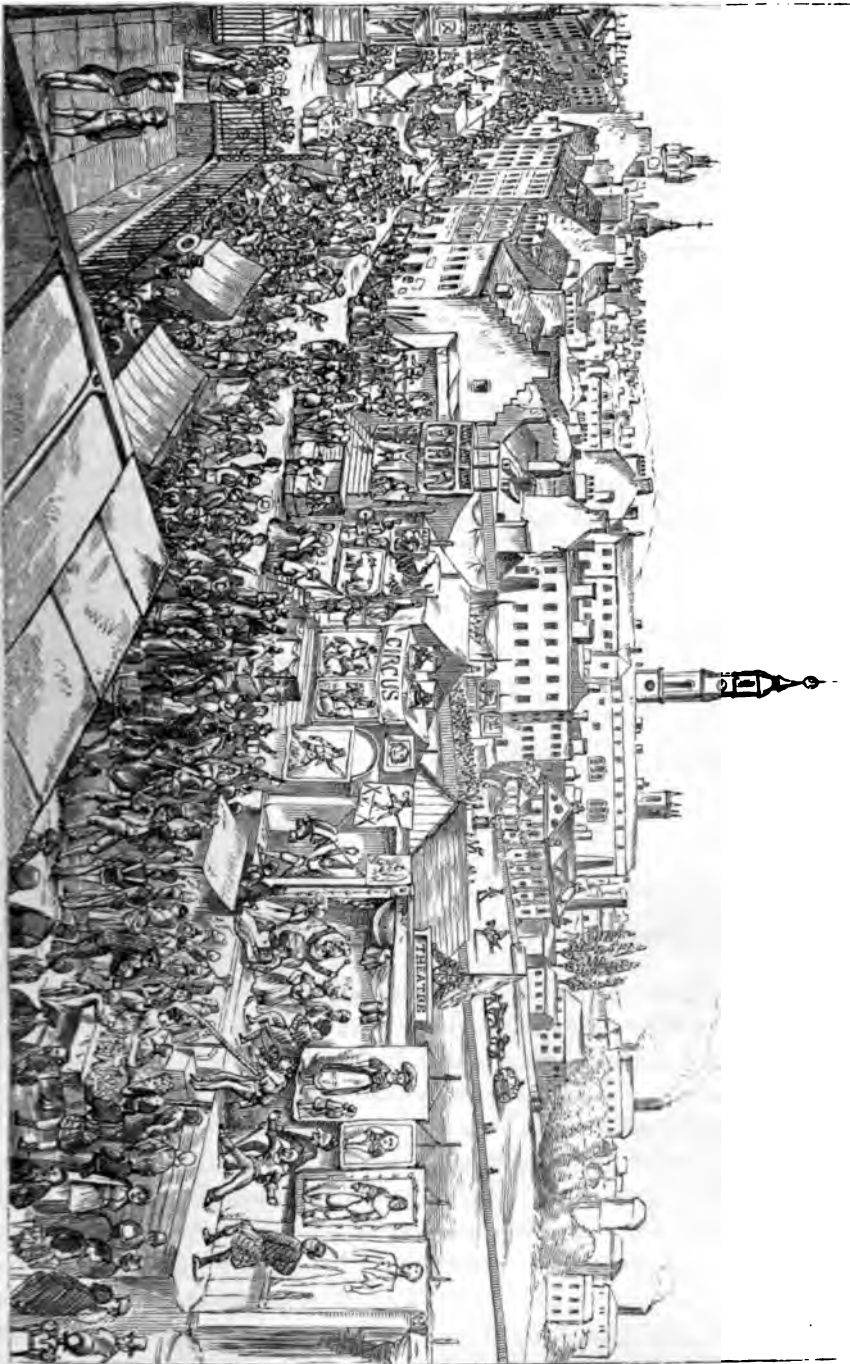
"They have fine shops in Glasgow," wrote Mary, "and I'm told that a good many American women come here to get their supply of dresses before going home; they say that serviceable dresses are cheaper here than in London or Paris, though the styles are not always equal to those of the capital cities. They make fine tweeds, Henrietta cloth, and other



STREET VIEW IN GLASGOW.

good materials in Scotland, suitable for travelling and 'every-day' dresses, and the prices seem very low to any one just from America. The fitters understand their business thoroughly, and the best houses pride themselves on giving perfect satisfaction. Dresses of the kind I speak of will cost less when all complete and ready for wearing than the making of them would come to in America, to say nothing of the cost of the materials. Mrs. D—— says that the most of her dresses cost her as many shillings in Glasgow as they would cost in dollars in New York;

FAIR IN GLASGOW, FROM AN OLD PRINT.



she thus gets for one hundred dollars here as many dresses as she would pay four hundred dollars for at home. This rule doesn't hold good in all cases, but it does in the majority of them."

When Mary read the foregoing note to Frank, the latter said it used to be the same in regard to men's clothing, but the competition in America had brought prices down more nearly to the figures that prevail on the eastern side of the Atlantic. "In the five or ten years following the

Civil War," said he, "an American could cross the Atlantic and save the cost of his steamship ticket out and back by laying in his stock of clothing for one or two years. Men used to come over with handbags or valises holding just enough for the trip, and go back with trunks filled with new clothing, which they had worn sufficiently to enable them to go through the custom-house without paying duties. But of late years they cannot make any great saving, and the practice is not as common as it used to be."

"I should have said," added Mary, "that the saving on dresses made in Glasgow applies only to those of Scotch



A GLASGOW TENEMENT.

materials. In the case of silks, laces, and other things not manufactured in Scotland, the prices are higher here than in London or Paris."

Doctor Bronson had written that he would be in Glasgow as soon as possible, and that the party had better wait for him before going farther, as there were many interesting places easily reached from the city, and time would not hang heavy on their hands. His business had detained him longer than originally expected, but he was not at all solicitous about the welfare of his friends, as he knew Frank and Fred would manage everything satisfactorily.

Their first excursion was made to Hamilton, which is a favorite resort of the people of Glasgow during the summer. Near the town is the



THE TWA BRIGS OF AYR.

palace of the Duke of Hamilton, and our friends obtained permission to visit it through the courtesy of a gentleman to whom they had letters of introduction. They spent an hour or more in the palace, which contains a splendid collection of paintings, and then drove in the park, where they saw the mausoleum where the Hamiltons are buried. Frank thought the mausoleum was almost as attractive as the palace, and Fred replied that it was certainly second to it so far as the owners were concerned. From Hamilton they drove about two miles to the ruins of Cadzow Castle, and were charmed with the magnificent forest of stately oaks, which has been carefully preserved for hundreds of years.

The guide who took them through Cadzow Forest called their attention to a herd of white cattle which he said was the survivor of an ancient stock, once very common in England, but now nearly extinct. It is found only at Cadzow and at Chillingham, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the owners of the herds refuse to part with a single specimen on any terms. The animals are allowed to run wild in the forest, and are not put to any kind of labor, in the hope that their decline may be checked.

Mrs. Bassett wished to buy a Paisley shawl at the place of its manufacture, and so the party made an excursion to that smoke-begrimed town, which possesses nothing attractive to the ordinary tourist, but is very interesting to a student of industry. Frank noted that it contained

sixty thousand inhabitants, was famed for its manufacture of shawls, thread, corn-starch, and other things, and was a fine specimen of what a city can be made with Scotch thrift to develop and sustain it. Mrs. Bassett bought the shawl that she wanted, and Mary followed her example; both discovered that they could have obtained the same things somewhat cheaper in Glasgow, but consoled themselves with the reflection that they had made their purchases at Paisley itself, which was one of the objects of the visit.

The excursion in which all were specially interested, and which was deferred until Doctor Bronson's arrival in order that he might share in the pleasure to be derived from it, was to the Land of Burns. The town of Ayr is considered the centre of the "Burns Country"; it is about forty miles from Glasgow, and reached by the railway; and as it was not to be seen in a hurry, our friends gave up their rooms at the hotel in Glasgow, and went "bag and baggage" to Ayr. They had telegraphed for rooms at the King's Arms Hotel, and found everything in readiness for them. The hotel is an old-fashioned affair, and this made it all the more attractive to the travellers, especially to the feminine contingent. A portrait of Burns was in the dining-room, and the walls were hung with illustrations of some of his poems, or pictures of places mentioned in them.

Ayr is a seaport, and was once a prosperous place, but the growth of Glasgow has completely overshadowed it, and at present it looks very much like a town "gone to seed," save that it has a considerable business in coal and iron, which are exported to Ireland and elsewhere. Our friends found it clean and attractive, and the principal streets lined with substantial buildings, many of them of great age. High Street is the chief thoroughfare, and it has a conspicuous landmark in the Wallace Tower, 113 feet high. There is no sidewalk to High Street, at least in the ordinary understanding of the term. The whole of the street is paved with cobble-stones, and there is a small depression forming a gutter, and supposed to mark off the space reserved for pedestrians. The houses are mostly two stories in height, and very solidly built. Frank remarked that when the Scotch put up a building they made it of honest materials and gave honest work. Very little is used for show, but a great deal for substance.

Fred was disappointed in the Wallace Tower, which he had supposed to be something very old indeed. Its modern appearance caused him to inquire about it, and he ascertained that it was built in 1832 on the site of an old tower, where tradition says Sir William Wallace was once imprisoned. Ayr was the scene of some of Wallace's exploits in making



HIGH STREET AND WALLACE TOWER.

war upon his enemies or defending himself from their attacks, and it is also famous as having been an abiding-place for a time of Oliver Cromwell. Bruce embarked here with his army in 1315 for the invasion of Ireland, and during the numerous wars in Scotland it was often the headquarters of operations. There is a great deal of history connected with Ayr, apart from its special recommendation as the centre of the Land of Burns and the scene of many of his poems.

From the Wallace Tower our friends went to the Tam o' Shanter Inn, which is claimed to be the very one from which Tam set out for his famous ride, wherein he encountered the witches after witnessing their dance. They paused in front of the house to look at the sign above the door, which represents Tam leaving the house on his way home when

"The night was dark and Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious."

Souter Johnny is bidding him good-night, and Tam is settling himself into the saddle preparatory to his ride. If any one questions the absolute truth of the poem, he has only to go to Ayr and listen to the landlord of the Tam o' Shanter Inn, when everything will be verified to the satisfaction of the most persistent doubter.

We will listen to Fred's account of their visit to Ayr and the country

around it. Having already made ourselves acquainted with the history of the place and with the outside of the inn, let us accompany the youth and his companions within the door-way.

“The landlord showed us the very chairs on which Tam o’ Shanter and Souter Johnny sat on the eventful night. The room where they



TAM O' SHANTER INN.

passed their convivial hours is up a narrow stair-way. The ceiling is so low that a tall man must look out for his head, and if he does not remove his hat out of reverence for the place, he will certainly do so on the score of preserving his head-covering. The room is not large—perhaps twelve feet by eighteen, and the floor has been so worn by scrubbing and the passing of many feet that the knots of the wood rise up



"THERE'S A FINE HAGGIS!"

like islands in a lake. There is a long table in the room, and near the big fireplace are the two chairs, which are identified by brass plates. Certainly they are old enough to have been occupied by Tam o' Shanter and his convivial friend; and for the matter of that, they might have been available to Sir William Wallace or Oliver Cromwell on their visits to the town, though it is very doubtful about the latter, when we contrast his character with that of Tam o' Shanter. There is also the very 'coup,' or mug, used by the famous Tam; that also bears marks of antiquity; but there is a rumor that the 'real coup' has been sold on several occasions to travellers willing to pay a high price for it, and another immediately appears in its place. We did not venture to ask if the rumor were true, as we should certainly have given great offence had we done so, besides getting a prompt denial.

"Quite as interesting as the chairs and the 'coup' are some autograph letters of Burns's, framed and hung on the walls of the room, which is dingy and smoky from the pipes of Tam and his successors.

"From the inn we went to the bank of the river Ayr, which divides the town into two parts, connected by the 'twa brigs o' Ayr,' which Burns has immortalized. The 'auld brig' and the 'new brig' have a neighbor in the shape of a third bridge, which was built long after the time of the poet for the use of the Glasgow and South-western Railway

Company. Naturally we cared little for the railway bridge, our attention being concentrated upon the others and the dialogue which they once held, if we accept the words of Burns. They are well-built bridges; and though it has been suggested that the 'auld brig' ought to be rebuilt, the project is generally opposed by the inhabitants, lest one of the great objects of interest in the place should be lost.

"A stranger who had never heard of Robert Burns would not be long without acquaintance with him after coming to Ayr. Nearly every house contains his portrait, and every man, woman, and child in



"AT THE SPOUT."

the place is pretty sure to allude to him in one way or another in the course of a minute's conversation. At the river's bank we were accosted by a guide, who was something of a poet on his own account, and offered to recite the production of Burns about the 'twa brigs,' and then follow it with one of his own. He was somewhat disappointed when we declined his offer; but whether from the affront to his vanity or the loss of prospective sixpences or shillings in return for the recitations, we did not inquire.

"Mrs. Bassett had a curiosity to try a Scotch haggis, and on our arrival at the hotel, before setting out for our walk, we asked that one should be prepared. On returning for luncheon we found it ready. Perhaps you don't know

what a haggis is? Well, it's a boiled pudding, that reminds you in its appearance of the boiled pudding of some parts of the United States. The marks of the string and cloth that held it were distinctly visible, and altogether it was not very prepossessing to look at. The waiter assured us that it was a 'verra nice dish,' and that it was nowhere better made than at the King's Arms. We were not afraid, but boldly attacked it. None of us had ever tried haggis before, but our hopes had been raised high by the popularity of the dish in Scotland, and especially by Burns's poem in its praise.

“We waited for Mrs. Bassett’s opinion before venturing any ideas of our own. She pronounced it agreeable, and was ready to make a good meal at once, but did not believe the haggis would ever become popular in America. The Doctor didn’t think much of it at the start, but a second or third mouthful gave him a more favorable opinion, greatly to the satisfaction of the solemn-visaged waiter. Frank said that he would paraphrase the remark of the critic who said that Wagner’s music is better than it sounds, by suggesting that the haggis is better than it tastes. Mary thought it very toothsome, but declined a second helping; and as for myself, I shall not urge that it be prepared at any of the hotels where we stop in future, though I readily appreciate its excellent qualities and the fine physique possessed by those with whom it is the daily food.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Most of us retain our fondness for the dishes of our youth, and it is easy to understand how a Scotchman, wherever he goes, will hear with moistened lips the mention of the haggis of his native land.

“In the afternoon we drove to the birthplace of Burns, the ‘auld brig o’ Doon,’ Alloway Kirk, and other objects of interest which are about three miles outside the town of Ayr. The road is a fine one for a drive, as it is macadamized all the way, and the stone walls are not high enough to prevent your seeing over them for the greater part of the way. There are several quaint cottages along the road, and it is evident that the character and customs of the inhabitants have not



BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

changed since the time of the poet. At one cottage a woman sat at a spinning-wheel, her wrinkled face revealing a pair of piercing eyes inside her snow-white cap. A little farther on a rosy-cheeked girl was filling a bucket at a 'spout,' or spout, which had its source of supply in a spring a little way above the road. Scotland is abundantly supplied with good water, and the people appreciate its value very highly. Several times in Glasgow we were told that the water of the city came from Loch Katrine, and that the supply was the most liberal of any city in the world in proportion to its population.

"Close by one of the springs two women were standing in tubs, and at first sight we thought they were having a dance there. A nearer view showed what they were about. They were engaged in washing clothes, and for this purpose used their feet instead of their hands. They reminded us of the French and Italian peasants who tread the grapes in making wine, instead of crushing them in their fingers, and we could not fail to admire the adaptation of the feet to uses not generally known in America. We asked the driver of our carriage if this was the way of washing clothes throughout Scotland, and he declared that it was, so far as he knew. Of exactly the extent of his knowledge we are yet in ignorance, as just then some new object claimed our attention, and the subject of Scotch laundry-work was dropped.

"The cottage where Burns was born is like many another cottage in

Scotland—a long low building one story in height, and having a roof of coarse thatch. It is no longer the home of a hard-working gardener, but has been turned into a show-place and drinking-house, in which capacity it undoubtedly makes a handsome return to its owner. In the summer-time there are crowds of visitors daily, all anxious to see the



SCOTCH WASHING.

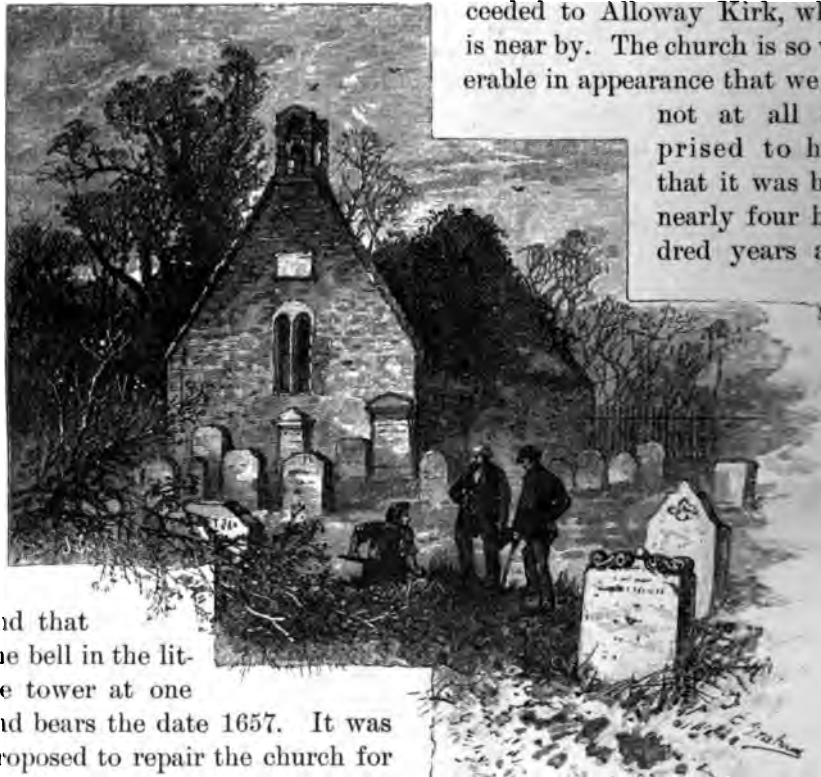
place where the poet was born, and of course every visitor must pay for the privilege of seeing and inspecting. If you want a delightful description of the cottage, you will find it in Hawthorne's 'Our Old Home.' The floors are of flag-stones, kept white by scrubbing and by touches of pipe-clay, and the walls had been freshly whitewashed at the time of our visit. Everything was spotlessly clean, and the woman in charge of the place smiled with pride as Mrs. Bassett praised the evidences of

unsparing attention and muscle. There was a row of dishes on the sideboard at one end of the room, and each of them fairly shone from its recent scrubbing. Even the cat seemed to have been freshly combed, and each particular hair was laid with the greatest precision.

“They showed us some letters and other relics of the poet, and several articles of furniture which are claimed to be of his time; and after a

brief stay at the cottage we proceeded to Alloway Kirk, which is near by. The church is so venerable in appearance that we are

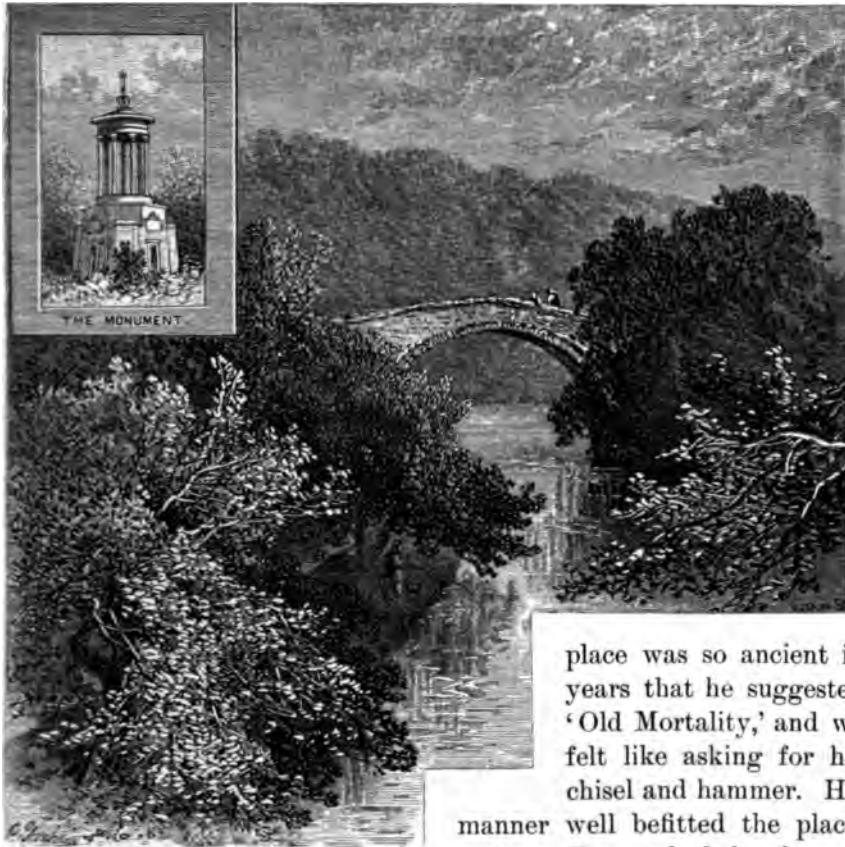
not at all surprised to hear that it was built nearly four hundred years ago,



and that the bell in the little tower at one end bears the date 1657. It was proposed to repair the church for religious purposes a few years ago, but some one suggested that it would be impossible for a congregation to sit there without thinking more of Tam o' Shanter and the dance of the witches in the haunted building than of the sermon. So the scheme fell through, and we thought it was well that it did.

ALLOWAY KIRK.

“In the cemetery attached to the Kirk we saw the graves of the poet's father, mother, and sister, together with other graves, some of them bearing very old dates. The guide who showed us through the



AULD BRIG O' DOON.

place was so ancient in years that he suggested 'Old Mortality,' and we felt like asking for his chisel and hammer. His manner well befitted the place, and we all remarked that he was the most serious-looking guide we had ever seen. We tried a few

jokes on him by way of experiment, but they would have received just as much appreciation if they had been tried on one of the gravestones.

"Our next steps were towards 'the banks and braes o' Bonny Doon,' where 'the auld brig o' Doon' spans the river in a single arch. The stream which flows beneath it is a charming one, and we do not wonder that it inspired Burns in the composition of some of his prettiest lines. The bridge is the one that saved Tam o' Shanter from the witches, as they could not pass beyond its key-stone. In the legendary lore about witches, it is asserted that they dare not cross a running stream, and the point beyond which they could not pass was the centre of the old bridge. It is probably in the same condition to-day as when Tam and his mare dashed over it, pursued by the assemblage whose



ROBERT BURNS.

antics had been witnessed in Alloway Kirk when they were quite unconscious of having a spectator.

“On the bank of the Doon, near the bridge, is the monument to Burns—a circular temple on a pedestal, the whole being about sixty feet high. In the pedestal are some relics of the poet, including the Bible which he gave to Highland Mary, the wedding-ring of Bonnie Jean, and a copy of the first edition of his poems. The popularity of Burns is shown in the fact that the cost of the monument, nearly seventeen thousand dollars, was paid for by private subscription, in the same way as the statue in

Glasgow. Of course we've all taken to reading and rereading the poems of the hero of the monument. Mary has suggested that when she makes her first attempt at writing verses, it will be in regard to this visit to Ayr and the country around it; but her work in this direction will very likely be indefinitely postponed, as has that of many other visitors to the place. Some have been inspired to the extent of writing very bad doggerel in the visitors' books, of which I would give you a few specimens were it not that they would seem almost like sacrilege. For any ordinary mortal to compose verses here would be quite as ambitious as to seek to 'paint the lily or add a new perfume to the violet.'”

CHAPTER IX.

ANECDOTES OF GLASGOWEGIANS; CAPTAIN PATOUN.—A TOBACCO LORD; JOHN WALLACE; A MAN WHO PAID TO BE ABUSED.—LOWRIE COULTER.—ARRAN ISLAND AND THE ARRAN ISLANDS.—ANCIENT FORTS AND CHURCHES.—EGYPTIAN DOOR-WAYS IN IRELAND.—RIVALRY BETWEEN GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.—DIPLOMATIC TEACHINGS FOR TRAVELLERS.—FROM AYR TO EDINBURGH.—A GLANCE AT SCOTTISH HISTORY.—THE CATTLE-STEALERS OF OLDEN TIMES.—SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AND HIS EXPLOITS; HIS CAPTURE AND EXECUTION.—SCOTS AND PICTS.—IN EDINBURGH; THE CASTLE.—REGALIA OF OLD SCOTLAND.—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.—MONS MEG; VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS.—EDINBURGH, OLD AND NEW.

AT the hotel in Ayr our friends fell in with an old gentleman of Glasgow, who was spending the summer in the capital of the land of Burns, and was glad to talk with the strangers for the sake of the relief they brought to the dulness of the Scotch town. He was well informed concerning the history of Scotland and its people, and some of his accounts were so interesting that Frank and Fred asked permission to make note of them. The permission was readily given, and thereupon the youths recorded several anecdotes of the famous characters of Glasgow in former days.

“There was Captain Patoun,” said the old gentleman, “Captain David Patoun, as he liked to be called, though he was a doctor, and had at one time a high reputation for his medical skill. In the latter part of his life he used to walk for hours upon the sidewalk in front of his house, which was opposite the Tontine, or Old Exchange. His military title came from a commission he held in a regiment that was raised in Scotland for service in Holland; and he used to declare that it was only in consequence of the jealousy of those in power, and the fear that he might become dangerous to the Government through his popularity with the soldiers, that he was not made a general. The captain was a fine swordsman, and, if his story is to be believed, he had killed many men in duels, as well as in the more legitimate work of the battle-field. There was reason to doubt the correctness of his accounts, as the number of men he had killed varied every day, and sometimes he would change the figures within five minutes. He was such a curious-looking

and altogether so odd a character that his portrait has been preserved, and the anecdotes about him are numerous. He had a very long nose and chin, always wore military leggings, and had a pair of white gloves protruding from his pockets, but never on his hands.



CAPTAIN PATOUN.

“You heard of the ‘tobacco lords’ while in Glasgow, did you not?” the old gentleman asked.

“Certainly we did,” Fred responded. “And they must have been an interesting group of men.”

“They were that,” was the reply, “and the city’s full of stories about them. One of the quaintest of them was John Wallace, who was descended from Sir William Wallace. Have you read up the history of Sir William?”

The youths admitted that they had not done so, somewhat to the disappointment of their entertainer, who was a true Scotchman, and therefore regarded Sir William

Wallace as one of the greatest characters that the world has ever known. He said as much to the strangers, whereupon they promised to study the character of this hero of Scotland at the very first opportunity.

“That’s all right,” said the old gentleman; “and now I’ll tell you about John Wallace, the descendant of Sir William. He made a great deal of money in the Virginia and West India trade, and built one of the finest houses in Glasgow. He used to go about the streets with a

white nightcap under his three-cornered hat, instead of a wig. They wore wigs in those days, and a gentleman who wanted to stand well in society did not go out without one. Sometimes he would dress himself like a working-man, and go into the poorer parts of Glasgow, where he thought he would not be recognized. Then he would get into conversation with the people, and pretend to be a stranger from some other part of Scotland. He would ask a good many questions, and one of his inquiries was about old John Wallace and the meanness of which he was accused. The more they abused John Wallace the better he liked it; and sometimes he singled out those that were most abusive, invited them to the nearest tavern for dinner, and filled their pockets with silver coins. Those who spoke well of John Wallace received nothing at all.

“One day a man who knew him, although he pretended not to, pronounced John Wallace the meanest man that was ever in Glasgow, or ever could be. As proof of his assertion, he cited several known instances of the closeness of Wallace's dealings, together with some that were quite imaginary.

“The tobacco lord was delighted. He invited the man to eat dinner with him at the tavern, fed him bountifully, filled his pockets with money, and then told him where to call the next day and obtain employment at a liberal salary. The man went as directed, and was hired to circulate just the kind of stories which he seemed to be fertile in inventing. The consequence is,” the gentleman added, “that we cannot always be sure that the stories about John Wallace which have come down to us are all true, but enough of them are to show that he was one of the oddest characters ever known in Scotland.

“Almost as strange in another way was Lowrie Coulter, who went about the streets dragging a cane nearly as tall as himself, and sometimes brandishing it so fiercely when in an argument that people found

it a safe plan to keep out of his reach. He wanted to be considered the wisest man in the city, and was never so happy as when he heard himself praised to the very highest degree of flattery. When others failed to give him the praise he was not slow to make it himself, and he always wound up by declaring that everybody else was a fool.”

“There are many people like him to-day,” said Doctor Bronson, who had listened to the conversation, “and they are by no means confined to Scotland. We have some of them in America.”

The Glasgow gentleman agreed with him, though he said he had never been in America, and therefore could not speak from his knowledge of that country, but he knew the race still existed in the British islands. “We have a great respect for America,” said he, “as it has made wonderful progress in the last hundred years, and we're all fond of saying that it was peopled



JOHN WALLACE.

from this part of the world and that's what makes it so progressive. It's the Scotch and English and Irish blood in your veins that has made you what you are. If you'd been colonized from any other part of the world you would be nowhere near as great as you are to-day."

This remark led the conversation in the direction of the colonization of the portions of the North American continent that now form the United States, and especially of the share which Scotland had in the work of settling the New World and opening it to civilization.

From Ayr our friends proceeded to Edinburgh. Frank and Fred wanted to visit Arran Island, which lies a short distance off the coast, but it was found that the trip would cause some delay, and they were assured that the attractions of the spot were not sufficient to compensate for the loss of time.

"But I've been reading," said Fred, "that the Arran Islands are quite interesting, and contain some remarkable ruins of very ancient date."

"I see you've made a mistake that is by no means uncommon," said his informant, with a smile.

"What is that?"

"You've confounded Arran Island with the Arran Islands, or South Isles of Arran," was the reply. "Arran Island is in front of us, but the South Isles of Arran are at the entrance of Galway Bay, on the west coast of Ireland."

Fred acknowledged his mistake, and said he remembered hearing about the Arran Islands when they were in Ireland, but gave no attention to the matter at the time, and so it had slipped from his memory.

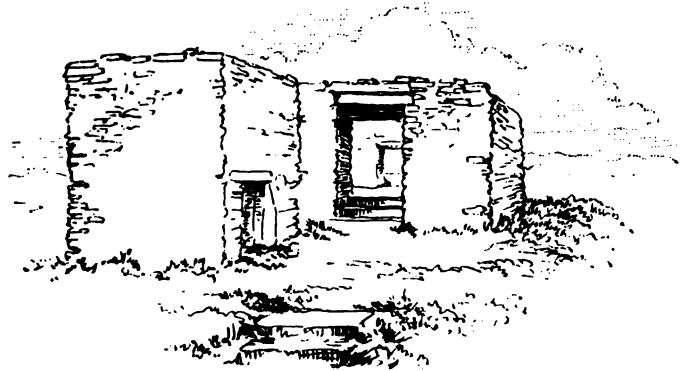
"I've been in the South Isles," said the gentleman, "and it is true they have some very old ruins there. They had about twenty churches and monasteries there at one time," he continued, "but the most of them have crumbled away. One that was built in the seventh century



LOWRIE COULTER.

is standing yet, all but its roof, which is gone, as you might well expect it to be. Then there are some little huts of the monks of the sixth century that were preserved by having been covered up with rubbish for hundreds of years, and were brought to light only very recently. There are nine circular forts, supposed to have been built in the first century of the Christian era. They are of unhewn stone, and some of their walls are twenty feet high. They would be of little account as places of defence in these modern days, but at the time they were built they were no doubt the wonder of the people all around there.

“And let me remark,” he continued, “that they were built by Scotchmen. There were three brothers named Angus, Conchovar, and Mil, who went over there and built the forts, and their names are preserved in them to this day, so you may know the story is true. They didn’t



DWELLING-HOUSE OF THE SIXTH CENTURY, ARRAN ISLANDS.

have any mortar to build with, and they took the flat pieces of limestone and laid them up into solid walls. They made the door-ways to the forts by inclining the stones so that each stone would have less to bear than the one below it.

“And talking about door-ways,” he went on, “I’ll tell you something that will interest you very much if you are at all fond of archæology. There’s an old church of the sixth century on the Arran Islands, called Teampull Mic Duach, and the door to it is a perfect picture of the entrance to an Egyptian tomb. I’ll show you a picture of it, and if you take away the Irishman who’s been put in to show the height of the door, you might think you were looking at a sketch from Thebes or Aboo-Simbel. Now, the Irish at that time had no intercourse with

Egypt, and knew nothing about its architecture, but there isn't anything in all the land of the Nile more thoroughly Egyptian than this door-way in the Arran Islands."

Further conversation on this topic was cut off by the announcement that it was time to be getting ready for the train which was to carry the travellers to the city famed wherever Scotland is known.



DOOR-WAY OF TRAMPULL MIC DUACH.

"Edinburgh people hold their heads very high," said a native of Glasgow, "and for many things they have a right to. Theirs used to be the largest city, and there is no question but that they had all the wealth and refinement at one time.

But Glasgow has grown, while Edinburgh hasn't, and it's now a good deal richer and more populous. Since my time it has been said that Glasgie's the place to make money, and Edinburgh the place to spend it; but there's plenty now in Glasgow to spend money on, and you can certainly make it easier there than in Edinburgh."

Our friends had observed this rivalry of the two cities ever since they landed in Scotland, and, like the prudent travellers that they were, they carefully refrained from expressing opinions that could embarrass them. Frank gave this bit of advice to Mary:

"A good rule all the world over, when visiting cities, buildings, factories, or sights of any kind, is this: 'Praise everything that you can conscientiously, and where you can't praise, say nothing.' Thus you will avoid giving offence, and be within the lines of truth. Especially is this the case in regard to cities that are rivals of each other."

The advice was not lost on Mary. The girl bore it in mind constantly during the entire journey of which this volume is the record.

The train carried the travellers through a picturesque country, hills

and valleys alternating in rapid succession, and cultivated fields contrasting with barren moors. The rugged character of much of the country through which they passed made it very apparent to our friends that only a patient and industrious people could prosper there. "To understand the Scotch, you must know their country," said Frank, as they rolled along, and his opinion was echoed by his companions.

After studying the scenery where the country was wildest in its character, Mary suggested that it was a capital region for brigands. "They might hide here very easily, and the soldiers who pursued them would have a hard time to find them."

"That was exactly the state of affairs in former times," said Doctor Bronson. "The mountains of Scotland were the retreat of many roving bands that were at war with the Government and the peaceful inhabitants, and sometimes these robber bands became so powerful that they took possession of the Government.

"The history of Scotland abounds in stories of the achievements of the bands that invested the mountains and made descents upon the plains. Patriotism and cupidity were very much mingled in their operations, and in many instances it is not easy to determine by which principle they were animated. On the whole, it may fairly be accepted that the outlaws believed themselves justified in their course by the cruelties that had been heaped on the people by their rulers. Many a man became a freebooter because he was not allowed to live quietly at home. Heavy taxes were wrung from him, and he was called to fight in battle for a king or a noble who had no regard whatever for the rights or property of his subjects. To escape the conscription or plunder, he fled to the hills, joined with others who had suffered in the same way as himself, and sometimes these robber bands maintained themselves for years and defied all attempts at their capture."

Mary asked how these wandering parties managed to live—where they obtained food, as they evidently could not remain long enough in one place to till the soil.



DOOR-WAY, FORT ANGUS.

“They used to make forays into the inhabited regions and help themselves to whatever they could find. Cattle were their favorite plunder, and these men are often referred to in history as cattle-thieves. The herds were taken from their pastures, or wherever else they happened to be, and driven to the retreats of the robbers. They were more acceptable than any other kind of plunder, as they supplied their own transportation. Corn or wheat would require to be carried, but the cattle carried themselves, and only needed to be directed and driven the way they should go.

“The great William Wallace, about whom you were talking at Ayr, was known as a cattle-stealer in the early days of his career. The story



ORATORY OF ST. BENAN.

is that while attending school at Dundee he was insulted by the son of the governor of Dundee Castle. A fight followed, and in it Wallace killed his adversary. Of course he was obliged to flee to save his life. He went to the mountains, where he gathered a body of insurgents, and for years kept up the existence of a bandit. He stole cattle on which

to support his followers, and every attempt to capture him or disperse his band was unsuccessful.”

“I have just been reading up the history of Sir William Wallace,” said Frank, as Doctor Bronson paused, “and find that he was the son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire. From a bandit in the mountains he became a warrior of great renown, and is one of the men whose memory is revered by the Scotch people on account of his services to the country. The oppression of the people by their English rulers was so severe that the forces of Wallace increased steadily, and he was able to meet the English armies on the battle-field. He defeated them at Stirling, and so complete was the defeat that the English were driven from Scotland, and the country was under the rule of Wallace. He invaded the north of England without opposition, but was compelled to retire before an army led by King Edward



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE GRASS-MARKET.

in person. The Scots were defeated at Falkirk, and after that the power of Wallace declined."

"Yes," said Fred, as his cousin paused, "and the old story followed. Wallace was betrayed by one of his followers and delivered into the hands of the King. There was a trial, which was little more than a farce, and then the patriot was executed. But before his capture he gave the English a great deal of trouble, and when the habits of those times are considered, it is no wonder that they treated him as they did.

"Scottish writers have given Sir William Wallace a very prominent place in history, and he no doubt deserves it. But much that has been written about him is known to be untrue, and the whole story of his life is so interwoven with romance that it is impossible to separate truth from fiction."

From this contemplation of Scottish history the conversation turned upon the people. Mary said she wanted to ask about the Scots and Picts. She had read of them somewhere, but didn't know exactly what it was she had read.

"I know that the people of Scotland were the Scots and Picts," said she, "but don't know what the difference is between them."

"That's a subject that has greatly puzzled the antiquarians," said

the Doctor, "and will probably puzzle them as long as the country and its inhabitants exist. The best authorities say that the Picts were a Celtic people, and are first known in history as occupying the whole of that part of Scotland north of the Firth of Forth, except the western portion, which had been colonized or conquered by the Scots, another Celtic people, whose original home was in Ireland. In course of time



NIGHT VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN.

the Scots and Picts became so intermingled that the boundaries between them were not easy to be defined. Hence arose much of the controversy concerning them."

"Haven't I read somewhere," queried Fred, "that Ireland was the original Scotland?"

"Quite likely you have," was the reply, "as it appears that the original Scotland, or Scotia, was Ireland, and the people of the last-named country were called Scoti, or Scots, when they first appeared in the earliest history that may be considered authentic. What is now called Ireland was originally Scotland, and the country in which Edinburgh and Glasgow are the great cities had the name of Scotia Nova (New Scotland) as late as the tenth century. Gradually the name of Scotland was dropped from the Emerald Isle and wholly appropriated by the land of the Scots and Picts.

"That's another of the 'wrongs of Ireland' that should be recorded. But the people of Hibernia do not mention it in their list of complaints against England, and possibly many of them are not aware of how their country's name was changed."

Frank remarked that he thought the assertion would be characterized as a British falsehood, and said he should be very careful not to mention it in public on his next visit to Dublin or Cork. "It might do for Belfast and the rest of the north, who are friendly with the Scotch and closely related to them," said he, "but as for the other parts of the country I have my doubts."

In due time the party reached Edinburgh, and was safely landed at

the station of the Caledonian Railway. As they drove through the streets on their way to the hotel their eyes were busy with the new sights revealed at every turn, and they all agreed that even in that brief view they found it the most picturesque city they had seen thus far in their journey.

As soon as they could do so they started out for a more detailed observation. At the suggestion of Doctor Bronson they went first to the Castle, from which they looked down upon the old city and the new one, and upon the plain and hills beyond. Mrs. Bassett said the only place she had ever seen of which she was now reminded

was Quebec. It had a castle on a steep hill, just as Edinburgh has, but the castled city of the New World was by no means to be compared with that of the Old in several important features.

Frank was made the historian of the visit to Edinburgh, and we will look to him for an account of what the party saw.

“We looked down upon the city from the parapet of the Castle,” said Frank, “and were so fascinated with the view that we could have spent the whole day there and other days besides. The Castle is on a rock four hundred feet high, and perpendicular on three of its sides. On the fourth side it slopes away gradually, so that it can be ascended with ease, provided no opposition is made. But with a garrison holding the summit, a hostile force would have a hard task to get there



A STREET IN OLD EDINBURGH.

if it had no weapons other than those of a thousand years ago, before the invention of gunpowder and fire-arms.

“It was the peculiar shape of this rock that caused the city to be located here. It was used as a fortification in very early times, and was a Saxon stronghold. Edwin, the King of Northumbria, established him-



VIEW FROM CALTON HILL.

self on the rock and built a fort there. Then the city began to rise around the rock, and was known as Edwin's Burgh, which is the origin of the name by which we know it to-day. This was away back in the seventh century. At that time the city was not very populous, and the buildings were mostly of wood and rudely constructed. From Edwin's time the city grew, and four centuries later it became one of the principal

burghs in the kingdom and the seat of the royal court. King David I., in the twelfth century, founded the Abbey of Holyrood, and gave the canons of the abbey the right to build a suburb between their church and the rock where the castle stands. It is from this grant to the canons that the name of Canongate is given to that suburb to-day.



OLD TOWN, FROM PRINCES STREET.

“The story goes that in old times the kings of Scotland used to send their daughters here to be educated, and they were not allowed to leave the place until negotiations had been made for marrying them. Royal marriages were then very much as they are now. They were matters of contract, in which love and sentiment had very little, if any, place. When a prince reached a marriageable age, his father looked around for

an eligible maiden to whom he could be united. If the views of the two kings were in harmony, the transaction was quickly concluded, and then the parties who might be supposed to have the greatest interest in the matter were informed that the wedding would come off on a certain day. As the prince and princess had never met, they could not possibly have any objections to each other, and if they ventured to protest they were shut up in dark rooms and soon convinced of their mistake.

“There was one princess who had fallen in love with an officer of the court, and when told that she was to be married on a certain day to a prince whom she had never seen, she vowed that the wedding should not come off. She managed to convey a message to her lover, and told him to come to a certain place under the walls and wait there during the night. He was to indicate his presence by lighting a fire at a point she designated. When she saw the fire, she let herself down the front of the rock by means of a rope she had somehow obtained and concealed, and when daylight came she and her lover were far away among the hills. Of course there was great excitement when the rope was found there in the morning and the absence of the girl was discovered.

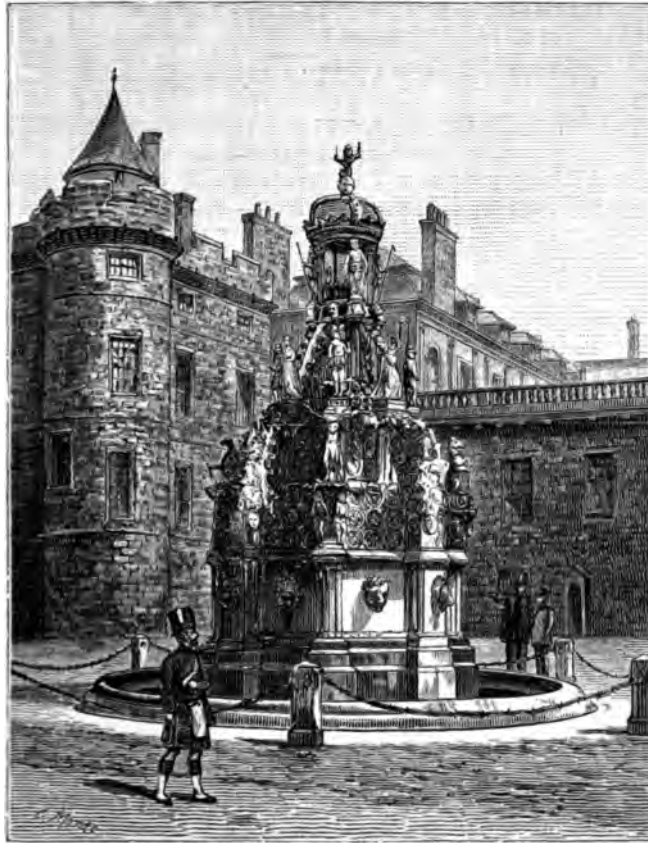
“Pursuit was made, but the pair had such a good start that they were not overtaken. The girl’s father sent a force of soldiers to capture the runaways, but the latter were protected by their friends, and the chase came to nothing. The princess and the courtier were married immediately on their arrival in the mountains, but they were kept moving so rapidly from place to place that they had no chance to set up house-keeping. After vainly trying for months to secure the return of his daughter, the King offered pardon to herself and husband if they would return; but they distrusted the offer, and watched their chance to get out of the country.

“Years afterwards, in one of the wars which prevailed, the courtier came with a strong force of followers just as his father-in-law was about to be overwhelmed by his enemies. With the efficient aid thus secured, the King defended himself successfully, put his enemies to flight, and became fully reconciled to the runaway match.

“They showed us the room where King James I. of England was born, the prison where many distinguished personages were confined at different periods of the Castle’s history, and the esplanade where many a political offender yielded up his life at the hands of the executioner. The main part of the Castle dates only from the fifteenth century, but the older portions can boast of much greater antiquity.

“In the Crown-room, where the ancient kings were installed, we saw

the regalia worn at the coronations. The crown is said to be the very one that was placed on the head of Robert Bruce, and the sceptre and sword are nearly, if not quite, as old as the crown. They told us that



HOLYROOD FOUNTAIN.

the regalia was lost for a hundred years, and many searches were made for it in all parts of Scotland. One day, in overhauling an old chest in the room, the regalia was found, and it turned out that during all the time they had been looking for it it was close at hand!

CHAPTER X.

HOUSE WHERE JOHN KNOX LIVED.—COMMENTS ON KNOX'S CHARACTER.—CHURCH OF ST. GILES.—THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—THE SCOTTISH LAW COURTS.—GREYFRIARS' CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD.—SIGNING THE COVENANT.—THE COVENANTERS' PRISON.—"GREYFRIARS' BOBBY."—WHOLESALE NEW-YEAR GREETINGS.—HOLYROOD PALACE.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS; INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MARY; HER CHARACTER.—MURDER OF RIZZIO; THE SCENE OF THE CONSPIRACY.—LORD DARNLEY; HOW HE WAS BLOWN UP.—MRS. BASSETT'S VIEWS ON HOLYROOD HOUSE-KEEPING.—QUEEN MARY AND THE EARL OF BOTHWELL.

"THE Castle of Edinburgh would be of no consequence to-day in a military sense," continued Frank, "but it is very interesting historically, and every Scotchman would be indignant at the suggestion that it should be destroyed. As the inside of the Castle brings up a

great many events of history, so the view from the ramparts seems to show to the spectator a large part of Scotland. For miles and miles the vision extends, including the Pentland Hills on the south, the Ochils on the north, the mountains Ben-Lomond, Benledi, and others in the north-west, together with other hills and mountains in various directions.

"The Firth of Forth spreads its waters, running far into the land, and away in the direction of the sea there is a beautiful view. The eye easily takes in Leith, the suburb and port of Edinburgh, and there are other suburbs nestled here and there, as though they were chickens waiting for the mother-hen to call them in. We spent much

more time over the view from the ramparts of the Castle than in looking at its interior. All the antiquities, however interesting they might



COVENANTERS' PRISON GATE.

be, could not compare with the sight of the country surrounding the old fortress and the city at its feet.

“I don't know any other place in the world where you can look down upon the Old and the New so well as from the top of the Castle. On one side you have the old town of Edinburgh, with its quaint roofs and gables, its narrow streets, where you can almost brush against the houses on both sides as you walk along. On the other side is the new part of the city, regularly laid out with modern buildings that might have been brought from New York or Paris, after having been constructed in conformity with the latest fashions. The streets in the new city are generally wide and run at right angles to each other, and the buildings present the appearance of having been erected with no parsimonious hand. Between them is a ravine, which has been partially filled by the Princes Gardens, the Scott Monument, and the Waverley railway station, and is crossed by handsome bridges. A railway occupies part of the ravine, and where the open cutting comes to an end the trains enter and leave a tunnel that burrows beneath an inhabited portion of the city.”

We have seen that while in Glasgow Mrs. Bassett was much interested in John Knox, one of the heroes of the Reformation; and almost her first wish, on reaching Edinburgh, was to see the house where he lived in that city. When the party left the Castle they proceeded in the direction of that famous building, which proved to be a very humble one, like the homes of many other famous men. There is a general impression that Knox was born in Edinburgh, but this was not the case. He first saw the light in a small village of Lothian, the county in which Edinburgh is situated, but the great work of his life was performed in the capital city. He lived and died in a house in the Nether Bow, between Canongate and High Street, and the building has been changed very little since his death, which occurred in 1572.



NORTH BRIDGE.

"I love to read about him and talk about him," said Mrs. Bassett, as they stood in front of the memorable house. "His character is one I have always admired, and the world would be better if there were more men like him."

"Yes," replied Doctor Bronson, "he was a man of firm convictions, and never hesitated in expressing them, even at the peril of his life and liberty. He used to say of himself that he had learned 'to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig, a fig; a spade, a spade.' When he was buried in St. Giles's church-yard, the Regent Morton said of him, 'Here lies one who never feared the face of man.' He suffered banishment, persecution, imprisonment, but never wavered in his faith."

"He deserves a fine monument," said Mrs. Bassett. "Is there one in the church-yard where he was buried?"

"No," replied the Doctor. "His grave is marked by a flat stone, which is in accordance with his wishes. It bears nothing more than his initials and the year of his death.



GRAVE OF THE REGENT MORTON.

In that respect he was like that other great leader of the Reformation, John Calvin, who wished no monument erected over him. His wish was respected, as every visitor to Geneva can see if he takes the trouble to do so."

Of course the grave of Knox was visited, and very naturally the journey to it was combined

with an examination of the church of St. Giles, one of the most interesting buildings in Edinburgh. The original church was erected in the twelfth century on the site of an earlier building whose date is not positively known. The present structure belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but it has been through many troubles consequent upon the religious changes from time to time. During the Reformation it was stripped of many of its ornaments, and was then divided by partitions into four separate churches. Other changes were made, both inside and outside, and altogether it is fortunate that the building was preserved at all.

It owes its present appearance to Dr. William Chambers, the well-known publisher, who devoted much time and money to the work of restoring the church as nearly as possible to its original appearance. These restorations were completed only a few years ago, about the time

of the death of Dr. Chambers in 1883. John Knox preached in the church on many occasions, and some relics of him are shown to visitors.

As the party came out of the church, Fred asked Mary if she had read Scott's novel entitled "The Heart of Mid-Lothian."

"I have not," replied the girl, "but hope to some day."

"Well," said Fred, "I will add to your enjoyment of the novel by showing you where it was."

He led the way to a spot to the north-west of the church of St. Giles, where a heart is cut in the pavement. He pointed it out to Mary, and indicated that it was what she wished to see.

"Is that all there is of it?" said Mary, in a tone of surprise. "I never had an idea what it was, but supposed it had reference to a village, city, valley, or something of the sort."

"You are not very far out of the way," replied the youth, "as it was something more than a mere stone with a heart cut into it. The old Tolbooth, or city prison, stood here. The slang name for it was 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and it might have been forgotten when the prison was torn down, had it not been for the novel which has preserved its memory. As long as Scott's novels are read this curious name will live."

"That reminds me," said Mary, "that Sir Walter Scott lived a long time in Edinburgh. Can't we see the house where he dwelt?"

"Certainly you can," was the reply, "and you can see more than one house, as he did not live all the time in one spot. He was born in Edinburgh, his father being Walter Scott, and a member of an old family of what was called 'the Border.' After the poet's reverses of fortune, he left the home he had established at Abbotsford and came to Edinburgh, where he hired a lodging and set about earning money to pay his debts."

"Do all literary gentlemen do like that when they get into debt?" queried the girl. "Do they sit down and work hard, so as to pay off their creditors?"



CELLAR WHERE THE UNION WAS SIGNED.

“There are exceptions in all things,” remarked Doctor Bronson, to whom the inquiry seemed to be addressed, “and the lives of literary men will afford a sufficient number of illustrations in that line.” With this diplomatic explanation the Doctor dropped the topic, and the attention of the tourists was turned to something else.

From St. Giles’s Church the visitors went to Parliament House, on the

Still on the spot § XXVIII
~~This corner's space~~ Lord Marmion said
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed
 When seated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below
 And ~~the~~ ^{The wondrous} ~~men~~ ^{eye could see} the distant glow city gle
 with gloomy splendour real

FAC-SIMILE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HANDWRITING.

other side of a square, or open space, which was formerly a church-yard. The Scottish Parliament used to meet in this extensive building, but it is now used for the Supreme Law Courts of Scotland. Many legal gentlemen were to be seen there, some of them in gown and wig, which excited the curiosity of Mrs. Bassett and Mary, to whom the costume was a novelty. They were shown the immense library of 300,000 volumes, the largest library in Scotland, and Mary's curiosity was aroused when the manuscript of the “Waverly” novels was pointed out. Mrs. Bassett was more interested in the copy of the first printed Bible ever issued, and the “Confession of Faith,” signed by James VI. in 1590. Then they were shown another library of 60,000 volumes, and were told that it belonged to the Writers of the Signet.

Fred asked what a Writer of the Signet was. He had been told that Sir Walter Scott's father was one, and that the great novelist was brought up in his father's office.

“Originally,” said Doctor Bronson, “a Writer of the Signet was a clerk of the Secretary of State, who prepared documents that were to

pass under the King's signet. At present the Writer of the Signet is a lawyer of the kind that the English call 'solicitor.'"

Fred said he had often been puzzled by the designation of lawyers in England, which seemed to be different from those of America.

"There is quite a difference between the two countries," the Doctor answered. "In the United States the term 'lawyer' covers every man who practises before the courts, but in Great Britain it means a practitioner of law or an officer connected with its administration. In Amer-

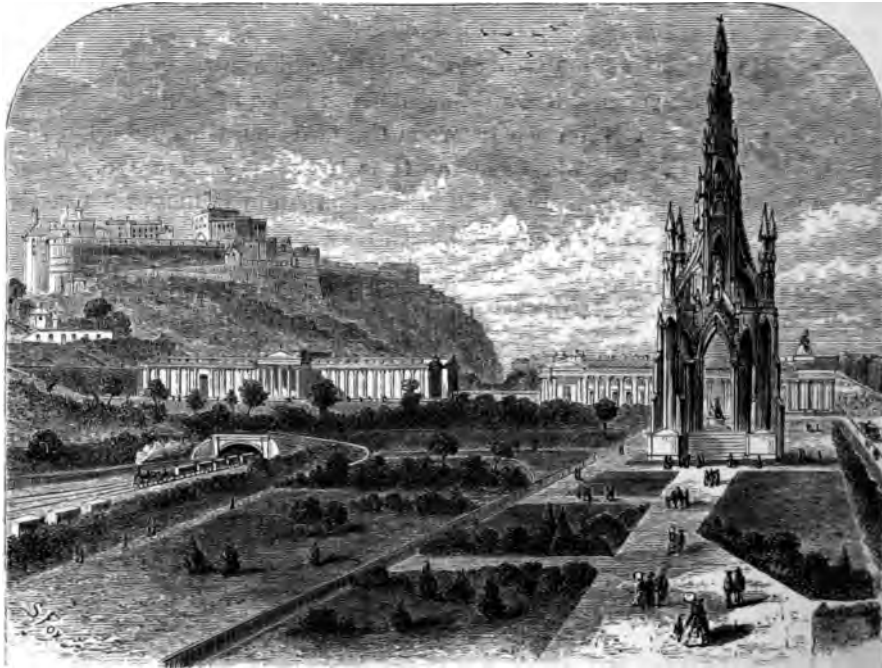


PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ica a lawyer may be attorney and counsellor, but in Great Britain the attorney, or solicitor, prepares the case for the barrister, or counsel, who pleads it before the court, the attorney not having the right to appear there and make the argument."

"It compels a man who goes to law here to employ two men instead of one, as he would in the United States, does it not?" Fred asked.

"That is the practical result," replied the Doctor, "and in complicated cases even the two are not sufficient. It is a subdivision of labor similar to that in a household where the servants have their specified



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

duties to perform, and each religiously refrains from anything that should be performed by another, no matter under what circumstances."

Fred made note of the fact, which may be interesting to his legal readers and possibly to others, that the Supreme Court of Scotland consists of two Courts of Appeal, each with four judges, who form the "Inner House," and five courts of first instance, with one judge to each. These five compose the "Outer House," and there are thirteen judges in all, their chief officers being the Lord President and the Lord Justice Clerk. The Criminal Court sits Monday only for serious offences, and the Civil courts sit daily except Monday. There are vacations from the middle of March to the middle of May, and from July 20th to October 15th, and also a vacation of about two weeks at Christmas.

"From Parliament House," said Frank, "we went to old Greyfriars' Church and church-yard. The church is historically interesting as the spot where the 'National Covenant' was signed in 1638. According to the accounts which have descended to us, a crowded congregation listened to a sermon by Alexander Henderson, and then the famous

document received the signature of the Earl of Sutherland and all the others who were present. It was then taken to the church-yard and placed on a flat tombstone, and for hours and hours the people came forward to attach their names to the scroll. Some even signed it in their own blood, pricking their fingers to produce the flow. They foresaw the blood that would be shed in consequence of the Covenant, and thus signified their willingness to die for their faith. We saw the stone where the document was signed. It is protected from vandals by an iron railing, and is an object of curiosity to all visitors, whatever may be their religious faith."



THE OLD TOLBOOTH—HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

Mary wanted to know what the Covenant was, and the Doctor kindly explained it to her.

"It was," said he, "a bond of union or agreement drawn up by the leading Presbyterian ministers of Edinburgh, and embodying the Confession of Faith of 1580 and 1581. Those who signed it agreed to spare no effort to protect and preserve their religion. They were called Covenanters, in consequence of having subscribed to the agreement, and this

was the origin of the name which has such a prominent place in the religious history of Scotland. Many copies were made of the document, and it was sent to all parts of Scotland for signatures. A goodly number of these documents are now in existence, there being five of them in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh."

"Is that the document which is known as the 'Solemn League and Covenant'?" inquired Fred, who had listened to Doctor Bronson's remarks to Mary.

"It preceded the Solemn League and Covenant some four or five years," the Doctor answered, "though the two did not differ in any very essential points. The National Covenant referred to Scotland alone, while the Solemn League and Covenant was a bond of religious union between England and Scotland in an effort to bring about a uniform mode of worship in both countries. The two covenants were in force for a considerable period, and in many instances penalties were attached to their violation. Where the Covenanters were in power they were generally quite as severe in their discipline as were those against whom their covenants were made. The history of the religious troubles of Scotland is a history of many cruelties perpetrated on both sides in the name of religion.

"Though the Covenants were long ago set aside so far as their official force is concerned, there is still a religious body of Covenanters in the Scottish Highlands. They are called Cameronians, and officially designated as Reformed Presbyterians. Their first-mentioned name comes from Richard Cameron, a Scottish preacher who flourished about two hundred years ago, and died fighting for the faith which he professed. He is regarded as a martyr, and has a prominent place in the history of Scotland."

"This is where Sir Walter Scott worshipped in his youth," continued Frank, in his account of Greyfriars' Church. "We saw the graves of his father and other members of the family in the church-yard, and also the graves of many noted men. A saddening feature connected with many of these spots is that their occupants died on the scaffold on account of their religion. There is the grave of the Regent Morton, whose headless body was interred on a dark night, and for a long time the location of his burial-place was not known. There is a monument to the memory of many martyrs, and its inscription tells more than a volume. Perhaps you would like to see it; here it is:

"From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquiss of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered,

were one way or other murdered or destroyed for the same cause about 18,000; of whom were executed at Edinburgh about 100 of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others—noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lie here.'

"From the monument we went to the south side of the yard, where we saw the Covenanters' Prison. Here some twelve hundred Covenanters, who were taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, were kept in confinement for five months. They had no shelter from night or the weather, and were fed on four ounces of bread daily to each man, with a small supply of water from one of the city pipes which ran not far away. At night the prisoners were ordered not to rise from the ground, under penalty of being shot at. Many who rose up in their sleep, not knowing what they were doing, were put to death or seriously wounded in consequence. No man was allowed to visit the prisoners or bring them food. Women might occasionally do so, but only at the risk of rude treatment by the guards. Some of the prisoners were released on signing bonds not to take up arms against the King, and many died from the effects of the severe winter. Over four hundred refused all terms of release, and were shipped as prisoners to South America. The ship which carried them was wrecked, and very few escaped.



MACKENZIE'S TOMB.

"Not far from the gate of the Covenanters' Prison is the tomb of one of their worst enemies, Sir George Mackenzie. There was a belief in his time, and for many years after his death, that his spirit could not rest in consequence of the terrible cruelties which he practised on the unfortunate Covenanters who fell into his hands. It was supposed to wander around the place where the victims of Mackenzie were buried, and act as a perpetual sentinel over them. Mackenzie was King's Advocate under Charles II. and James II., and it was by his orders that most of the executions at Edinburgh and in other parts of Scotland were performed.

"Before we left the neighborhood of the church, Mary asked about 'Greyfriars' Bobby' that she had read about. The guide readily

answered her question, and showed the spot where a faithful dog kept watch for fourteen years above the grave of his master. Bobby was one of the mourners at the man's funeral, and when the coffin was lowered into the ground he refused to go away. Every night he lay there without regard to the weather. The sexton of the church tried to persuade the dog to go home with him, but he would not go. When he was taken away by force he howled continually until allowed to return. The sexton put a box on the ground near the grave; the dog could crawl into this box at night, and he slept there summer and winter till he died. Just think of it—fourteen years!

“‘Bobby showed that he knew the hours of the day and the days of the week,’ said the guide. ‘Every day, when the gun was fired at the castle, he would go to the restaurant at No. 6 Greyfriars’ Place, and get his dinner. The keeper of the restaurant was very kind to him, and one day he was summoned to answer the charge of harboring a dog without a license. Bobby soon learned that the restaurant was not open on Sunday, and towards the end of the week he used to save a part of each meal and hide it under a tombstone in the yard, to serve for his Sunday’s dinner. People who knew about Bob-



KEY OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

by used to bring food to him on Sunday morning, and the dog was looked upon as the property of everybody in Edinburgh.’”

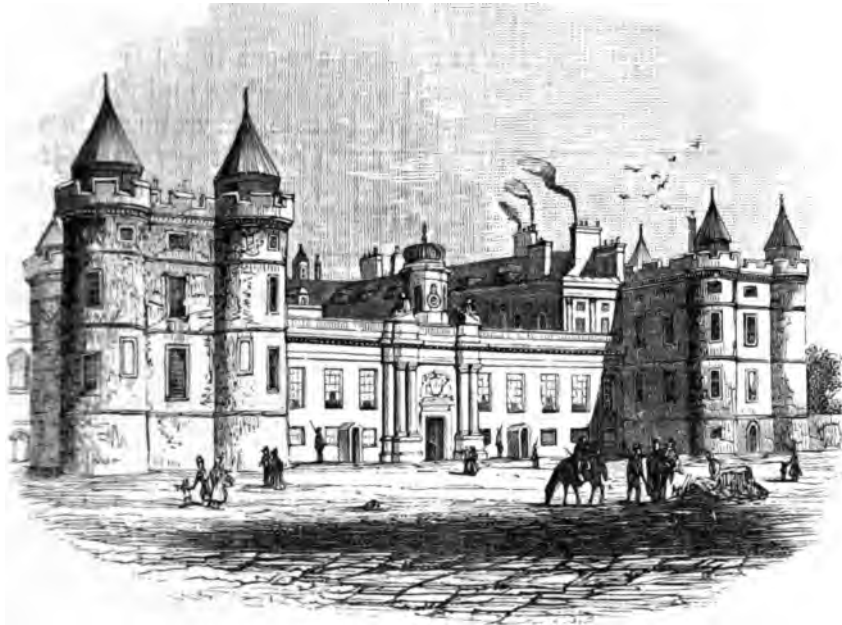
“He deserved a monument,” Mary remarked, when she heard the story of this faithful creature.

Frank shook his head at the guide, and the subject was changed. Later, Frank gave the girl a pleasant surprise by taking her in front of a drinking-fountain which is surmounted with the figure of a Scotch terrier, and bears on its pedestal an inscription reciting the fidelity of the dog, and saying that the fountain was erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts with the permission of the city authorities.

“I don’t know who it was that called the dog ‘the most faithful friend of man,’” Mary remarked, as she read the inscription on the base of the fountain, “but here’s an illustration of the correctness of his

words. I shall be fonder than ever of my pet dog at home, now that I've heard of Greyfriars' Bobby and what he did."

"From Greyfriars' Church," said Frank, "we went through College Wynd and over the South Bridge to Tron Church and the open square, where the people come on New-year's Day to shake hands with each

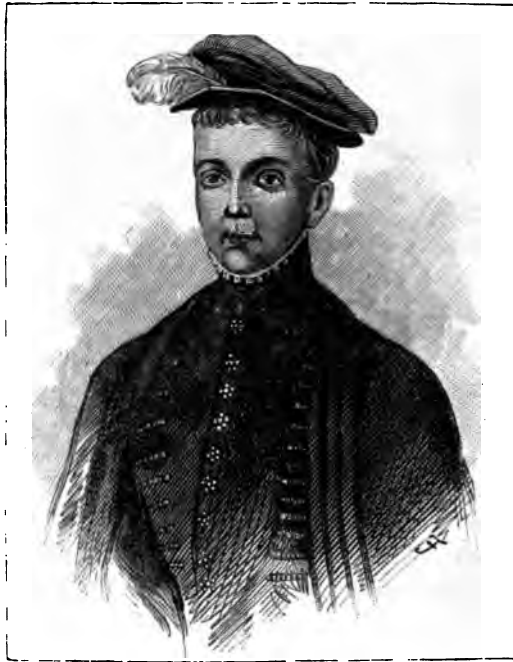


HOLYROOD PALACE.

other and exchange their greetings. The guide said that they begin to assemble soon after eleven o'clock, and if the day is pleasant the square is crowded before noon. Just as the clock strikes twelve everybody calls out, 'A happy New Year!' and shakes hands with all around him, whether he knows them or not. It is taken for granted that every one is there to give and receive good wishes for the new year, and if he doesn't want to be of the party he should stay away. Fred thought it was a good way to save the trouble of making New Year's calls, and the Doctor suggested that it was probably a device of thrifty Scotchmen who wanted to save the cost of hiring cabs. But the good Doctor was certainly wrong, as the custom arose hundreds of years ago before cabs were thought of, and when the streets of Edinburgh were innocent of wheeled vehicles of any kind.

“A cellar near the Tron Church was pointed out as the place where the union between England and Scotland was signed in 1707, but we saw nothing about the place to indicate that it was deserving of honor. It is occupied by a basket-maker, who did not seem to care how many articles of Union were signed there, so long as he could collect a fee for allowing the shop to be visited. Light is admitted through a hole in the sidewalk above, and those who signed the agreement must have had good eyes—or candles.

“We didn’t stay there long, as we were anxious to get to Holyrood Palace, which is so closely connected with the history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. It was not necessary to tell us that the quadrangular building bearing the name of Holyrood Palace was very old; that was very evident from the style of architecture and the time-stained condition of its walls. The north-west towers were erected by James V. of Scotland in 1528, but the rest of the edifice did not come into existence until a century later. At the corner of the palace are the ruins of Holyrood Chapel, which was built long and long before the palace was thought of. Like many other ruined buildings, it is sadly in need of repair, but is not at all likely to get it.



LORD DARNLEY.

They showed us dates in the gravestones on the floor of the chapel as far back as 1455. These dates are perfectly legible, in spite of the lapse of time and the pressure of many feet. Many Scottish kings and queens are buried in Holyrood, and the grave of Lord Darnley, Queen Mary’s husband, was pointed out. You may be sure we didn’t waste much time over him, as his character does not reveal anything worthy of admiration.

“Much more interesting than the grave of Lord Darnley were the

rooms where Queen Mary lived—'French Mary,' as some writers have called her, on account of her great love for France, which seemed to be stronger than that for her native Scotland. There has been a great deal of controversy about her character, and, like most controversies concerning the prominent personages of her time, the views are largely influenced by the religious opinions of the writers. In the eyes of certain historians, Mary was all that was good, pure, and noble, and her fate was most cruel and unfortunate. Others declare her to have been crafty, treacherous, and all else that was bad, and that the sentence which carried her to the scaffold was fully deserved.

"But here we are in the apartments of Mary, and have no time just now for historical discussions. They are in a very sad condition, as might be expected, after being without renovation for three hundred years.

The bed in which the Queen slept is still here, the curtains moth-eaten and hanging in tatters, and everything about the place going slowly to ruin. The room may have been comfortable enough in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but it would be difficult to find a tenant for it to-day, except with a change of furniture and fixtures generally."

Mrs. Bassett remarked that she thought they had a very incompetent house-keeper at Holyrood, and suggested that she would have a new one immediately if the matter were given in her charge. Especially was she impressed with this belief when the blood-stains, showing the spot where Rizzio was murdered, were pointed out. Fred thought that Rizzio must have been of the noblest and strongest kind of blood for the stains to keep so long. Doctor Bronson took a practical view of the matter, and said it was currently believed that the stains were renewed every few



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

months, in order to keep them fresh for the contemplation of travellers. Mrs. Bassett said they would have been washed out the next morning, if the house-keeping had been properly attended to.

Frank tried to picture the scene on the occasion of the murder, the night of March 9, 1566. "There," said he, "was the Queen at supper with several friends, and among them was Rizzio."

"Who was Rizzio?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"He was an Italian, who first came to the court as a musician, but was promoted before long to be the French secretary of Queen Mary. According to the historians, he was not only a power behind the throne, but he sat upon it, and nothing could be done without his approval. Mary had quarrelled with her husband, Darnley, and the latter believed that the quarrel was brought about by Rizzio. Accordingly, he entered into a conspiracy for the murder of the Italian, and it seems to have been almost the only act of his life in which he displayed any courage. In return for the assassination, he was to have the Crown of Scotland settled upon him, and would reign king of the land. He promised to support the Protestant faith and procure the pardon of all the Protestant conspirators who were associated with him in this unpleasant business."

"I remember, now," said Mrs. Bassett, "that Mary and Darnley were cousins. His first name was Henry, and he was proclaimed King of Scotland after his marriage with the Queen."

Frank nodded assent to this, and then went on with his account of the memorable night.

"While the supper was in progress Darnley suddenly appears by a private stair-way from his room below and sits down by the side of the Queen. Then other conspirators present themselves, Rizzio is seized, and, as he discovers his danger, he gets behind the Queen, clutches at her dress, and begs her to save him. The conspirators throw a rope about his body and drag him from the Queen's presence. Though they are determined to kill the man, and have the greatest hatred for the Queen, they refrain from shedding blood in her presence.

"It was their intention to keep him a prisoner until morning, and then go through the form of a trial and hang him; but on hearing a noise below, they fear a rescue, and so he is despatched in the anteroom, where we have seen the blood-stains. That they did their work thoroughly is shown by the fact that when his body was found by the servants it bore no fewer than fifty-six wounds."

"What became of the men who killed him?" queried Mary (Bassett, not Stuart).

“Darnley did not keep his promise to secure their pardon, and they were forced to flee to England to save their lives; he denounced his accomplices, and declared himself innocent of all association with them. They, in their turn, produced the bond which he had signed with them, and thus showed him to be not only a traitor, but a double one, and a liar besides. The Queen pretended to believe in his innocence and forgave him. She induced him to come and live in a house at Kirk o' Field, near Edinburgh, and one night, after she had visited him there,



DOOR-WAY WHERE RIZZIO WAS MURDERED.

the house was blown up with gunpowder, and Darnley was found dead in the garden.

“Suspicion fell upon the Earl of Bothwell as principal in the murder of Darnley, and Mary as accessory. She not only shielded him from a fair trial, but married him within three months of the assassination. This was such an outrage of public feeling that the lords and people, both Protestant and Catholic, rose against her and drove her from the throne.”

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR'S SEAT AND SALISBURY CRAGS.—GEORGE HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.—A MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST.—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF EDINBURGH.—THE SCHOOLS AND THE UNIVERSITY.—LEITH WATER.—LEITH.—A DOG STORY.—HAWTHORNDEN.—ANECDOTE OF BEN JONSON.—MELROSE ABBEY AND ABBOTS-FORD.—RELICS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—THE ENTRANCE HALL, LIBRARY, STUDY, AND ARMORY.—THE HAUNTED DUNGEON IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.—THE VOW OF THE LADY.—TOMBS OF SCOTT AND HIS ANCESTORS.—CISTERCIAN AND NOBERTINE MONKS.—THE WHITE MAID OF AVENEL.—A SCOTCH MIST.

AFTER completing their inspection of Holyrood Palace, the party went to the Queen's Drive, a road about three miles in length encircling the height known as Arthur's Seat. The younger members ascended to the summit by a path which took them near the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, but Mrs. Bassett and Doctor Bronson preferred remaining below and taking a longer carriage-ride, which they found preferable to pedestrianism. The youths and Mary declared that they would not have missed the view from Arthur's Seat "for anything in the world," at least those were the words of the girl, to which the others made no protest. They said the air was clear, which is not always the case, and the view included the Highland Mountains, the Pentland Hills, the Firth of Forth, and also the whole city, which lay beneath them like a map.

A similar view is afforded from the top of the Salisbury Crags, but these heights were not ascended by the travellers.

During their drives about Edinburgh their attention was called to George Heriot's Hospital, and also to the Heriot



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.



LEITH WATER AND ST. BERNARD'S WELL.

schools, and the curiosity of the youths was roused concerning the man who had founded these institutions. A gentleman whom they met kindly informed them on the subject.

“You will find a great deal about him in Scott’s novel entitled ‘The Fortunes of Nigel,’” said their informant. “George Heriot was a banker and goldsmith in the time of James VI., to whose service he was officially appointed. He was born about 1563, and died in 1624. He had no children, and it was very fortunate for the people of Edinburgh that he was without direct heirs, as he left the bulk of his fortune to found hospitals for the care of needy persons belonging to the city.”

“It must have been a very large fortune,” said Frank, “as I hear that in addition to supporting and educating two hundred boys at the hospital which bears his name, there are Heriot schools all over the city, attended by six thousand children.”

“It wasn’t a large fortune at the time,” was the reply, “but the increased value of the property has made it yield a large revenue. Much of the land on which the new part of Edinburgh stands belongs to the Heriot Fund, and the annual income from it is now about twenty thousand pounds. A hundred years ago it was less than two thousand.

“And it’s not by any means the only institution of its kind in or near Edinburgh,” he continued. “There are Gillespie’s Hospital School, Stewart’s Hospital, Donaldson’s Hospital, and the Merchant Company’s schools, all of them supported from funds given by benevolent men or associations, and well supported, too.”

They visited Heriot’s Hospital, and found it a handsome building, which was erected in 1642 (or completed in that year), and is to-day much admired by architects. It was long supposed to have been designed by Inigo Jones, but is now attributed to William Aytoun and William Wallace, both natives of Edinburgh. Oliver Cromwell occupied it for a military hospital after the battle of Dunbar, in 1650, and it remained in the hands of the authorities till 1658, when it was restored to its directors. Thirty boys were admitted during the following year, and ever since then it has been constantly used as a school and home for destitute boys. They are well cared for, fed, clothed, and educated, and many a thrifty Scotchman of the past two hundred years has owed his start in life to the bequest of George Heriot.

Their informant explained that the revenue from the property belonging to the hospital became so great that it was not possible to expend all of it within the walls of the building; and in 1837 an act of Parliament was obtained permitting the trustees to establish schools in Edinburgh, where poor children could be educated free of all expense. This was the origin of the Heriot schools already mentioned.

“What better monument could a man wish for his memory?” said Mrs. Bassett. “Thousands of men and women are every year blessing George Heriot for the good he has done and is doing to-day, though he has been dead for more than two centuries. Great warriors and statesmen may go into obscurity, while his name will be preserved and respected by many generations.”

Donaldson’s Hospital was found to be a similar home and school for boys and girls, founded by a successful printer named James Donaldson, who died in 1830, and left his fortune of £215,000 for that purpose. The building was erected at a cost of £124,000, but this sum was derived from the accumulated interest, so that the original endowment was not touched. The building can accommodate 150 boys and the same number of girls. Preference is given to those of the name of Donaldson or Marshall, and to “such others as shall appear to be in the most destitute circumstances and the most deserving of admission.” None are admitted whose parents are able to take care of them. The children are fed, clothed, and educated, the boys for trades and the girls for

servants. The other schools mentioned are of the same general character as those described.

The University of Edinburgh has long been famous, and the youths paid a hasty visit to the extensive buildings which it occupies. Fred made note of the fact that the University was founded by James VI. in 1582, and that its faculty included forty professors, ten lecturers, and twenty examiners, together with some fifty or more assistants in the various departments. Doctor Bronson was interested to learn that the medical department had about two thousand students, and that the new building recently erected for the medical portion of the University was one of the finest in existence, which may readily be inferred from the circumstance that a million dollars was expended on its construction. Many eminent medical men were taught here, and students come from distant lands to receive their education.



HAWTHORNDEN.

The rides of our friends about the new town of Edinburgh included several glimpses of Leith Water, a stream winding through a pretty valley that has considerable depth in many places.

Frank made a sketch of Leith Water at a bend which shows a sort of Doric temple, erected above an ancient source known as St. Bernard's well. The particular relation which the saint bears to the well could not be established, as it is not on record that he ever visited Edinburgh or any other city of Scotland.

A pleasant drive took the visitors to Leith, the port of Edinburgh, which lies on the shore of the Firth of Forth, and is closely connected

with the commerce of the city. Times have changed since the period when the jealousy of Leith was so great among the citizens of Edinburgh that the city council passed a law forbidding any merchant to form a partnership with any inhabitant of Leith under penalty of a fine of forty shillings, and the more serious penalty of being deprived of the freedom of the city for a year. In addition to its commerce, Leith has the further advantage of being one of the places where the people of Edinburgh go in the summer season for salt-water bathing and other recreation. Apropos of this circumstance, Mary heard an interesting "dog story," which she duly recorded. Here it is:

"In summer a bathers' train is run at an early hour, so that gentlemen may go to the sea-side for a swim, and return to their offices in time for business. Mr. Thomas Nelson, of the publishing house of Nelson & Sons, used to go by this early train, and was accompanied by a large dog that was very fond of the water. At one time Mr. Nelson was away from home for three weeks, and on his return was surprised to receive from the railway company a bill for three weeks' first-class dog-fares. On inquiring into the matter, he learned that during his absence his dog had gone daily by the bathers' train and returned, just as he had been accustomed to go with his master. The bill was paid without objection as soon as the facts were known."

Our friends devoted a day to an excursion to Hawthornden and Roslin Castle, taking the train at the Waverley station for a half-hour's ride by rail to the station, where a carriage had been previously engaged. Hawthornden was the home of the poet Drummond, who was a famous man in his day, but is not much read at the present time. According to his biographers, he was greatly sought by eminent men, and it is said that "rare Ben Jonson" walked all the way from London to Edinburgh to make Drummond's acquaintance and spend a few weeks with him. Mary asked why he did not come by railway, and travel third class, if he could not afford the price of a better ticket; whereupon Frank reminded her that Drummond and Jonson flourished two hundred and more years ago, when the railway had not been thought of.

In Professor Masson's "Drummond of Hawthornden" is told the story of the meeting of the two celebrities, which is certainly amusing, whether it be true or not. According to the story, Drummond was sitting under a sycamore-tree in front of his house, when he saw Jonson approaching along the avenue which leads up from the main road, and is pointed out to visitors to-day. Drummond rose and greeted his visitor, of whose coming he had been notified, with the words, "Welcome,

welcome, Royal Ben;" to which the visitor responded with, "Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden." Then they both laughed, greeted each other affectionately, and went into the house together.

Hawthornden was an old castle belonging to Drummond's father, and was sadly dilapidated when the poet went there to live. He was not able to repair it thoroughly, and so he made his home in such of the rooms as were least injured by time. When Ben Jonson went to see him, in 1618, Drummond was keeping bachelor's hall in the ruins, which overlook the valley of the Esk, and present a view such as poets are supposed to love. In 1632 Drummond married, and then rebuilt a portion of the castle, and made it more suited to the wants of a family than it had previously been. It is still the home of the Drummond family, and is one of the prettiest spots in the very attractive region that surrounds Edinburgh.



CAST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HEAD.

An excursion, in which all the party took great interest, was made to Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. In order to do it leisurely, arrangements were made for passing a night at Melrose, a railway station about thirty miles from Edinburgh, and close to the famous abbey. Fred was appointed the historian of the occasion, and we will hear what he has to say on the subject.

"We had a pleasant ride of an hour and a half on the railway," said Fred, "and as we wound along the banks of the Tweed we caught a glimpse of Abbotsford through the trees. Several other points of interest are indicated for this route, but we were so much occupied with what we were going specially to see that we gave other matters very little attention.

"Melrose Abbey is quite near the railway station, and it is said to be the best of the ruined abbeys of Scotland. In the height of its glory it must have been a magnificent specimen of middle-age architecture. The original abbey was founded by King David I. in 1136, but it was destroyed during some of the wars that followed the time of its erection. About the year 1326 the work of rebuilding it was begun, but it went along so slowly, in spite of large grants from the rulers of Scotland at different dates, that it was only just completed at the time of



PORTAL OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

the Reformation. The architects say it was in the Second Pointed style, with some approaches to the Third Pointed, but none of us are sufficiently well informed about architecture to make any criticism as to this subject. The best builders of its time were engaged upon it, and the tracery and carvings in stone are of the finest character, and evince the great care bestowed upon the work.

“Doctor Bronson says the history of Melrose Abbey does not justify all that Sir Walter Scott has written about it, there being a great deal of fiction to a very little fact. Of course we don’t expect a novelist to restrict himself when he is trying to make an interesting story, and are all much obliged to the great writer for telling us so many things that might have happened, even though they never did. There was only one saint (Waltheof) in all the line of abbots belonging to the monastery, and the building does not seem to have

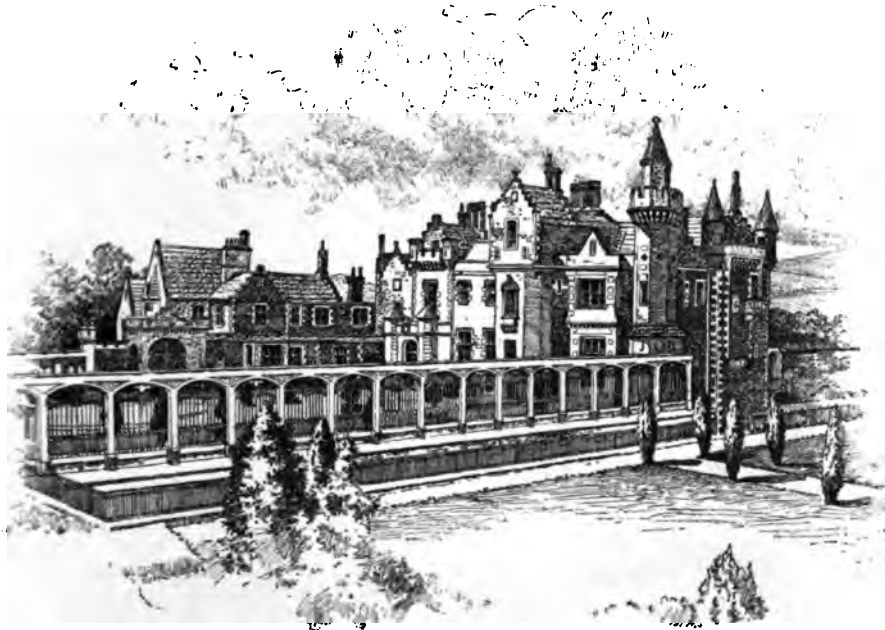
been the centre of any great religious movement at any time in its career of several centuries.

“As we walked around and through the ruins we brought up some of the pictures which Scott has painted in words, and tried to believe that we could see the knights of old in their armor glistening in the sun, and hear the clashing of their swords as they met in battle, but the prosaic chatter of the guide who took us in charge was too much for our fancies, and we soon brought ourselves back to modern times.

“What now remains of the abbey is the principal part of the church, which was about two hundred and fifty feet long, by a proportionate breadth, and some portions of the cloister where the monks lived. According to the histories, the life of the monks was not very severe, and

would compare quite favorably with that of some of the modern orders of monachism. Melrose Abbey was occupied by the Cistercian monks. At one time they had more than eighteen hundred abbeys in France, England, and other European countries. During the reign of Henry VIII. there were seventy-five Cistercian abbeys in England, and eleven in Scotland, together with about half as many nunneries. The Cistercians diminished greatly in numbers long before the Reformation, and the French Revolution made an end of all their monasteries except a few in Spain, Poland, and Austria.

“The guide pointed out several interesting monuments and tomb-



VIEW OF ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE GARDEN.

stones in the burial-grounds of the abbey, and the tomb of King Alexander II. and the heart of Robert Bruce in the interior of the church. It is difficult to say from what point the best view of the ruin is to be obtained. Wherever we stood we were charmed with the beauty of the work of its builders, in spite of the mutilations it has undergone. Not only has the structure suffered from the five hundred years that it has been standing, and from the hands of vandal soldiers, but it has also served as a quarry from which stone has been taken for building

purposes in modern times. At present this is not allowed, and an effort is made to prevent further destruction.

“In ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’ Sir Walter Scott wrote two lines for which the guides and all others around the modern town should give him a hearty vote of thanks. They are these :

“‘If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.’

“Every visitor is referred to these lines, and assured that the proper view of the abbey can only be obtained when the moon is shining ; or



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

if he happens to come here when Queen Luna is not down on the calendar for an appearance, he is told that the starlight will do just as well. There is no moon just at this time, and the evening happens to be rainy, so we are staying in-doors, and will let the abbey take care of itself.”

The next day the party drove to Abbotsford and Dryburgh Abbey,



THE LIBRARY.

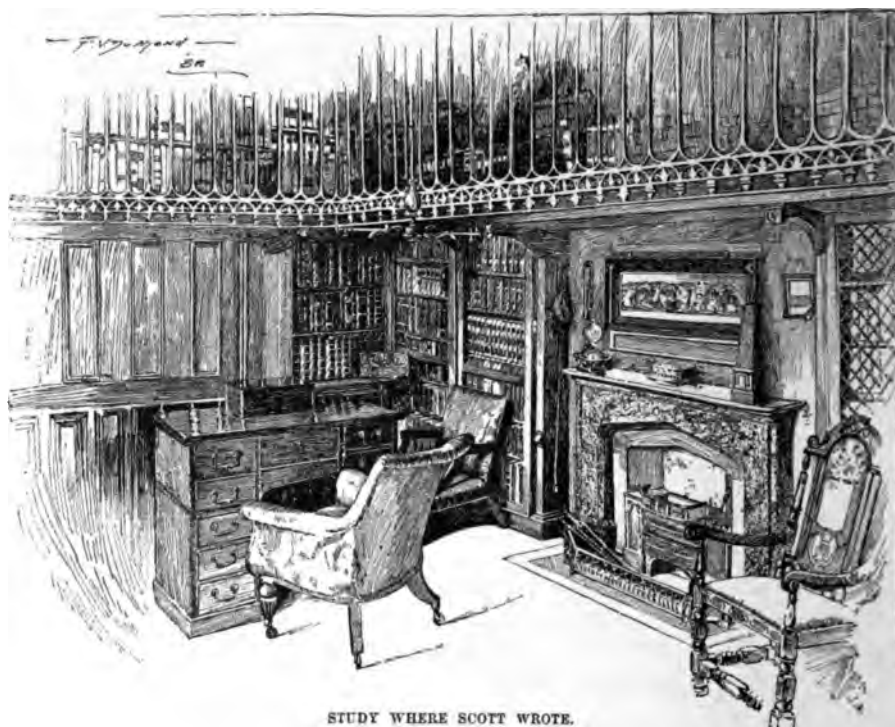
to see the home which Sir Walter Scott made famous, and the old church where he is buried.

“Only a part of the house is shown to visitors,” said Fred, “unless they come with letters of introduction from certain gentlemen in Edinburgh. We had not heard of this before coming here, and therefore were limited to the ordinary round of the stranger. We each paid a shilling for the privilege of inspecting the premises, and as there are sometimes a hundred visitors or more in a day, there must be a very fair revenue from this source. The relics of the poet are numerous, and at every step there is something to remind you of his works.

“In the spacious entrance hall we saw the chest with the spring-lock, in which the unfortunate girl who hid herself was shut up and died, which you can read about in ‘The Mistletoe Bough.’ The chest stands close to the fireplace, and is evidently old enough to have served as the treasure-box of one of the doges of Venice, to whom it is said to have belonged. The story goes that it was for a long time in a store-

room of Abbotsford, whence it was brought to the entrance hall a few years ago in order that the Queen might see it. She had read the story of 'The Mistletoe Bough,' and had a curiosity to look on the box which served as a temporary tomb.

"That the Scott family is an old one is proven to the casual visitor by sixteen armorial shields on the roof of the entrance hall, and also by a double row of escutcheons, whose character is explained as follows: 'These be the coat armories of the clans and chief men of name wha



STUDY WHERE SCOTT WROTE.

keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the kynge. Trew men war they in their tyme, and in their defence them God defendyt.'

"I can't begin to tell you all the things we saw, and if I did I'm afraid you would be weary with the long list. There is a suit of clothes here which was the last worn by Sir Walter. It is kept in a glass-case for preservation from the weather and from the hands of vandals. There are the keys of Selkirk jail, the key of the old Tolbooth, the clock of Marie Antoinette, the portal of the old Tolbooth, which was



THE ARMORY.

presented to Scott and transferred to Abbotsford when the historic jail was demolished, and there are scores of antiquities from Egypt, Italy, and I don't know how many other countries. Mrs. Bassett was especially interested in the gag for scolding wives, and said she was glad that there was no use for anything of the kind in these modern times. Another instrument of torture is here in the shape of a thumb-screw, and that is also a relic of olden times.

“The thumb-screw was in the armory, where there is a fine collection of weapons of a great many centuries. They begin with bows and arrows and Roman spears, and descend through regular gradations till they come down to the muskets and rifles in use at the time the collection was brought to a close. Many of the weapons are historic, such as the pistol of the first Napoleon, which was found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; Rob Roy's gun, a sword given by Charles I. to the Marquis of Montrose, and many other weapons of the same sort.

No doubt these things were of great use to Scott in his work, as he took much pains to gather them, and often spent hours among his treasures.

“There is a goodly array of pictures at Abbotsford; and many of them, like the weapons just mentioned, have interesting histories. The study contains the desk and chair where Scott wrote, and not one of our party spoke a word as we stood before them. Exactly how the others felt I can't say, but as for myself it seemed as though the great poet-novelist was lying dead in the room, and the silence that men observe in the presence of death was far more appropriate than anything we could say. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes of books. It adjoins the study, and the door-way between them must have been passed many times by the founder of Abbotsford as he sought for materials on which to base his historical work.

“From Abbotsford we drove to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried. The building, which is now in ruins, like Melrose, was built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, though parts of it are ascribed to an earlier period. The grounds were consecrated on St. Martin's Day, in 1150, in order that no demons might come there; but in spite of this precaution, the ruins of the abbey are said to be haunted. Like most other haunted places, the ghosts have generally been seen by some one else than the informant.

“Notwithstanding its sacred character, the abbey seems to have been a place of imprisonment and torture, as there are dungeons beneath it, and holes in the solid walls of stone where the hands of prisoners were held by means of wedges. These dungeons are the places said to be haunted, and they told us several stories about the occupants. One was that long ago a woman took up her residence in one of the dungeons, and never went out of it in the daytime. Her lover had gone to the wars, and she had taken a vow not to look on the sun until he returned. He was killed in battle, and so for the rest of her life she used to come out only at night and go to the nearest houses, where she obtained food. Her room was swept and put in order by a ghost during her absence. She gave him the name of Fatlips, and said he was a little man with iron shoes, and that he trampled the clay floor with these shoes to drive away the dampness. This is the story as it is told by Sir Walter Scott; he refers to it in the poem of ‘The Eve of Saint John,’ as follows:

“ ‘There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
 Ne'er looks upon the sun.
 There is a monk in Melrose tower,
 He speaketh word to none.

“That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none,
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron.’

“Mrs. Bassett said that if the lady had kept a barometer, and made a peep-hole whence she could consult the sky, she might have taken many a walk outside in the daytime without seeing the sun, provided she had a water-proof cloak or an umbrella. She could have held to her vow of never looking on the sun, and at the same time taken many an outing beyond the walls of Dryburgh. According to our observation of the climate of the British islands, the vow of the lady was not half as severe as one might at first imagine. Somebody has wittily said that the sun never sets on the British Empire and never rises on the British Kingdom.

“Dryburgh Abbey was a seat of the Nobertine order of monks, and at one time their establishment was a flourishing one. But revolution and reformation made an end of them here, and long years have passed since their white cassocks were visible to the traveller along the road or to the stranger who strolled within their cemetery and church. Not only does Scotland know them no more, but they have vanished from England, France, and most other countries of Europe. They still exist in Austria, but not in large numbers. At the time of the Reformation they had about fifteen hundred monasteries and one-third that number of nunneries. At present the female branch of the order can scarcely be said to exist, and the monasteries are few.

“We saw the window where the White Maid of Avenel used to appear as narrated, and asked the custodian of the abbey how much it would cost to induce her to give us a performance. He seriously



TOMB OF SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY.



WINDOW IN THE REFECTORY.

answered that the spell by which she was brought forth had been lost, and until it was found again nobody would be able to see her. We offered a shilling, two shillings even, but all to no purpose. Some of the country-people are said to believe in the ghosts of the abbey as of old, but we did not find any one who could aver upon his honor that he had ever seen one of them.

“Scott’s ancestors are buried at Dryburgh, and so is his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, who died in 1854, twenty-two years after the death of the poet. Mr. Lockhart wrote a biography of Sir Walter, and any one who wishes information concerning the every-day life of the author of the Waverley novels would do well to read his book, or a later ‘Life of Sir Walter Scott’ by Francis Turner Palgrave. Mr. Lockhart’s work abounds in remi-

niscences, many of them trivial, but all interesting to the lover of ‘Marmion,’ ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ or ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ together with the many novels which flowed from Scott’s facile pen.”

On their return to Edinburgh our friends laid plans for a journey to the northern part of Scotland, as they felt that they wished to see more of this interesting country, in spite of its persistence in favoring them with rain on very frequent occasions. Mrs. Bassett had learned all the peculiarities of a “Scotch mist,” and several times declared that it was one of the things she would have missed most willingly from her tour. Mary said she didn’t mind the rain at all, and that no dampness could dampen her enthusiasm, a fact that was apparent to every one of her companions. Frank and Fred were not far behind her in their contempt for showers and storms, but Mrs. Bassett and the Doctor possessed the conservatism which is generally brought by years. They had visions of rheumatism and kindred hinderances to locomotion, to which youth is generally a stranger. “He jests at scars who never felt a wound.”

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE TROSSACHS; THE USUAL ROUTE.—STIRLING AND ITS CASTLE.—BANNOCKBURN.—“THE LADY OF THE LAKE.”—LOCH KATRINE.—FRANK AND FRED VISIT THE HEBRIDES.—IONA AND STAFFA.—SAINT COLUMBA.—THE CROFTERS; HOW THEY LIVE.—QUARRELS BETWEEN CROFTERS AND LANDLORDS.—HUTS WITHOUT WINDOWS OR CHIMNEYS.—OLD CHURCH AT IONA.—VISITING FINGAL'S CAVE.—EXTENT AND POPULATION OF THE HEBRIDES.—THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.—STORNOWAY—A FISHING PORT.—BURDENS CARRIED BY THE WOMEN.—THE CALLERNISH STONES; THEIR SUPPOSED ORIGIN.—SKYE.—RETROSPECT.

SEVERAL routes for the north of Scotland were considered; all of them included a sight of the Trossachs, which every traveller in Scotland wishes to place on his list of things seen and remembered. The untravelled reader will naturally ask, “What are the Trossachs?”

The word means “bristling country,” and the name is applied to a wooded valley near Loch Katrine, where the hills are rough and need no great stretch of the imagination to convert them into bristles on an enormous scale. The tour of the Trossachs is usually made from Glasgow to Edinburgh, though it may be taken in the reverse direction, and in either case may be performed in a single day. Here is the itinerary as given in the guide-books :



A SCOTCH LASSIE.

“Railway from Glasgow to Balloch in one hour; steamboat on Loch Lomond to Inversnaid in two and a half hours; coach to Loch Katrine in one hour; steamboat to the Trossachs in three-quarters of an hour;

coach to Callandar in two and a quarter hours (including halt of half an hour at the Trossachs Hotel); railway to Edinburgh *via* Stirling in two and a half hours, or to Glasgow in one and a half hours."

The foregoing is the "through by daylight" system, and is usually followed by those travellers who wish to see as much as possible in the shortest time, which is generally the case with the American abroad. Our friends decided that they would be more leisurely in their movements, and when the journey was ended they felt well rewarded for the extra time they had taken for it.

Without attempting to follow their footsteps, we will turn to the ac-

counts which the youths have given us of the tour of the Trossachs, and make a few extracts here and there.

"Our first stop was at Stirling," said Frank, "as we wanted to see the town and castle, both of which have occupied a prominent place in Scottish history. The town is a prosperous one of about twenty thousand inhabitants, and the castle is on a high hill like the one on which the Castle of Edinburgh stands. In several features, especially in the situation of its castle, Stirling bears a striking resemblance to Edinburgh, and is quite as old, if not older.

In fact, no one can tell when



A HIGHLAND DEER

it was founded, and there is no record to show when and by whom the first stones of the castle were put in place. The location at the head of navigation on the Firth of Forth must have made it an important place from a strategic point of view, as it was the key to the Highlands and controlled a considerable extent of country. In these days of railways it is less important than it used to be, but you had better refrain from saying so in the presence of any of its inhabitants.

"Historians think there must have been a frontier fortress here before the castle was built. Alexander I. died in the castle in 1124;



TANTALLON CASTLE.

Edward I. of England captured it, after a siege of three months, in 1304, and it was recaptured by Bruce ten years later, after the battle of Bannockburn. James II. and James V. were born in the castle, and James III. built the palace, which is a curious reminder of his times in the way of ornamentation. I could fill page after page with historical points connected with Stirling, but those I have given will be sufficient to show its importance.

“We had a delightful view from the towers, a finer view by far than

that from the Castle of Edinburgh. As nobody can tell how the birds sing and the roses smell, so no one can describe in words the view from Stirling towers, and I won't attempt it.

"They showed us the room where the Earl of Douglas was stabbed by James II., but as the incident happened in 1452 we did not pay much attention to it, since both of them would have been dead long before this even had no stabbing occurred. They call it the Douglas Room; I asked the guide why it was not called the James II. Room instead, as the King certainly had the best of the discussion. He briefly replied, 'That's the name o' the room, mon,' and then turned to something else.

"The view of the field of Bannockburn from the towers impelled us to take a drive there, not because we expected to find any of the heroes of the fight engaged in peddling maps or relics, but on account of the beauty of the country. A guide was there to point out the scene of the battle where, according to the histories, Robert Bruce with 30,000 Scotch soldiers defeated Edward II. with 100,000 English. He showed us the 'Bore Stone,' on which the Scotch standard was placed during the battle; it is on a hill near the scene of the battle, and was a conspicuous point around which the troops could rally in case of reverses. This was the battle that established Bruce on the throne of Scotland and secured the independence of the country from any further designs of Edward II. and his English advisers.

"But Edward was not the only king who came to grief at Bannockburn. Not far from the battle-field is the spot where James III. was defeated by his rebellious nobles in 1488, and afterwards assassinated in a mill where he had concealed himself for safety. The mill is there yet—at least there is a building that is said to be the same—but neither king nor rebellious noble can be found there. Instead of being a scene of war, Bannockburn is now the centre of a considerable industry in the manufacture of woollen cloths, especially of the plaids which are worn by the Highlanders. The inhabitants also make carpets, nails, and leather, and altogether are better employed than when cutting each other's throats and stealing cattle.

"Any reader of the account of our travels who follows in our footsteps should fortify himself with a vigorous reading of Scott, especially of 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' The latter is particularly desirable for the journey of the Trossachs, and in many respects is better than the regular guide-books. When not looking at the scenery, Mary has kept her eyes glued to 'The Lady of the Lake,' and it was difficult to persuade her to leave the poem long enough to take luncheon



ARON, SOUND OF MULL.



at the Trossachs Hotel. When we came in sight of Ellen's Isle on Loch Katrine she became so excited that it was almost necessary to hold her to keep her on board the little steamboat. You remember that Ellen's Isle is the centre of action of Scott's poem. The description is wonderfully faithful, and we can readily believe what they tell us—that Scott wrote the poem in this neighborhood.

“I was disappointed in the size of Loch Katrine. I had an idea that it was fifteen or twenty miles long, when, in fact, it is only nine miles from end to end and less than a mile across. As if it had not beauty enough as it is it has a sort of serpentine course, and this adds to the variety of the scenery. I think I told you when writing about Glasgow that the city is supplied with water from Loch Katrine, which is 370 feet above the level of the sea, and therefore gives an abundant fall. There's a tunnel over a mile long through a mountain, and then a series of aqueducts, pipes, and short tunnels, till the city is reached.”

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were not averse to remaining a few days in the Highlands and among the lakes, while Frank and Fred had developed a desire to visit the Hebrides. Doctor Bronson did not care particularly for the Hebrides, and after a brief debate it was arranged that the young gentlemen should push on to Glasgow, leaving the rest of the party at Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine. Doctor Bronson was to take care of the ladies, and their plans would be made only from one day to another during the time the youths were absent. The latter were to keep in communication with the Doctor both by mail and telegraph, and in a few days the parties would reunite at some point to be agreed upon.

We will follow Frank and Fred in their journey to the Hebrides.

They reached Glasgow in the evening, and at seven o'clock the following morning were descending the Clyde on a steamer bound for Oban. They passed Greenock near the mouth of the river, and as they went on the stream broadened into an estuary which bore to the southward. Following this for a few miles, their course was changed in the direction of Rothesay, where the vessel halted briefly and then continued through the Kyles of Bute, where the scenery reminded the youths of what they had left behind them at Loch Katrine. Next they came to Loch Fyne, a strait which is better known for the superior quality of the herring it produces than for anything else.

Oban was reached in the evening, and proved to be an attractive and busy place. Frank mentioned to a fellow-passenger the appearance of activity in the harbor, and his enthusiasm was checked by the suggestion that he ought to come to the town in winter. “It is lively enough

now," said the stranger, "with its yachts and steamers added to the boats of the fishermen, but come here in the dull season when the yachts are gone, the steamers are hauled off because there are no passengers, and the most of the fishermen have laid up for the season. Then you'll find Oban as quiet as Robinson Crusoe's island, and possibly a trifle more so. You'll want to go away at once."

The youths were not troubling themselves about Oban in winter and frankly said so. What they particularly sought at that time was a boat for the Hebrides, which they learned would not leave until the second morning after their arrival. But in the mean time they could make an excursion to Iona and Staffa, as there is a boat daily in the summer season and it makes the entire trip inside of ten hours, if nothing happens to prevent.

Their objective point on this trip was the celebrated Fingal's Cave, which has figured in school-books for a century and more as one of the wonders of the world.

"We had a delightful run from Oban," said Fred, "passing between Dunolly Castle on the right hand and the island of Kerrera on the left. A fellow-passenger pointed out to us the ancient seat of the Lord of the Isles, whose power was once very great. He levied heavy taxes on the fishermen and on everybody else who came within his reach. There were sometimes several high dignitaries holding the same rank, and occasionally they went to war to determine who should be the chief collector and appropriator of revenue.

"The scenery is very wild through this part of our route. The coast is rocky, and in many places it rises in precipitous cliffs that would be certain destruction to any vessel driven ashore in a storm. The story goes that some of the ships of the Spanish Armada were lost here and only a few of their men escaped. They settled among the people, and



AN ISLAND FISHING-VILLAGE.

their descendants are pointed out. They are distinguished by their black hair and eyes, but all trace of their language has been lost.

“Iona and Staffa are interesting, the former for an old church dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century. We were landed in a small boat, as there is no pier where the steamer can touch, and had a narrow escape from a drenching owing to the carelessness of the boatman. He did not seem to think it of any consequence, and said it sometimes happened and he couldn't help it. The boatmen and all the people of Iona, and you can say the same of the inhabitants of the Hebrides generally, talk but little, and seem as though they had not much energy or ambition. We asked one of our fellow-travellers why it was so, and this was his answer :

“‘I'm afraid that if you were compelled to live in these islands and submit to what these people are undergoing, you would soon fall into their way of silence. Things have changed somewhat for the better since the Lords of the Isles used to exact all sorts of tribute, but not so much as might be supposed. The rents are high, and not one person in a hundred can support his family decently. The landlords live in luxury, and many of them rarely come here, while the tenants have a struggle to keep from starvation. The royal commission that was appointed to investigate the relations between landlord and tenant in the islands found that the crofters, as the small tenants are called, were liable to be turned out of their holdings at the pleasure of the owners, and if they made any improvements the increased value of the property was immediately added to the rent.

“‘So wretched has been the condition of the crofters,' the gentleman continued, ‘that the authorities have not infrequently been obliged to give out daily or weekly allowances of food to keep them from starvation. Potatoes, oatmeal, and fish are the only articles of food ever seen by four-fifths of the people, and if they can get enough or even half enough of those articles they consider themselves fortunate. Tea and coffee are practically unknown among them, as they are luxuries which belong only to the rich.’

“We didn't pay much attention to the old church on Iona Island,” said Fred, “but took a walk with the gentleman to the huts of some crofters in the vicinity. And such huts as they were! They seemed quite unfit for human beings to live in, and yet each of them contained a family of from two to ten persons.

“At the first hut the people were surly and unwilling to admit us, but our friend spoke kindly to them in Gaelic and they speedily changed

their manner. We went inside the dwelling, and what a dwelling it was! And to think that people actually lived there!

"Any farmer of New York or New England would hesitate to put his cattle in such a shelter, and certainly he would not have put them there in the smoke of a peat-fire which made our eyes smart before we had been two minutes in the place. The fire is usually in the middle of the hut; there is no chimney, and the smoke circulates about and per-



IONA AND THE SOUND

colates through the roof. The roof is thatched with straw and the smoke collects in it, and thus the straw is rotted and becomes in the course of six or eight months sufficiently rich to be spread on the land for dressing. Over the fire is a kettle in which the cooking is done when there is any food to be cooked.

"I hear you say that such a place as I describe is an exceptional one, and that the great majority of the dwellings of poor people in the Hebrides must certainly be of a better class. Our informant assured us that **such was not the case**, and the huts of the crofters everywhere in Skye, Lewis, and the other islands were of the same sort as we have described, or worse. We have not space for telling all about them. If you want more information on the subject, read 'Our Journey to the

Hebrides,' by Joseph and Elizabeth Pennell. They travelled through the islands, much of the way on foot, and the story they tell is saddening indeed. We found a copy of the book on board the steamer, and spent all our leisure in reading it, at least all the time when we found the volume disengaged.

"Men, women, and children are huddled together like pigs or sheep, for the simple reason that no better quarters can be afforded. Days and days they are without food, or have but the scantiest supply; and until 1886, when the Crofters' Act was passed by Parliament, they were liable to be turned out of their little holdings at a moment's notice. The landlords have evicted great numbers of them in order to turn the land into deer-parks or sheep-farms, and there is not land enough for the people to live upon. Many, who formerly were farmers, have been driven from their homes to the sea-shore, and are trying to make a living as fishermen. Many families have lived whole seasons on shell-fish because they had been driven out from their homes and had nothing else to eat.



CROFTER'S HUT.

"Let me quote a few words from Pennell's book to which I have referred you:

"We knocked at a cottage-door one Sunday afternoon, J—, as an excuse, asking for a light. As we drew near, we heard the voice of some one reading aloud. Now it was silenced, and a tall old man in his shirt-sleeves came to the door with an open Bible in his hands. Within, on the

left, was the dwelling-room of the household. On the right, the stable—cattle and family share the only entrance. Into the room, through a single pane of glass, one ray of light fell across the Rembrandt-like shadows. On the mud-floor at the far end a fire of peat burned with a dull red glow, and its thick, choking smoke curled in clouds above the rafters and softened the shadows. We could just make out the figures of two women crouching by the fire, the curtained bed in the corner, the spinning-wheel opposite. All other details were lost in the gloom and smoke. Until you see it for yourself you could not believe that in our nineteenth century men still live like this."

In the past few years there has been much trouble between the land-



READY FOR SPORT.

lords and the crofters. No doubt there have been outrages on the part of the crofters, but they were brought about by the wrongs which the people have suffered from the owners of the soil—the landlords whose rights are based upon the conquests by their ancestors centuries ago, or the grants given by the royal prerogative. The crofters refused to pay rents, and formed a land league similar to that of Ireland. A royal commission was appointed to investigate the matter, and the acts of the commission showed the justice of the crofters' claims. In nearly every instance the rents were reduced and the arrearages very largely set aside. On one estate the reduction of rent was from 42 to 53 per cent., and the arrears that were cancelled were from 84 to 91 per cent. In a total of £2422 on this one estate the commissioners cancelled £2043.

The landlords claim the right to do as they please with their property,

and on this claim they proceed to evict the tenants whenever they choose and turn the land into deer-parks and sheep-grazing. In one of the islands the crofters went in a body and drove the deer and sheep into the sea; then the Government came in and interfered, and the crofters were punished. The latter complained that not only was there not enough land for them to live upon, but that while their crops were growing they were obliged to sit up all night to save them from being eaten by the deer. If the deer devoured the growing things, there was no redress for the crofter, as the landlord would not make good the loss.



MOONLIGHT IN THE HEBRIDES.

But we are forgetting Frank and Fred and the island of Iona in this digression among the crofters. Let us return to the spot which is memorable as the scene of the labors of St. Columba after his departure from Ireland.

It will be remembered that St. Columba was the founder of Derry, afterwards called Londonderry, and that he performed much work in Ireland before his departure for Iona. The monastery which he founded in that island was originally of wattles, but soon gave way for a more substantial structure of stone. He did much towards the conversion of the Scots and Picts to Christianity, and died at Iona in the seventy-seventh year of his life, near the end of the sixth century. The tradition is that he died while kneeling before the altar of his church in Iona, and the spot where he died is pointed out by the guides to this day.

"We spent so much of our time in the huts of the crofters," said Fred, "that we had only a few minutes for the ruins of the old church. Notwithstanding the pretences of the guides, it is probable that there is no building on the island to-day that sheltered St. Columba and his disciples. The Norsemen invaded the island on three occasions and murdered all the monks they found here, and the probability is that they



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

destroyed all the buildings that were capable of being levelled during their brief stay.

“The steamer’s whistle announced that our time was up, and we returned in the same boats that brought us ashore. Then we went on to Staffa, which is smaller and more precipitous than Iona and not so fertile. The great attraction at Staffa is the Cave of Fingal, as we are told in our school-books.

“We were fearful that the wind might prevent our visiting the cave, but fortunately for us the sea was comparatively calm, and we experienced no difficulty. The steamer stopped in front of the entrance of

the cave, and we made the excursion in small boats which were lying in wait for us. The boatmen did not quarrel over the opportunity for taking passengers, but came quietly, one after another, to the steamer's gangway to receive their loads. There was a slight swell on the water, which might have been trying to a nervous person, but was just enough to add to the delight of the trip to Frank and myself.

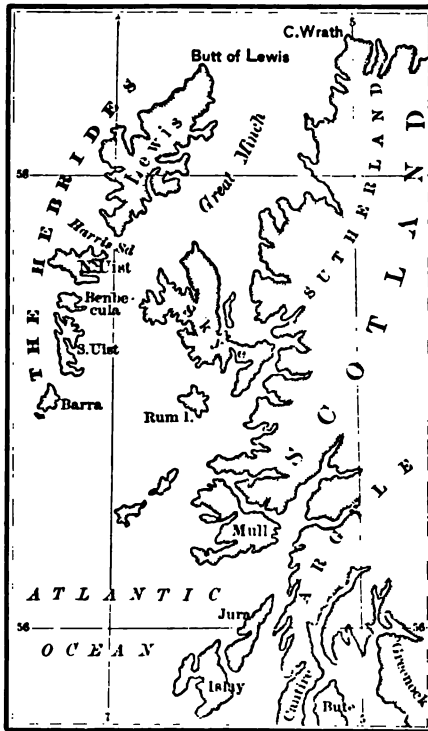
"The entrance of the cave is like the gate-way of a Gothic church. It is about thirty feet wide by twice that height, and supported by columns, as though it was the work of an architect and not a freak of nature. As we rowed under the arch we heard a deafening roar, which was caused by the reverberations of the waves in the cave. Even in

calm weather there is almost always a slight movement of the water, and the gentlest undulation is sure to create the sound that attracted our attention. The greater the motion of the water the louder is the roar, and sometimes it is said to be like the crashing of artillery.

"The boat took us to the end of the cave, which is more than two hundred feet from the entrance; and, as we went along, Frank and I leaned over the side and watched the curious effect of the light in the water. The water forms the floor of the cave, and the light is reflected through it, just as in the Blue Grotto at Naples. It is prettier than the Blue Grotto, as the space is much larger, and the lights seem to be flashing in different colors against the pillars of basalt that support the roof.

We wished we could have spent a whole day there, instead of the short time that the steamer left at our disposal, and left the cave with reluctance.

"And we more than ever wished we could have stayed longer when we learned that there were other caves in Staffa, though none of them



MAP OF THE HEBRIDES.

were as large as that of Fingal. But time is limited on an excursion like this, and we turned our backs upon the rocky island and returned to Oban."

The next day the voyage was continued to the Hebrides, and, in preparing for an intelligent understanding of the islands, Fred made note of the fact that there were 490 of the Hebrides altogether, the number including every islet with sufficient pasturage to support one sheep. Out of this 490 not more than one-fourth are inhabited, and the population altogether is less than one hundred thousand. The area is estimated at 3000 square miles, but only about 200,000 acres of it can



THE BUTT OF LEWIS.

be tilled; the rest, consisting of rocks, swamps, and moors, fit only for pasture-land, and not always for that. If this were the only land given over for deer-parks, there would be little cause of complaint on the part of the crofters; but as the deer need a certain amount of grass-land on which to live, it follows that the landlords not infrequently order the eviction of the people from their crofts, which are required for the support of game.

To enumerate all the places visited by our young friends would be tedious, as many of them were small villages, where the halt of the steamer was so brief that the passengers had no time for going on shore.

The trip was marred somewhat by the fact that the rain fell very often, and rendered locomotion difficult, even with all the advantages of water-proof cloaks. The climate of the Hebrides is moist and warm, owing to the waters of the Gulf Stream, which are here poured upon the coast of Scotland; and warmth and moisture mean a great deal of rain and mist.



STORNOWAY HARBOR, ISLAND OF LEWIS.

Some of the islands were seen only through the mist, and a great many others were not seen at all. Frank observed that many of the English tourists who had come on the excursion solely for the purpose of "doing" the Hebrides, had "done" them by staying closely in their cabins or the saloon, and reading novels or guide-books.

This mode of sight-seeing was not confined to the Britons, as there were three Americans in the party who followed very nearly the same plan. Frank sketched two of his compatriots "doing the Hebrides," and represented one of them lying asleep on a sofa, and the other wrapped in a water-proof cloak and seated beneath an umbrella that completely shut out all surrounding objects. No doubt the rain was responsible for a considerable amount of this indifference, as it requires one to be of very energetic mould to follow up the sights of a place with vigor when the sky is leaden, and the clouds are emptying their contents on the earth below.

“We found” said Fred, “that it would hardly pay us to spend more than a day or two in Skye or Lewis, the largest of the Hebrides, and that the smaller islands could be very fairly seen during the calls of the boat.

“The most interesting port that we visited was Stornoway, in the island of Lewis; it is quite an important fishing-place, and the piers and shores were piled with fish-barrels, nets, and other fishing implements. The people are a hardy race, and they could not well be otherwise to endure the severe work and exposure to which they are subject. The most striking sight among them was to see the women carrying immense burdens on their backs—burdens that a strong man could hardly lift from the ground unless he had been trained to that kind of



THE STONES OF CALLERNISH.

exertion. They have large “creels” or baskets strapped to their backs, and in these creels they carry peat, fish, grass, wood, fish-bones, anything and everything that requires transportation.

“One of the creels was standing on the ground while its owner was gossiping with a friend a few yards away; Frank and I took hold of the opposite sides of the basket, and in order to lift it we had to exert all our strength. When we put it on the ground again its owner came forward, adjusted the straps by which it was supported, and then trudged

off as though she was doing nothing unusual. Probably she wasn't, but it seemed very unusual to us.

“Back of Stornoway the country is uninteresting and we did not go far in it. We wanted to visit the Callernish stones, about sixteen miles away, but could not do so and were obliged to content ourselves with an account of them by one who had been there.

“The Callernish stones are of unknown origin and very ancient; many antiquarians have studied them, and each has a theory of his own concerning them. They are rough, unhewn, and upright blocks, placed in a circle, and with an avenue of the same kind of stones leading up



DUNFEILAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE.

to them. They are variously ascribed to the Norse invaders, to the Druids, and to the ancient Highlanders. There are forty-eight stones in all, some of them sixteen feet high, and the circle formed by them is forty-two feet in diameter.

“The northern end of Lewis is called the Butt, and is very appropriately named as it is so precipitous as to suggest having been cut square off. There are rocks and caves all about, and it is very evident that there was a grand upheaval of the land when these islands were formed. The same sort of scenery is found in Skye, and whenever we

went away from the ports for only a few hundred yards, we found the same scenes of poverty among the people as we have already told about.

“On the whole, what with the poverty and suffering, the rains and mists, the silence and apparent depression of the people, we do not find our excursion to the Hebrides one to be remembered with unalloyed pleasure. There is fine scenery, to be sure, but you have fine scenery in most parts of Scotland. The houses of the land-owners and their shooting-lodges are very comfortable, but they make all the more apparent the poverty of the people when we look at the straw-thatched cabins without chimneys or windows, and remember that men are obliged to live there. We are glad to have been here and shall be equally glad to get away.”



SPHINX-LIKE ROCK NEAR THE BUTT OF LEWIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE HEBRIDES TO INVERNESS.—THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.—CULLODEN MOOR.—CASTLE OF MACBETH.—PERTH.—A SCOTCH CONUNDRUM.—GREAT BRIDGE OVER THE FIRTH OF FORTH.—INCH GARVIE.—DOCTOR BRONSON GOES TO LONDON.—A DAY AT NORTH BERWICK.—THE GAME OF GOLF; HOW IT IS PLAYED.—NORTH BERWICK ABBEY.—TANTALLON AND AULDHAME CASTLES.—A SCOTCH CADDY.—ON THE LINKS.—ORIGIN AND POPULARITY OF GOLF.—THE BLACK WATCH.—HIGHLAND REGIMENTS AND THEIR RECORD.—OUT OF SCOTLAND.—HISTORY IN RHYME.—MARY ASTOUNDS HER COMPANIONS.—ARRIVAL AT YORK.

FROM Portree, in the Isle of Skye, the youths crossed to Strome Ferry on the main-land, a somewhat tempestuous voyage of about four hours. On arriving at Strome, they found a 'telegram telling them to go to Inverness as soon as possible, and there meet the rest of their party at the Caledonian Hotel. They obeyed instructions, and took the first train that would carry them to their destination.



NEAR STROME FERRY.

Doctor Bronson and the ladies had lingered in the Trosach district at their leisure, and then proceeded to Inverness by way of the Caledonian Canal. The canal is a waterway from one side of Scotland to the other, and was made to avoid the dangerous and tedious navigation for sailing vessels from the east coast to the

west, or *vice versa*. More than half the way the canal consists of natural lakes, the rest being cuttings through earth and rocks. There are

twenty-three miles of cutting altogether, and vessels of 500 tons burden can go through the canal with full cargoes.

“Of course you have missed something by not seeing the canal,” said the Doctor to the youths while talking about the trip, “but have doubtless been more than compensated by your excursion to the Hebrides. There is some wild scenery on both sides of the canal nearly all the way from one end to the other, and there are several places of interest. We had a glimpse of Fort William, Ben Nevis, Inverlochy Castle, and Tor Castle. Tor Castle was the seat of Cameron of Lochiel,



A LOWLAND SCENE.

and if you had been with us you would have had an opportunity to repeat your school-boy practice of reciting the poem beginning:

“Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array.
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are marshalled in fight.”

“But for a consolation you may visit Culloden Moor, which is only five miles from Inverness, and see the spot where the army of Prince Charles the Pretender was defeated in 1746. We have been there this afternoon, and you can drive out there in the morning and return in time for us to take a train that will reach Edinburgh in the evening. I am obliged to go to London again, and will leave you to continue on leisurely with Mrs. Bassett and Mary.”

As the ride to Edinburgh occupies about ten hours, Frank and Fred

decided that they did not wish to delay the departure from Inverness long enough to enable them to visit Culloden Moor. They had had enough of moors for the present, and were willing to leave Culloden to rest where it was, and Fred said that one moor or less made no difference. So they rose early and had a hasty view of Inverness, their principal attention being given to the county buildings and prison on the site of the Castle of Macbeth, where Duncan is supposed to have been murdered by his host, as recorded by Shakespeare in the play of "Macbeth."

The railway carried the travellers through the Grampian Mountains and brought them safely to Perth. They looked from the windows of the train as they halted at Perth, in the hope of catching a glimpse of "The Fair Maid" whose fame is associated with that city, but she was not there to greet them, nor was any other fair maid to be seen. Fred called attention to the fact that Perth was the smallest city on the globe, in spite of the assertion of Frank that it had a population of 30,000 and more.

Fred persisted, and said the correctness of his statement was demonstrated by a Scotch conundrum, as follows:

"Why is Perth the smallest city in the world?"

All gave it up and waited for the answer, which is,

"Because it lies between two inches."

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were puzzled, but not so Doctor Bronson and Frank, or, if they were, they did not manifest it. Fred explained that "inch" is a Scotch word meaning "island." There is an island in the Tay above Perth and another below it, and thus the city "lies between two inches."

"There's another inch on our route," said the Doctor, "that will be interesting to see, more so, in fact, than either of those enclosing Perth."

"What is that?" Frank asked.

"It is Inch Garvie," Doctor Bronson answered; "the island on which the central piers of the Forth Bridge have their foundations."

"I am on the lookout for the Forth Bridge," said Frank, "and want to see as much of it as I can."

In due time the bridge was reached and passed, and all the members of the party contemplated it with interest. Frank had obtained the figures relative to the size of the bridge, and as the train rolled slowly over it he gave them to his companions. If the description should prove too technical for the general reader he is at liberty to skip.

"It is," said Frank, "a cantilever arch and truss bridge, containing

two spans; each span is 1710 feet in the clear, or 100 feet more than the clear span of the famous bridge between New York and Brooklyn. The railways that use it are the North British, the Midland, the Great Northern, and the North-eastern, and they have guaranteed the interest on its cost. The total length of the bridge is 8091 feet, and the centre



TOWN OF NORTH BERWICK.

is supported by Inch Garvie, as Doctor Bronson has already said. The abutments on Garvie consist of four steel pillars 60 feet in diameter, and sunk down to the solid rock; the floor of the bridge is 150 feet above the water, and there is a depth of 200 feet of water under the centre of the great spans.

“If you look at the map,” continued Frank, “you will see what a saving is made by the bridge, as the trains would be obliged to go around by Stirling if it did not exist, or be transported by ferry. You observe that it connects North Queensferry with South Queensferry. There has been a ferry here from very ancient times, and a good many queens have doubtless been ferried over from one side of the firth to the other. The name is said to come from Queen Margaret, who founded Dumfermline Abbey, near here, in the twelfth century.

Frank paused, and then Mary asked if he would please tell how long it took to build the bridge.

“The work took seven years,” Frank answered, “and is considered one of the wonders of bridge-building. The difficulties were great, and many persons predicted that the structure would never be completed. But here it is to show for itself.”

They were near Edinburgh, as it is only nine miles from the Forth Bridge to the city, and the subject of engineering and the construction of bridges was dropped for the time.

It had been arranged during the journey from Inverness that the Doctor would continue on the night train to London, while the rest of the party remained in Edinburgh until the following morning, when they would proceed by rail in the direction of the British capital, taking in on the way whatever cities and other places they chose to visit.

But in the morning Frank suggested that there was to be a game of golf at North Berwick, a watering-place within an hour's ride of the city, and as he had not yet witnessed that game, and, moreover, as Mrs. Bassett had expressed a desire to visit Berwick, it was decided to postpone till the next day the departure for London.

Fortunately the day was fine, and as they took the train at the Waverley Station they found a good many pleasure-seekers going in their direction. In an hour they were at their destination, and had leisure to look about them.

"It's a very pretty sea-side place," said Mrs. Bassett, "and I'm glad we came here."

"Here's an abbey, or monastery, close to the station," said Fred, as they left the train. "Wonder what they call it?"

"It's the North Berwick Abbey," said Mary. "I've been reading about it, and find that it was founded by the Earl of Fife in 1154."

"Seven hundred and odd years have reduced it very much to a ruin," said Fred.

"Yes," replied Mary, "but the books say it was once a magnificent building, and was a convent of Cistercian nuns, who were controlled by a lady prioress. They had extensive properties in Fife and other counties, but these were all confiscated at the time of the Reformation, and the abbey was closed, never to be opened again."

There are some castles in the neighborhood of North Berwick, but golf had more attractions for our friends than any piles of ancient stone. We will remark, however, that one of the castles is that of Tantallon, which was for centuries the stronghold of the Douglasses in the east part of Scotland. It was besieged by James V., captured by the Covenanters in 1639, and later was captured by Cromwell after a short siege. It now belongs to the Dalrymple family. A mile from Tantallon is the ruined castle of Auldham, a favorite resort of picnic parties from Edinburgh.

Mary also learned that there was a rock in the sea in front of North

Berwick that was the home of a Christian missionary as early as the sixth or seventh century, who is commemorated in history as St. Baldred. It is known as the Bass Rock, and is about three hundred feet high by a mile in circumference. A boatman proposed to take the party to the rock, but the proposal was set aside for the more modern attractions of golf.

Guided by a boy, who attached himself to the party with a view to recompense in small coins, they proceeded to the "links," where the game was to be seen.

Mrs. Bassett was curious as to the character of the links, but her curiosity ceased when she learned that it was a grassy strip between the sea and the higher ground beyond. It was broken here and there by little hillocks of sand, cut up with roads and fences, and otherwise diversified. On the whole it was a good place for the game of golf, but would not be an attractive spot for a base-ball team to practise in.

We will let Frank describe the sport, as he seems to be more interested in it than were the rest of the party, though

it is not to be inferred that they were altogether listless while looking at the game, which was new to them.

"The boy that served as guide for us was an intelligent youth, and explained in true Scotch accent the principles of the game. He had been 'caddy,' or club-bearer, to a player, and therefore thought he knew all about it. Each player has from six to ten clubs with which to strike the ball, according to the position it may be in, and the carrier of these clubs is called a 'caddy.' The caddy also 'tees' the ball; that is, he



THE BASS ROCK.

places it on a little hillock of sand when it is struck the first time. The player may tee his ball as he likes for the first blow, but all subsequent blows must be in the position where the ball lies. To avoid the 'hasards,' or inequalities of the field, and leave the ball when it comes to a stop in a good position for the next blow, is one of the accomplishments of a player.

"The clubs with which the blows are given are technically called



GOLF—BEGINNING THE GAME.

play-club, long-spoon, mid-spoon, short-spoon, baffing-spoon, driving-putter, putter, sand-iron, cleck, and niblach, or track-iron. The heads of the three last named are of iron, but the others are of wood, and all the handles are of wood covered with leather. According to the position of the ball, and the obstacles, or 'hasards,' that surround it, the player selects the proper club to be used, and calls upon his caddy to present it. A good caddy generally knows at a glance what club will be wanted.

"A series of holes, about four inches in diameter and five or six inches deep, are cut in the turf at distances of from one to four or five hundred yards from each other, in order to form a circuit, or 'round.' The distance of the holes from each other varies according to the nature of the ground. The balls are of white gutta-percha, about two inches

in diameter, or possibly less, the whiteness rendering them easily visible on the ground. There are generally two players; if there are four, they are divided, two against two.

"Our boy took us to where two players were just beginning a game. The one who had won the toss placed his ball on a little pyramid of sand, or 'teed' it, and then took the most elastic of his clubs and delivered a powerful blow. The ball made a curve high in the air and fell fully two hundred yards away. Then his opponent did likewise, and his ball fell perhaps a dozen yards short of where the first one had found a stopping-place.



"The players followed up to where the balls had stopped, and we followed the players. Then the first player consulted the position of his ball very carefully before selecting the club with which to make the next stroke. The rule of the game is very rigid about never moving a ball after the first blow, except by means of a club. It may be in the rut of a wagon, in a hollow between two stones, half or wholly buried in sand, or in any one of a dozen other inconvenient places, but the rule must be kept. In this instance the first ball was in sand, and the sand-iron was called into use. The other ball was in

AT THE PUTTING-GREEN.

a hollow where the water almost covered it, and in both instances the work of extricating the balls was slow.

“But it was accomplished in time, and soon the balls were within fifteen or twenty yards of the first of the series of holes. Now came the exciting part of the game at the ‘putting-green,’ as they call the space around each hole.

“The first player surveyed the ground for two or three minutes, perhaps longer, before deciding how he should strike his ball. Momentous questions depended. Should he lay it ‘dead’ near the hole, so that his next stroke would send it in, or should he try to roll it in with that one blow and run the risk of sending it across the hole? Should he place it right in his opponent’s track, so that the latter might drive against it and send it to the hole, instead of placing his own ball there? Both men were as solemn about the business as if their lives depended upon the result, and nobody within hearing ventured to say a word.

“The first player struck his ball—I can’t tell with which one of his clubs—and away it rolled straight towards the waiting receptacle. The man stood breathless, watching the result. When within six inches of the hole the ball was deflected by a slight, and to our eyes imperceptible, inequality of the ground, and turned to one side. It lay within a hand-breadth of where its owner wished it to be, but was not. Then the other player took his turn, and by great good fortune rolled his ball into position.

“This ended the first struggle; then the balls were taken and started as in the first instance, and the game went on. It is decided by the number of ‘holes’ made in a ‘round,’ and the distance traversed in the entire rounds was about three miles. We did not follow the whole course of the game, but left after the second ‘hole’ had been made.

“Golf is a great game among the Scotch. Until quite recently it was almost entirely confined to Scotland, but of late years it has become known in England and other countries. When or how it originated is unknown. It was played in the reign of King James I., and the story goes that Charles I. was very fond of it. According to tradition, he was playing a game of golf on Leith Links, in 1641, when news was brought to him of the rebellion in Ireland. He immediately threw down his club and went to Holyrood Palace as speedily as possible.

“It seemed to us an excellent game. It requires skill and long practice to be a good player; and as for the bad players, they break any number of clubs and get the balls into all sorts of ‘hasards,’ whence they are extricated with difficulty or lost altogether. Golf is less



HARBOR OF NORTH BERWICK.

exciting and less dangerous than foot-ball, and does not require so much exertion as cricket or base-ball, while there is enough of walking and muscle-training in it to make it just the thing for any person whose occupation is sedentary. It is a nice game for ladies, and we were told that many Scotch women are devoted to it, though they are not quite as serious in their play of golf as the men are. Among the feminine players the young women are in the majority.

“Golf is almost as much to Scotland as base-ball is to America, and there are nearly as many golf clubs in this country as there are base-ball clubs with us. There are professional golf-players, just as there are professional base-ball men, and many of them make their living by the business. They are always ready to play with amateurs, give instruction to novices, or play matches for money. A gentleman with whom we talked on the subject seemed to regret very greatly that betting had such a prominent place in golf as it has at present, and said the betting practices had driven many respectable men out of the clubs.

“When we had studied the game as much as we wished, we visited the harbor of North Berwick, which contained a few small boats, principally devoted to fishing, and climbed to the top of the ‘Law,’ a conical

hill about six hundred feet high, just back of the town. There are the ruins of a watch-tower on the top of this hill, and the guide told us that in the early part of the present century a watch was maintained there night and day to look out for the fleet of the first Napoleon, who was



AULDHAME CASTLE.

expected to land on the coast for the purpose of capturing Edinburgh. A warm reception had been prepared for him, and you may be sure that the Scotch would have shown those sturdy qualities for fighting that they have always displayed wherever they have been engaged in war, either in ancient or modern times.

"And speaking of war, there are no finer regiments in the British army than those raised in Scotland. The earliest of them was the one known as the 'Black Watch,' the term 'black' referring to the dark color of the tartan worn by the men. Several companies were formed for the purpose of preserving order as early as 1730; they were stationed in different parts of Scotland, and were known as 'Indepen-



STREET SCENE IN YORK.

dent Companies of the Black Watch.' Nine or ten years later these companies were united into a regiment, which has been maintained ever since. Its gallantry has been tested on many a battle-field, and it is to-day one of the most distinguished regiments in the British service and one of the most popular.

"The great value of the Black Watch encouraged the Government

to increase the Scotch contingent in the army, and since 1776 seven other Highland regiments have been organized. Of the rank and file of these regiments about seventy-nine per cent. are Scotch, eleven per cent. English, and ten per cent. Irish. The soldiers wear Scotch jackets, kilts, plaids, and plumes, together with other things belonging to the Gaelic costume. They march to the sound of Scotch music, and in every way preserve the characteristics of their native land."

Our friends returned to Edinburgh late in the afternoon, all agreeing that the day's outing to North Berwick had been pleasant and instructive. On the following morning they took the train to the southward, and were soon over the border and on English soil.

Their first stopping-place was York, an ancient and well-known city, which was a place of importance as far back as the time of the Roman invasion. Hadrian lived there, and Severus died there, and so did Constantine Chlorus, the father of Constantine the Great. Many historians believe that the latter personage was born in York, but this is not positively known.

As soon as they entered the confines of England, Frank suggested that it was time to inform themselves about English history.

Fred and Mary approved the suggestion. Mrs. Bassett had fallen asleep in a corner of the carriage, and her opinion on the subject was not sought.

"Who can name the kings of England from the time of William the Norman to the present?" queried Frank.

"I can," replied Mary.

"Well, then," responded Frank, "let us hear the list."

Thereupon the girl recited the following, which she said she found in one of her school-books:

"First, William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John.
After Henry the Third, Edwards one, two, and three,
After Richard the Second, three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards precede the third Richard, then press
Two Henrys, Sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, of Scotland, and Charles must be reckoned,
By Cromwell succeeded, and then Charles the Second.
After him we have James, who relinquished the throne
To William and Mary, then William alone.
Till Anne, the four Georges, fourth William all passed,
Victoria now reigns, may she long be the last."

"That's very good," said Frank, and Fred echoed his cousin's

opinion. "To do history in rhyme is an excellent thing, as it can thus be remembered better than in any other way."

"I've seen similar lines," said Fred, "but they were not exactly the same. There was one point in which I think they were an improvement upon Mary's; in reference to Charles First they went like this:

"Then James, king of Scotland, Charles First, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell another Charles, too."

"That's an improvement," said Fred, "because it records the fact that Charles First was beheaded, which Mary's lines do not. It makes no especial difference to Charles, and his head may not have been of much consequence, but we want historical facts grouped together whenever opportunity offers."

"I can give you more history in rhyme," said Mary. "Here goes:

"'Twas in ten hundred sixty-six, by Hastings battle fought,
The stern and hated Norman rule to Anglia was brought.
The Conqueror, with ruthless hand, all insurrections quelled,
And gave his friends estates from which the Saxons were expelled.
The Feudal system soon became supreme throughout the land,
The "Curfew" tolled the evening hour; the "Doomsday-book" was planned.'

"If you want more of the same sort," said Mary, "I refer you to the books which have been published by Mrs. Gardner, of New York. She has written English, French, and American history in this way, and it was in her school that I studied the little volumes. When you want an historical fact, let me know, and perhaps I'll be able to give it without referring to anything more than my memory."

"Very well," said Frank. "What can you tell us of the Wars of the



YORK,
NEAR THE RAILWAY STATION.

Roses? Who wore the white, and who the red, and what were the wars about?"

Mary paused a moment, and then repeated the following:

"The wife of timid Henry Sixth was Margaret of Anjou,
As spirited and merciless as he was meek and true;
The death of noble Gloucester, and the loss of French estates,
With Henry's incapacity, such discontent creates,
That able Richard, Duke of York, Protector of the realm,
Asserted his ancestral right to govern at the helm;
And thus commenced a civil war, which lasted thirty years;
Destroyed the old nobility and drenched the land with tears.
'Twas called the War of Roses, for the Yorkists wore the white,
The reigning house of Lancaster with red ones was bedight."

"You seem to have English history down to a fine and practical point," said Fred. "We'll certainly appeal to you when we want information and haven't our books handy."

Attention was then given to the scenery along the route, and in due time the train rolled into York and halted at the station.

What our friends saw and did in this interesting city will be told in the next chapter.



·YORK·

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WALLS OF YORK.—HOW THE JEWS WERE MASSACRED BY CHRISTIANS.—CLIFFORD'S TOWER.—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—WALMGATE BAR.—MRS. BASSETT'S MISTAKE.—MONK BAR.—ANOTHER MISTAKE.—MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES AND OTHER CURIOSITIES.—A SITE FOR MANY CHURCHES.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL.—DIFFERENT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.—OUT-DOOR PARLIAMENTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—WHY MODERN PARLIAMENTARIANS KEEP THEIR HATS ON.—THE BRITISH SEA-SIDE; WHITBY AND SCARBOROUGH; SEEKING LODGINGS; THE SIGHTS OF SCARBOROUGH; DRINKING THE WATERS; BEACH AND PROMENADE; SCARBOROUGH CASTLE; STORY OF A SIEGE; A BRAVE WOMAN; GEORGE FOX'S PRISON.

WHERE to begin sight-seeing was a question with the strangers, and they wisely concluded that an outside view of York would be the best thing to start with. Accordingly, they took a carriage and made a tour through the principal streets and around the walls. The walls of York are still standing, though the city has grown beyond them, and the work of the Middle Ages would be of little use for modern defensive purposes. They are partly on the lines of the Roman walls that preceded them, but enclose a much larger area. The lines of the Roman walls have been traced through their whole extent, and whenever excavations are made for the erection of new buildings or for other purposes the diggers are pretty certain to bring Roman antiquities to light.

Frank engaged a guide at



A STREET IN YORK.

the time he secured the carriage, and that worthy was seated on the box at the driver's side. He did not promise well at first, but as soon as the tour was fairly begun he developed an amount of erudition that surprised his employers. Fred suggested that some of his statements were the work of a fertile imagination rather than the deductions of history,



VIEW FROM MONK BAR.

but as they added zest to the excursion he was allowed to proceed without interruption. It was afterwards ascertained that he was nearer the truth than had been supposed.

The real fact is York has so many marvellous things connected with its history that a plain recital of the truth seems very much like fiction to the stranger. As an example of this, take the story of the massacre of the Jews at what is now known as Clifford's Tower, in the castle enclosure. This is the way it was told by the guide:

"It happened in the reign of Richard I., in the year 1190. The Jews were the richest people in York, and used to wear the best clothes of anybody. They lent money to them that wanted to borrow, and they always wanted good security and large interest, which was what

made them unpopular. Some pious men had been off on the Crusades; when they came back they didn't like the way the Jews treated them whenever they wanted money, and as they were all of them pious Christians, and had had plenty of fighting among the Saracen infidels, they thought they would fight the Jews too.

"The Jews lived in the city, and the Crusaders went to where they lived and began to kill them. There were so many fighting Christians that the Jews couldn't do anything against them; so they came to the castle with their wives and children and all the property they could carry, and took shelter here in the tower. All the soldiers around York came to help kill the Jews, and the castle was besieged, with nobody to fight for it. When the poor Jews found they couldn't hold out any longer they did as their rabbi told them to do. They killed their wives and children and set fire to the castle, and then they killed each other with knives so they should not suffer the pain of being burned to death."

Is it any wonder that the strangers thought the story of the guide



BARBICAN, WALMGATE BAR.

an exaggeration, and that the cruelty of the Crusaders and other Christian people of York was the work of the active brain of their cicerone? But according to history, it is all true, and the massacre of these unresisting Hebrews is one of the most barbarous acts that ever occurred on British soil.

Clifford's Tower, the scene of this massacre, stands on the site of a fort which was erected by William the Conqueror. There was a Saxon fort there which was demolished to make way for the Norman one, and quite possibly there may have been a Roman tower there before the Saxon fort was built.

"The guide showed us a Roman tower," said Fred, "and it demonstrated the antiquity of York more than a dozen books could have done. Think of the changes that have been witnessed by that tower! How its builders would stand astonished if they could revisit the place to-day and see the life around them, hear the whistle of the locomotive, and see the trains darting away in every direction more swiftly than their fleetest rider ever dreamed of travelling!"

"The next thing I shall show you is Walmgate Bar," said the guide, at one point in their excursion.

"You needn't stop there," said Mrs. Bassett. "Go right on to something else."

"But it's very interesting," said the guide. "It's the oldest bar in York, and everybody wants to see it."

"But we don't," persisted the good woman. "None of us ever visit bars or have any use for them."

Frank saw that his mother was laboring under a mistake, and briefly explained that Walmgate Bar was one of the ancient entrances of the city, and an antiquity of which the inhabitants are justly proud. "It's the only one in all England," said he, "with a complete barbican."

"What is a barbican?" Mary asked.

"The barbican is a watch-tower or other advanced work," said he, "that projects before the gate of a castle or walled town. Its object was to prevent a direct assault upon the gates, and in sieges in ancient times the barbican was the first place assailed. It was necessary to capture it in order to get at the gates; as long as it was in possession of the defenders of the town or castle, the assailants were liable to a shower of missiles as they went up to the gates and sought to batter them in."

While the rest of the party were inspecting the barbican Frank made a sketch of it, showing its relative position to the gate. Fred called attention to the fact that while the barbican was of stone and iron throughout, there was an extra watch-tower just over the centre constructed of wood and plaster. The guide explained that this watch-tower was built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was three or four hundred years later than the rest of the work. It was more a



MICKLEGATE BAR.

policeman's post than a watch-tower for military purposes, but of course could be made to answer for both.

Other bars and gates of York were visited and duly commented upon. When the party reached Monk Bar, Mrs. Bassett asked what order of monks it was that built the tower, which is the loftiest of all the bars of York.

"It was not built by any order of monks," Frank replied, "but is named in honor of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was born in 1608, and was in public service in one way and another for the greater part of his life. He was soldier, statesman, politician, admiral, and I don't know what else. Those who have studied his character say he was cold-blooded to a remarkable degree, and showed no zeal for any religion or public policy. A considerable part of his success was due to his ability to keep his mouth closed when his opinion was sought upon any subject, or if he did speak out he managed to say a great deal less than nothing. One thing is certain about him, that he was a brave warrior on land and sea. He commanded in the naval battle where the famous Dutch Admiral Van Tromp was killed and his fleet defeated, and he had command in Scotland during one of the insurrections there."

Monk Bar was duly admired for its lofty towers and the grotesque figures that ornament it, and a similar admiration was bestowed upon Micklegate Bar. The guide said it was anciently the custom to display the heads of traitors and others who had suffered on the block upon spikes on the tops of the towers, but the custom had long ago been given up. "They don't cut off people's heads any more," said he, "and so they haven't any heads to amuse the inhabitants with."

Frank suggested that the guide would do well to speak to the city council of York, and have the ancient practices restored. He was sure it would add greatly to the prosperity of the city, especially to the hotels and guides, as it would bring strangers from all parts of the world to see the hideous *alto-relievos* on Micklegate Bar. At first the man was inclined to take the suggestion seriously, but a smile on Mary's lips gave the intimation that he was being "chaffed." He smiled in turn, and said he would think the matter over before making his petition to the authorities.

Bars being done with, the party drove through some of the oldest streets of York, where houses of past centuries rose on either side of narrow ways. They visited the Museum, where there is a fine collection of antiquities from the Saxon and Roman periods down to comparatively modern years or cycles. There are ornaments, clothing, sandals, pottery in considerable variety, bits of pavement, coffins, and other pleasant things; then there are historical curiosities such as the swords or other weapons of men famous in their time, the irons with which Dick Turpin and other renowned highwaymen were fettered, stuffed birds and quadrupeds in great variety, together with many other things whose

presence is due to the labors of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, which was formed in 1822 for research in antiquity and science.

At nearly every point they visited our friends were pretty sure to catch sight of the cathedral, or minster, as it is usually called. It rose far above anything else in the city, and seemed to cover a goodly part of its area. Frank told the guide to reserve it till the last, as it would take some time to examine the minster, and the carriage could be dismissed at the door.

The instruction was followed, and after completing the round of gates, bars, walls, old houses, museums, smaller churches, and other things, the party went to the cathedral and entered the lofty door-way. The grandeur of the building impressed the visitors, and they were fully prepared to believe what they were told, that York Minster is one of the



MINSTER TOWERS, FROM PETER GATE.

finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the whole world. It is not only among the finest but also among the largest, its measurement being 524 feet long by 250 feet broad; it is 24 feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and 145 feet longer than Westminster Abbey.

From the published description and information obtained from the guide Fred made the following notes:

"York Minster, as it stands to-day, is the successor of a line of churches that began twelve hundred years ago. A wooden church was built on this site in the year 627 for the baptism of King Edwin, and it made way for a stone church that was burned in the eighth century.

Then another church was built, but it was destroyed by William the Conqueror in 1069, and on its site the first Norman bishop caused another church to be built. This fourth edifice was rebuilt at various times between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, and was consecrated in 1472. It suffered much during the Reformation, and was restored; in 1829 it was set on fire by a maniac, and the roof of the choir and all the wood-work were destroyed; and in 1840 it was again in flames, owing to the carelessness of a workman with a lamp. The damage was so extensive at this last fire that £100,000 were required to repair it.

“I don't know that we have ever seen finer windows of stained glass than in this cathedral; the east window is seventy-five feet high and thirty-two feet wide, and is divided into two hundred compartments, each of them representing a scriptural subject. Stained glass of all the centuries from the thirteenth to the nineteenth can be seen here, and a student of the subject might be excused for going half wild about the treasures of art to be seen in the cathedral.

“There are numerous monuments to men who have been distinguished in various ways; some were archbishops, some rose to the rank of saints, some rest their glory upon the slaughter of their fellow-men, and some were born in royal families but never accomplished anything else worth remembering. Military and saintly monuments are sometimes close together; but perhaps this is not altogether incongruous in a church that presents the styles of architecture of several centuries.”

After spending an hour or more in the stately building our friends felt monitions of hunger that took them to the Black Swan, an ancient hotel which preserves its oaken panels and other mementos of the past. The building belongs to the Elizabethan era, according to some authorities, while others ascribe it a much older date. It is old enough, at any rate, to suit the most exacting visitor; Mrs. Bassett and Mary were delighted at dining in an establishment that supplied a bountiful repast of roast beef and other materials of the English table, and at the same time allowed them to look through window-panes two or three inches square, many of them stained in the style of by-gone centuries. The house is two stories in height, with an attic; high up on one of the projecting gables is a picture of the bird after which the hostelry is named. The picture had just received a new coat of paint.

Fred made a further note that Parliament Street means something more than a mere name. The first English Parliament was held in York in the year 1160, and for five hundred years after that parliaments continued to be held there whenever summoned by the King.

“And you may add,” said Frank, “that these parliaments met in the open air, and the members kept their hats on their heads during the meetings. Americans who visit the House of Parliament to-day wonder why the members sit with their hats on; the custom has descended from the time of the open-air meetings that were held at York, and afterwards in London. Englishmen are tenacious of old customs, and many of them would think their liberties in



THE BLACK SWAN.

danger if Parliament should drop the old fashion of keeping the hat on while in-doors, and sit uncovered, as our Congressmen do at Washington.”

“Where do we go next?” queried Mrs. Bassett, as they sat at dinner in the cosy little dining-room of the Black Swan.

“Where would you like to go?” Frank asked.

“I believe we are not far from Whitby and Scarborough,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I would like to see an English watering-place, and compare it with Long Branch and Newport.”

“Those are the places I was about to suggest that we would visit,” Frank responded. “Scarborough is forty-two miles away, and Whitby fifty-six, and the railway will take us there in an hour or two at most.”

“I’d rather go to Whitby than Scarborough, if we are not to see both places,” said Mary. “Whitby is where Whitby jet comes from, and I want to see the real jet and where they get it.”



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, NEAR SCARBOROUGH.

Frank promised that they would see both the places named, and with this proposal mother and daughter were satisfied. He explained that Scarborough was the most fashionable watering-place in the north of England, and was well worth seeing for the sake of comparison with Newport, as Mrs. Bassett had suggested. They could go by rail or steamboat from Scarborough to Whitby, and would find the former route preferable in case the weather was favorable.

A ride of an hour and a half by the railway took them from York to Scarborough. It was the height of the season, and the hotels were full, but Frank had taken the precaution to secure rooms by telegraph before starting. The season lasts from the first of July to the middle of October, but the crowded part is not more than eight or ten weeks in length. Not many visitors are there before the middle of July, and by the end of September the hegira begins.

"Scarborough made me think of Newport," wrote Mary, "but the crowd here is greater than at our fashionable watering-place. There is a town here quite as large as Newport, if not larger. It is built on the

sides of a cliff, and the houses are in terraces one above the other, which makes them very picturesque. There are some large hotels and many small ones, and as for lodging-houses, it seems as though two-thirds of the town had lodgings to let. They have them furnished or unfurnished, with meals and without, and Fred says some of them are without even the lodgings themselves. A great many people of Scarborough make their living in this way, so Fred says.

“Just to see the inside of one of these houses, we pretended to be looking for lodgings, and rung the bell. An elderly woman, with cork-screw curls and a cap as white as snow, received us after a very shabby-looking girl had opened the door. She was very prim, and seemed to think every word over before she uttered it. When she found out that we were Americans, she said she had some American lodgers the sum-



ROBIN HOOD'S TOWN.

mer before last, but had forgotten their names. But she had not forgotten the names of all the dukes and lords and countesses, and other great folk of England, that had lived in her house when they came to Scarborough for the waters. She was expecting Lord Horsechestnut next month, and had heard that the Duke of Apricots was coming there soon, and when he did he always took lodgings in her house. These are not the real names she mentioned, but they'll do just as well.

“We looked only at the rooms on the ground-floor, as we did not wish to put her to any trouble on our account, when we had no intention of taking rooms in Scarborough other than those we had at the hotel. The rooms were neatly furnished, and altogether the lodgings were not undesirable; but the prices were not much lower than those of

the hotel. Probably the figures she demanded were higher than usual on account of our being Americans, or possibly because we could not expect low rates in a house patronized by the 'nobility and gentry' of England.

"Frank told the landlady that if we decided to remain long in Scarborough we might call again, and with this very ambiguous statement we departed. Frank gave the servant a shilling when she opened the door for us to go out. She was evidently unaccustomed to such liberality, as she stood still with astonishment. We shall probably never know whether she pocketed the fee in silence or told her employer, so that the latter could determine upon still higher demands upon the next party of Americans, or upon us if we called again.

"These people must make enough in two or three months to support them for the rest of the year. Where they own the houses they live in this is not a very difficult matter, but the case must be otherwise with those that have to pay rent. Fred says there are about thirty thousand permanent residents in Scarborough, and the principal industry is to exploit the summer visitors.

"They have certainly made the place attractive for the visitors, and I should be perfectly contented to stay here a week or two. There's a fine road for driving and walking along the edge of the beach; there's a pier running out into the sea a thousand feet or more, and intended for promenaders, and there's a spa where people go to drink the waters, listen to music, witness theatrical performances, chat, gossip, and pass the time the best way they can. You see that, with the sea-bathing and the spa, Scarborough has the attractions of Saratoga and Newport combined; people may bathe in the sea or drink the water from the springs, and either mode of treatment is good for them.

"The springs are saline and chalybeate, whatever that may be—I'm sure I don't know—and have been famous for hundreds of years for their healing qualities. We tasted of them, but didn't like them very much. Frank says they are disagreeable enough to be highly beneficial, but he evidently doesn't want any benefit, as he didn't swallow more than a sip or two.

"There's a new town and an old one. The old town seems to have gone to sleep, but the new one is lively enough, especially in the parts nearest the promenade.

"We got tired of walking around in the crowd, and looked for seats where we could see without being jostled. When we found them and were comfortably settled, it was like looking at a panorama. The tide was out and the beach was covered with bathers in great numbers, and

also with children, nurse-maids, donkeys and their drivers, musicians, promenaders, idlers, and all sorts and conditions of people from youth to old age. On the asphalt road there were vehicles of every kind, from the donkey-cart to the splendid carriages of rich or titled personages, and there were lots of people on horseback, many of them riding as uneasily as though they had never before been in a saddle. The promenade and the pier were covered with pedestrians. We went out to the end of the pier, and greatly enjoyed the cool breeze that blew in from the north-east over the German Ocean."

Scarborough stands on a bay that has almost the shape of a horse-



LANDING FISH IN THE EARLY MORNING.

shoe, and the cliffs shelter it so well that it forms a very good harbor. Fishing-boats go out from Scarborough, and the harbor is frequently sought by coasting-vessels during severe storms. Overlooking the harbor is a cliff, or hill, three or four hundred feet above the sea, and on this cliff is an old castle, which our friends did not fail to visit.

"It is a picturesque castle," said Fred, "and dates from the twelfth century. Like most of the castles that we have seen, it has been besieged during the wars that have troubled the country in the past seven hundred years. Once an army lay in front of it for a whole year before



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

it surrendered, but the garrison was starved out at last and forced to yield. The assailants, on sitting down to the siege, threatened death

the whole garrison, including the governor and his wife, in case any resistance was made. This did not frighten the governor, as had been expected. In his report of the siege he says that his wife feared he might surrender on her account, and she therefore came to him and begged that he would do nothing prejudicial to his own interests or the cause of the king whom he served. Thus encouraged, he held out as long as possible, and the threat was not carried out when the surrender came and the garrison gave up its arms.

“There’s another interesting event of history connected with this old castle. George Fox, the founder of the Friends, or Quakers, was once imprisoned here and treated with great cruelty. His guardians confined him at first in a room that was full of smoke. Then they moved him to a room that had no fireplace or chimney, and was so cold that he was nearly frozen; and then to another where the rain drove in over his bed so that he was ‘fain to skim it up with a platter.’ They put wormwood in the water that they gave him to drink, and he had only a few ounces of bread daily for food. His offence consisted in daring to preach what he believed to be the truth, and in promulgating the doctrines on which the Society of Friends is founded.

“We had a delightful view from the ruined castle, and stayed there for some time to enjoy the contrast between the level and colorless sea on the one hand, and the bright undulations of green and the town nestled below us on the other. The castle is slowly crumbling to dust, and no attempt has been made to preserve it. The ruins are so massive that it will last a long time in spite of the storms that beat upon it, and perhaps it is just as well that it should be allowed to decay. Most of its history is connected with bloodshed and oppression, for which there is no place in this nineteenth century, at least on English soil.”

CHAPTER XV.

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.—WHO WAS ROBIN HOOD? HIS GAMES, AND THE BALLADS ABOUT HIM.—WHITBY.—CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.—REAL WHITBY JET; WHERE IT COMES FROM AND HOW IT IS MADE.—A DISAPPOINTMENT.—ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.—HOW FASHIONS ARE FOLLOWED.—WITCHCRAFT IN YORKSHIRE.—FROM WHITBY TO SHEFFIELD; CUTLERY AND OTHER ESTABLISHMENTS; ANTIQUITY OF SHEFFIELD; FOLLOWING A KNIFE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURING PROCESSES; IRON FOUNDERIES AND OTHER INDUSTRIES; PARKS, HOSPITALS, MUSEUMS, AND CHURCHES; HOW THE WORKMEN LIVE.

WHEN the time came to leave Scarborough for Whitby the air was so still and the sea so calm that Mrs. Bassett announced her preference for the steamboat. Accordingly, our friends took passage, and soon after going on board found themselves outside the harbor and

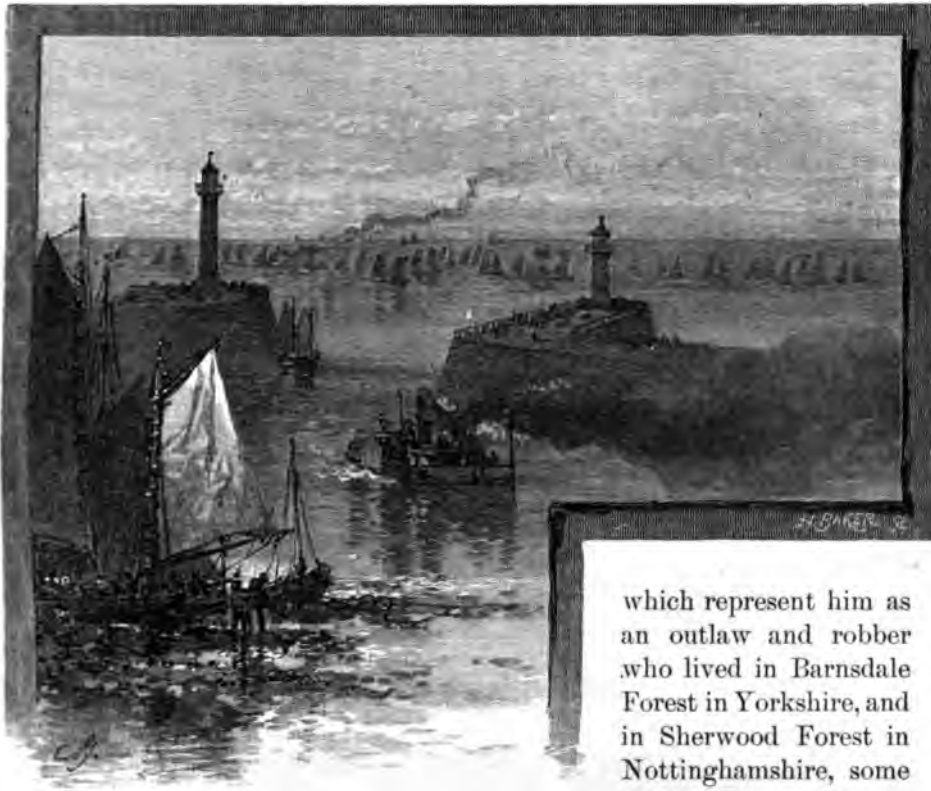


WHITBY, FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

breasting the waters of the German Ocean. The boat was well filled with passengers, the majority of them going merely for the excursion, and intending to return the same day to Scarborough.

The boat called at Robin Hood's Bay, which is a popular summer resort patronized by people who wish to escape the noise and rush of the larger places. Mrs. Bassett had read of Robin Hood, and wished to know more about him. Frank had anticipated her inquiry, and readily answered as follows :

“Whether Robin Hood ever lived in the town that is named after him is not at all certain, as there is a great deal of mystery connected with the story of his life. He is the hero of several ballads and legends,



ENTRANCE TO WHITBY HARBOR.

which represent him as an outlaw and robber who lived in Barnsdale Forest in Yorkshire, and in Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, some time in the twelfth century. He was surround-

ed by a gang of men who were outlaws like himself, and they lived for years and defied all efforts that were made for their capture.”

“How did he happen to be so popular with the people when he lived by robbery?” Mary asked.

“Because he was so generous with the money that he stole,” Frank replied. “He gave to the poor what he took from the rich; at least so he is represented in the ballads and legends, and consequently the people protected him and always gave him warning when the King’s troops were coming to attack them.”

“We have a good many men like him to-day,” said Mrs. Bassett. “They are very generous with the money of other people, and the

difference between them and Robin Hood is that they manage their stealing so adroitly that they are not often disturbed by the law."

Frank assented to Mrs. Bassett's suggestion, and said he could name several prominent examples in the United States, and would not be obliged to go from New York to find them. Then he went on with his explanation of the story of Robin Hood.

"He was first brought to notice by the ballads I have referred to, and so popular was he that in the early part of the sixteenth century there were rustic sports and merrymakings in many parts of England every year, which were known as Robin Hood's games. In these games, as in the ballads, the hero was always represented as a valiant gentleman who had suffered reverses of fortune that drove him to the forest, and who always divided among the poor everything that he took from a nobleman or other individual who had anything that could be stolen. He was always represented victorious in every personal encounter with his enemies, even at very great odds.

"The Robin Hood games were considered dangerous instructors, as they glorified robbery in the same way as does the 'dime novel' of the present day. They were suppressed at the time of the Reformation, but so popular were they that the Reformers had much difficulty in putting them down. According to tradition, Robin Hood accepted the invitation of the King to live at the royal court, but he grew weary of court customs after a few months, and returned to his free way of living in the forest."

From Robin Hood's Bay to Whitby is about seven miles, and by the time Frank's story was ended the port for which the strangers were heading was in full view. The steamer entered the harbor through a fleet of fishing-boats which were waiting for a wind; the fleet was large, and presented a very picturesque appearance. The entrance to the harbor is between two piers, each of them crowned by a light-house, and affording a pleasant place of promenade for summer visitors.

"Everybody who has been around the world ought to have a special interest in Whitby," remarked Fred, as they passed between the pier-heads and entered the harbor.

"Why so?" Mary asked.

"Because," replied the youth, "Captain James Cook, the great navigator, was a Whitby apprentice, and made one of his voyages around the world in a Whitby vessel."

"Was he born here?" Mary inquired.

"No," said Fred; "he was the son of an agricultural laborer in

Marton, Yorkshire, and was apprenticed to a haberdasher of Whitby, but he disliked the occupation and went to sea. He spent several years in coasting vessels, then entered the Royal Navy, and rose rapidly in



ROBIN LYTH'S HOLE, NEAR WHITBY.

consequence of the ability he displayed. Whitby people are proud of him, and have good reason to be."

"Wonder if he knew anything about Whitby jet?" Mary remarked. On this point Fred was unable to give an answer.

In compliance with Mary's wish, which was seconded by Mrs. Bassett, the subject of jet was investigated before the sights of the place

received any attention. We will let Mary tell the story of the investigation and what came of it.

“What do you suppose was one of the first things we learned about Whitby jet? Well, it was that the jet which goes by the name of Whitby is nearly all brought from Spain. It used to be found here in large quantities, but the supply is pretty well exhausted, and the work of digging it is unprofitable. There are a few mines in this neighborhood, but each mine employs only five or six men, and the product is small, compared with former times.

“We went into one of the workshops where the ornaments are made, and saw the operatives at work. The pieces of coal, as they appear to be, are cut and shaped by means of steel tools and swiftly revolving



WHITBY HARBOR AT LOW TIDE.

wheels. They get their high polish by being held against wheels that revolve very rapidly, and are covered with a mixture of oil and rouge. Then they are ‘set’ by dipping them in a mixture of sealing-wax and shellac, and this outside veneering is polished to remove all appearance of unevenness. We stood by one workman who shaped with great quickness a cluster of flowers out of the black material, and without any design to guide him. Possibly he had done the same thing many times before, and knew exactly what strokes to make.

“The foreman of the shop told us that there are about fifteen hundred people engaged in the manufacture of jet ornaments, and the operatives receive all the way from five to thirty shillings a week. The jet goes all over the world, and there is always a steady demand for it for



mourning purposes. Whenever any public calamity, like the death of a king or other high personage, requires general mourning, the demand increases very suddenly, and the stock which the dealers have on hand brings a high price.

RUNSWICK, NEAR WHITBY.

“A few years ago the Prince of Wales was so ill that the doctors gave him up and thought he could not live. London dealers rushed to Whitby and bought all the jet goods in the market, just as they sent to Paris and bought all the black gloves that could be had. Workmen

were kept busy night and day, and received double wages for working over-time, but it was impossible to meet the demand. The speculators lost heavily by the recovery of the prince and his refusal to die just at that time, when the doctors gave him up.

“I was very much disappointed when they showed us the boxes in which the jet is brought from Spain, and also with the appearance of the stuff before it is cut. It looks for all the world just like anthracite. Frank says it is really a fine quality of coal, and that it will burn quite as readily as the most of the coal in the market. It is electrical when rubbed, and for this reason is sometimes called black amber, and it takes, as every one who has seen it knows, a very high polish.

“I asked if there was any difference between the Spanish jet and the kind found at Whitby, and they said there was none. They showed us some things made of Whitby jet side by side with the other, and we couldn't see any difference. The foreman told us that jet was also found in France and other countries, and that in France it gave employment to a great many people, who made it into beads for rosaries and for other purposes. He told us that the beads on our cloaks and capes were made of French jet. They also make beads at Whitby, but that is not the principal part of their industry.

“Once in a while somebody makes a rich find of jet at Whitby. The way it happens is this:

“The storms and waves beat on the face of the cliffs that lie along the sea and break them down. Sometimes, when a mass of rock is broken off it contains great lumps of jet, and the man who comes upon them is indeed lucky. But to hunt along the shore for washed jet, as this kind is called, is very uncertain business. A man might find a large mass in a single day, or he might hunt for weeks and months without finding any at all. Where the cliffs are steep, men are sometimes lowered over the face of the rock by means of ropes, and when they find indications of a deposit of jet they dig for it into the face of the cliff. This method of searching used to be practised very extensively, but owing to the cheapness of the Spanish article it does not pay to keep it up, and it is altogether abandoned.”

“That's a very good account of the business,” said Frank, when Mary read to him what she had written. “You may add, for the information of those interested in the subject, that the jet industry has been carried on at Whitby for hundreds of years, and the usefulness of this article for ornamental purposes was known as far back as the time of the ancient Romans. It takes its name from Gages, a town in Lycia,

and on the bank of a river where this substance was found. It was called *gagates*, and this was corrupted into *gagat* and then into *jet*."

Whitby is not as extensively patronized by summer visitors as its more prosperous rival, Scarborough, but it has a goodly number of patrons, who make glad the hearts of the hotel-keepers and those who have lodgings to let. The lodging-houses are in the hands of capped, corkscrew-curved, and elderly women, just as are those at Scarborough; and the same fondness is shown for displaying the names of titled indi-



A RIDE ON A BROOMSTICK.

viduals who may have been or are expected to be lodgers. Mary wondered why so much parade was made of titled names, and it was thus explained by Frank:

"It is the respect shown to the aristocracy, and the fondness of those who are not of it to be as near to it as possible. If the Prince of Wales adopts a certain style of coat or hat it speedily becomes the fashion—those immediately below him adopt it at once; their example is followed by the class next below; and the fashion goes in a regular scale of descent until it runs against those who follow no fashion at all. The tailor, hatter, or other shopkeeper who is patronized by the Prince of Wales can charge a higher price for his goods than can his less fortunate rival; and the same may be said of a shop patronized by any member of the royal family. What the royal family does the aristocracy

seek to do, and what the aristocracy does sets the example for those lower down in the social scale. The Duke of Roastbeef patronizes the Bellevue Hotel at Whitby, and this circumstance brings dozens and hundreds of untitled individuals to the same establishment; the Duchess of Clamchowder lodges with Mrs. Bouncer, and thousands of other women of England will be tempted by that incident whenever they come to Whitby, and will seek to be lodged in the same house."

"But all English men and women are not of that way of thinking, are they?" queried the girl.

"By no means," was the reply. "There are thousands and thousands of them who have no reverence for royalty and aristocracy simply because they *are* royalty and aristocracy, and those who are studying the signs of the times say that the democratic spirit is increasing year by year. Whether this is so I will not pretend to say, but certainly there has been a great change in public feeling in the past fifty years. The royal family and the aristocracy are discussed in a spirit that would have received general condemnation in the early part of the century, and many men and newspapers openly denounce the present system of government and demand a change. What the result will be no one can accurately predict, and we will leave the subject as we found it, while we take a walk to the end of the pier."

During their walk our friends passed some fishermen, and heard a conversation in the dialect of the coast. They heard it, but did not understand it, as the Yorkshire dialect is not easy of comprehension by a stranger. Frank and Fred tried to reduce some of it to writing, but after a few attempts they gave up in despair.

A gentleman (Mr. Rideing) who has written about this part of Yorkshire says that the belief in witchcraft prevails to quite an extent, and until recent years the dealer in magic and spells had quite a lucrative business. He had numerous prescriptions, one of which was to fill a cow's heart full of pins and roast it at midnight, and there was a spell or cure for every ailment of man or beast. As in the days when witchcraft was supposed to abound, and the belief in it was wide-spread, the persons usually accused of participating in it are old and friendless women. Any calamity that may happen is liable to be charged to the witches, and there are many stories current among the people to demonstrate the truth of the claim.

Mr. Rideing says that not many years ago two old women on the Yorkshire coast were suspected of witchcraft. They annoyed their neighbors by assuming the form of cats and scratching at the doors of



SHEFFIELD, A GENERAL VIEW.

the houses. On one occasion a dog was turned loose upon the cats, and the people of the house rushed out at the same time and attacked the

offending creatures with clubs. One cat escaped with a broken leg, and the other was seized by the dog and so violently shaken that much of its fur was left in the canine's mouth. On the next morning it was found that one of the old women was in bed with a broken leg, and the clothes of the other were so torn that she looked like a bundle of rags.

Another story is told of a family that had bad luck in a great many ways, until one day the master of the house took his gun and shot a hare that he saw creeping through the hedge in the twilight. They had suspected a certain old woman in the neighborhood of having bewitched them, and the case was proved by the fact that the old woman died at the precise moment the hare was shot. Witnesses can be found who have seen old women riding through the air on broomsticks on their way to witches' meetings, and a student of the history of witchcraft could find abundant materials by spending a few months among the people of Yorkshire.

From London Doctor Bronson wrote to Frank to proceed from Whitby to Sheffield, and he would meet the party there at the Victoria Hotel. He had letters of introduction to some of the principal cutlery makers of Sheffield, and was sure they would all be interested in seeing the centre of the cutlery industry.

Mrs. Bassett was greatly pleased with the idea: she had long wished to see how table knives and forks were made, and here was the very opportunity. Mary did not care so much for this branch of manufacture as she did for that of scissors and pocket-knives, especially the latter. She had often wondered how the blades were so beautifully polished and tempered, and wished to see the process. As for Frank and Fred, it is hardly necessary to say that they were interested in anything of an industrial character, whether it related to cutlery, cloth, or anything else in the line of manufactures.

They took the most direct line of railway to their destination, and found that it carried them through York, so that they had another view of the exterior of the famous minster. In approaching Sheffield (fifty miles from York) they were made aware of its location by the cloud of smoke which hung above it, and though it was broad day when they alighted at the station, there was the dimness of twilight. The hundreds or thousands of chimneys of which Sheffield can boast pour forth a steady volume of smoke, that mingles with the atmosphere and is very slow to lift itself out of the way.

An enterprising genius is said to have seriously proposed to the town council of Sheffield to build a single chimney, five hundred feet



VIEW IN OLD SHEFFIELD.

square and a mile in height, through which the whole city should do its smoking, and enable the inhabitants to breathe an air of comparative purity. Up to the present time his project has not taken tangible shape.

Sheffield is interesting only as a manufacturing centre, and to the ordinary sight-seeing tourist offers no attractions. If any one goes

there without letters of introduction he will have a dull time of it, as the manufacturers are not inclined to admit strangers, who may be suspected of desiring to steal ideas to be put in force elsewhere, to the detriment of Sheffield's industries. There are no famous buildings, old churches, ruined abbeys, castles, and the like, if we except St. Peter's Church in the centre of the city. It is a good enough church in its way, and dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but is of little account to one who is fresh from a contemplation of York Minster or the other grand edifices of which England can boast.

The site of Sheffield was known to the Romans, and there has been a town here from very ancient times. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in the Manor Castle, about two miles from Sheffield, which belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury. She was in the custody of the

sixth earl of that title, and forty men were detailed to guard her. The Duke of Norfolk now owns the greater part of the site of the town. The castle was demolished long ago, only the manor house belonging to it being allowed to remain undisturbed.



THE MANOR HOUSE.

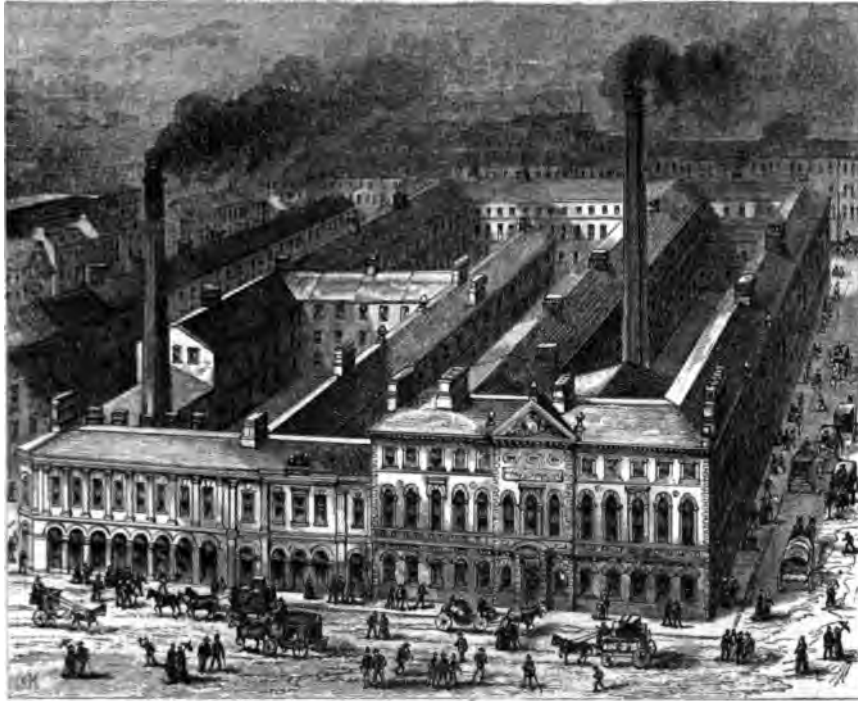
Frank wrote the following concerning the great industries of the city of Sheffield:

“For five hundred years cutlery has been made at Sheffield, and it is mentioned in the ‘Canterbury Tales’ of Chaucer. In the Middle Ages vast quantities of ar-

row-heads were made there, and they were used on many battle-fields in which the English bowmen took part. There were seven thousand cutlers in Sheffield at the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, or the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and there is now in existence a Protective Union of the cutlers of Sheffield that was organized in 1624. Some of the articles that they made at that time are mentioned in their preamble, which sets forth that the organization is ‘for the good order and government of the makers of knives, sickles, shears, scissors, and other cutlery wares.’ Formerly they were more exclusive than at present, the Cutlers’ Company having the absolute right to dictate who should learn the trade or be allowed to practise it. Their exclusiveness

was broken by an act of Parliament, which restricted the company to the granting of trade-marks.

“ We visited the hall of the Cutlers' Company, where we saw some portraits of men who have been prominent in the history of the city, and heard how the grand banquet of the company, on the first Thursday in September of every year, is one of the greatest festivities of Sheffield. The master-cutler who has been elected to preside over the company for the year is installed into office, and his position, so far as Sheffield is



A SHEFFIELD FACTORY.

concerned, is equivalent to that of the lord mayor of London or York, or the lord provost of Edinburgh. It is a time for oratory, and the dinner is attended by a goodly number of earls, dukes, and lords, and generally by one or more high officers of Government. The hall where the dinner is given will seat more than three hundred people, and there is always a great pressure to obtain invitations.

“ We drove to one of the highest points whence a sight of the city could be obtained, but the view was so obstructed by smoke that we

saw only the streets and buildings that were within a few hundred yards. Once the wind seemed inclined to blow away the smoke for our especial benefit, but evidently it thought better and changed its mind—or, at all events, didn't blow. Like the King of France who marched up the hill and then—we marched down again, and went to visit one of the cutlery works, which we had specially come to see.

“Let me here remark that cutlery is by no means the principal and sole article manufactured at Sheffield. The place is famous for its silver and plated wares, files, armor-plates, iron and steel guns, locomotives, railway iron, cannon-shot and shells, and other heavy iron and steel goods. There are 300,000 inhabitants in Sheffield, and they are nearly all engaged in industries connected with iron, steel, and other metals. As already stated, cutlery was the first article of manufacture for which the place became celebrated over the globe; consequently, many persons have fallen into the erroneous belief that it is the only thing that here takes shape and goes hence to market.

“Down to comparatively recent times, Sheffield had not shown any remarkable prosperity outside of the making of cutlery. In 1736 it had but 14,000 inhabitants, and at the beginning of this century they numbered 45,000. Comparing these figures with those of to-day, the great growth of its industries will be appreciated, as the industries and population have gone on together.

“The oldest firm in the cutlery business has been in operation for a century and a half. From a modest shop, where a few workmen were employed, it has grown until it now has very nearly two thousand men, women, and children receiving wages, not to speak of the miners of coal and iron, the hunters of ivory, and the producers of other materials, that indirectly obtain their pay from its treasury. Every month they convert two tons of ivory into handles for knives, forks, and other tools, instruments, and weapons, and one ton of stag-horn is used up in the same time for similar purposes. The rough exterior of the stag-horn is the only part utilized for handles, while of the ivory every portion comes into play. The workmen who saw the ivory are paid in proportion to the skill they display in saving the material, which is becoming more and more costly every year, and the best of them manage it so that they make no waste, or but very little.

“They took us first to the ivory and bone room, where the air was filled with the fine dust thrown off by the saws as they revolve swiftly through the hard material, which they divide as readily as the softest of pine. The dust is so fine that it seems more like spray than sawdust,

and even *this* material is not allowed to go to waste. It is collected and soaked with certain chemicals so that it forms a paste, and can be moulded into a very fair substitute for a cheap grade of ivory. And speaking of *ivory*, they told us that the best quality comes from Africa and the next best from India; the ivory from the mammoth tusks found



FORGING KNIFE-BLADES.

in Siberia is so old that it is brittle, and well it may be when we remember that it has been lying where it is now found for a period which the scientists estimate by thousands of years.

“From the ivory-room we went to where the blades of knives were being shaped from little bars of steel of suitable size. The workmen are all paid by the piece, and each man has a mark which he puts on every blade or other article that he makes. This system serves the double purpose of keeping the record for payment, and also for the quality of the work produced. If a knife-blade or other article is improperly made, the mark will show at once who is responsible for it, and thus the workmen are kept up to their standard.

“After the blade receives its shape it is heated to a high heat and
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then plunged into cold water in order to 'temper' it, and this tempering process is repeated until the blade is of the proper character. If the blade is intended for a table-knife, or other article in whose handle it is fixed, a piece of iron called a 'tang' is welded to it before the operation of tempering, but if it is for a pocket or folding knife, a razor, or something similar, no such appendage is required.

"When the blades are forged they have no polish on them such as we find on the knives when we buy them in the shops. This polish is given in the grinding-room, where the workmen are seated in front of stones which revolve above troughs containing water. Here the blades are held against the stones until their rough surfaces are worn away and they are brought to the required thinness; then they are passed over to be polished on several grades of stones and wheels, each of them finer than the one that precedes it. The first of the series is of sandstone, like the ordinary grindstone in use everywhere; the second is of hard bluestone, the next is of coarse emery, the next of fine emery, and the last is covered with rhinoceros hide smeared with a mixture of oil and the finest emery, and sometimes with diamond dust. The man who accompanied us said they could polish a piece of steel so that it could be used as a mirror, and I see no good reason for doubting his assertion.

"He told us some curious things about the system under which the men were employed in the grinding-room. Here, as nearly everywhere else in the establishment, the men are paid by the piece. They own the wheels and tools, as their fathers did before them, and they pay a certain price each week for the power which turns the wheels. Sometimes a wheel-owner employs several assistants; these assistants are wholly in the control of their employers, and not in any way answerable to the proprietors of the establishment.

"The work of grinding and polishing is very injurious to health, as the men breathe into their lungs the iron and steel dust floating in the air, and their lives are short, though less so than formerly. The proprietors introduced fans, by which the dust was drawn off by a powerful draft in front of the stone, but the grinders objected to this arrangement, with the argument that such a scheme would tend to create a surplus of workmen by prolonging life!

"Before the fans were brought into use an inventive genius devised a mask to be worn over the mouth and nose. It was made of steel wire highly magnetized, so as to catch and hold any particle of iron or steel that came near it. These breathing-masks were never popular, and few of the men in the knife-grinding shops cared to use them. The greatest

mortality in the breathing of steel particles floating in the air occurred in the manufacture of needles, where the points are ground on dry stones whirled with great velocity. The whirling stones throw off showers of sparks, and the same is the case with the dry stones used for polishing knife-blades and similar things made at Sheffield.

“Perhaps it will not be interesting for you to follow through all the processes of forming a knife. It was somewhat tedious to us, as we found that from the beginning to the end of the work each knife passes

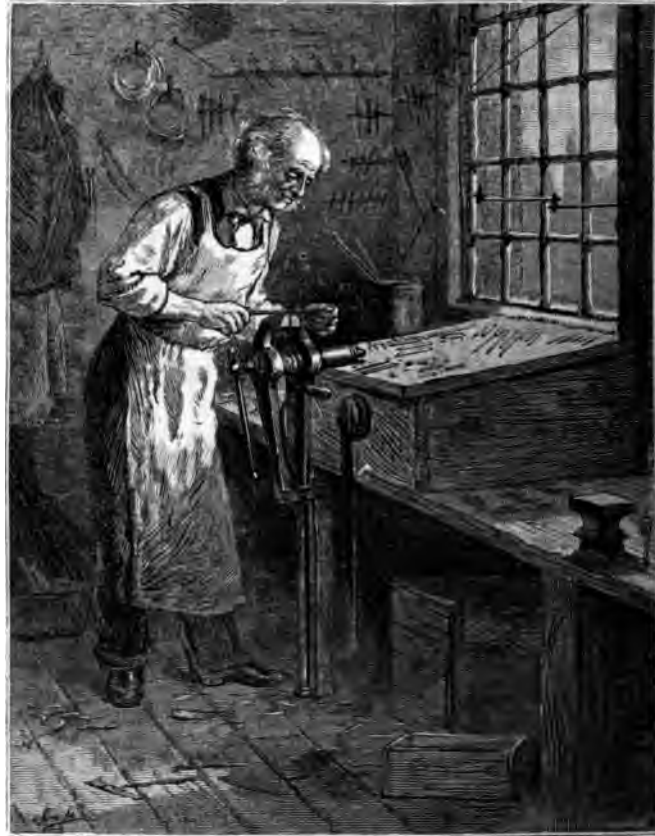


GRINDING BLADES.

through the hands of seventy persons before it is finally wrapped in soft paper and packed in the case in which it goes to market. The system of marking, by which each article can be traced through all the hands that touch it, is very ingenious, and is maintained in all parts of the establishment. The proprietors say that if this were not done they could not have a guarantee of thorough work, as many of the men would be negligent, and shift the responsibility to others.

“I observed that the workmen did not speak to each other except in regard to what they were doing, and very often their intercourse was

confined to signs. In reply to a question about it, I was told that they were not allowed to indulge in conversation on any topic other than their work, and everything was so systematized that there was little



A FINISHER'S BENCH.

occasion for them to exchange a word. They come to the factory at seven o'clock in the morning and work until noon, when they have an hour for dinner; they resume work at one o'clock and continue until six. Many of them bring their dinners with them and eat inside the building, thus saving themselves the trouble and time of a journey to their homes, besides the fatigue.

“After making a round of the cutlery establishment we went through a silver-plating establishment, and then through one of the founderies where heavy plates are rolled, for making ships and for other purposes.

Everything here was on a gigantic scale, and the establishment that we visited employs no fewer than five thousand workmen, and covers fourteen acres of ground. I say *we* went through it, but the 'we' does not include Mrs. Bassett and Mary, who did not care for the tour among hissing furnaces, where tons and tons of metal are fused at one time, and near iron rollers that could turn out a plate or bar which a hundred men would be unable to lift. They went instead to one of the parks,



A VERY CLEAR DAY.

where we arranged to meet them. We did not linger long in the place, as we had already seen foundries of great extent, and the general features of foundries everywhere are pretty much the same.

“I mentioned one of the parks. Sheffield has several parks, and very attractive they must be to the workmen whenever they are released from their toil amid smoke and grime. There is a museum of antiquities; there are theatres, an abundance of schools of all grades, a liberal number of hospitals, churches, and other public institutions; and

there is a Mechanics' Institute, which is supported partly by the contributions of its patrons and partly by the city authorities.

“Mrs. Bassett asked how the workmen lived, and our guide took us to one of their houses, and it was certainly a very comfortable dwelling. It was a two-storied cottage, having a sitting-room and kitchen on the



▲ SHEFFIELD FOUNDRY.

ground-floor and four bedrooms above. Everything was neat and clean, and the guide said such a house could be hired for five shillings a week, or about sixty-two dollars a year. The workmen make from ten or twelve up to forty shillings a week, the best of them rarely receiving more than the latter figure. Some of the men own the houses they live in, but the number of house-owners is not large.

“We asked if many of the men showed a tendency to save money, and were told they did not. There are banks for savings, and the men are encouraged to lay by some of their money, but the most of them prefer to ‘have the good of it’ as they go along. Like Englishmen generally they are fond of sports of all kinds, and some of the employers complain that they cannot get their men to work full time. They are constantly asking for a day off to attend boating, racing, cricket, and

foot-ball games, and once in a while every man considers it his duty to give his family a day at the sea-side. There is said to be a great deal of destitution among the people, and in most cases it is due to idleness or intemperance. It is claimed that an industrious and sober man can support his family comfortably. There is always plenty of employment for him, provided he does not come in conflict with any of the rules of the labor unions, and is a fairly good workman in his line.

“For the needy and unfortunate there are almshouses, and for those who suffer in health there is, as before stated, an abundance of hospitals. There is a free hospital for women, another for children, a home for nurses, a blind asylum, and several others, all of them the property of the city, or the donations of wealthy men of Sheffield who wished to confer lasting benefits upon the place where their fortunes were made.”



A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN SHEFFIELD.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT; WINDERMERE, BISCAY HOW, AND ORREST HEAD.—LOCAL NAMES OF PLACES AND POINTS OF INTEREST.—WEATHER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT; SUGGESTION FOR IMPROVEMENTS.—BELLE ISLE.—THE LAKE SCHOOL OF POETS.—WORDSWORTH AND HIS HOME.—HAWKESHEAD SCHOOL-HOUSE.—MRS. HEMANS.—A POET WITH A PRACTICAL MIND.—QUEER RULES FOR A SCHOOL-MASTER'S CONDUCT.—THE PRINCIPAL LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.—DERWENTWATER AND THE FALLS OF LODORE.—SOUTHEY'S LINES A DECEPTION.—A ROMAN FISHL.—PRACTICAL JOKE BY AN AMERICAN.—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

TWO or three days were spent pleasantly, though smokily, in and about Sheffield, and then the travellers looked around for "more worlds to conquer."

Doctor Bronson suggested a visit to the English Lake District.



SOUTHERN END OF WINDERMERE.

They had seen the Irish and Scotch lakes, and ought not to leave England without seeing the lakes which were peculiarly its own.

All agreed to the proposal without a word of dissent, as was generally the case when the Doctor planned a journey for them.

The next morning saw the party on its way to the lakes. They took

the train to the northward, and were carried through Bradford and other manufacturing cities, and traversed a country diversified with farms and forest, hill and valley, to a degree that kept the eyes of the tourists constantly employed. So interesting was the scenery that they had no time for books and not much for talking, and altogether the trip may be set down as one of observation rather than dialogue. Even Words-



WINDERMERE FERRY.

worth's poems, which bear the same relation to the English lakes as Scott's poems do to those of the Highlands, were neglected, except that Mary glanced at them for a few minutes, but not long enough to become absorbed in them.

As they neared the lake region the country became more hilly, and it was evident that they were to pass their time among some interesting scenery. They left the train at Windermere station, about a mile from the lake of that name, and proceeded at once to Bowness by the omnibus that was waiting for them. Doctor Bronson had been told that Bowness was a better stopping-point than Windermere, and their experience satisfied him that the statement was correct. Bowness is on the shore of the lake, while Windermere is not. The latter is a modern

village that has grown up around the railway station, while Bowness can boast of considerable antiquity. It has an old church—the Church of St. Martin—which has been recently restored, and contains a stained glass window said to have been brought from Furniss Abbey. This abbey was a Cistercian foundation of the twelfth century, and was at one time very wealthy and powerful. It went the way of the other abbeys or monasteries at the time of the Reformation.

“The first thing we want to do,” said Fred, “is to climb Biscay How and look from its top.”

“What is Biscay How, anyhow?” said Mary, with a weak attempt at a joke of the punning variety.

“In local parlance,” replied Fred, “a ‘how’ is a hill, and Biscay How may be taken to mean Biscay Hill. It’s just back of Bowness, and we can get to the top in half an hour.”

“I’m for a walk there,” responded Mary, and so were the rest of the party. Accordingly, the “how” was ascended, and all were amply repaid for their exertion by the beauty of the view. While they were resting there, Fred explained to Mary that there were certain local terms she would do well to remember.

“In addition to remembering that a ‘how’ is a hill,” said he, “please bear in mind the following definitions: *Beek*, brook; *combe*, hollow; *dodd*, spur of a mountain; *force*, water-fall; *gill*, gorge; *hause*, the top of a pass; *holme*, island; *nab*, projecting rock; *pike*, peak; *raise*, top of a ridge; *scar*, a wall of rock; *thruite*, a clearing; *scree*, a steep slope of loose stones. Those are enough for one lesson.”

“Please repeat them, and I will note them down,” said the girl, and she made ready her memorandum-book, as she added, “There are too many words there to remember them all at once.”

Fred kindly repeated the names and definitions, and they were duly recorded. The list proved of much use to Mary during their stay among the lakes, and we here give it for the benefit of any of our readers who may follow her.

The younger members of the party climbed to the top of Orrest Head, which is higher than Biscay How, and commands a more extensive view, but Mrs. Bassett and the Doctor excused themselves from the excursion and remained at the hotel. The view from Orrest Head includes a considerable part of the lake district, with Windermere in the foreground. Windermere means ‘winding lake,’ and the shape of this beautiful sheet of water shows at once how appropriately it has been named. It is the largest of the English lakes, being nearly eleven miles

long by a mile in width. Frank said it wasn't of much account compared with lakes Superior, Ontario, Michigan, or Erie, so far as volume is concerned; and, on the whole, he was glad it was no larger, as it might be in danger of losing some of its beauty.

Doctor Bronson said that an American visitor whom he met at the hotel declared that he had a trout-pond on his farm in Dakota larger than Lake Windermere; and as for the smaller lakes of the English group, he thought they would make very good bath-tubs if removed to his part of the world. The peaks and hills he designated as "rising ground" which would make a fairly good pasture for cattle.

We will not attempt to follow our friends in all their wanderings among the English lakes; they did not adhere to rigid rules, as do the



SEEING THE LAKES.

majority of travellers, but went and came pretty much as they pleased. When the weather was fine they were out-of-doors as much as possible; and when the rains came on, which was altogether too often for comfort and convenience, they stopped wherever they were, and remained under shelter till the weather became agreeable again. The English lakes resemble the Scotch and Irish ones in affording a liberal supply of water in the atmosphere, as well as in the basins which the lakes occupy. Frank renewed the suggestion already made that the British kingdom would be greatly improved if it could be covered with a glass roof.

A great many visitors have seen the lakes from under water-proofs

and umbrellas, with scarcely a ray of sunshine to gladden their entire stay in the region. No wonder they denounce the lakes as "a fraud," and advise others to shun them. There are very few show-places in the world that are not greatly depreciated by bad weather, with the possible exception of the Cave of the Winds under Niagara Falls, the Thames and Mersey tunnels, and the interior of Mammoth and Luray caves.



Wm. Linn Dewart

Let us refer to our young friends for a description of the English lakes.

"After climbing to the top of Biscay How and Orrest Head," said Frank, "we next went for a row on the lake. This was easy of accomplishment, as there were boatmen in plenty who were ready for the excursion, in return for certain pieces of silver which are current in this region and all over the kingdom of her Britannic Majesty. As the boats were small we engaged two of them, and went first to Belle Isle, or, rather, near it, for the boatmen told us it was forbidden to land there except with special permission of the owner. The fellows were crafty enough not to tell us this until we were well under way.

“ It seems that the island has been bought by a cotton manufacturer of Manchester, and he has established his summer residence upon it. He showed excellent taste in his purchase, and it is quite possible that when he retires from cotton-spinning he may become inspired by the surroundings, and, like Mr. Silas Wegg, ‘drop into poetry.’ He has not tried to drive away the birds, for we heard them singing their sweetest among the trees, with which a goodly part of the island is covered. Wordsworth speaks of it as ‘an island musical with birds that sang and ceased not,’ and evidently it has not changed its character in the time that has intervened since his poem was written.

“ From Belle Isle we rowed towards the southern end of the lake among islands that were sometimes so close together that we seemed to be in a narrow river. Every turn in our watery way revealed a new picture, and we did not grumble at the slight deception which the boatmen had practised to induce us to engage their craft to take us to Belle Isle and back again.

“ We came back by another way among the islands, our object being to make the tour of the lake on the little steamboat

that plies there. At the landing of Bowness we went on board the steamer, and were soon dashing through the waters. A guide on the boat pointed out the objects of interest, but there were so many of them that it kept us busy to note them down as they were called off.

“ Historically, a place that caught our attention was a promontory called Storr’s Point, and marked by a small observatory. This was the spot where Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Wilson, Canning, and Southey met in 1825, and witnessed a regatta that was given in honor of Scott. It is a pretty place for a regatta, and if there was as much shouting as



A WINDERMERE KITCHEN.

at many boat-races of modern times the echoes of the surrounding hills must have been most thoroughly awakened. But more interesting by far than the regatta was the presence of these men, whose names are famous in the world of letters.

“Perhaps this is a good time to say something about them,” added Frank. “We have already talked about Scott when we were at Abbotsford, but we have not met the others. Wordsworth was a poet, though the world did not discover that fact until he was twenty-three years old, when his first poetical productions were published. He was born in 1770, and both his parents died before he was fourteen years old. They left very little money, but he managed to get through college with the aid of friends and relatives, and it was in college that he studied poetry. When he came out into the world he found that he could not support himself by writing verses, as many another has found before and since his time, but a fortunate legacy from a friend saved him from absolute want. He managed to exist upon it until some money that was due his father’s estate was paid over, and upon this and the revenue from a Government appointment he lived until his death.

“Wordsworth was associated with Coleridge and Southey, and as their names became prominent they were attacked by the critics, and generally with great severity. As they lived in the Lake District of England, they were called ‘the Lake School of poets.’ While they were ridiculed on one hand they were praised on the other, so that in either case their works were pretty sure to be read.”

Mrs. Bassett heard the Lake School mentioned, and asked where it was. She said all schools were interesting, and if there was anything new in this one she would like to see it.

Frank explained that it was a name, rather than a real existence, and that they would see Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived, and thus come as near as they could to the school.

“We dropped Wordsworth and the Lake School of poets,” continued Frank, “to look at Dove Nest, which was once the home for a while of the famous poetess, Mrs. Hemans. What school-boy is there who does not know by heart her poem of Casabianca, beginning, ‘The boy stood on the burning deck’? And are there many who have not read ‘The Graves of a Household,’ ‘The Stately Homes of England,’ and others of her famous poems?”

Doctor Bronson asked Mary to repeat the first stanzas of ‘The Graves of a Household,’ as the steamer moved on and left Dove Nest behind. The girl complied, and recited as follows:



FELICIA HEMANS.

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,
 By mount and stream and sea.
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair, sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now?"

"Those lines were inspired," said the Doctor, "by certain occurrences in the life of their author. Her first volume was published when she was fourteen years old, and some of the verses it contained were written four years earlier. When she was eighteen years old she married Captain Hemans, of the British Army. They did not live very long

together, as the captain went to Italy for his health, and stayed there while Mrs. Hemans spent the rest of her life in England, Wales, and Ireland. Her five children were scattered in various parts of the world, and most of them died before the death of their mother, which occurred at Dublin in 1835."

"Was Mrs. Hemans one of the Lake School?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"She could hardly be called a member of it," replied Doctor Bronson, "though she was acquainted with Wordsworth, and in her memoirs gives an interesting account of how she first met him. She tells how he made a bridal present to his daughter—not a brooch or other piece of jewellery, 'but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-looking pair of scales to hang up in her store-room.'"

"It's a pity that more bridal presents in this world are not of the



RUBBING OF WORDSWORTH'S NAME.

practical sort," Mrs. Bassett remarked. "The poet must have been a sensible sort of man, after all, though he *was* a poet."

"That seems to be the character given to him by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance," said the Doctor. "He managed the small income that came to him so carefully that he kept out of debt, supported his family comfortably, and entertained visitors in a modest way. He could not afford a large expenditure, and had the frankness to say so by word and act."

"During our stay among the lakes," said Frank, "we visited Hawkeshead, where Wordsworth went to school, and were shown through the school-house where he was instructed. It is an old building, and was an old one when the poet went to school there a hundred years ago. The desk where he sat was pointed out. School was not in session when we called, and therefore we did not disturb anybody by our visit. The custodian of the place, an old man, was very civil to us, possibly in view of a prospective shilling or half-crown, and allowed us to sit at the desk where the poet carved his name. It is a rude and old-fashioned desk,

and must have been the studying-place of many generations of boys, if we are to judge by the way it has been hacked with their knives.

“‘All the boys want to sit here,’ said the old man, ‘as they think they can be poets, just like Mr. Wordsworth, if they do. Everybody that comes to see the place wants to sit down at the desk, and I always



WORDSWORTH'S DESK.

let 'em. Every boy wants to cut his name on the benches or in some part of the school-house, and that's why you see so many names all round here, but very few famous ones.'

“Then he gave us a piece of paper that had been rubbed with a pencil over the place where Wordsworth's name is carved. It will make a nice little souvenir to put in Mary's album when we get back to America.

“When we were through with the school-room we went to the upper part of the building, where they keep the library and some documents about the school. It seems that it was chartered by Queen Elizabeth, having been founded by Edwyne Sandys, Archbishop of York, in 1585. We saw the charter, and the archbishop's Bible, in which is his family register, and also the rules which were prescribed for the school at the time it was founded and opened for pupils.

“The rules are very funny reading in these times, but were no

doubt necessary three hundred years ago. One rule says the master of the school must not go into public-houses on the days of the fair, nor must he take part in cock-fights or wear a dagger!

“‘In those days,’ said the old man, ‘Hawkeshead was a market-town, and they had fairs here four times every year. All the people in the country round here came to the fair, and there were all sorts of shows and games and a great deal of rioting and bad conduct. It’s no wonder the master of the school was not allowed to go into public-houses when the fair was held, and it’s just likely that he didn’t want to. What is more likely is that he didn’t often go into them anyway, as the public-house isn’t a proper place for an instructor of youth.’



OLD BRIDGE IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

“But we are forgetting the scenery around the lakes,” said Frank, “in our wandering talk about poetry and the men that made it, or of one of the men. We didn’t see all the lakes; there are sixteen of them, the largest being Windermere, Ullswater, Coniston, and Derwentwater; and then there are many little ponds, or tarns, which some of the people want to convert into lakes, for the reason that visitors would come to see them and leave money in the neighborhood. The whole region has been turned into a show, and there’s not a crag or peak or turn in the road or bit of a lake that presents any kind of a view that hasn’t been made the most of. You might think yourself again at Niagara Falls or in the mountains of Switzerland.

“But we did see all the large lakes, and found that each had a beauty of its own. The north end of Windermere is prettier than the other, as it is enclosed in mountains, while the south end is comparatively level or undulating. There are several ferries across the lake, and at almost any point where you wish to go, from one side to the other, there is a row-boat to take you over.

“As we go from Windermere to Coniston Lake we pass High Cross, which is a ridge between the two bodies of water, at an elevation of six hundred feet. There is a fine view from High Cross, and in fact there isn't a place where there isn't a view worth observing. Fred and I took ponies to the summit of 'Coniston Old Man,' where we supposed we would see a profile resembling that of the 'Old Man of the Mountain' in New Hampshire.

“We were disappointed, as there was no profile of any kind except those of ourselves and our ponies, unless we include those of other tourists. 'Old Man,' as here used, is a corruption of *Allt Maen*, or 'steep rock,' and the mountain is certainly a steep one. It is 2600 feet high, and from its top we had a view that included a wide extent of interesting country.



THE WORDSWORTH GRAVES, GRASMERE.

“We had mountain, plain, moorland, valley, and sea in our view from this peak, not to speak of the lakes and tarns that stippled the map that lay at our feet and reflected the rays of the sun whenever it consented to peep out of the clouds. We could see Coniston Water, Esthwaite Water, and parts of Lake Windermere, and then there were other little bodies of water whose names we did not stop to take. What most interested me was to look out over the sea to the westward as far as the Isle of Man, which we then and there made up our minds to visit.

“When we got back to the hotel at Coniston, Doctor Bronson told



ULLSWATER.

us how he and Mrs. Bassett and Mary had enjoyed an excursion in a small steamer during our absence. They thought Coniston Lake a sort of pocket edition of Windermere, as its shape is about the same, and its length and width not more than half the measurement of the more famous body of water.

“From Coniston we went by coach to Ambleside, and then to Grasmere and Keswick. Ambleside is the most important settlement among the lakes, as it is the centre whence a great number of excursions are made. I can't begin to name all the excursions which are possible from Ambleside, and they told us that no matter how long you remain, there is always something new to be seen. The town is very old, and there are said to be Roman remains dug up whenever excavations are made for the foundations of buildings. If the Romans started a town here, they knew what they were about.

“And speaking of the Romans reminds me that we are practically indebted to them for something very nice. It is a fish, ten or twelve inches long, with yellow flesh (if fish may be called flesh), and tasting something like salmon. They call it the ‘char,’ and it is found in five of the lakes of this region, and nowhere else in England or any other part of the United Kingdom. It has been shown to be identical with the *Ombre chevalier* of the Lake of Geneva, and is supposed to have been introduced by the Romans.

"An American at the hotel, who was something of a practical joker, bought a freshly caught char from a fisherman, and while talking with the man about its having been brought here by the Romans, he managed to slip down the throat of the fish a Roman coin that he carried in his pocket. Then he asked to have the fish dressed, and while the operation was going on the ancient piece of silver came to light as a matter of course.

"The American declared that he was now quite certain that the fish was brought here by the Romans, and expressed surprise that it had grown no larger in two thousand years. The fisherman was equally surprised, but did not suspect the trick, or, at all events, pretended that he did not. He demanded the coin on the ground that he had sold only the fish, while the American defended his ownership with the argument that he bought the fish just as it was caught, and therefore

the contents were his. The dispute waxed warm, and was only settled by the payment of a shilling to release the fisherman's claim. Both were satisfied, the fisherman because he had established his point and been bought off, and the American because he had had his money's worth of fun. It seemed to us that the laugh was on the fisherman's side.

"Ullswater is nine miles long and Derwentwater three miles, and there are many pretty places along the banks of both. In going from



LOWER RYDAL FALLS.



HONISTON CRAG AND VALE.

Windermere to Derwentwater we stopped at Grasmere, where Wordsworth resided for eight years previous to his death in 1850. He was buried in the church-yard, and you may be sure we visited his grave, or, rather, the Wordsworth graves, of which there are three. St. Oswald's Church, to which the cemetery belongs, is a very old building, and fully deserved the visit we paid to the interior.

"Everybody has read Southey's lines entitled 'How does the water come down at Lodore?' or, if he hasn't, he has missed something that is in nearly all the school readers. The Falls of Lodore are close to Derwentwater, in a little gorge near the village of Barrow, and when we made the circuit of the lake we did not fail to visit them. We wanted to see the water 'splashing and crashing,' and doing all the other wonderful things that the poet describes.

"Well, it's hardly necessary to say that we were disappointed; or, rather, we should have been had we not been warned beforehand that the famous lines of Southey are a deception. There was very little water, hardly enough to call a stream; and instead of 'splashing and

crashing' it just trickled over, as though a faucet of Croton had been turned on up above. Regarded in the light of Southey's description, the Falls of Lodore are a humbug and a delusion. There are several other falls in the Lake District, some of them quite as disappointing as Lodore, while others are well worth the time it takes to see them."

As the stay of our friends among the lakes drew to a close, the query of "Where shall we go next?" naturally arose.

There was a division of the question, arising from the fact that Mrs. Bassett and Mary desired to visit Liverpool, which the rest of the party had already seen. Mrs. Bassett had heard so much about Liverpool



HAYMAKERS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

from her many friends who had passed through that important seaport, that she wanted to spend a short time there, and the same considerations influenced Mary. As for the Doctor, it made little difference to him where he went, provided the others were satisfied.

After pondering a few minutes on the subject, Frank made the following suggestion:

"Fred and I want to go to the Isle of Man, which we saw from the top of Coniston Peak. The journey thither can be made from Liverpool and also from Barrow-in-Furness, which is one of the seaports near the



Lake District. It is seventy-five miles from Liverpool to Douglas in the Isle of Man, and forty-six miles from Barrow.

“Now, what I have to propose is this: Fred and I will go to Barrow, and thence to Douglas, while the rest of the party goes to Liverpool. By the time you are in Liverpool we shall be on the soil of the Isle of Man. There are three or four steamers daily from Douglas to Liverpool, and just as you are through with the sights of the city we will join you at the Angel Hotel there.”

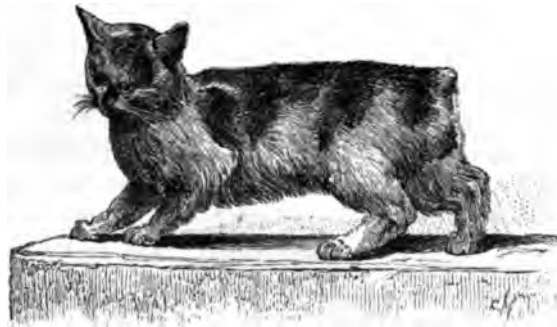
A study of Bradshaw's time-tables of the railways verified the correctness of the youth's assertion that he and Fred could reach Douglas as soon as the others were in Liverpool. The plan met with prompt concurrence, and we shall see how it was carried out.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS; A RAPIDLY GROWING CITY.—TO THE ISLE OF MAN.—A ROUGH VOYAGE.—DOUGLAS; THE HARBOR AND TOWN, OLD AND NEW.—SUMMER TOURISTS.—CATS WITHOUT TAILS.—CASTLETOWN AND PEEL.—FISHING INDUSTRIES.—INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.—HOME LIFE AMONG THE MANX.—HOME RULE IN MANXLAND.—ORIGIN OF THE GOVERNMENT.—THE TYNWALD COURT, OR HOUSE OF KEYS.—GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.—TYNWALD HILL.—ANCIENT CEREMONIES PRESERVED.—A DAY OF FESTIVITY.—OLD LAW AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.—REFLECTIONS.

“WE did not have much time to see Barrow-in-Furness, as the city is called, to distinguish it from Barrow-on-Soar, in Leicestershire. It gets the first part of its name from an old ‘barrow,’ or monumental mound, which is supposed to have been the burial-place of some Norse pirates of very early days. It is on the peninsula of Furness, and that’s where the last part of its name comes from. We’ll call it Barrow, ‘for short,’ as we say in America.

“Though our stay was brief, we had time enough to learn that Barrow is a very important port, and, what’s more, it’s growing very fast. It has 50,000 inhabitants, and great industries of iron and steel making, ship-building, and other enterprises. In 1847 it was a fishing village of about three hundred inhabitants, and annually exported a small quantity of iron ore, which was smelted elsewhere. Soon after 1847, smelting-works were established here for reducing the iron ore found in the neighborhood. A gentleman interested in the business told us that the ore is red hematite, the best in the world, and yields an



A MANX CAT.

average of fifty-seven per cent. of iron. In prosperous times they make between six and eight thousand tons of pig-iron at Barrow every week, and convert one thousand or fifteen hundred tons of it into steel.

"We counted twelve great blast-furnaces belonging to one company, and saw several iron and steel ships on the stocks. Some of the steamers in the transatlantic trade were built here, and the place promises to be a sharp rival of Glasgow in the ship-building line.



ENTRANCE TO DOUGLAS HARBOR.

"The boat for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, was puffing at her dock when we reached her, and was off almost as soon as our feet touched the deck. As soon as we got out of the harbor we saw the outlines of the Isle of Man on the horizon before us, and at the end of three hours were on land again. And now let me tell you what this little island is.

"It is a good deal smaller than Long Island, the one that belongs to the State of New York, and not much larger than Staten Island, which it resembles somewhat in shape. It is thirty-three miles

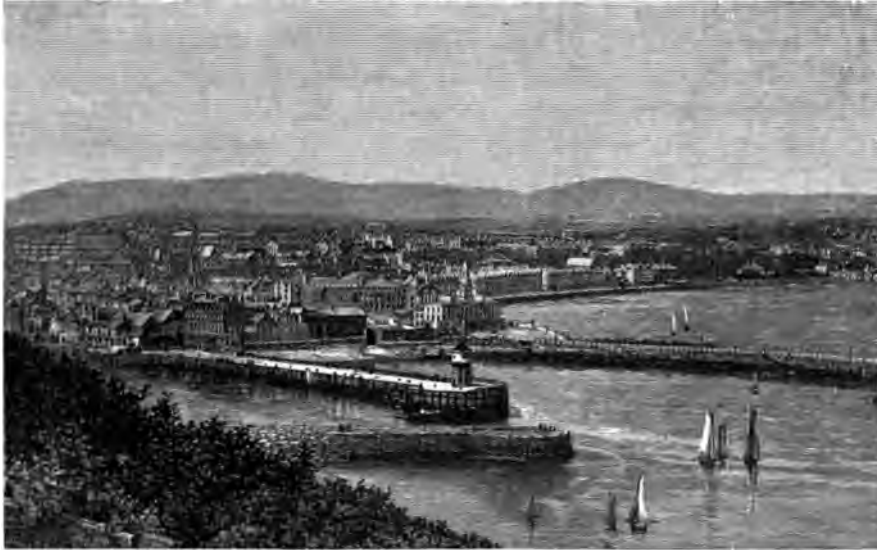
long, and about thirteen miles across in its widest part, and it has sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. Anciently it was called Mona, and its present capital and largest town is Douglas.

"It is rarely indeed that an American comes to the Isle of Man, although it is easily reached from Liverpool and also from Dublin and Barrow. It is a very interesting place, partly on account of its antiquity and partly because of the primitive ways of its inhabitants and the large fishing industry that is carried on at its ports. It is an interesting study to the politician, because the inhabitants have what the Irish are struggling for, namely, Home Rule. We'll say something about that before we drop the subject of our journey.

"We passed between two high promontories and entered the harbor of Douglas, and the change from the chopping sea outside, on which our steamer was tossed like a cork, to the smooth water within, was very

gratifying. The sea between the English coast and the Isle of Man is generally rough and wet. It is wet both above and below, as it nearly always rains in the Channel, and the wind blows, as one of the passengers expressed it, hard enough to shave the hair from a bull-dog's back. What with wind, sea, rain, and a small steamboat, the voyage to Mona is not at all monotonous.

“They landed us at a handsome quay of stone, and as we went on shore we could easily see that the town was prosperous and a good deal of it modern. The old town is making way for the new, much to the regret of visitors, who prefer the narrow and tortuous streets, where



DOUGLAS, THE MANX CAPITAL.

some of the houses are so close together that their inhabitants might almost shake hands from the upper windows with their neighbors opposite. The new town has wide streets, and is principally on the hills above and along the shore. Unfortunately, the new houses are crowding among the old, and causing them to be torn down, as their owners are actuated less by sentiment than by a desire for increased rentals.

“The bay on which Douglas stands reminded us of the famous Bay of Naples, but this was due more to its shape than anything else. The population of Mona is very different from that of Naples. Instead of an idle, macaroni-eating people, whose whole thought is how they may

get through the day with the least exertion, there is here an industrious race of Scotch and Irish origin, many of them speaking Gaelic, and with difficulty making themselves understood in English. The bay is shaped like a crescent, and is backed with hills. It forms an excellent harbor, and to this circumstance is due a considerable part of its prosperity.

“The island has a great number of summer visitors, and sometimes many hundreds of them come here in a single day. They come for sea-bathing and recreation, and annually leave a large amount of money behind them. Many hotels have sprung up in the past twenty years, and their chief source of profit is the tourist.

“Our first walk was along Victoria Street, which is in the new part of Douglas, and a very grand street it is for such an out-of-the-way island. It has tall buildings with plate-glass windows, and the shops are well stocked. I observed that nearly every shop had letter-paper, wooden spoons, and other souvenirs of the island, which were sold to tourists, and evidently have an important place in local commerce. Frank and I patronized the shops, for we could not afford to let slip the opportunity of writing to our friends on note-paper which had a picture of a crag in the Isle of Man, and was stamped with the name of Douglas. Quite likely every visitor buys as much paper as we did, so that the aggregate trade for the year must be very large.

“It was at Market Square that we first realized the quaintness of the population and saw the natives in their glory. Numerous men in fishing-coats and sou'-wester hats were lounging about or talking business with each other, and altogether there were far more of them than of all sorts of landsmen, including the tourists. Then there were stout and rosy-cheeked women in red shawls and coarse gowns, chatting and laughing with one another or with the men, or carrying baskets filled with fish, oysters, or other products of the sea. Fish were sold at stands presided over by these stout maids and matrons, and also by men who declared that they had just caught their wares and knew them to be fresh. There was a babel of voices, as everybody was talking, and a goodly portion of the crowd using a language of which we are ignorant. On one side of the square is an old church, on another the harbor, and between the church and the water is a hedge of taverns and cheap restaurants adapted to the economical inhabitants of the island.

“Let me remark that the tourists who come here are not usually of the fashionable sort, but mainly of the class that gets as nearly as possible the value of its money. It is the tradesman and clerk class, with limited incomes, who want a cheap place for a summer's outing.



VICTORIA STREET, DOUGLAS.

where they can bring their families and have a good time at small expense. Occasionally a fashionable visitor comes along, and there are some fine residences belonging to merchants and manufacturers in the north and west of England; but, as a general thing, the 'swell' tourist dreads the rough voyage that must be made to reach the Isle of Man, and prefers to go where he is more likely to meet individuals with handles to their names.

"We are touching hands with old times in the hotel where we are stopping, as it was once the residence of the Duke of Athol, and was known as Castle Mona. It is a pleasant sensation to be lodged in an old castle, but the prosaic fact remains that the modern style of architecture is more to the taste of the traveller of the nineteenth century. But they have managed to make a very good hotel out of this ducal castle, and we are glad we came to it."



A MANX FISHERMAN.

Frank was busy with his sketch-book during his stay in the Isle of Man. He had a portrait of a Manx fisherman, in pea-jacket and sou'-wester hat, and a sketch of one of the tailless cats that abound in Manx-land. And thereby hangs a tale that was told to the youths during their stay in Douglas.

"The tradition is," said their informant, "that the Manx cats once had tails like other felines, but it became the fashion to cut them off, just as it is the fashion in England and other countries to dock the tails of saddle-horses. In the course of several generations the tail disappeared altogether from the cats, and it is quite possible that it will disappear in time from the horses if the amputating custom is kept up.

“The Manx cats are quite reconciled to what elsewhere would be a deformity, and if a cat with a full tail is brought among them from some other country they will not acknowledge any relationship to it. They run away from it in great alarm, or attack it so savagely that it has to run for its life. A dozen Manx cats have been known to pounce upon a tailed stranger and tear him to pieces. Perhaps they do so from envy, perhaps from contempt. Who can tell?”

Manx cats taken away from the island after attaining full size are said to continue hostile to other cats; but if carried off when kittens,



CASTLE RUSHEN, CASTLETOWN.

they soon become reconciled to the situation, and get along amiably with other and more ornamental pussies. Here is an interesting field for a student of natural history.

“There is a good system of narrow-gauge railways,” wrote Fred, “and we were able to go by them very expeditiously to the principal parts of the island. We went first to Castletown, which is interesting on account of Castle Rushen, built in the tenth century, and splendidly preserved. Marks of the builders’ chisels are visible to-day, in spite of

time and the elements, and it was strong enough to resist a siege of six months by Robert Bruce in A.D. 1313. Additions have been made to it from time to time, and it is in practical use to-day. Part of it serves as the common jail, and the rest is for the city offices and the requirements of the courts. We had no trouble in seeing it, as the building is public and open to anybody.

“Nearly all the people of Castletown are fishermen, and the same may be said of Peel, Ramsey, and the other ports. Peel has two hundred fishing-boats, manned by two thousand men and boys, and it has half a million dollars invested in the herring-fishery. Manx sailors go to all parts of the world, and a good many men from this island have drifted to America and found homes there. Altogether, they say that quite six thousand Manxmen are engaged in fishing or other seafaring pursuits, and it is fair to estimate that fully one-third the population is supported by the harvest of the sea.

“But there is a good harvest of the land, too,” Fred continued, “if we may judge by the fact that more than one hundred thousand acres of soil are under cultivation. This is more than half of the area of the island, and much of what remains is suitable for pasturage. Then there are mines of copper, lead, and zinc, and the lead ore contains a good percentage of silver. The mining industry is not very extensive, as it employs altogether not quite two thousand miners.

“There is very little manufacturing in Manxland, and the companies that have undertaken business there have not been generally successful. They tell us that the island sends a great many fat cattle to the English market, and the beef commands the highest price. The frequent fogs and rains make the grass rich, and thus develop the sleek cattle, of which we have seen several herds. Frank suggests that the cattle must have skins like the otter or fur-seal to enable them to keep out the moisture, and he wonders that Manx leather is not put into competition with that of the porpoise or the alligator.

“From Castletown we continued by rail to Port Erin, and then hired a carriage to take us to Peel, a drive of between two and three hours. There is some interesting scenery along the road, and we passed many quaint-looking cottages, which seemed to be occupied exclusively by women and children, the husbands and fathers being away elsewhere to win bread for their families. At the door of one cottage a woman looked up from her knitting-work and answered very pleasantly our ‘Good-afternoon.’ We stopped there and asked for a drink of water, which was cheerfully given, together with an invitation to ‘walk in.’

We accepted the invitation, and found ourselves in a modest dwelling, where everything was spotlessly clean.

“There was a sideboard covered with shining crockery, of a pattern of perhaps a hundred years ago, and every article of furniture betokened a goodly old age. There was a Dutch clock in one corner that would be a valuable prize in New York, and near it was a heavy oaken table, of the kind we see in New England as having ‘come over in the *Mayflower*.’ A sleek cat of the tailless pattern looked wonderingly at the strangers and sought the corner, as though it was not at all pleased at our coming, and a child, with its finger in its mouth, stared at us as though not quite sure whether we meant any harm. But it was soon reassured, and answered the invitation to come to us, though it did so with the caution characteristic of the islanders in all the walks of life. Its sense of acquisitiveness was appealed to by a shining sixpence, and here, as in many other parts of the world, the influence of money was manifest.

“Peel has an old castle, which dates in its present shape from the fifteenth century, and is the scene of Fenella’s escape, described in Scott’s novel, ‘*Peveril of the Peak*.’ They showed us the dungeon, deep down in the rock, where the unhappy Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, was imprisoned fourteen long years for sorcery. She died there, and her ghost is said to haunt the place and to appear at irregular intervals. For my part, I don’t believe the ghost story. It seems to me that the duchess must have had enough of the place in her fourteen years’ imprisonment to be willing to stay away from it now in her shadowy form.

“There’s a good deal more we could tell you about the Isle of Man, but we’ll stop now, so far as harbors, mines, scenery, fishing, and other every-day matters are concerned, and come around to politics. You want to hear about Home Rule in the Isle of Man, and how it works.”

Then Fred took up the history of the island, which shows that the

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“GOOD-AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.”

spot was little known until the sixth century, when a line of Welsh kings began to rule, and remained on the throne for three hundred years. Then the island was conquered by the Norsemen, and afterwards by the Danes. Their chief, Orry, was favorably received and became king, and he had several Scandinavian successors, who carried out the constitution that Orry had given, and is said to be the basis of the Manx constitution of to-day.

In the thirteenth century the Isle of Man was ceded by the King of Norway to Alexander III. of Scotland, and after Alexander's death the

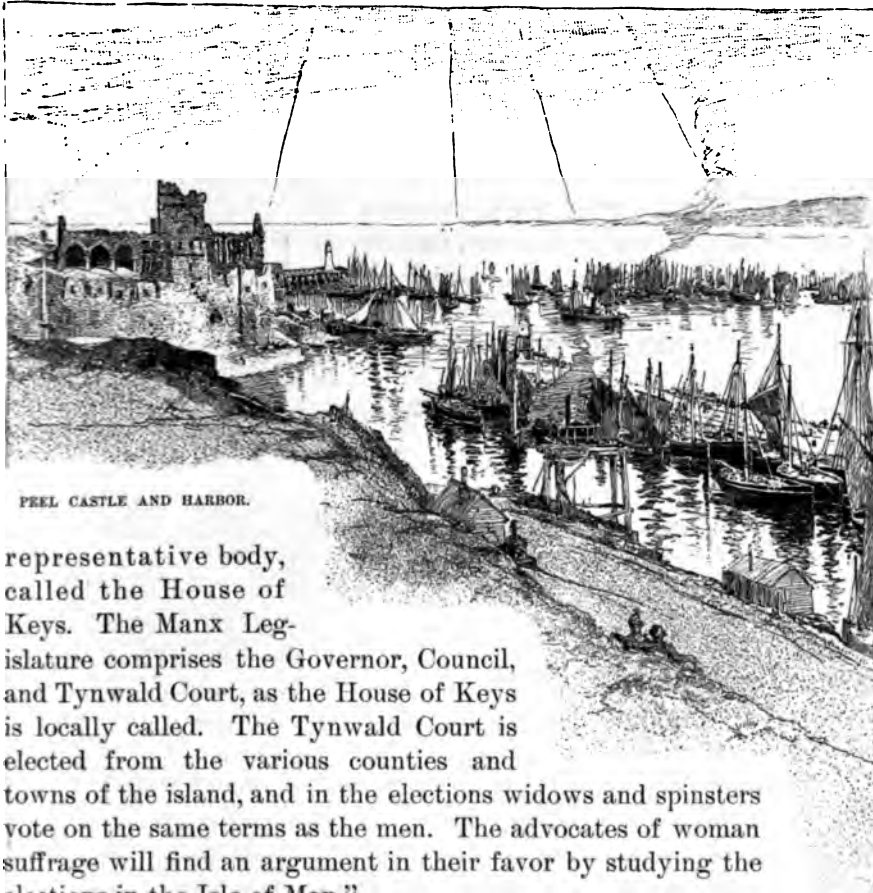


A MANX COTTAGE.

Manx people sought the protection of England, which has been maintained under one form or another ever since. For a long time the island was the seat of an extensive business in smuggling, and in order to stop it the sovereignty was purchased by the English Government, partly in 1765 and completely in 1829. Altogether, the Government paid about half a million pounds for the island, and now receives not far from fifty thousand pounds annually in revenues of various kinds.

“The result of our studies and questions about Home Rule in the Isle of Man,” said Fred, “is as follows:

“The Manx people have no representative vote in the British Parliament, and they do not want any. The acts of Parliament do not affect the Isle of Man unless it is specially mentioned in them, and whenever the island desires anything from Parliament it sends its legal agents to say so, and lay the case before the proper committees or members. They have a lieutenant-governor, a council, and a single



PEEL CASTLE AND HARBOR.

representative body, called the House of Keys. The Manx Legislature comprises the Governor, Council, and Tynwald Court, as the House of Keys is locally called. The Tynwald Court is elected from the various counties and towns of the island, and in the elections widows and spinsters vote on the same terms as the men. The advocates of woman suffrage will find an argument in their favor by studying the elections in the Isle of Man."

"Why are the members of the Tynwald Court called Keys?"

"Because they were often called upon in former times to unlock or explain the laws and customs to the reigning sovereign or his deputy, and expound the mysteries of the ancient legislation which were not on record, but had been mainly preserved by tradition."

The foregoing question occurred to Fred, and the answer he received is given as it came from the lips of a Manxman.

"The House of Keys, or Tynwald Court," continued Fred, "consists of twenty-four members. The council consists of eight high officials, who are appointed by the Crown in the same way that the Governor is, and the highest of them is the Bishop of Sodor and Man, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year and a fine house to live in. There is absolute freedom of religion in the island; any man may make his choice

as to where he will go to church; or, if he chooses, he need not go at all. He may do exactly as he likes.

"The House of Keys meets in Douglas. Formerly it met at Castle-town, which had long been the capital, but the growing importance of Douglas caused a transfer of the seat of Government. The house passes laws, grants charters, and does the other work of a legislative body, and then submits the result of its work to the Governor and council. Then it is sent to London, and if approved by the law officers of the Crown, it goes into force as soon as it obtains the signature of the Queen.

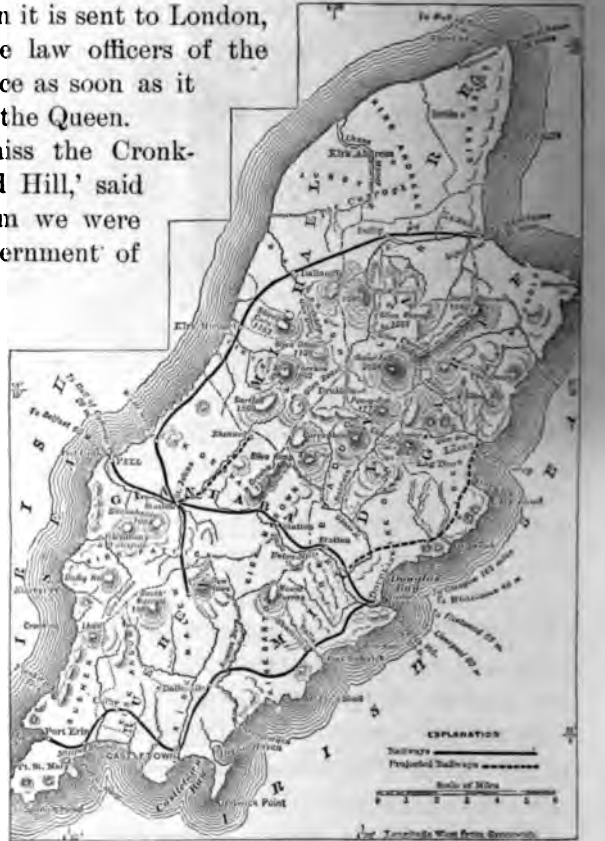
"'You must not miss the Cronk-y-Keillown, or Tynwald Hill,' said a gentleman with whom we were talking about the government of the island.

"Why so," we asked at once.

"'Because,' he answered, 'it is one of the most important things, historically, that we have to show.'

"Then he went on to say that the Tynwald Hill is about two hundred yards from St. John's Church, near the centre of the island, and formerly all laws were proclaimed from its top. For more than three centuries the Manx people have gathered around it on Tynwald Day to hear the promulgation of the laws that have been passed since the last annual meeting. Formerly no law could go into effect until it had been read from Tynwald Hill. I should tell you that the hill is an artificial one, composed of earth brought from the seventeen counties of the Isle of Man.

"Of course we went to see the hill, and found it a mound about



THE ISLE OF MAN.



THE HOUSE OF KEYS IN SESSION.

eighty feet from one side to the other, and ten or twelve feet high. It is built in four platforms or stages, so that it reminded us of the five-storied pyramid of ancient Memphis in Egypt, only it is very much smaller. Formerly it was requisite to read the entire text of the laws from this mound, but since the establishment of newspapers the presiding deemster (judge) reads only the titles and side-notes, so that the ceremony does not last long.

“Tynwald Day comes on the fifth of July, or on the sixth in case the fifth falls on Sunday. The fifth is to Manxland what the Fourth of July is to the United States. There is a general suspension of business all over the isle, and a goodly part of the population gathers at the mound. The Governor and all the dignitaries attend service in the Church of St. John and then go in procession to the hill, where they find the populace waiting for them, and railed off by the police and militia of the island. The laws are read, and then the Governor and dignitaries go again to the church and certify to the promulgation of the laws, and that ends the ceremony.

“When the official ceremonies are over there is general rejoicing, and the day is passed in festivities of various kinds. The ceremony is said to date from the tenth century, when it was established by the Scandinavian King Orry. Tynwald is said to be identical with the Icelandic Thingwall and the Thingvollr of Denmark. *Thing*, in Scandinavian, means court of justice or popular assemblage, and *vollr* or *vold*, a field or enclosure. In ancient times the Scandinavians held their courts in the open air, and generally on mounds, either natural or artificial. The Tynwald of Manxland is a relic of the ancient custom, and probably is nearer to it than any other existing at present.

“We asked,” said Fred, “what were the powers of the Tynwald Court, or House of Keys, and were told that it could levy taxes to raise money for local improvements, establish laws for the government of the



TYNWALD HILL AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

people, regulate education, suppress crime, and do other things usually in the power of representative bodies. It has granted subsidies for railways, authorized the building of docks and piers, and in other ways advanced the interests of the island. Taxation is low, money is plenty, the people are frugal and moral, there is general prosperity, and crime is so rare that the cost of supporting all the criminals on the island is less than one thousand dollars a year, and of this amount some of it is returned by their labor.

“On the whole,” concluded the youth, “we are satisfied that Home

Rule is an excellent thing for the Isle of Man, whatever it may be for Ireland or any other country. All religions are represented. The Methodists outnumber the members of the Church of England, and there is a goodly force of Catholics. The island was converted by St. Patrick, and the present religious condition does great honor to his memory. There is a friendly feeling among all the sects and denominations, and such a thing as a religious riot on the Isle of Man is practically unknown.

“Before I drop the subject of Manx government, let me mention that one of the earliest written laws was directed against drunkenness. Here it is: ‘At the Tynwald Court, holden the 24th June, 1610. It is by general consent proclaimed that as oft as any man or woman shall be found drunk hereafter, the party soe offending, if not of ability to pay a fine, shall for the first time be punished in the stockes, the second time to be tyed to the whipping-stockes, and the third time to be whipped therein.’”



FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Our young friends returned to England by the steamer to Liverpool, and agreed that they had made an agreeable and instructive excursion.

“We’ve been away from the beaten track,” said Frank, “and seen something that is missed by ninety-nine hundredths of our countrymen who come abroad. Ask the next hundred Americans you meet while travelling through Europe, and the probabilities are largely that not one of them has been to Douglas and the charming island of which it is the principal port.”

“That’s true,” responded Fred, “and yet the place is very easy to reach. All through the winter there is a steamer from Liverpool every day, while in summer there are several steamers daily.”

“Well,” said Frank, after a pause, “we’ll give an account of what we’ve seen and heard, and if others don’t follow in our footsteps it won’t be our fault.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM DOUGLAS TO LIVERPOOL.—LANCASTER AND PRESTON.—ORIGIN OF THE WORD "TEETOTAL."—ARKWRIGHT, THE INVENTOR.—SIGHTS IN LIVERPOOL.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—SHORT HISTORY OF LIVERPOOL.—FORTUNES MADE IN SLAVE-TRADING.—A SECESSION HOT-BED IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.—THE *ALABAMA* AND HER CONSORTS.—THE MERSEY TUNNEL.—DOCKS OF BIRKENHEAD AND LIVERPOOL.—FERRY-BOATS.—LARGEST LANDING-STAGE IN THE WORLD.—COMMERCE OF LIVERPOOL.—A CONTRAST.—HISTORY OF THE DOCKS.—EXTENT OF TRADE WITH AMERICA AND OTHER COUNTRIES.—ROMANTIC HISTORIES OF STEAM LINES.—JOKES ON THE MERSEY.

THE youths had announced their departure from Douglas by telegraph, and also stated the probable time of their arrival at Liverpool. When they landed and drove to the Angel Hotel they found the rest of the party waiting for them, and also waiting for dinner. The meal was served in a private parlor, and all who partook of it gave evi-



A FLEET OF LIVERPOOL LIGHTERS.

dence of good appetites. They lingered long over it, as there were many things to be told of what had been seen and done since the separation at the lakes.

We have already heard the story of Frank and Fred, and there is no occasion for a repetition. Mrs. Bassett and Mary had much to say concerning Liverpool, and what they had seen since their arrival.

"I don't know exactly where to begin," said Mrs. Bassett; "perhaps the best place is where we left off."

This was agreed to, and then the good woman proceeded.

"When we came from the lakes we had a pleasant journey by the railway, which brought us through Lancaster and Preston. We didn't stop at either place, unless you may call it a stop to take dinner at the station restaurant in Preston, without going outside the building. We had a glimpse of an old castle at Lancaster as the train went along, and Doctor Bronson said that there was a Roman town there long and long ago.

"One thing about Preston which I shall remember," she continued,



THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL.

"is that it is the place where the temperance movement began in England in 1833. The first pledges of total abstinence were signed there by John Livesey and his friends, and from them the movement spread through England."

"I don't think I've told you about the word 'teetotal' as applied to total abstinence," said the Doctor. "It is said to have originated at the meeting you have mentioned," he continued, addressing his remark to Mrs. Bassett.

"You haven't told me about it," was the reply. "What is the story?"

“It is this,” Doctor Bronson explained: “At the meeting where the pledge was signed there was an enthusiastic advocate of temperance named Dick Turner, who had an unfortunate impediment in his speech. He rose to speak, and said, ‘I’m in favor of t-t-total abstinence.’ Everybody applauded; the word ‘teetotal’ was caught up, it immediately became popular, and made ‘stammering Dick’ famous throughout England. This account of the origin of the word has been disputed, but it certainly rests on very good authority.”

Frank said the story was a good one, at any rate, and worthy of being remembered. He made sure of remembering it by entering it in his note-book, and his example was followed by Fred.

“Preston was the birthplace of Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-frame,” said Frank, “and deserves to be remembered on that account.”

Then followed a brief conversation about the famous inventor and the benefits he had conferred on the world. He had a long struggle with fortune, and with those who sought to deprive him of the rewards for his discovery, but at the time of his death he was in possession of property worth more than a million dollars. He was driven from his native place in consequence of the hostility of the hand-spinners, who feared that his invention would throw them out of employment, and on one occasion a large factory belonging to him was destroyed by a mob without any interference by the authorities.

“We’ve been all around Liverpool,” said Mrs. Bassett, “and seen a great many things. I have been more interested in the buildings than in the docks and the river, but wouldn’t have missed any of the sights we have seen since we came here.

“St. George’s Hall seems to me the finest building I’ve seen anywhere,” she continued, “but of course we’ll see grander ones when we get to London. I can’t tell you how large it is; perhaps Mary can.”

Thus appealed to, Mary promptly said that the structure was six hundred feet long by nearly two hundred wide, and was in the form of a Greco-Roman temple, with a large central block and two wings. She wanted very much to go there at the time of one of the organ recitals, as they told her there wasn’t a finer organ anywhere else in the world than the one in the great dining-hall of the building.

“New York has no place for a public dinner equal to St. George’s Hall,” said Doctor Bronson, “and when it comes to dining-halls, there are not many equal to it in the whole world. It is ninety feet wide and twice as long, and the ceiling in the centre is eighty feet above the floor.”



STRAND STREET.

“What a place for a public meeting,” said Frank, “or a base-ball match in winter, a grand party, or any other great festivity! The man who has occasion to ‘hire a hall’ ought to be satisfied if he could fill this one with people willing to listen to him.”

Then Mrs. Bassett told about their visit to the Fine Arts Gallery, which is not far from St. George’s Hall, and also to the Picton Reading-room and the Free Library and Museum. During a pause Mary remarked that when they passed through Duke Street they saw the house where Mrs. Hemans was born, and it made her think again of “The Graves of the Household.”

Without attempting to follow our friends through their various walks and rides in and around Liverpool, we will quote at random from their accounts of this second city of England and its principal seaport, which has, including its suburbs, a population of nearly eight hundred thousand, and a commerce that extends to every quarter of the globe where a ship can make its way. Its name is probably derived from the liver, a bird that once frequented the Mersey but is now extinct; though some authorities say it is of Welsh origin, and was

originally written Llyvrpwl, meaning "the expanse of the pool." Its name first appears in history in 1207, when King John built a castle and founded a town there.

The growth of the place was not very rapid, as it could furnish only one small bark with six men for the siege of Calais in 1338. Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth it had only twelve ships and 138 householders. It had 5000 inhabitants in 1709, and 12,000 in 1730, and at the beginning of this century its population had increased to about 80,000. Since that time it has grown with great rapidity, and its business has kept pace with the increase of population.

In looking up the history of Liverpool Frank came across some facts which were certainly not without interest, though they can hardly be pleasant reading to the inhabitants of this commercial and prosperous city.



THE TOWN-HALL.

One was that Liverpool made a great deal of money out of the African slave-trade, and was the first English town to engage in a business which is now looked upon with abhorrence by all Englishmen, or at any rate by those who have no opportunity to profit by it. Another fact was that Liverpool was engaged in the smuggling-trade with various articles of English manufacture, and in the trade in rum and tobacco with the West Indies. Though they have reformed in these lines of business, the Liverpool mer-

chants of to-day are not entirely respectful of the revenue laws of other countries, and have been known to connive at their violation.

"You can add to that," said Doctor Bronson, "that during the American Civil War nearly all the blockade-runners into the Southern ports were from Liverpool; that the *Alabama* and *Florida*, that preyed upon American commerce and destroyed hundreds of American ships, were built, fitted out, and manned in Liverpool, and sailed from here with the full approval of the authorities of the port and of the majority

of its merchants. Liverpool was a bitter enemy of the United States from 1861 to 1865, and the men who were seeking to destroy our government were cordially welcomed here and afforded every facility for carrying on their work."

Then the Doctor gave a brief account of the Confederate cruisers that went from British ports during the War of the Rebellion to destroy American ships on the high-seas. "That the conduct of England



ST. GEORGE'S DOCK.

was wrong," said the Doctor, "was shown by the result of the arbitration at Geneva, in which damages to the extent of fifteen millions of dollars were awarded to the United States. They included only pay for vessels and merchandise destroyed," he continued, "and we obtained nothing for the indirect damages, such as the prolongation of the war, the loss of many thousands of American lives on both sides, the expenditure of many millions of dollars in North and South, and the loss of our commerce by the transfer of American ships to foreign flags to save them from destruction. Our younger generation knows little about these things, but they are bitter memories to many others."

Having thus spoken his mind concerning Liverpool, and the conduct of its merchants and others during our Civil War, Doctor Bronson turned his attention to matters of the present time.

"You saw the docks of Liverpool when you were here before," said he to Frank and Fred, "but you can make a worse use of your time than to visit them again."

"The very thing I was about to suggest," said Frank. "We want to see the docks once more, and we must go to the Birkenhead docks, which we missed altogether when we were first here."

Fred assented to his proposal, and away they started. They decided to go first to Birkenhead, and with this object in view sought the tunnel which connects the two cities under the bed of the Mersey. "You can cross a river by ferry-boat or bridge in every part of the world," said Frank, "but there are not many places where you can go by tunnel, and right under the keels of ships."

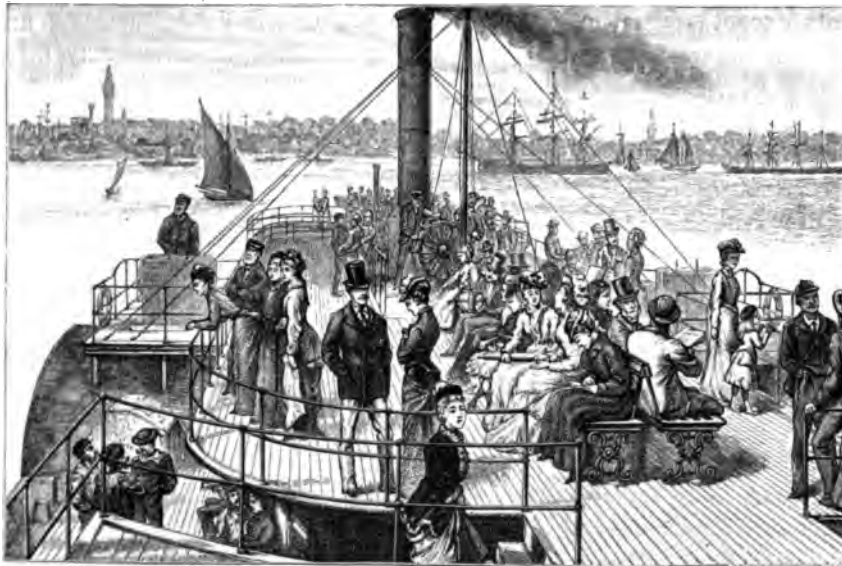
"That's so," replied Fred, "and it's a pity that tunnels are so few in number. What a comfort it would be, in the fogs and ice that make navigation difficult in New York harbor, if we had tunnels under the East and North rivers to take us to New Jersey or Long Island in a few moments, while the trip by ferry often consumes hours or cannot be made at all!"

"We'll have them some day," Frank responded, "and there'll be a tunnel under the channel which separates England from France. The world moves, and the change from ferry-boats to subways is sure to come. They can't be put off much longer."

At the James Street station of the tunnel they were lowered in an elevator, or "lift," as it is called in England, to the platform of the railway, where a train stood ready to receive them. Away it sped into the darkness, and after a run of about a mile came to a halt at another platform. There the youths left the train, and were hoisted in another lift to the level of the ground. They found themselves in Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, and their journey under the waters of the Mersey had occupied about three minutes.

The Mersey tunnel was begun in 1880, and opened for traffic in 1886. It is on the plan of the famous tunnel under the Thames, but was constructed with much greater rapidity, owing to the improvements in engineering work since the time of Brunel. Ultimately it will unite all the railway systems that centre at Liverpool and Birkenhead, in addition to serving for local traffic only, which was the case at the time our young friends visited it.

“We had a pleasant visit to Birkenhead,” said Fred, “and saw the principal docks on that side of the Mersey. Altogether the Birkenhead docks cover about one hundred and seventy acres; of this area one, called the Great Float, takes up one hundred and twenty acres, and there are not far from ten miles of quays. We passed the ship-building yard of the Lairds, which is one of the most important establishments in the city, and the one where the *Alabama* was built in 1862 to go out and destroy American ships. Birkenhead has very nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, and we could hardly believe what we were told, that at the beginning of this century there was only a small village here, occupied by not more than a hundred people. There



A WOODSIDE FERRY-BOAT.

had been a village here, but nothing more, since the eleventh century, and we saw the ruins of an old church which is said to have been built about A.D. 1150. They are in the cemetery of the modern Church of St. Mary, and not far from the bank of the river.

“We returned to Liverpool by the ferry-boat, partly to study the people and see the river, and partly because one trip in the tunnel would be just like another. Travelling by tunnel is monotonous so far as scenery is concerned; for all that we could observe, our surroundings in the Mersey tunnel were exactly what they would be in that of Mont

Cenis, between France and Italy, the Hoosac in Massachusetts, the Bergen, near New York, or any one of the underground ways that make up the hundred miles or so of railway tunnels in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

“The ferry-boats start from landing-stages, which are enormous floats rising and falling with the tide; there are two of these stages at Birkenhead, one of them being 800 feet long and the other 350 feet. There are passage-ways from the stage to the shore for foot-passengers, and drive-ways for vehicles, and the rules regarding the use of the landing-stage and for passengers on the ferry-boats are very strict. The principal ferry at Birkenhead is called the Woodside; on the Woodside ferry any passenger who tries to go on board or leave the boats except when the gangway is in position is liable to arrest and fine, and the officers will admit no explanations. The jumping so often witnessed at the New York ferries between boat and dock is unknown here. I wish we had similar rules.

“The boats are constructed with double engines, so that the wheels can be turned simultaneously in opposite directions, and on nearly all of these boats the steering is done by steam. Smoking is allowed only at the ends of the deck, and the cabin for women cannot be invaded by men, as on New York ferry-boats. Altogether we liked the arrangement of the Liverpool ferries very much, and think some of their features could be adopted to great advantage on our side of the water.

“You get an idea of the immense commerce of Liverpool when you see the forest of masts that rises in every direction over the river and from the docks along both banks. Small steamboats are darting in all directions, some carrying passengers across, up, or down the river, and some serving as tenders to ocean steamers anchored in the stream, either just arrived from distant ports or making ready for departure. Then there are hundreds of sailing ships, and hundreds of lighters used for transferring cargo between ship and shore.

“On the Liverpool side there is an immense landing-stage, 2000 feet long, and connected with the shore by eight bridges; the northern end is called Prince's, and the southern end St. George's—the former being used by the tenders of ocean-going steamers, and the latter by the ferry-boats. About this landing-stage there hangs a tale.

“A great stage was built at an expense of two million dollars, and large sums of money were expended on the approaches, so as to make the stage convenient for all the purposes for which it was to be used. In 1874 the work was completed, and a day was set for its opening; the



A LIVERPOOL GRAVING-DOCK.

Duke of Edinburgh had promised to be present, and the whole population of Liverpool was to turn out and add to the festivity of the day. But an explosion of gas set the structure on fire, and the promised opening did not come off, for the simple reason that the fire left nothing to be opened, not even the gangways.

“A contract was made with the Brasseys to rebuild the stage, and this time precautions were taken to prevent its destruction by fire. The new stage, which is the present one, was completed in 1878, and is the best thing of the kind in the world. Nearly half a mile long and one hundred feet wide, it has a large area, which is occupied in various ways for the accommodation of the public.

“There is a wide and well-ventilated hall for the examination of the baggage of in-coming passengers from foreign ports, and after the baggage has been passed by the officials it is carried by muscular porters to the cabs that stand at the Pier Head, and are ready to whirl you away to any part of the city. Then there are sheds where waiting passengers may take shelter from the rain or sun; also refreshment-rooms, telegraph-offices, post-office boxes, express stations, and other

paraphernalia for facilitating the movements of the traveller or the despatch of trunks, parcels, or other impedimenta.

“ I suppose every country and city has contrasts of some kind with which the stranger is impressed. The contrast that impresses every American coming to or departing from Liverpool is that furnished by the spacious and convenient landing-stage, and the wretched tenders that carry him between that landing-stage and the steamer on which he leaves or arrives.

“ They are small, dirty, and uncomfortable in the extreme ; when it rains, as it does very often, there isn't room for half the passengers to find shelter, and generally there is not room for all to sit down on the open deck. The cabin, such as it is, is in the hold, and altogether the



WAPPING DOCK AND WAREHOUSES.

tender memories of the traveller leaving or landing at Liverpool are the reverse of agreeable.

“ Why the steamship companies spend their millions of dollars and pounds sterling to build and equip the magnificent vessels that cross the Atlantic, and then begrudge the few thousands that make the difference between comfortable tenders and those now in use, is a conundrum nobody can answer. They remind us of a man who buys the best suit of clothes that money can procure, the best hat, gloves, boots, watch, and umbrella, and then concludes that he will get along with his old soiled and unfashionable necktie, to save the expense and trouble of getting a new one.

“ The Pier Head, as the open space at the end of the principal gang-



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIME STREET.

way from the landing-stage is called, is a busy place, as it is the starting-point for hundreds of cabs, and also for many omnibus and tram-way lines. The landing-stage is about midway of the line of docks on the Liverpool side of the Mersey, and we began our tour of the docks from this point.

“Perhaps you would like to know how and why the docks were built; here is the explanation as it was made to us:

“The harbor of Liverpool is unprotected towards the north-west, and not infrequently the wind from that direction rises to the force of a gale. At such times the ferry-boats are compelled to stop running, ships toss uneasily at their anchors, and occasionally drag from their moorings, doing great damage to themselves and other craft, and the great liners that plough the Atlantic are obliged to get up steam in order to be able to take care of themselves in case of dragging their anchors. The waves break over the wall that forms the water-front of Liverpool, and altogether the river is not a pleasant place.

“The minimum and maximum difference between high and low tide here is from fourteen to twenty feet, and even had not the gales caused a necessity for docks, the great tides would have done so. The first dock was built in 1720, and in course of time the accommodation it afforded was not sufficient for the needs of the port. Fifty years after

the completion of the first dock another was opened, and the rest of the series have all been built during the present century. They are entered through ponderous gates, which are opened and closed only at high tide, water and vessels being alike retained during the interval from one tide to another by means of these gates.

“The docks are excavated in solid earth or rock. Imagine a newly dug cellar, several acres in extent and forty or fifty feet deep, and you have the general idea of a dock at Liverpool. You must also imagine the cellar to have a perpendicular stone wall all around it, a broad walk skirting the edge, and beyond the walk a line of warehouses. Then fill the cellar with water and float ships in it, and the picture will be complete and ready for inspection.

“We visited only two or three of the docks, and then went along the front of the rest a distance of six or seven miles, which we did on the top of a tram-way omnibus at a cost of four cents each way. There are about fifty docks and basins, with an area of 370 acres, and with twenty-four miles of quays. The largest is the Alexandra Dock, which



FREE LIBRARY, READING-ROOM, AND ART GALLERY.

has forty-four acres of surface, and is patronized chiefly by the trans-atlantic liners. We went to this dock and walked all the way around it, or, rather, as far as the policeman would let us go.

“Some of the docks are devoted principally to handling grain, and when grain-laden ships arrive at Liverpool they are sent to these docks, where there are special facilities for discharging their cargoes. Other docks are for vessels in the timber-trade, others for tobacco-ships, others for sugar and other prominent articles of traffic, and others for emigrant ships. East India vessels generally go to the Albert Dock, which is surrounded by warehouses, so that the rich cargoes of the Orient shall not be subjected to exposure to the weather.”

“Wonder how much it cost to build these docks?” Fred asked.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” Frank answered, “but we’ll find out before we drop the subject.”

And find out they did. They learned that the docks have cost altogether more than fifty millions of dollars, and the outlay has been justified by the increased commerce of Liverpool, and the large amount of revenue that comes to the corporation for the use of the docks. On this point a few figures will not be without interest.

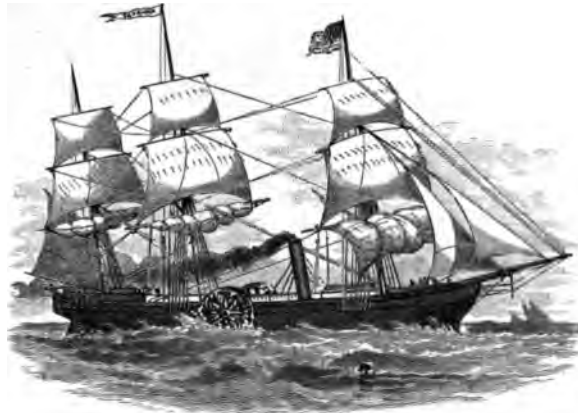
In 1771 there were 2087 vessels that paid harbor dues. Fifty years later (1821) the number had increased to 7810 vessels, and in another fifty years (1871) to 20,124 vessels. It should be borne in mind that the average tonnage had increased greatly in a century, a single vessel of the later date representing as much capacity as five or six first-class ships of the earlier one.

The dock dues in 1801 were £28,365, while those of 1871 were £562,953, an excellent return upon the cost of the docks, after deducting the expense of management and of current repairs. The amount of customs duties of the port

of Liverpool is about twenty millions of dollars annually, sometimes exceeding and sometimes falling below that figure, according to whether trade is active or the reverse.

“What parts of the world does Liverpool trade with?” is a very natural question that arises to the reader.

Well, it trades with the whole civilized globe, and with many parts where civilization is not fully established. It has four-fifths of the trade of England with the United States and the rest of America, and it sends its ships to all the ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia. Its imports and exports make a long list, and comprise pretty nearly everything in the shape of raw materials and manufactured goods. It would be far easier to name the articles not included in it than those that are.



THE "SAVANNAH," FIRST TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER.

Exactly how many steam lines run from Liverpool it would be difficult to say, as the number is constantly changing. Ten or twelve lines are engaged in the transatlantic trade to North America, and there are lines to South America, Asia, and the other countries of the globe. Nearly all of them began in a very modest way—such is certainly the case with the older ones—and have grown wealthy through the profits of the carrying trade and the money received from Government for carrying the mails. The older lines to America and other countries were heavily subsidized by the British Government, the subsidies taking the form of mail contracts. These subsidies have in many cases been discontinued, but are still paid to lines where the volume of commerce is not of itself sufficient to support them.

The first transatlantic voyage of a steamer was made by an American vessel, the *Savannah*, from Savannah to Liverpool, in 1819. She sailed from Savannah on the 26th of May of that year, and arrived at Liverpool on the 20th of June, having been under steam eighteen days out of the twenty-six. She was originally intended for a sailing ship, and had been fitted up with engines so arranged that the wheels could be folded in upon the deck when the wind was favorable to the use of sails.



LOG-BOOK OF THE "SAVANNAH."

Doubts have been expressed as to the voyage of the *Savannah*, some writers asserting that it is altogether a myth, or at best is upon very doubtful authority. Sceptics on this subject are referred to the log-book of the *Savannah*, which is still in existence, to the *London Times* of May 11, June 21 and 30, Lloyd's List, June 20, and several paragraphs in other London and Liverpool papers of the months of June and July, 1819. The steamer remained twenty-five days at Liverpool, and then proceeded to Stockholm and St. Petersburg, and afterwards returned to the United States.

One of the successful steam lines of Liverpool owes its foundation to the desire of some merchants of that port to help an industrious widow who kept a chop-house. They endeavored to make her a present of money, which she declined; then they took charge of the education



THE EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL.

and training of her boy, who proved worthy of their aid. After he was educated they secured him a situation with a steamship company, and he gradually rose till he became the principal owner of the Leyland Line, which bears his name.

Another company, the Inman, began with a single steamer which William Inman, the founder of the line, bought on credit and placed in the service between Liverpool and Philadelphia. He had thought it possible to carry emigrants by steam. His idea was scouted as absurd by all other steamship owners, and also by the owners of sailing ships, who wished to preserve what had, down to that time, been exclusively a business for themselves. Mr. Inman was soon able to pay for his first steamer out of its earnings; then he bought another and another, and thus laid the foundation of the wealthy company that bears his name and has long been famous.

Many similar stories could be told of the growth of steamship enterprises at Liverpool, and the way in which the merchants of that city have taken their places among the richest of the United Kingdom. But time presses. Mrs. Bassett and Mary are waiting at the hotel for the return of Frank and Fred, as they wish to visit some of the well-stocked shops of Liverpool, and have not yet seen all of the prominent buildings.

“We’ve seen a great deal,” said Mary to Frank when that youth

made his appearance; "but just think what there is that we haven't yet had a glimpse of, or anything more than an outside view.

"There's the Exchange, and the College in Show Street, and the Sailors' Home; and we mustn't miss the Orphan Asylum, that every passenger on the Liverpool steamers is asked to help support. You remember we had a concert on the way over, and the proceeds were to go to the Liverpool Orphan Asylum."

"Yes," replied Frank, "and to judge by the amount of the contributions on the steamers, the asylum ought to be prosperous. I've heard that it is an excellent institution, and so is the Sailors' Home."

"And they ought to be," said Fred. "What would Liverpool be without sailors? It seems to me that 'Hamlet' without Hamlet would hardly be more out of place."

"While I've been waiting," said Mary, "I've been trying to think of a joke on the name of the river which forms the harbor of Liverpool."

"Well, what is it?"

"Ships of all nations lie at Liverpool's Mersey."

"Good, but old," said Fred. "There's another, which alludes to the turbidness of the water, and says 'the quality of Mersey is not strained.'"

Frank was ready with a pun attributed to a pilot about "the Mersey I to others show," but before he could utter it Mrs. Bassett entered the parlor and announced herself ready for the proposed excursion. The battle of witticisms was suspended for matters of more immediate and important interest.



FRENCH ROCK LIGHT, BELOW LIVERPOOL.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO CHESTER.—CHAT ABOUT ENGLISH RAILWAYS.—THE FIRST RAILWAY IN ENGLAND.—SHIP-CANAL BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—AN ENGLISH RAILWAY TRAIN; THE GUARD AND HIS DUTIES.—RELICS OF COACHING DAYS; FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS.—NO CHECKS FOR BAGGAGE; ENGLISH VIEWS OF THE NON-CHECKING SYSTEM.—ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES.—THE POINTSMAN AND HIS DUTIES.—COMPARATIVE SPEED OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TRAINS.—CHESTER.—“THE ROWS.”—ANCIENT CHURCH.—ROMAN REMAINS.—EATON HALL.—THE ROUTE OF THE “WILD IRISHMAN.”—CONWAY CASTLE, BANGOR, AND THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.—HOLY-HEAD.

FROM Liverpool our friends went to Chester, which is sixteen or eighteen miles away. There is a choice of routes. One way of reaching Chester from Liverpool is to go to Birkenhead, either by ferry or tunnel, and take a train from that city. The



AN ENGLISH SIGNAL-BOX.

other route is by the London and North-western Railway, crossing the Mersey over a bridge several miles above the city.

The all-rail route was chosen partly for the convenience in avoiding

transfers, and partly in order that a glimpse could be had of the works for connecting Manchester with Liverpool by means of a ship-canal. Doctor Bronson explained that the merchants and manufacturers of Manchester had long complained of the exactions of the railway companies in the charges for transporting the vast amount of freight which necessarily passes between the two cities, and the canal project arose from their complaints.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway is one of the oldest in existence. It was opened for traffic in 1830, and was the first line that was profitable from the start. Its predecessor, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, was the first on which carriages were run for passengers; but it was not profitable, owing to the slow rate at which the locomotives travelled—little faster than the walk of a horse. By the time the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened the locomotive had been greatly improved by George Stephenson, but the speed attained was far short of that which is now an every-day affair.

“Now,” said the Doctor, “Manchester has determined to have a ship-canal from the head of navigation on the Mersey up to the edge of the city. It is intended to have sea-going steamers come up to Manchester, discharge their cargoes of cotton and other raw materials which are used in that manufacturing centre, and then receive cargoes of Manchester goods and steam down to the sea again. Thus the Manchester people will be in great measure independent of the railways, so far as the transportation of goods is concerned, and, as might be expected, the railway companies are not pleased at the prospect. They opposed the passage of the act of Parliament granting permission to dig the canal, and managed to delay the measure, but it finally became a law, and work was begun on the great water-way.

“The excavated portion of the canal will be about twenty miles long, and the depth is to be sufficient to allow the passage of vessels drawing twenty-five feet of water. The surface of the country is fairly favorable to the construction of the canal, and the engineering difficulties are not very great. A canal for the passage of ordinary boats was constructed as early as 1758 between Liverpool and Manchester. It was built by the Duke of Bridgewater, who sunk all his capital in the enterprise, and at one time considered himself penniless. Afterwards he received all his money back again, and a great deal more, by means of the facilities which the canal gave him for carrying the produce of his coal-fields to the market of the great seaport.”

Naturally the conversation thus begun turned to railways, and the



time taken by the train between Liverpool and Chester was devoted to this topic.

“You have already observed,” said the Doctor, turning to Mrs. Bassett and Mary, “that the English railway carriage for passengers

has a general resemblance to the old-fashioned stage-coach, which it has supplanted. It is entered at the side, and the compartment for passengers is not unlike the interior of the coach I have alluded to. This feature of side entrance is sure to be observed by the stranger from America, where all railway cars are entered at the end.”

“I have observed that,” said Mrs. Bassett, “and I’ve also seen that they have the words ‘Booking Office’ over the window where they sell tickets. What do they mean by that? I intended to ask about it long before this, but always forgot it.”

“That is a reminder of the old coaching days, which the English seem determined to retain. Passengers by stage-coach were recorded, or ‘booked,’ in a register kept at the office, and you can readily see how the place became known as the ‘booking office.’ Nobody ‘books’ by railway nowadays, but the name is retained.

“On the same system, the man whom we call ‘conductor’ in America is here called ‘guard.’ The stage-coaches had a man armed with a

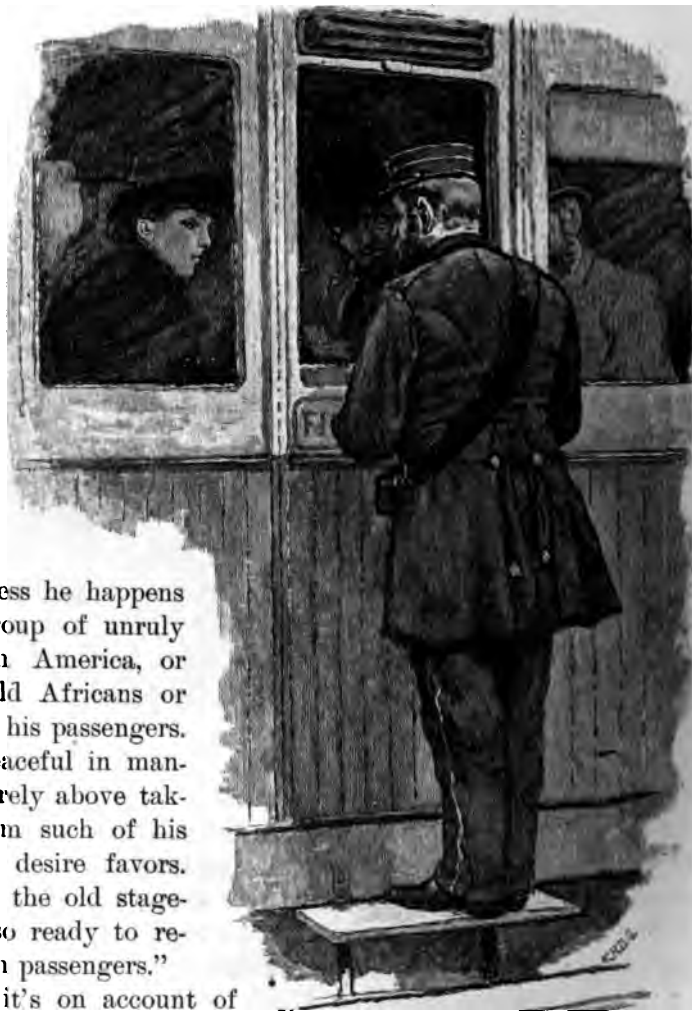
A FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT.

blunderbuss, who sat on the top of the vehicle, and whose duty was to defend it against robbers. He was literally a guard, and was so called. The railway guard of to-day has no fire-arms, nor does he need any, unless he happens to have a group of unruly cowboys from America, or a band of wild Africans or Arabs, among his passengers. He is very peaceful in manner, and is rarely above taking a fee from such of his passengers as desire favors. The guard of the old stage-coach was also ready to receive fees from passengers."

"Perhaps it's on account of this apparently time-honored system that we always have such good places in the train, and generally a compartment to ourselves," Mrs. Bassett remarked, in a low tone.

Doctor Bronson smiled as he looked towards Frank and Fred, who were as demure as a pair of statues. Then he intimated that they were accustomed to the ways of English travel, and knew how to "make themselves solid" with the guard.

Thus encouraged, Frank explained to Mrs. Bassett that it was the practice of Fred and himself, while one of them looked to see that the



THE GUARD.

baggage was all right, and properly deposited in the van, the other attended to the guard. A shilling to that worthy at starting, with the promise of another at the end of the ride, generally served to adjust matters to the satisfaction of everybody. The travellers were satisfied because they obtained the places that they wanted, the guard was satis-



BOOKING OFFICE.

fied because he obtained the shillings that he wanted and expected, and the company was satisfied because it had no ocular proof that the rule which forbids its employés to accept gratuities had been violated.

“It is the most conspicuous rule on the English railways,” said

Frank, "and the one that is openly disregarded by everybody. I have never heard of an instance where a guard or other employé refused a fee from a passenger. There is a tradition that such a thing once happened on the Great Western Railway, and three days later the guard was taken to an insane asylum, having been pronounced by a board of doctors a hopeless lunatic."

"One of the jokes of London *Punch*," said Fred, "represents a railway guard at the door of a first class carriage, where the sign 'No Smoking' is conspicuously displayed. Some men in the carriage are smoking, and the guard calls attention to the rule. He adds that the penalty is forty shillings—one shilling to be paid to the guard and thirty-nine sent to the company's office. The shilling is paid to the guard at once, and the gentlemen continue to puff their cigars. Whether the thirty-nine shillings were sent to the company's office is not recorded in any books that I have seen."

Mary had observed that the English railway carriages were divided into three classes, and she asked Frank to tell her about them.

"They are a part of the social customs of Great Britain, and may also be considered a relic of the coaching days, when the places in a coach were sold at different prices, according to their comforts or the lack of them. Then he told other things, which were afterwards embodied by Mary in a letter to a friend as follows:

"Frank says it is often remarked that fools, princes, and Americans travel first class in England and on the Continent. All I can say is that they have a good share of comfort for their money, as the first class compartments are upholstered and cushioned in the best style, and everybody has plenty of room. The first class compartments usually seat six passengers, three on a side, while the second class ones are intended for eight, and the third class for ten. The second class is upholstered with leather, and the third with pine boards—though sometimes the company is generous, and gives oak or other hard-wood in place of pine. Each fare is about two-thirds that of the class above it, and the fares seem very high to Americans. Thus the fares from London to Liverpool, about two hundred miles, are respectively 20 shillings, 21 shillings and 9 pence, and 16 shillings and 9 pence—equal to \$7 25, \$5 40, and \$4 18. Then there is a workmen's train for a penny (two cents) a mile; it is called the 'Parliamentary,' because it was established by act of Parliament, not because the members of Parliament travel by it, as you might suppose.

"It is amusing to watch the guard, and see the different styles of

politeness he has for the three grades of passengers. At the first class carriage he says, 'Tickets, please, gentlemen!' and often accompanies the request with a touch of his cap; at the second class he says, 'Tickets, please!' but doesn't touch his cap; and to the third class he growls out the single word, 'Tickets!' in such a way as to imply that there will be trouble unless the tickets are shown without delay.

"Frank also says that the second class is patronized by a great many Englishmen who could perfectly well afford to travel first class, but



THIRD CLASS.

they prefer to save their money, and are not ashamed of doing so. Americans are afraid of being considered 'mean' if they try to save anything on their railway fares, or anything else, for that matter, and the result is that nearly all of them go in the best carriages. I asked Frank why we did not travel second class, and he said he wanted to give us all the

comfort that could be had, and therefore took the more exclusive way. If he and Fred or Doctor Bronson were going between London and Liverpool, or almost anywhere else in England, they would travel second class, and sometimes on short rides they go in the third class carriages, for the sake of seeing the people.

“One thing I can’t understand is that on the railways here they have no system of checking baggage, as in America, though Frank says some of the lines are introducing it. When a man buys his ticket, a porter takes his baggage (they call it luggage here), piles it on a truck, and wheels it off to the luggage-van. A label is sometimes put on it to show where it is going, but very often it is not even necessary to do this, as certain compartments are known to contain baggage for designated points, and the compartment and not the luggage is labelled.

“At the end of the journey the passengers must go forward to claim their baggage as it is brought out of the van, and the wonder is that thieves do not stand around and claim things which don’t belong to them. There is nothing to prevent their doing so except the chance of arrest; and a smart thief ought to be able to escape in the confusion that always happens at the arrival of a train. There have been some robberies, and great ones too, of this sort, but, as I said before, the wonder is that they are so few.

“When I asked Frank why they had no check system here, he said it was probably because the English people didn’t want it. They have never known the conveniences of the American system unless they have travelled in our country, and the most of them are perfectly contented with the present way. An Englishman wants his baggage near him, and wants to take it away from the station on the top of a cab when he reaches his destination. He would not be satisfied to hand his checks over to an express agent, or ‘parcels delivery clerk,’ as they would call here the baggage expressman.

“If they ever do try the check system here, it is to be hoped that the baggage express companies will give a better service than they do in some American cities, where it is nothing unusual for four or five hours to pass before the delivery of baggage which has been promised in half an hour. Any English railway manager who contemplates trying it would do well to visit America, and note the difference between promise and performance of the baggage express companies of New York and other of our principal cities.

“Speaking of baggage, the amount that the average Englishman travels with when going from one part of the country to the other, or

on the Continent, is amazing to an American. He has one trunk, which he calls a portmanteau, and quite as often you find he has two or three. Then he has a valise or 'Gladstone,' a hat-box, a travelling-rug or shawl, which is done up with straps and holds an umbrella and a cane or two, then a lunch-basket, and last but not the least important of all, a bath-tub. The lunch-basket may possibly be omitted, but, not often; and as for the bath-tub, he would as soon think of going without his hat-box or his overcoat. He takes as many as he can of these things into the compartment where he rides, and intrusts the portmanteau and bath-tub to the luggage-van and the hands of the porter."

Mary made other observations about the habits of the travelling



BAGGAGE-CHECKS NOT WANTED.

Briton, but we will omit them and listen to the remarks of Dr. Bronson relative to the system of operating railways in England, the character of the locomotives, and other matters which are hardly in the scope of a girl's letter to her friend.

"The English railway carriages are much lower in the roof than our American ones," said the Doctor, "for the reason that they adhere to the pattern adopted when railways first came into vogue. The bridges over the railways were built of stone, and very solidly, too. Now that higher carriages would be desirable, they cannot be adopted, for the reason that they would involve a very great expenditure for new bridges on all the old lines of railway.

"You have observed that the railways are enclosed, so that the track is not crossed by the public roads: all crossings are above or



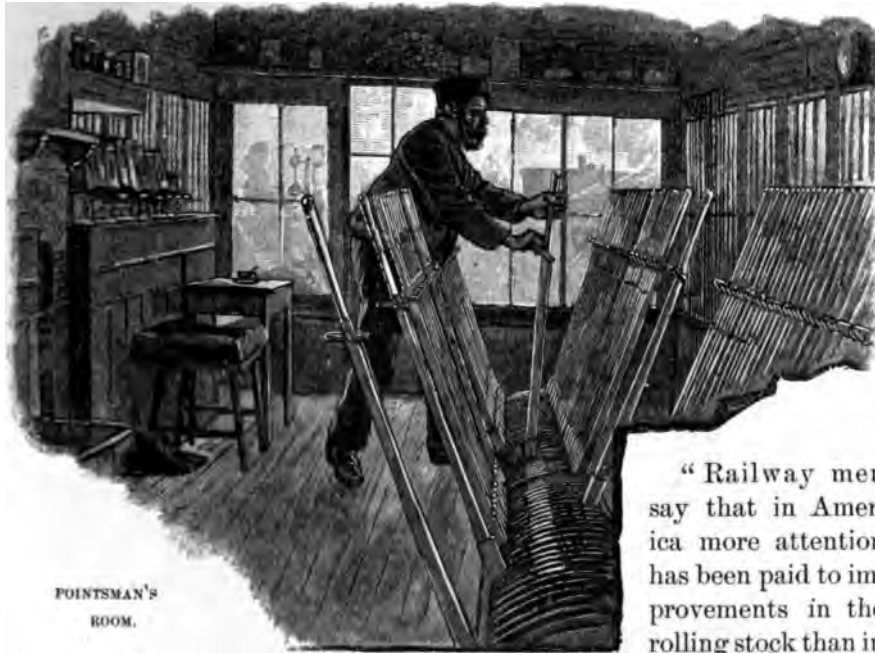
CLAIMING LUGGAGE.

below the track, and the practice of walking on the track is not permitted, as in America. The English actor who becomes bankrupt in an interior town, and is obliged to walk to London, must do so along the carriage-road and not upon the railway, as is said to be done by the American actor under similar circumstances.

“For the reason that the track is not walked on or crossed by the public, there is no bell on the English locomotive, as there is upon the American one. On account of the mildness of the climate there is no cab on the locomotive, or, at best, only a rudimentary one; the engineer is exposed to the weather almost as much as is the driver of a stage-coach; but he doesn't seem to mind it, or, at all events, submits to it. As the track is secure against the straying of animals upon it, there is no cow-catcher; the nearest approach to it is an upright rod, curved slightly forward, in front of each wheel to throw off any obstacle that may happen to be on the rails.

“The English locomotive is constructed on a heavy frame, and is

far more solid and unyielding than the American one. It is perfectly adapted to the English roads, which are well ballasted, have slight grades and curves, and are as near to perfection as railways can be. On the other hand, the American roads have sharp curves and steep grades, and the locomotives must be, and are, adapted to uneven tracks. Each engine is peculiarly fitted for use in the country where it was made and belongs, and would be very much out of place in the other.



“Railway men say that in America more attention has been paid to improvements in the rolling stock than in the road-way, while

the reverse is the case in England. Consequently, the English roads are capable of allowing trains to be run safely at a higher speed than is possible in America except on a few lines. The famous expresses in Great Britain, like the ‘Wild Irishman,’ the ‘Flying Scotchman,’ and some others, make a speed averaging fifty miles an hour, including stops, and that on distances of three or four hundred miles.”

A writer on this subject has devoted considerable space to a comparison of English and American trains, showing that the average speed of American trains on the best roads is twenty-five per cent. less than that of the English ones. Taking the average of all the American railways, the difference would be found to be still greater.

Later on in their journey our young friends had an opportunity to visit the pointsman's room, as the place is called where the switches are operated at a junction or a terminal station. The official who took them there requested that they would not speak while in the room, as any conversation might divert the attention of the pointsman from his duties. Of course they complied with his request, and did not utter a syllable while in the little box, which was perched high above the track.

A series of handles rose from the floor, and the man in charge of them regarded a telegraph dial in front of him, and then moved these handles back and forth; thus were the switches operated, some of them half a mile distant and quite out of sight of the box where our friends stood. The man paid no atten-



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY STATION.

tion to his visitors, and after watching him for a few minutes they descended the steps and returned to the station.

"You must have great difficulty in picking out the men you want for that work," said Frank.

"Why so?"

"Because a pointsman must be one of the brightest of men, as we say in America—one of quick thought and action, whose mind works with great rapidity."

"That is just the man we don't want," said the official, with a smile. "We want a dull, steady, plodding man; one who never has a thought about anything else than the work before him, and does everything by

routine. With such a man as you describe the chance of accident would be much greater than it now is."

But here we are at the station in Chester, and our friends are starting for an inspection of this very interesting town. It is interesting on account of its antiquity and the way in which its features have been preserved. It is surrounded by walls that date mostly from the fourteenth century, but are mainly on the Roman lines and foundations. One may walk entirely around the city on top of the walls, a distance



A PENNY A MILE.

of nearly two miles, and in doing so he will find many attractive sights. Frank and Fred made the promenade while the others of the party looked at something else.

"The oddest thing about Chester," wrote Mary, "was what they call 'The Rows.' There are four streets which meet at a central point called the Market Cross, and each of these streets is built in such a way that the sidewalks are covered by the upper stories of the buildings. It is just as though the front rooms of all the houses had been taken for the sidewalk, and the arrangement is very convenient when it rains. There are shops all along these walks, the rooms that would be the rear ones if the buildings were complete being those where the shops are. The streets are lower than the sidewalks, and there are steps leading up

from the street. They told us that the streets are just as they were cut down by the Romans many hundred years ago, and that all the citizens take pride in having the place look as nearly as possible like what it did in old times.

“Lots of the houses look as though they were several hundred years old, and a good many of them are. They are built of timber, just as you see them in pictures of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and whenever one of them needs repairing it is repaired so as to look just as it did before and just as old.

“The shops seemed to be very well stocked, but not so much so as those of Liverpool. And no wonder, for there are not forty thousand people living in Chester, while Liverpool, with its suburbs, has three quarters of a million.

“And yet Chester was once a more important city than Liverpool; in fact, it was an old and well-known place before Liverpool was thought of. It is on the river Dee, and once had a good commerce, but the channel of the Dee got closed up by the mud and silt that settled in it, and ships couldn't come here. They went to the Mersey, and the Mersey made Liverpool.”

They visited the Cathedral, which is one of the oldest in England, then went to the Museum, where there is a large collection of Roman antiquities, and afterwards to the Castle. For the afternoon a visit had been planned to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, a descendent of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror, who subdued Chester in 1070, it being the last English city to yield to him. William created his nephew Earl and Count Palatine of Chester, and assigned to him the work of conquering Wales, which showed a disposition not to submit to the foreign yoke.

The rain fell in torrents and broke up the proposed excursion, and also another that was talked of to Hawarden, the country-seat of Hon. W. E. Gladstone. But the party consoled itself with another walk through The Rows, and enjoyed it very much.

Mary's thoughts ran upon the old song which begins:

“There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee.”

Being at the banks of the Dee, she wanted to find out exactly where the home of that jovial corn-grinder was situated, and so she inquired of the cashier of the hotel.

The cashier listened with great solemnity to her question, and



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

answered that he didn't believe there was any such miller at all, as he never heard of any, and was of the opinion that the man who wrote the song had never been to the river Dee or in Chester.

At Chester the traveller is on the line of the North-western Railway from London to Holyhead. The station there is one of the largest and finest in England, and is, of itself, quite a curiosity. Mrs. Bassett learned that they were close to the frontier of Wales, and at her suggestion it was arranged to make a tour into that part of the British Kingdom. "We may not be so near Wales again," said she, "and it's best to see it while we have the chance."

The next morning saw them on their way. "Take seats on the right of the train," said Mary, as they were leaving the hotel. "I read so in the guide-books, and they ought to know."

"We'll do better than that," said Frank, "if we have our usual good fortune. A shilling to the guard will secure a whole compartment, and then we can sit on both sides of the train at once if we want to."

"We are now on the route of the 'Wild Irishman,'" said Frank. "It has been travelled by a great many Americans, but nineteen twentieths of them have passed over it in the night, and seen nothing of its beauties. They leave London at half-past eight in the evening, pass Chester an hour after midnight, reach Holyhead at three in the morning, and

go at once on board the steamer. Next morning they are in Dublin, and for all they have seen of the route they might as well have been chloroformed, boxed up, and sent by express or in the mail-bags.

"Mr. Rideing wrote an admirable description of this route," Frank continued, "and regretted that so many Americans travelled it in the night and so few in the daytime."

"That difficulty could be obviated," said Fred, "by the railway company's making a change in the time-table, and running the train from London in the morning instead of at night."

"I'm afraid that change would not be acceptable to the post-office



THE "WILD IRISHMAN."

authorities," said Doctor Bronson, "nor possibly to ourselves when we are writing to friends in America, and consequently things will probably remain as they are for the present. Fred's suggestion reminds me of the remark made by the man who built a stable close to a church. The congregation complained that the stable was objectionable as a near neighbor, whereat its owner rejoined that there was an easy way out of the difficulty—by moving the church."

"Here we are, out of England and in Wales!" exclaimed Frank, as the dividing line was crossed, about six miles from Chester.



CONWAY CASTLE.

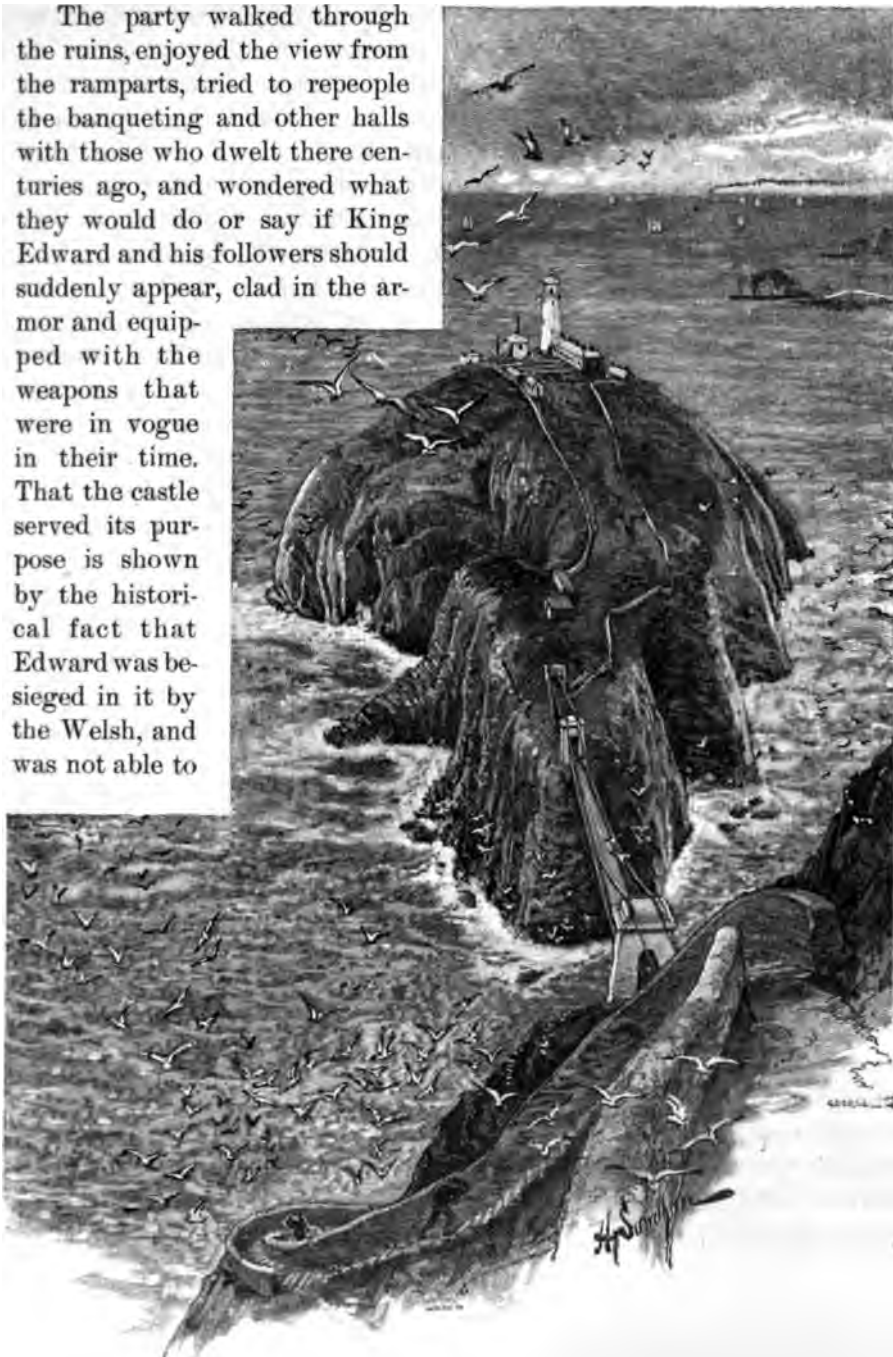
For a considerable distance the train skirted the bank of the Dee, which looks like a noble river when the tide is in, and like a very insignificant creek when it is out. The river is not of much use for purposes of navigation, and it is difficult to believe that it was once of more importance than the Mersey. In one of the old taverns of Chester there is a painting that represents King Edgar of England in a large boat on the river Dee; tradition gives the painting an antiquity of six or eight centuries, and when it was made the stream was better adapted to boating purposes than at present.

Fred kept a map in his hand, and pointed out the towns and villages as the train sped onward. On the right was the estuary of the Dee, which soon united with the Mersey, and was lost in its junction with the sea; and on the left rose the rugged land, becoming more and more mountainous as the line approached the Snowdon range, whose northern spur is represented by the sharp cliffs of Penmaen-Mawr. The railway does not try to pass around this mountain, but pierces it with a tunnel; before the days of the railway it was the scene of many an accident, as the road was occasionally overwhelmed by landslides, owing to the crumbling character of the rock. Tradition says that a whole coach-load of travellers was once swept down the precipice into the sea, and not one escaped.

Fred called attention to the fact that nearly all the towns along this part of the coast were watering-places of more or less repute; the most important of them are Rhyl and Llandudno, the latter being the most fashionable. As the party had already had an experience of British watering-places at Scarborough and Whitby, they decided not to stop at these Welsh establishments. The popularity of Llandudno may be judged when it is known that it has a fixed population of five thousand, and a summer one of four times that number. The five thousand subsist throughout the year upon the profits of caring for the visitors during the summer.

Doctor Bronson decided to make their first stop at Conway, forty-five miles from Chester. Conway contains one of the three castles that were erected by Edward I. (about 1284) to keep the Welsh people in a proper state of obedience after their subjugation; and any one looking at the one at Conway will see that it was a very substantial work. The walls are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and strengthened by eight circular and very massive towers. Another of the castles is at Carnarvon, and the third is at Beaumaris; but this one of Conway is the strongest and most picturesque of the trio.

The party walked through the ruins, enjoyed the view from the ramparts, tried to repeople the banqueting and other halls with those who dwelt there centuries ago, and wondered what they would do or say if King Edward and his followers should suddenly appear, clad in the armor and equipped with the weapons that were in vogue in their time. That the castle served its purpose is shown by the historical fact that Edward was besieged in it by the Welsh, and was not able to



SOUTH STACK LIGHT, NEAR HOLYHEAD.

make successful resistance until the subsidence of the flood of the Conway River made it possible for reinforcements to reach him.

From Conway they continued through the tunnel of Penmaen-Mawr, already mentioned, and past the cathedral town of Bangor (which is here pronounced Bang-or) to the famous Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait. At the time it was built, between 1846 and 1850, it was considered one of the wonders of the world, and the greatest triumph of the genius of Stephenson. Here is what Frank said about it :

“If there were no Victoria Bridge at Montreal, no Brooklyn Bridge at New York, no Forth Bridge, and no Tay Bridge, this tubular way over the Menai Strait would rank as the foremost of its kind in existence. When it was planned by Stephenson many skilled engineers shook their heads and said it could never be built. But it was built, and here it has stood for forty years, and is likely to stand for many years to come. It is 114 feet above the water that flows below it, and consists of eight tubes of iron resting on towers; the entire bridge is 1840 feet long, the central spans being 460 feet and the side spans 230 feet each. They told us that the weight of iron in the bridge was about eleven thousand tons, and the chief difficulty of its construction was in floating the central spans into position between the piers, and then hoisting them to where they rest. A ride through the bridge is very much like a ride through a tunnel, the chief difference being in the reverberations produced by the movement of the train.”

Two or three hours were spent around the Menai Strait, and then the party returned to Chester by an evening train. It was not considered worth the time and trouble to go on to Holyhead, that town being considered of little importance except as a place to get away from. It is rare indeed that any traveller remains in Holyhead longer than is required for the transfer from boat to train, or from train to boat; the town has no occasion for existing, except that it is the nearest port to Ireland, and has been talked of as the terminus of a line of transatlantic steamers. The Government has made great expenditures for harbor purposes; it has built a long breakwater running into the sea; there are several substantial docks of stone, and long sheds for the reception of freight, and the harbor is so well indicated by light-houses that ships may safely enter in the darkest night, provided there is no fog to obscure the vision.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CHESTER TO SHREWSBURY; SIGHTS OF THE LATTER PLACE.—JUDGE JEFFREYS AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—HEREFORD; ITS FINE CATTLE AND SHEEP—VALLEY OF THE WYE.—WALES AND ITS PEOPLE.—WRESTLING WITH THE WELSH LANGUAGE.—INCIDENTS OF THE BORDER WARS.—ROSS.—THE MAN OF ROSS.—BOATING ON THE WYE.—MONMOUTH CASTLE.—CRADLE OF HENRY V.—TINTERN ABBEY.—CHEPSTOW CASTLE.—THE REGICIDE MARTEN.—HOW THE MONKS OUTWITTED THE DEVIL.—THE SIEGE OF CHEPSTOW.—NEWPORT AND CARDIFF.

"I'M glad we've seen something of Wales," said Mrs. Bassett as they were returning to Chester, "though we haven't seen much. It's a great deal better than nothing at all."

"But we haven't quite done with Wales yet," the Doctor answered. "I have planned to show you more of the country."

"What is that?"

"To-morrow we will go southward along the Welsh border," said Doctor Bronson. "We will spend a few hours at Shrewsbury, the county-town of Shropshire, which is famous for 'Shrewsbury cakes,'

and also for its manufactures of linen thread and iron-ware, and then we'll go on towards Cardiff. We shall be on the border of Wales for much of the way, and the latter part of our journey will be along the banks of the Wye, and perhaps on the Usk, both of them charming rivers, and abounding in attractive scenery."

Mrs. Bassett expressed her entire satisfaction with the Doctor's plan,



ANCIENT AND MODERN.

and Mary echoed her opinion. Frank and Fred constituted themselves the special couriers for the travelling party; they secured the tickets,

softened the palm of the guard with silver ointment, and in other ways showed that they understood how to make the most of their opportunities in travelling.

The run to Shrewsbury was made in about two hours, and on alighting from the train the travellers found themselves in a quaint-looking town which reminded them of Chester. It is picturesquely situated on a hill enclosed in the windings of the Severn, and the streets wander about in charming irregularity. It was formerly surrounded by walls, but they have been so thoroughly demolished, to make room for improvements, that few traces of them can now be seen.

"There's a great deal of up and down to Shrewsbury," said Fred; "and we were constantly reminded of the words of Nathaniel Hawthorne concerning it. I can't describe the place better than by quoting what he says:

"The streets ascend and curve about and intersect each other with the customary irregularity of these old English towns, so that it is quite impossible to go directly to any given point, or for a stranger to find his way to any place which he wishes to reach, though, by what seems a singular good-fortune, the sought-for place is always offering itself when least expected. On this account I never knew such pleasant walking as in old streets like those



THE VALLEY OF THE WYKE.

of this very old town of Shrewsbury.'



A CASTLE ON THE BORDER.

“ We had time,” continued Fred, “ to see the Castle, the outside of it only, and also the Church of St. Mary and the Abbey Church, and had it not been that we were fresh from Chester we should have taken a long ramble among the old houses, that date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and are carefully preserved. We had an outside view of the famous Grammar School of Shrewsbury, which was founded by Edward VI., and is said to be one of the best in England. Many men whose names are famous were educated here, among them Judge Jeffreys and Sir Philip Sidney.

“ Perhaps I should say infamous rather than famous in speaking of Judge Jeffreys, as he was one of the worst men that ever wore the robes of a judge, unless he is greatly belied by history. He made use of the lowest and coarsest language in addressing juries, advocates, and prisoners, and delighted in torturing, burning, beheading, and hanging men, women, and children, after trials that were hardly a pretence of justice.

“ Compare this man with Sir Philip Sidney, of whom it is related that when he was mortally wounded in battle he called for some drink, but when it was brought he ordered it given to a wounded soldier lying

near him, and said, 'His necessity is greater than mine.' He had the esteem and friendship of William Prince of Orange, and was considered one of the ablest men of his period.

"If time had permitted we would have gone to Battle-field Church, three or four miles north of the town, where Henry IV. defeated Hotspur, and where Sir John Falstaff claimed to have fought 'a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.' But we had decided to go on fifty miles, to Hereford, where we were to spend the night. Therefore, we confined our inspection of Shrewsbury to what lay inside its limits."

It was late in the evening when the travellers reached Hereford and sought the shelter of the Green Dragon Hotel. In the morning Frank and Fred went out for an early stroll, returning at the hour agreed upon for breakfast, when they found the rest of the party waiting for them in the little parlor of the hotel.

In answer to Doctor Bronson's query as to the result of their promenade, Fred replied that they had seen some of the cattle and sheep for which the place is famous. Herefordshire is considered one of the finest cattle and sheep raising counties of England. The trade in these animals centres at Hereford, and a market-day there is always interesting to stock-farmers and to all those who like to look upon fine flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

"David Garrick was born here," said Frank, "and the town is said to be very old. There was a castle here once which was very strong, and has gone the way of a good many other castles all over the country. But though the castle is gone the Cathedral isn't, and after breakfast we'll see it."

They saw the Cathedral, which was begun in the eleventh century and finished in the sixteenth, not to mention some "restorations" since that time, so that it gives a kaleidoscopic view of different styles of architecture. Our friends became stockholders in the structure to the extent of paying a sixpence each towards the repairing fund; and after their visit was ended they hired a carriage and drove through the principal streets and over the bridges that cross the river Wye. The town stands on the left bank of the river, and during the troubles between England and Wales it was the scene of many a contest in which blood was shed. This was why Hereford contained a strong castle and was protected by walls, and if history tells the truth they were very much needed in those times.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were charmed with the valley of the Wye, and said it was the most interesting feature of Hereford—better, even,

than the fat cattle and sheep. For a part of its course the Wye is the boundary between England and Wales; the towns on its banks may be considered as border towns, whether belonging to the one country or the other. In ancient times the border was well fortified, and for centuries there was almost constant warfare going on there. Modern times have brought more peaceful customs, and the Welshman and Englishman may now meet on the most amiable terms, and without a desire to rush at each other's throats.

Allusions to the wars of the border led to a conversation about Wales and the Welsh people, in which several interesting questions were asked and duly answered.

"According to history," said Doctor Bronson, "when the Romans invaded Britain, about the year 43 of the Christian era, Wales was inhabited by three tribes of people of Celtic origin. They were not on friendly terms with the Britons, but made common cause with them against the Romans. The Romans overran the country several times, but did not conquer it, and a great many Britons fled to Wales to escape the Roman rule.

"When the Romans went away, in the fifth and sixth centuries, and the Saxons came, the war upon the Welsh, or Kymry, as they were then called, was continued, and it lasted until the Normans came with William the Conqueror. The Saxons had a line of forts all along the border; they were usually nothing but stockades surrounded by trenches, and were very good for purposes of defence before the invention of gunpowder. The Normans were opposed by the Welsh, just as the Saxons had been; and to make themselves secure they built the castles whose ruins are now so plentiful all through this region. Many of the Norman castles were built on the places where the Saxon stockades had stood, and these, again, occupied the positions of the Roman works."



WELSH PEASANTS.

"I have read somewhere," said Frank, "that the Normans used to make expeditions into Wales and treat the people with great cruelty. They beheaded their prisoners, sometimes burned them at the stake, cut their bodies into small pieces, or tore away their flesh with iron pincers. They burned the towns and villages of the Welsh, drove away their cattle, and devastated the country wherever they went."

"Yes," said Fred, "and the Welsh retaliated by doing pretty much the same whenever they made an invasion of the Norman territory. The Welsh had usually the best of the warfare so far as plunder was concerned, as the English were more advanced in arts and manufactures, and had many things that were worth stealing and carrying away, while the portable property of the Welsh was principally in cattle."

"And the Welsh had another advantage," replied Frank, "because their country was mountainous, and they could hide away among the hills, where it was difficult for the Normans to find them. Then they used to flee to the middle of swamps, where the Norman horsemen couldn't go except by dismounting, and a man in armor was not able to get along very fast on foot. The Welsh were safe from attack in the swamps, and in this way the Norman invaders often found it impossible to make a single prisoner."

"Did they have any Prince of Wales at that time?" Mrs. Bassett asked, addressing her query to Doctor Bronson.

"The first to bear that title," said the Doctor, "was the son of Edward I. The King decreed the union of England and Wales, and named his heir, the future Edward II., Prince of Wales. Ever since that time the title has been borne by the eldest son of the sovereign of England."

"Did that satisfy the Welsh people?"

"Not at all. They rebelled several times, but without success. Their last rebellion was in the year 1400, and the war lasted for fifteen years. After that time the laws of the two countries were gradually assimilated, but it was not until the reign of William IV., the predecessor of Queen Victoria, that the last traces of political distinction were removed and the countries were assimilated."

"I've been trying to make out some of the Welsh names," said Mary, "but can't do anything with them. What can you do with Llanrhysted, Llanuwchllyn?" and she spelled out the words very slowly. "I don't wonder the Saxons and Normans made war upon the Welsh people, if for no other reason than to take away their language and throw it into the sea."

"The language isn't as bad as it appears," replied Doctor Bronson.

“Most of the consonants are the same as in English, but f is pronounced like v, and v like f, and c and g are always hard. Dd is pronounced like th in thus, th like th in think, and ll is something like thl; it is the most difficult sound in all the language for a foreigner to experiment with, as you will find on trial.”

“How about the vowel sounds?” queried Mary.

“The vowels a, e, and i are pronounced as in French (ah, eh, ee), o as in English, and u as oo; w is pronounced like oo in English, and y has the sound of i in the last syllable of a word, and that of u (as in but) in other places. You will not be in Wales long enough to make it worth your while to remember these things. English is spoken everywhere except in some of the inland districts and among the lower classes of the people; and you can travel from one end of the country to the other, and all around the coast, with very little occasion to use anything but the familiar tongue of England.”

“I don’t see any j or k in this,” said Fred, as he held up a slip cut from a Welsh newspaper. “Evidently they don’t use those letters.”

“They do not,” replied the Doctor, “nor do they use q, x, and z. Each letter is pronounced separately, there being no diphthongs and no silent letters. In this respect the Welsh language resembles the Russian.

“But we must drop this dissertation about language and history to consider practical things,” said the Doctor, as he regarded his watch.

“There are two ways of going from here to Cardiff,” he continued, “and before we go to the railway station we must make a choice of the routes. One is through Abergavenny and Pontypool, among the hills of Wales, and the other is along the valley of the Wye to Chepstow, and then near the coast through Newport to Cardiff. The Wye route is the longer, and shows us many of the old castles and abbeys; as for scenery I presume there isn’t much difference, and either route will be attractive.”

“By all means let us go through Chepstow,” said Mrs. Bassett. “I



A SOLID CITIZEN.

care more for the castles and abbeys than I do for hills and valleys. You can find hills and valleys in any country, with the exception of Holland and some other flat regions, but castles and abbeys are not to be found everywhere."

The Chepstow route was chosen, and all the members of the party applauded the suggestion of Mrs. Bassett when they discovered how many historic places were to be found in the valley of the Wye.

While they were discussing the matter the driver of the carriage interposed a suggestion, as follows:

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir, yer might go by the river if yer likes."

"How is that?"

"Many of 'em does, sir. They goes to Ross, eight miles from Hereford, by rail, and then they hires boats to Chepstow. It's thirty miles by the road and forty by the river from Ross to Chepstow, and you stop where you likes to see things that interests you."

Doctor Bronson thanked the driver for the suggestion, and told him to go directly to the station. They were just in time for a train to Ross, for which place their tickets were taken, while the baggage, with the exception of satchels, shawls, and water-proofs, and other trifles, was sent to the hotel at Chepstow, preceded by an explanatory telegram. A telegram was sent to a boatman at Ross, a friend of the Hereford driver, so that no time would be lost in starting down the river. It was intended and hoped that the excursion could be completed by sunset, or certainly before twilight had altogether faded from the sky.

The scheme was successfully carried out, with the exception of the last five or six miles of the route, where a carriage was taken from Tintern Abbey to Chepstow, to avoid the circuitous way by river. Just as the twilight was deepening into darkness they drove up to the door of the Beaufort Arms in Chepstow, having passed a delightful day. The weather was kind to them, as the clouds did not once send



VILLAGE BELLE.

down their accustomed moisture, and render water-proofs and umbrellas necessary to save them from a wetting.

There was a large boat, with two boatmen, waiting for them on their arrival at Ross, and they started without delay. Fred intimated that he would like to spend a few minutes in the old church to look at the tomb of John Kyrle, who endowed a church and a hospital on an income of five hundred pounds a year, and was made famous by Pope's poem about "The Man of Ross." But the youth concluded that the tomb would stay there until he happened again at the place, and with more time at his disposal.

"The Wye is a very pretty river," wrote Mary, "and I'm ever and ever so glad we had a chance to come down in a boat. We were hardly out of Ross before one of the boatmen pointed out Wilton Castle, and three or four miles farther on we passed Goodrich Castle. You recollect Wordsworth's poem, 'We are Seven,' don't you? Well, Goodrich Castle was where he met the little heroine of that poem, and so it was interesting to look at, even if it were not what it is, a very picturesque ruin.



HENRY V.'S CRADLE.

"At what they called the Coldwell Rocks the boatmen said there was a bend in the river that was nearly three miles around, and less than half a mile across the neck. We thought it would be nice to walk across the neck while the boat went around, and we did so; Frank and Fred went to the top of a hill called Symond's Yat, where they had a view of hills, meadows, forests, and rocks that made them think of some of the places they had seen on the Rhine. The rest of us kept on by the foot of the hill, and called at a cottage where everything was as neat and clean as soap and brooms could make it.

"At Monmouth we stopped long enough to look at the ruins of the Castle; they are not of much account, and principally interesting because King Henry V., the hero of the battle of Agincourt, was born

here. They showed us the room where he was born, and also the cradle in which he was rocked when he was a baby. And what do you think this royal cradle is?

“It isn’t on rockers, like the cradles we are accustomed to, but is suspended in a frame very much as a ship’s compass is. It is wider at the end where the child’s head rested than it is at the foot. In the bottom there are holes where cords were passed through to support the mattress, and they told us that the mattress on which the royal infant slept was made of rushes. We asked how the cradle came to be preserved, and were told that it belonged to a descendant of the person who occupied the position of nurse and rocker to the royal family at the time Henry V. was born.



ANCIENT STOUP AT MONMOUTH.

“There is a stoup, or mortar, which is said to have served as the baptismal font for the young king; it was dug up near the Castle, and the only ground for supposing it was the baptismal font is the presence on its sides of some shields with crosses on them. Some of the wise men say it was much more likely to have been a common utensil for the kitchen for pounding salt, mustard, and other things that it was desired to reduce to powder. Perhaps it served for both purposes; at any rate, we’ll believe so, and make everybody happy.

“A local guide wanted us to go to Raglan Castle, about seven miles away, but we hadn’t time for the excursion, and declined his services. He said it was a very fine old castle, which we did not dispute, and he also said that it was the scene of a great battle more than two hundred years ago. That didn’t interest us particularly, not half as much as did the statement that the Marquis of Worcester, who invented the first steam-engine for pumping water, lived at the Castle, and it was there that he invented the engine and set it at work in the mines close by.

“We went on down the river as fast as we could to Tintern Abbey, as it was getting late and time was important; and before we get to it, let me tell you something of its history.

“Tintern Abbey was founded by the Cistercian monks, and they

lived here four hundred years—not the same monks that founded it, but those who succeeded them from time to time—so the guide explained in answer to our apparently innocent question. When they first came here they lived in poverty, but as time went on they grew rich and had the best table that money could supply, and they entertained their guests as though they were kings or princes. In fact, kings used to come here as their guests, and it was through the influence of the kings that they became so rich. The Reformation drove them out, but when it came there were only thirteen monks living in the old abbey. Thirteen at table: unlucky number.

“Each of us paid a sixpence for the privilege of seeing the abbey, besides a fee to the guide who showed us through it. I liked it quite as well as I did Melrose Abbey; some parts of it are better preserved than the same parts at Melrose, and altogether it is a very picturesque ruin. It is owned by the Duke of Beaufort, who is very rich, and has a great deal of property in this neighborhood, and he can easily afford to keep the abbey in the fine condition in which we found it. The man in charge of it lives in a corner of the building, and as he is entitled to a sixpence from every visitor, he has nothing to complain of, and he doesn't complain either.

“The guide told us several stories about the way the monks lived and what they did, and if half he said was true they certainly had an easy time of it. Then he gave us some legends of the country, which were funny, and altogether we found him very entertaining. Here is one of his legends:

“‘Between here and Chepstow,’ said he, ‘there's a high rock looking out over the river, and they call it the Wynd Cliff. Before yer get ter the Wynd Cliff there's another rock they call the Devil's Pulpit, and now I'll tell how it got its name.

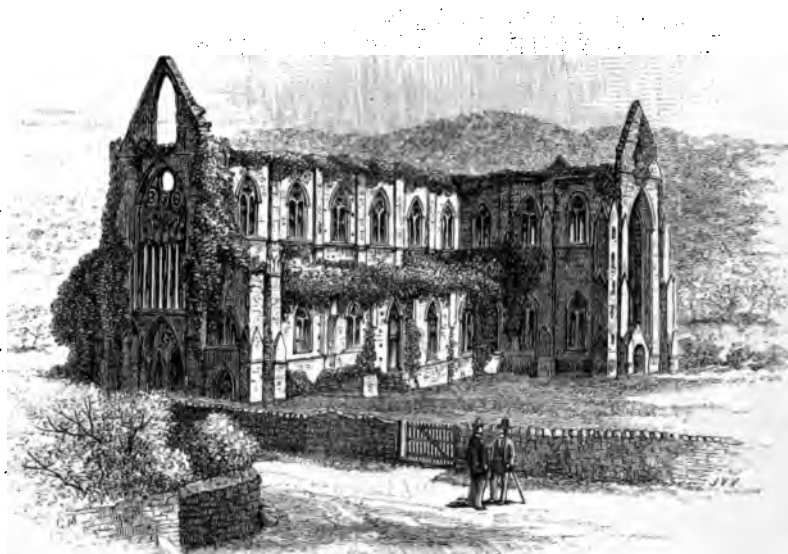
“‘The devil used to come there for to preach to the monks, and they used to go down to hear him, because they thought they ought to know all the wickedness there was in the world, so's they'd know what to do to stop it. They treated him so civilly he was deceived by 'em, and thought he was convertin' of 'em; so one day he says he'd like to



CISTERCIAN MONK.

go and preach 'em a sermon in the abbey, and they said, "Come along." So he goes to the abbey and gets up in the roodloft—that's the place I'm pointin' to now—but just as he gets up to preach, what does he find but a shower of holy water coming down on him.

"'He couldn't stand that a minnit, yer know, and out he went howlin'. He never stopped till he'd jumped clean over the river into England, and he never come back to bother them pious monks again.'



TINTERN ABBEY.

"If we had visited half, or a quarter, of the historic places in this vicinity," said Frank in his journal, "we should have been here for several days. A gentleman who has given some attention to the subject says that in the county of Monmouthshire, which has an area of about fifty-seven square miles, there are twenty-five ruined castles, besides many priories and abbeys; and in one area of two thousand two hundred acres there were formerly six castles, and the ruins of five of them may be seen to-day. There is no part of the British Islands where so many ruins can be found in the same space.

"It was dusk, and more too, when we got to Chepstow, and there was no time to see the ruins of Chepstow Castle. But we saw them the next morning, and had a pleasant ramble among the trees that grow in the court-yard, and in the shadow of the ivy-clad walls. The

castle was not the only defence of Chepstow, as we can see portions of walls that once served to keep out the enemy, or at any rate hold him in check. There is nobody to disturb them now, and when we hear the story of the constant fighting along the border we cannot fail to rejoice that it was not our fortune to live in those stormy times. The Age of Peace suits us a great deal better than the Age of War.

“Of course there is an abundance of legends about Chepstow; and, setting the legends aside, there is an abundance of history too. Cromwell besieged this castle, which had a small garrison of royalist troops, and when he was called away to attend to matters elsewhere he left one of his generals behind him with orders to starve the garrison into surrender. The garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation, but determined not to surrender. They had a boat in a chamber un-



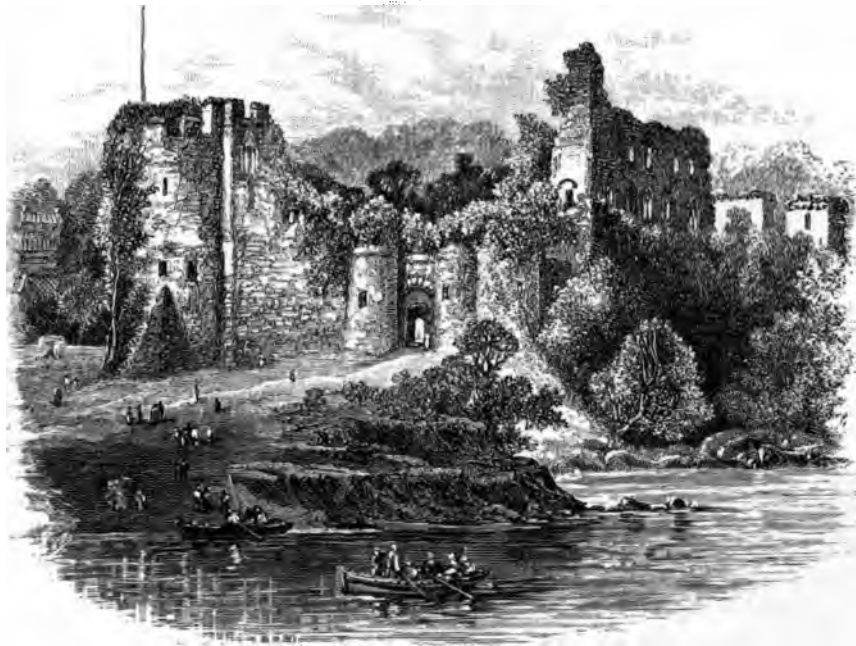
WEST WINDOW, TINTERN ABBEY.

der the castle, and intended to escape in it; but, on the very night they had chosen for their escape, one of Cromwell's soldiers swam the river, cut the rope which held the boat, and took it away.

“There is the chamber, which we visited, down under the castle, on a level with the river, and the iron ring which held the boat is there yet. But this isn't the only historical incident connected with that room; there's something more tragic.

“Still the garrison would not surrender after all chance of escape

was gone, and so the Roundheads assaulted it, broke down the gates, and killed the forty defenders, who fought to the last. In this very room where we are standing, the knight Sir Nicholas Kemeys, who had command of the castle, was slain, along with many of his companions. They must have inflicted severe losses on their assailants before they died, as the door-way is narrow and at the foot of a dark stair-way.



CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

“You have read of the Regicides, the men who condemned Charles I. to death. There were 150 commissioners appointed to this work; 70 of them acted, and 59 signed the death-warrant under which the King was executed.

After the Restoration some of them fled from the country; 29 were tried, and of this number 10 were executed. Others were imprisoned, and that is what I'm coming to when I ask you to look at Marten's Tower in the castle of Chepstow.

“Marten was one of the Regicides condemned to imprisonment, and he lived here for twenty years previous to his death. He was one of the signers of the death-warrant, and was ordered to execution, but his

life was saved, owing to his having surrendered on the proclamation of Charles II. that all who gave themselves up might rely upon mercy. He said that this was the only proclamation he had ever obeyed, and he thought it hard that he should be hanged for having accepted the word of the King.

“The popular idea is that Marten was kept a close prisoner, and not allowed to go outside of his narrow cell. But it is pretty certain that such was not the case; according to good authority, he was accompanied in his captivity by his wife and daughters, and was at liberty to wander around the whole castle, and even to go into the town on the condition that he should return to his prison before dark. At his death



THE SLAUGHTER-CHAMBER.

he was buried in the old church in Chepstow, and the spot where he rests was pointed out to us.

“The story goes that he was originally buried in the chancel of the church, but after his time a vicar whose name was Chest caused the coffin of Marten to be placed under a stone in the aisle, where it now is. The son-in-law of the vicar wrote an epitaph for this pious Churchman which does not evince any great respect for the exalted personage. Here it is:

“Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another.
The chest of wood was very good—
Who says so of the other?”

“From Marten’s Tower there is a door that enabled us to go out upon the castle wall, from which we had a fine view of the valley of the Wye down to the point where that stream joins the Severn. The point



MARTEN'S TOWER.

of junction is not far from the sea, and the course of the silvery river was easy to trace through its dark banks. The tides are high on this part of the coast, considerably higher than at Liverpool, and sometimes showing a difference of fifty feet between the extremes of high and low water during the spring tides.”

It is about thirty miles from Chepstow to Cardiff by the railway, which follows the general direction of the coast. After a leisurely view of Chepstow and its immediate surroundings our friends continued their journey, passing through the busy town of Newport, which is the centre of a considerable industry in iron and coal, and had such an air of smoke and grime that the travellers felt no inclination to stop there.

“‘Caer’ means castle, and ‘diff’ may be taken for ‘Taff;’” said Frank. “Cardiff is probably the site of a castle on the river Taff.”

“Taffy!” exclaimed Mary.

“No taffy at all,” replied Frank. “Wait till we get to Cardiff and I’ll prove that we are on the banks of the Taff, and there’s a castle in the limits of the city.”

“Well, we’ll see,” Mary answered, and as she spoke the train rolled into the station and they alighted from it. There was the usual confusion of an English railway station, and several minutes were consumed in obtaining the luggage and finding an omnibus to take the party to the hotel.

22



VIEW FROM CHEPSTOW CASTLE WALLS.

CHAPTER XXI.

CARDIFF CASTLE; ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION.—THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.—DOCKS AT CARDIFF; RAPID GROWTH OF THE CITY; BUSINESS IN COAL AND IRON; ALONG THE STREETS.—ROMANCE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.—CURT-HOSE TOWER.—COURT JESTERS; SOME ACCOUNT OF THEM.—LLANDAFF; THE SMALLEST CITY IN THE KINGDOM.—LLANDAFF CHURCH.—ST. TEILO'S MIRACLE.—VALLEY OF THE TAFF.—CASTELL COCH.—CAERPHILLY CASTLE.—THE GREEN LADY'S GHOST.—MERTHYR-TYDVIL; WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAW THERE.—AMONG THE WELSH PEOPLE.—A PEEP AT THE COTTAGES.—FASHIONS IN WALES.

"THERE is the castle," said Frank, as he pointed in the direction of a tower that was evidently attached to something more than an ordinary edifice.

Mary acknowledged that the tower must belong to a "sure enough" castle, and therefore Frank's expectation had been justified.

A castle is in Cardiff, and right in the heart of the city, as if it intends to remain there. "It was built originally in the eleventh century," said Frank to Mary, when the latter asked about it, "but has been completely restored in modern times, and almost entirely rebuilt."

"Somebody lives in it, I suppose," Mary remarked.

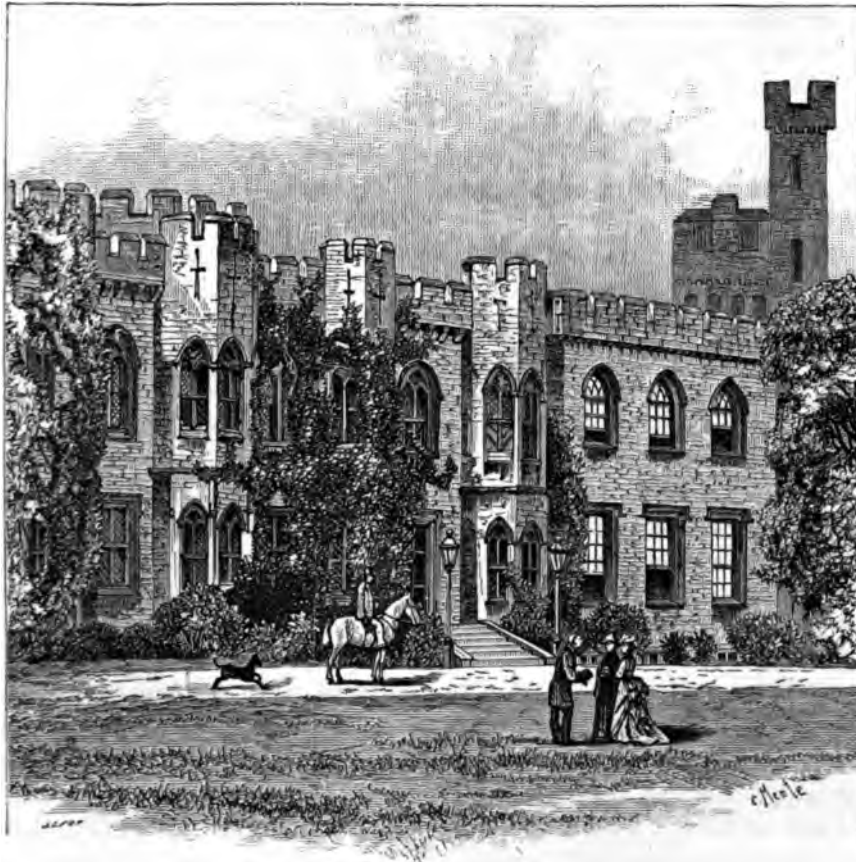
"Yes," replied Frank; "it is the home of the Marquis of Bute, who owns it, and a great deal of the country around here.



A WELSH STILK.

He has several other places to live in in different parts of Great Britain, and only occupies the castle at Cardiff once in a while. He is rich enough to be in no danger of spending his last days in a poor-house; in fact, he is one of the wealthiest men in the land."

"The docks of Cardiff were built by him and his father before



CARDIFF CASTLE, HOME OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

him," said Doctor Bronson, "and the city owes much of its prosperity to the Bute family. Henry the Seventh gave the castle to William Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, on Bosworth battle-field; a descendant of the Earl of Pembroke married a Bute, from whom the present marquis is descended. The estate is a very valuable one, and the income of the owner is counted in millions."

"The family could well afford to build the docks of Cardiff," said Fred, "as the docks were sure to increase the value of the property."

"That's quite true," responded the Doctor; "but the world is full of men who would have preferred to keep their money where it was without taking any sort of risk. The father of the present marquis was very enterprising, and I am told that he was always ready to give careful consideration to any plan for advancing the interests of Cardiff or the country around it.

"There is no doubt," he continued, "that the cost of the docks has been many times repaid by the revenue derived from them and the property they have made valuable. When you have leisure," said he, turning to Fred, "look up the history of Cardiff, and give me some of the figures concerning it."

Frank readily promised to do so, and before the day was over he had duly stored his mind with the desired knowledge, of which the following may be taken as a summary:

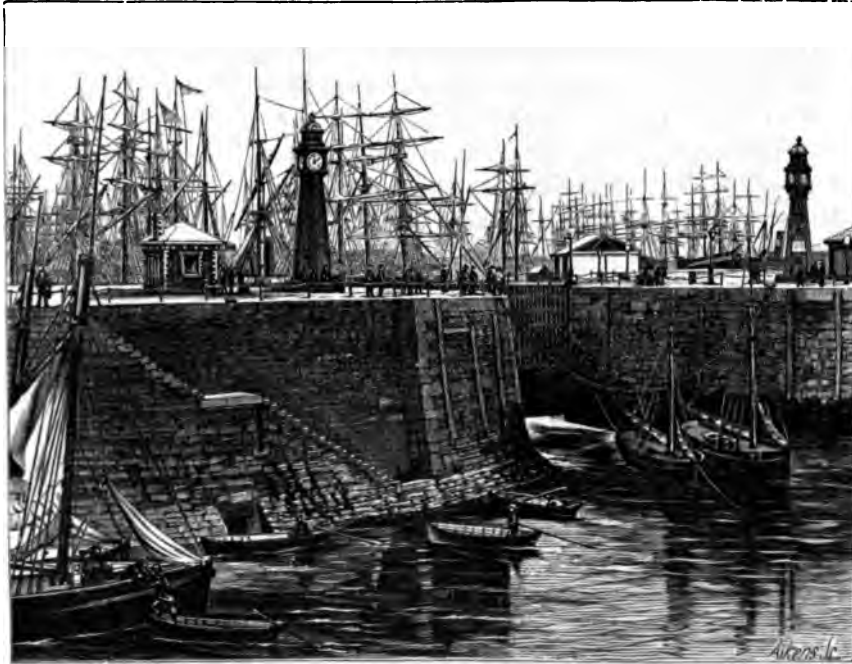
"At the beginning of this century Cardiff had a population of not more than one thousand, and the business of the town, with the iron and coal districts, twenty or thirty miles away, was conducted in the most primitive way. A hundred years ago iron and coal were brought in bags on the backs of donkeys, or over wretched roads where it was not easy for a wagon to pass. Then a canal was made which greatly increased the business between the port and the iron district; this canal is still used though it has to compete with three lines of railway, and the navigation upon it is very slow, owing to the great number of locks along its route.

"The harbor was not a good one, and the great rise and fall of the tides were a serious hinderance to commerce. The success of the docks of Liverpool and London stimulated the construction of docks at Cardiff, which the former Marquis of Bute undertook at his own expense and risk in 1834. New docks have been added from time to time, but there are not enough of them for the business of the place, and more are being built at Barry, a few miles away.

"We strolled among the docks," said Frank, "and could easily have imagined ourselves again in Liverpool. There are the same broad walks of heavy stone around the docks, and the enclosed basins are filled with ships and steamers loading or discharging cargo. The docks are not all on the same level; they are built so as to take advantage of the shape of the ground, and the locks that connect them are very large. Railway tracks are laid so that ships may be loaded from the trains that

roll down from the hills, where they are charged with their burdens of coal and iron, and the work of discharging and loading is carried on with great rapidity.

“Forty or fifty thousand tons of coal can be loaded in a day at Cardiff, so they told us, and from the way it was going on board the vessels that were waiting for their cargoes I see no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. The places where the coal is loaded into the ships are called ‘staiths,’ a word that I do not remember to have heard before.



ENTRANCE TO BUTTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.

“You may think that such an important port for handling coal and iron is very sooty and smoky, but it is not. The mines and smelting works are among the hills back from the shore, many of them at Merthyr-Tydvil, or Merthyr, as it is commonly called. I’ll say more about Merthyr later on. Cardiff is the shipping port for the product of the mines, and if it were not for the coal and iron they send to market there would be no use for the splendid docks we’ve just looked at. Cardiff has so little smoke and soot that the buildings preserve their color very well, and do not get dingy for a long time.

“ We walked and we rode along the principal streets of Cardiff, and what is not the commonest thing in this part of the world, we rode on a street-car. The city was one of the first in the country to adopt the American vehicle, and Fred thinks it took kindly to the street-car on account of the first syllable of its name. We could see, as we went about the place, that it has grown rapidly, but were hardly prepared to hear that the population had increased from one thousand in 1800 to one hundred thousand at the present time, and that it doubled between 1870 and 1880. It exports five million tons of coal every year, and the number of vessels taking clearances from the port in a twelve-month is more than thirteen thousand.

“ We were directed to St. Mary Street as the principal one, but before we realized that there had been any change we found ourselves on High Street. It is a bewildering arrangement to have one street run into another, and the authorities ought to put a mark of some sort so as to make a geographical boundary. This isn't the only place where we've had the same perplexity, and probably the people would say that if we don't like it we can go back to America and stay there. That's about what we would say to a foreigner who came to our country and found fault with it; we might be restrained by politeness and say nothing, but that's what we would think, at any rate.

“ In one thing we were disappointed; we expected to hear everybody around us speaking Welsh, and making it impossible for us to understand. Along High Street and St. Mary's we didn't hear a word of the native language, and it was only when we got among the sailors and coal-handlers that it came to our ears. The proprietor of the hotel said it would not be an easy matter to find anybody in Cardiff who couldn't understand English at all, though there were many whose knowledge of it was very limited. The people preserve their ancient language; they print newspapers and books in Welsh, clergyman use it in the pulpit, songs and anthems are composed in it, and a great many cultivated people take pride in displaying a knowledge of the Welsh language and literature.

“ An American who has lived here says you are much more likely to meet a German in New York who has no knowledge of English whatever, than to find a Welshman who knows no tongue but his own. He says the language is much easier to sing than English, and is only second to Italian in musical qualities. The Welsh are said to be a very musical people, and perhaps this is the reason of it.

“ Our walk has taken us in sight of the castle, which you already

know something about. The castle dates from the time of William the Conqueror, at least the cellars do, but the rest of the edifice—if a cellar can be any portion of an edifice—is much more modern. The oldest part is the Curthose Tower, sometimes called Robert's Tower, and it dates from the twelfth century, though it has been considerably 'restored' since that time; and about that tower there hangs a tale both tragic and romantic.

"According to history and tradition it was the place of imprisonment of Duke Robert of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror, a rightful heir to the throne. His brother Henry had an ambition to occupy the throne, and went to war to secure the privilege of doing so. He captured Robert in battle, and sent him here to be out of



HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.

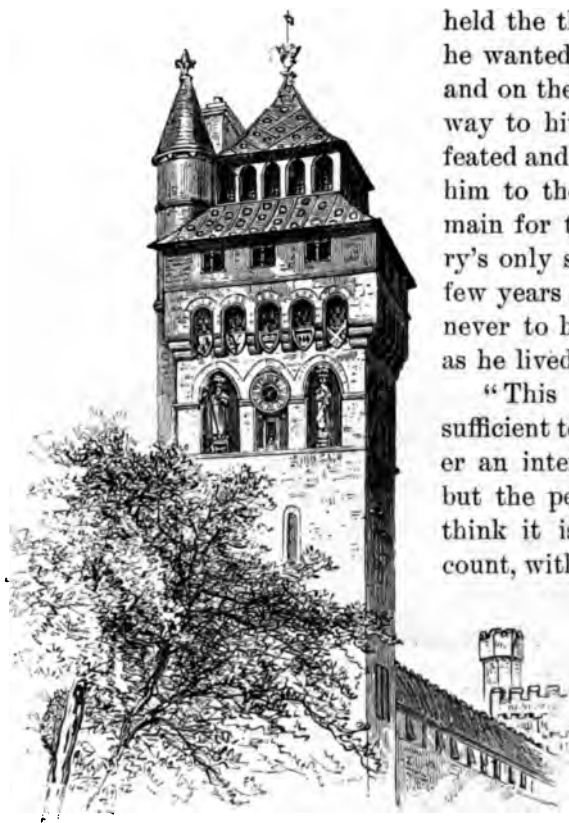
the way; and very much out of the way he was, as he was imprisoned in Curthose Tower for twenty-six years and died there. Curthose means 'short shanks,' and was a name given to the duke on account of his diminutive stature.

"Perhaps you are wondering how it happened that Henry was able to defeat his brother, when the latter was the rightful heir to the throne. Robert was not considered by his father a suitable occupant of the throne of England, and the old gentleman caused it to be given to the second son, William Rufus, leaving Normandy and other French possessions for Robert. A war followed between the partisans of Robert and William Rufus, which was brought to an end when Robert became imbued with the spirit of the Crusades, and led his army to the work of restor-

ing the Holy Land to Christian rule. While he was absent on the crusade the death of William occurred, and then the third son, Henry, sought to succeed him. It should be noted that William Rufus and Henry were hunting together in a forest when the former was killed, and Henry had the advantage of being present in England while Robert was far away.

“Robert came to England with a small army, but the question was decided without a battle, and Henry held the throne. A few years later he wanted to rule over Normandy, and on the refusal of Robert to give way to him he invaded France, defeated and captured Robert, and sent him to the Curthose Tower, to remain for the rest of his life. Henry’s only son was drowned at sea a few years later, and the King is said never to have smiled again as long as he lived.

“This story would seem to be sufficient to make the Curthose Tower an interesting object to look at, but the people of Cardiff evidently think it is not enough. They recount, with all the air of full belief, a story that the duke was imprisoned in a dungeon down beneath the tower, where no ray of light could penetrate, and that he was not allowed to see the sky or the light of day, or breathe any air fit



NEW TOWER OF CARDIFF CASTLE.

for the use of an ordinary mortal, as though he were a common peasant instead of the rightful heir to a throne. They also say that his eyes were put out by order of his cruel brother, and some go so far as to assert that the brother was present during the operation. There is still another story that the duke died of mortification on receiving the cast-off clothing of the King. Mary asked the guide if it was because the

clothes didn't fit, or had not been made by a fashionable tailor, but her question remains unanswered.

"On better authority it is stated that the imprisoned duke was the recipient of every attention that could be accorded to a distinguished captive; he was fed on the best that the land and the sea could produce, and had a train of courtiers, including the buffoons which were in those days a part of a royal or princely suite."

When the buffoons were mentioned Mary wished to know what they were. Doctor Bronson kindly informed her as follows:

"It was the custom of kings and other high personages, from very ancient times down to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to maintain jesters or fools to amuse them. The Greek and Roman emperors had them, but the custom did not obtain its full development until the Middle Ages. Then the court fool, jester, or buffoon, became a regular office, like that of chamberlain or secretary, and the robes that he should wear were carefully prescribed."

"How was he dressed?"

"He wore a tight-fitting suit of gaudy colors, a cap decorated with large ears like those of a donkey, and hung with bells. Bells were also hung from various other parts of his clothing, and at the end of his sceptre, which was a sort of burlesque of the sceptre of the King. The jester had for his duty the amusement of the King, and could come into the royal presence with more freedom than was allowed to other courtiers. He was the professional 'funny man' of his time. You must remember that there were no newspapers in those days, and the King could not resort to the funny columns as he can to-day. The jester invented conundrums, jokes, and other witty sayings, which he 'fired off' in the presence of the King. History does not record whether he first tried them on anybody else, or, as the actors say, 'on a dog,' to make sure that they were all right."



CURTHOSE TOWER.

Doctor Bronson further explained that the jester often made use of his opportunities to give the King information about things that he was not likely to hear of in any other way. He added that some of these men obtained enduring reputations for their good sense as well as their wit; and of this class he mentioned Triboulet, jester to King Francis I. of France, and his successor, Brusquet; Klaus Narr, at the court of Frederick the Wise, of Prussia; and Scogan, court fool to King Edward IV. of England. Many of the sayings of these men have come down to the present time; and there was a Scotch jester attached to the Regent Morton whose words are often quoted, perhaps for the reason that the Scotch as a people are not much given to jesting.

Court jesters went out of fashion in England in the seventeenth century, and on the Continent in the eighteenth. The custom prevailed in Russia later than in any other country; Peter the Great had so many jesters at his court that he divided them into classes. Doctor Bronson added that if Mary would carefully observe the antics of the clown the next time she visited the circus, she would have a very good idea of what the court jester was. The clown is to the circus very nearly what the jester was to the royal court in the Middle Ages and later. Some of the plays of Shakespeare include the court fool, and often in a light that is very much to his credit.

But the jesters have temporarily taken us away from Cardiff, to which we will now return.

As already stated, Cardiff is on the Taff, a small river whose valley is often called the garden of Wales. The county—Glamorganshire—which it waters, or whose superfluous water it carries to the sea, is certainly a very rich region, both in agricultural products and those of its mines. Part of the county is mountainous, but near the sea the land becomes level, and it is here that Cardiff is situated. There are pleasant drives around the city, and after completing their inspection of the municipal borough our friends extended their tour to the suburbs.

“Where do you think the smallest city in Great Britain is to be found?” queried Fred of Mary, as they entered the carriage.

“I’m sure I don’t know,” was the reply. “Certainly Cardiff is not that city with its present population.”

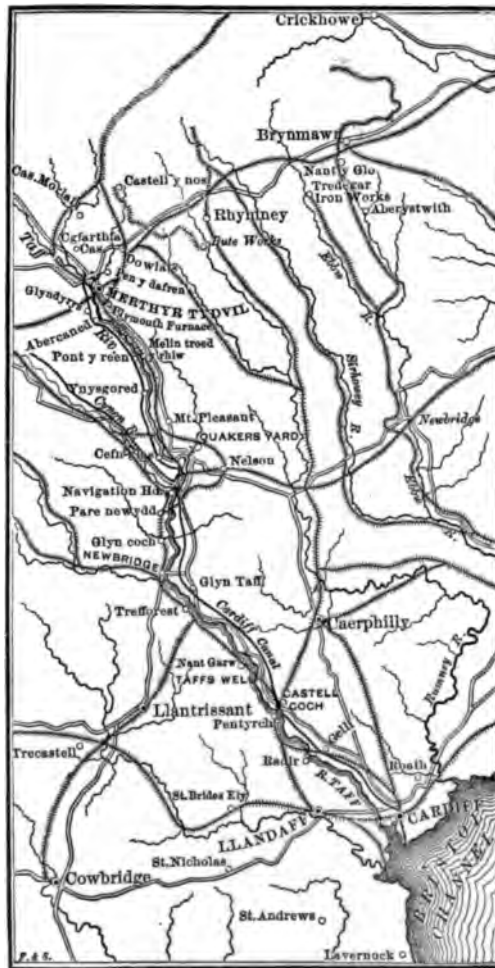
“No, it is not,” Fred answered, “but we’re going to it, and shall be there in a few minutes.”

Sure enough they were there in a few minutes, as the drive from Cardiff to Llandaff, the smallest city in the kingdom, is a very short one, and along a road or street so completely built that the stranger

hardly suspects that he is out of Cardiff. The name means "church on Taff," just as Cardiff means "castle on Taff," and the place has been a city for many hundred years. It has six, or possibly seven, hundred inhabitants, and presents the appearance of a city "gone to seed." It was a city long before the Castle of Cardiff was built, and before William the Conqueror existed. It has a cathedral which was founded long and long ago, and it was the seat of a bishopric before there was a Christian community in Cardiff.

"As we entered Llandaff," said Fred, "we passed a very ancient cross standing at the intersection of two streets, exactly how ancient nobody could tell us. Some writers claim that the first Christian church in Great Britain was built at Llandaff; but there is some dispute on this point. But there is little doubt that the first British bishopric was here, and was founded near the end of the sixth century by SS. Teilo and Dubricius. The former is said to have wrought a miracle after his death, and the story is told in this way:

"There were three churches in Wales; they were at Llandaff, Tenby, and Llandeilo, and each of them claimed the right to have the remains of the saint deposited in its care. They agreed to leave the matter to St. Teilo, and the representatives of the three churches knelt in prayer before the corpse. When they arose, what was their astonishment to



MAP OF TAFF VALLEY.

find three corpses so nearly alike that it was impossible to distinguish between them. Each church was thus able to be supplied, and the possibilities of a quarrel on the subject was entirely removed. The story also says that the people of Llandaff claimed superior importance from the fact that their church was older than either of the others, and the claim gave rise to some bitter feelings.'

"The revenues of Llandaff are now sufficient to support a bishop in fine style, and he has a residence that might well be the envy of his neighbors. The income of the bishopric is £4000, or \$20,000 a year,

which seems to be a very good compensation for looking after the welfare of a population of six or seven hundred people, of whom many are adherents of other churches.

"The cathedral is a fine building, and is on the site of the structure originally built by St. Teilo. It was rebuilt in the twelfth century, 'restored' in the eighteenth, and again 'restored' since 1840. We walked through the church and in the pretty grounds that surround it and extend to the banks of the Taff. The spot is a charming one for a church, and the good mis-



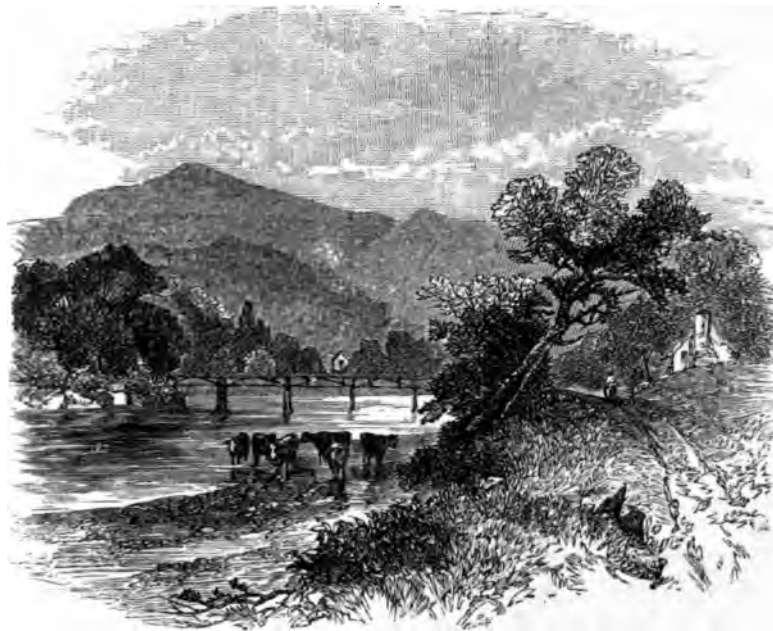
ANCIENT CROSS AT LLANDAFF.

sionaries displayed excellent judgment when they chose it for the site of the earliest Christian church in these islands."

From Cardiff our friends made an excursion among the mines and smelting works of Merthyr-Tydvil, the principal part of the sight-seeing being done by Doctor Bronson and the youths. Mrs. Bassett and Mary had no particular fondness for descending into mines, or going among furnaces and the other attributes of the iron industry, and devoted themselves and their time to an inspection of the markets, shops, and streets, and to occasional glimpses of the homes of the people.

"We had a choice of three lines of railway, also the wagon road

and canal," said Fred, "in coming from Cardiff to Merthyr-Tydvil. We chose the Taff Vale Railway, and found it a very pleasant run of about twenty-five miles. The railway follows the river, and passes two or three old castles. One of them is Castell Coch, or Red Castle, and



VALLEY OF THE TAFF.

is about five miles from Cardiff, and the tradition is that it was formerly connected with Cardiff Castle by an underground passage.

"In proof of this statement it is said that when Oliver Cromwell besieged Cardiff Castle he first took possession of Castell Coch, and learned that there was a way underground by which he could reach the interior of the fortress that he wished to conquer. A deserter offered to show the way, and did so. Cromwell took Cardiff Castle by surprise, having been guided to its interior by the deserter, whom he immediately hanged as a warning to traitors. It is much more probable that Cromwell was admitted to the gates of the castle by treachery than that he was guided through an underground way, which would have been securely blocked up by any garrison commander possessing a spoonful of brains.

"Castell Coch was very much in ruin until quite recently, and fit

only for the occupation of owls and bats, but it has been repaired by the Marquis of Bute. Farther on are the ruins of a much larger castle, that of Caerphilly, which has a leaning tower, and is historically famous for having sheltered Edward II. during a long and desperate siege. Edward escaped in the disguise of a peasant before the castle was surrendered, and hired out as a farm hand to a cultivator, who soon discharged him because he was ignorant of his duties. The ancient



LEANING TOWER OF CAERPHILLY.

covers thirty acres of ground, and the enclosed spaces afford pasturage to a good-sized herd of cows. The walls were six feet thick in most places, and more than that at the towers, and the work of building it must have given employment to a great many men. The Marquis of Bute owns it now, as he owns pretty nearly everything else in this region; he does not regard it as worth repairing, but out of respect for the antiquities of the country he will not permit its demolition. We

proverb that 'the King can do no wrong' does not seem to have been borne out in this instance, inasmuch as the farmer who employed this royal personage found that he did everything wrong, and was not worth the cost of feeding him. If you have any doubt of the correctness of this story, you can see the farm where he is said to have been employed.

"The leaning tower of Caerphilly doubtless owes its position to the action of gunpowder in an effort to blow it up, and not to any freak of its builders. That the castle was a large one you will understand when I tell you that it

did not stop to see the castle, and what we know of it comes from **our** view from the windows of the railway **train**, and **what** we were told **by residents and others**.

“One of the residents of Cardiff who told us about Caerphilly said the ruins were the haunt of ghosts and hobgoblins of various kinds; at any rate, such is the belief of the people in the surrounding region. They have one pet ghost which is known as the ‘green lady,’ and she behaves very much like the banshee we heard about at Dunluce Castle in Ireland. Like all properly conducted ghosts, she appears only at night, and never harms anybody; she wanders about the towers and walls at pleasure, and is always clad in her verdant robes; and sometimes she sings plaintive airs to which no one now living can play an accompaniment. I intimated that her favorite song should be ‘The Wearing of the Green,’ but as the lady is Welsh, while the song is Irish, it is not likely that my suggestion will be adopted. When visitors approach her too closely she has the convenient ability of turning herself into a green shadow, and disappearing among the ivy vines that cover the walls of the ruin.

“Merthyr-Tydvil has its castle, but we’re not going to trouble ourselves about it, having had enough of castles for one day. On our way up the valley our attention was called to Pont y Pridd, a bridge which has a single span of 140 feet, and appears so frail that a good breeze might easily blow it away. Frail or not, it was built in 1756 by a Welsh architect who had no training in bridge-building, and who made two unsuccessful attempts before he triumphed. Our informant said that this architect (Edwards) was the first to leave spaces in the haunches of the arch, so that the weight of stone would be diminished, but whether this be really so I am unable to declare. The bridge is very narrow, there not being sufficient space for two carriages to pass; besides, it is a pretty steep ascent to the centre, and on a warm day is quite fatiguing for horses or pedestrians.



PONT Y PRIDD.

“‘Merthyr,’ in Welsh, means the same as the English ‘martyr,’ and this half of the name has a close relation to the other half. Tydvil, or Tydfil, was the daughter of Brychan, a Christian prince of this region in the fifth century, and the father of other sons and daughters as well as Tydfil. One day while the family was at worship a band of



MERTHYR MARKET THIRTY YEARS AGO.

heathen Saxons and Picts appeared suddenly; they not only broke up the meeting, but killed the fair Tydfil and three of her brothers. Ever since then the place has been known as Merthyr-Tydvil, in memory of the martyrdom of this princess, but in every-day usage it is shortened to Merthyr. There has been a town here for many centuries, but until within the last hundred years it never amounted to much.

“Merthyr reminded us of Scranton, Mauch Chunk, and some other towns in Pennsylvania which owe their prosperity entirely to coal and iron. Were it not for these two minerals, and the business growing out of them, the fifty thousand inhabitants of Merthyr would be speedily reduced to a single thousand, and possibly to a smaller number. Eighty years ago Merthyr was only an ordinary village, while to-day it

is the largest town in Wales outside of Cardiff and Swansea, and is steadily growing.

“A gentleman told us that there was no one place in Wales where we could see more of the Welsh people than in Merthyr. ‘There are,’ said he, ‘a very large number who have come from other parts of the country to live at Merthyr; they are settled here for life, and support their families, that are growing up about them, but they nevertheless bring their home customs with them and cling to them with great pertinacity. Nearly all of them can read their own language, and in this respect they are superior to Englishmen of the same class, as the latter

cannot read at all.’ We asked how this happened, and he said it was owing to the pride of the Welsh people in their ancestry, and their determination to preserve as many as possible of their old customs. Though entirely loyal to the British Government, and having no desire for home rule, they are as strenuous for preserving the traditions, customs, songs, and poetry of Wales as are the German settlers in America for remembering their father-land.”



A MINER'S CHILD.

The mines that our friends visited were not so much unlike other mines seen in their travels as to merit a special description, and so we will not detain the reader on that subject. Frank thought the most interesting feature of Merthyr was the view at night, when the valley was lighted up by the fires of the furnaces in every direction en-

gaged in the smelting of iron, and of other furnaces converting iron into steel. The extent of these fires may be estimated when it is stated that the annual production of iron and steel at Merthyr is about two hundred thousand tons. Railway iron, bars of all sizes, girders for houses and bridges, plates for ships, beams for all sorts of work, and many other things of this metal are turned out at Merthyr and shipped from there to market. There is the hum of constant activity, and the visitor is speedily impressed with the belief that he is in a very busy place.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary said they had a very pleasant walk along the

streets of Merthyr and among the houses. Partly as guide and interpreter, and partly for escort, they prevailed upon the wife of the keeper of the hotel to accompany them—a stout Welshwoman who was fluent in two languages, though her English grammar was somewhat defective. She took them through High Street, where the best shops are situated, but they proved to be of no great importance, since there is only a small part of the population that can afford more than the necessities of life, and no luxuries at all.

“What we found most interesting,” said Mary, “was the visit we made to some of the cottages where the families of the miners live. Our guide told the people that we were from America, and the women stared at us as though we had come from another world. Many of them spoke so little English that it was fortunate we had an interpreter; one woman said she had a brother who went to America ten years ago, and she felt sure we must have seen him. He was in a city they called Pennsylvania. We did not think it worth while to tell her that Pennsylvania was a State, and not a city, but answered that we lived in New York, and though we might have seen her brother, whose name was Jones, we could not at the moment remember him. Most of them had an idea that America was a very rich country, as they had known of men who went there and made a great deal of money, ‘but,’ as one said, sadly, ‘they never come back to live in Wales.’

“The cottages were all as neat as you could wish to see, in spite of the smoke that fills the air and at times forms a cloud. When you remember that the husbands of these women come home at night perfectly black with soot, you will respect them more than ever for their efforts to keep everything so clean. Soap and water are in steady use.

“In nearly every cottage that we saw there were cheap pictures on the walls, generally without frames or in very inexpensive ones, and there were nearly always a few images in plaster. The Italian image-dealer is not unknown here, and he has adopted the trick of his brother in America in selling his goods on the instalment plan. In the few cottages that we entered, and the many into which we looked, as nearly



A MINER'S WIFE.

all their doors were open, the women were occupied with washing, mending, knitting, or preparing for the evening meal that was to feed the head of the family when he came home from work. There was an air of industry everywhere, just as in the mines and among the furnaces and founderies. Idlers are rarely seen.

“One thing that disappointed us was the absence of the tall hats which we see in Welsh pictures as worn by the women. Our guide said we might see some of them on market-day, when the women come in from the country to sell the produce of their farms, but in the town they are not often worn. She said the fashions are slowly changing, and every year coming nearer to those of England. But on great national festivals the old costumes appear, as everybody wants at that time to be as thoroughly Welsh as possible.”



STREET AND CANAL IN CARDIFF.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM MERTHYR TO SWANSEA.—INDUSTRIES OF SWANSEA; COPPER-SMELTING.—ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.—WELSH WRECKING CUSTOMS.—ILFRACOMBE.—BRISTOL.—MILFORD HAVEN.—TRANSATLANTIC PROJECTS.—DEVON AND CORNWALL.—WATERING-PLACES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.—ST. IVES.—AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.—AN ENGLISH FISHING-PORT.—THE PILCHARD AND HIS USES; HOW HE IS CAUGHT.—ACROSS COUNTRY.—ANTIQUITIES OF CORNWALL.—PENZANCE.—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY AND THE SAFETY-LAMP.

FROM Merthyr the journey was continued to Swansea, a city which Frank described as a royal quarto edition of Merthyr, with numerous illustrations and illuminations. It is finely situated on a bay that reminds the traveller of the celebrated bay of Naples; though unprovided with a Vesuvius or other volcano, it makes partial amends for the defect in the immense smoke-cloud that is constantly poured from its



SOUTHERDOWN SANDS, COAST OF WALES.

many hundreds of chimneys. Swansea is the most important copper-smelting place in the world. The ore is not produced in the neighborhood, but is brought in boats and ships from Cornwall, and also from other parts of the world.

“It is cheaper to carry the ore to the coal than to carry the coal to the ore,” said an inhabitant of Swansea in explaining to Frank and

Fred the character of the business conducted there. "We have coal," said he, "in great abundance; there are two or three hundred coal-pits within twenty miles of Swansea. The fuel is very cheap, and this is what has built up our business."

"How long has Swansea been a centre for copper-smelting?" one of the youths asked.

"For a very long time," was the reply. "Smelting was done here as early as the year 1090, and for a long while it was confined to reducing the ores of Cornwall and Devon. Only in recent times has it spread to other countries. We get a great deal of ore from the United States and from South America, in fact from every part of the world where copper ore is found in paying quantities.

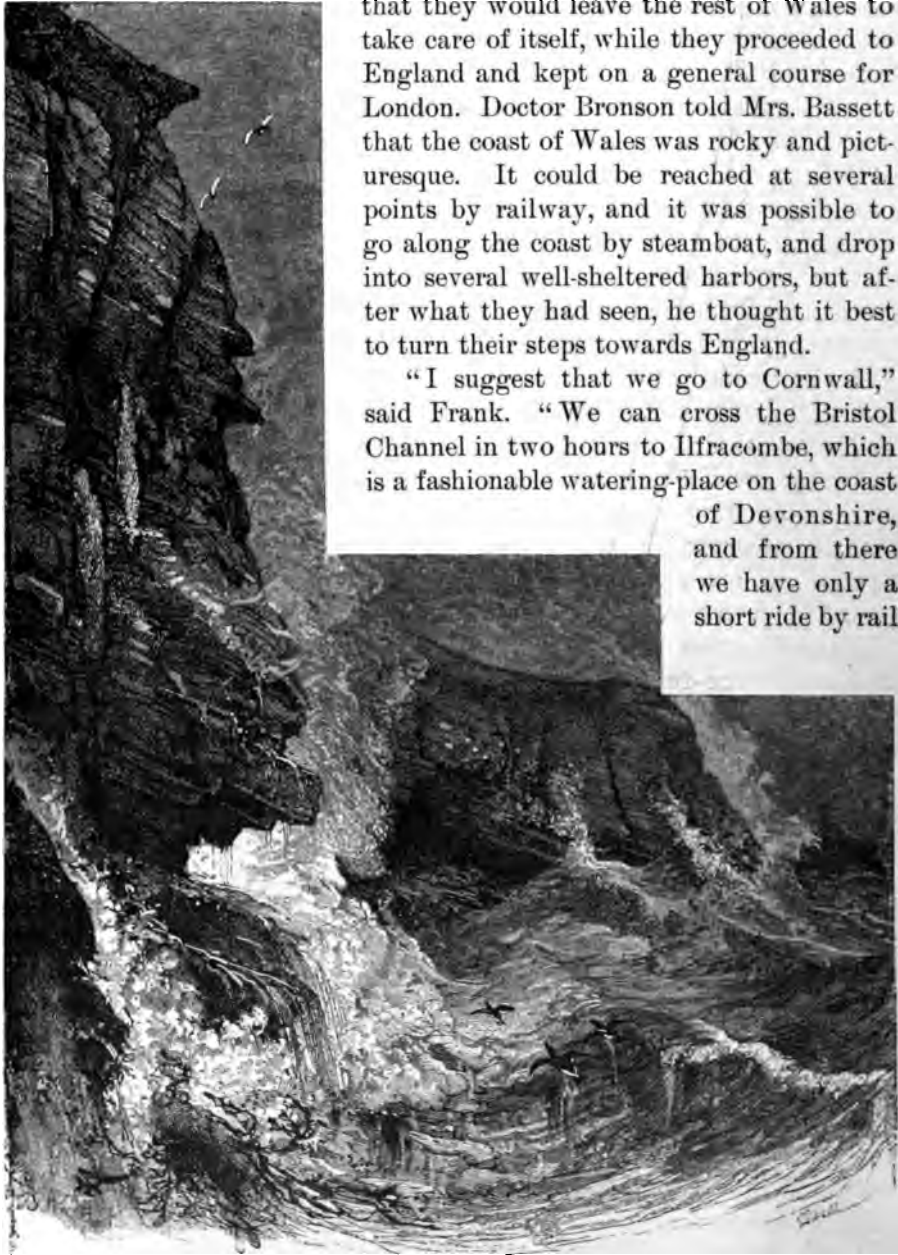
"But we don't confine ourselves to copper by any means," he continued, "though we make seven-eighths of all of that metal produced by Great Britain. We have potteries, breweries, rope-walks, tanneries, and large establishments for smelting tin and silver. We can do the work of smelting cheaper than it can be done anywhere else, and are ready to compete with the whole world for the business. It has made us what we are, and we want to remain in the same condition of prosperity for a few more centuries."

That Swansea is prosperous is evident to the most casual visitor. The streets are full of life and activity, the docks are crowded with ships of all kinds, loading or discharging cargoes, the houses are substantial, and those belonging to the merchants and other people of wealth are both numerous and costly; handsome carriages roll along the streets, and the shops are spacious and well stocked. Swansea claims to be the principal city of Wales; the honor is disputed by Cardiff, but neither has much advantage over the other. The population of the two places is pretty much the same, but there is probably more wealth in Swansea, for the reason that the smelting is done in and near the city, while that of Cardiff is some twenty and odd miles away. Most of the growth of Swansea has been during the present century, and in this respect it greatly resembles its rival, whose history has already been given.

A very short time in Swansea satisfied the tourists, at least it sufficed for Mrs. Bassett and Mary, who were not enamoured of the smoke-cloud and the fumes that filled the air from the copper-furnaces. Mrs. Bassett remarked that there was very little vegetation around Swansea, owing to the poisonous vapors, and she wondered how the people managed to exist.

A consultation resulted in the decision that they would leave the rest of Wales to take care of itself, while they proceeded to England and kept on a general course for London. Doctor Bronson told Mrs. Bassett that the coast of Wales was rocky and picturesque. It could be reached at several points by railway, and it was possible to go along the coast by steamboat, and drop into several well-sheltered harbors, but after what they had seen, he thought it best to turn their steps towards England.

“I suggest that we go to Cornwall,” said Frank. “We can cross the Bristol Channel in two hours to Ilfracombe, which is a fashionable watering-place on the coast of Devonshire, and from there we have only a short ride by rail



CLIFFS NEAR ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.

into Cornwall. When we are through with it we can, if we like, take the 'Flying Zulu' train to London from Plymouth, which will carry us in five hours over the distance of nearly two hundred and fifty miles."

The suggestion was approved by the rest of the party, and after dinner Frank went to ascertain the time of the departure of the boat for Ilfracombe, and make the necessary arrangements. By rising at a convenient hour in the morning it was found they would be in ample time for the boat, and so the whole matter was settled.

In the evening they ascended a hill in order to have a view of Swansea by night, when it was lighted by the fires of the many furnaces. Then they returned to the hotel and sat in the parlor while Dr. Bronson told several stories of Welsh life, which were especially interesting



OLD CHURCH NEAR SWANSEA.

to Mary and the youths. One was in regard to the customs of former days in regard to ships lost on the coast, and we will here give it as Mary wrote it down :

"Between here and Cardiff there is an old castle on a high cliff overlooking the Channel. The castle is St. Donat's, and the rocks are called the Nash Cliffs. Many ships have been lost there, as the cliffs jut out into the sea, and in former days the coast was not lighted at all as it is now, as you are doubtless aware.

"In old days ships were often lured to the shore by means of lights fastened to the neck of a horse, whose motions imitated those of a ship.

The people who lived there considered wrecks a gift from Heaven, and the story goes that they used to offer prayers in the churches for a wreck when several weeks had elapsed without one. When a vessel was thrown on the rocks, and the fragments and cargo were scattered on the sandy beach at low tide, no mercy was shown by the inhabitants. Not only did the peasants plunder those who were wrecked, but the occupants of the castle had a share of the spoil. All along the coast the lord of the manor claimed a share of the wreckage of any ship that came ashore in his territory, and this right was respected by custom if not by law.

“The progress of civilization compelled the abandonment of this claim, and has also compelled the peasantry to abandon their old practice of luring ships on shore by means of false lights. But they have not by any means lost their greed for what comes into their possession, and when a ship has the misfortune to be lost here, the people gather quickly on the scene of the wreck. They are humane in their treatment of passengers or crew, and respect the law so far as property is concerned, but unless the law and its representatives are promptly at hand, a good deal of the flotsam of a wreck is liable to disappear. In this respect, however, they are no worse than coast people everywhere. I imagine that under similar circumstances the people of the Atlantic coast of the United States would do like the inhabitants of Wales.”

On board the boat for Ilfracombe our friends went out of the harbor of Swansea and into the open waters of Bristol Channel. They passed the Mumbles, two rocky islands standing side by side, and closely resembling each other in shape. When the tide is out it is possible to walk from the main-land to the nearest of the Mumbles, and from that one to the other, but the rising tide converts them into islands on which the sea breaks with great force when driven in by the wind. There is a light-house on the outermost of the islands, and it can be seen twenty miles at sea.

Fortunately for our friends, the waters of Bristol Channel were smooth, and the voyage across was delightful. It is by no means always thus; in fact, a smooth sea is the exception rather than the rule. Bristol Channel is the avenue of a great deal of commerce, and the city of Bristol was once the principal seaport of England. It has been outstripped in the race for prosperity by London and Liverpool, but still has a large trade, which is chiefly with the West Indies and other parts of the Western Hemisphere. Bristol is on the river Avon, about ten miles above its mouth, or seven miles from where the Avon unites with



the Frome. It is 108 miles from London, and therefore is nearer the British capital than Liverpool. For this reason there have been several projects for transatlantic steamship lines with Bristol as the British terminus, but none of them have had any material and permanent result.

Frank regretted that circumstances did not permit a visit to Bristol, but he consoled himself with the philosophical reflection that it was not possible to see ev-

ery town and city of the United Kingdom during the time at their disposal. Another place that he wanted to visit, but could not without

THE MUMBLES.

inconvenience, was Milford Haven, on the coast of Wales and near the western end of that country. He had heard it talked of as the terminus of a transatlantic line of swift steamers that would carry passengers between New York and London in five days, and as it was a place talked about he wished to see it.

"It has been proposed," said he to Fred, "to have a line of steamers between Fort Pond Bay, near the eastern end of Long Island, and Milford Haven. Fort Pond Bay is one hundred miles from New York by the Long Island Railroad, and Milford Haven is within six hours of London by express train. From twenty to thirty hours of ocean navigation could be saved by this route in comparison with the one used at present; at least that is the argument of the advocates of the new way. Wonder when we'll see the quick line established?"

In reply to inquiries regarding Milford Haven, Frank learned that the harbor was one of the finest in the world, and would accommodate with ease all the ships that were ever likely to go there. There has been a great deal of expenditure for docks and other commercial facilities, but thus far the result has not been encouraging, and the docks and piers present a deserted appearance. The Haven was formerly much more important as a seaport than at present. It is frequently mentioned in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"; Henry VII. made it his landing-place when he came from France with the army which supported his claim to the English throne; and Oliver Cromwell used it for communicating with France and Ireland. The steamship *Great Eastern* lay there for a long time, and one writer says that the decaying condition of the port was typified by the uselessness of the monster ship that found its refuge there.

Let us turn our gaze in the direction of Ilfracombe, which has been rising to view while we have wandered into the domain of commerce.

"Just now it is not of much consequence in a commercial way," said Doctor Bronson, "but it was different in former days. In the fourteenth century Ilfracombe sent six vessels to the English war against France, while Liverpool sent only one. Nowadays Liverpool might send a hundred or a thousand vessels, while Ilfracombe would have to content herself with a few fishing-boats."

"It has become a fashionable watering-place," said Fred, "and when that is the chief end and aim of a city there is not much chance of commerce. Look at Newport, Rhode Island, in our own country, and see what disadvantage it is to a city to be a fashionable resort. Newport was once an important commercial point. In the middle of the last

century it had a large trade with the West Indies and Europe ; now its imports are ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, and its exports about the same. Ilfracombe has gone the same way as Newport."

"It's prettily situated, anyway," said Frank, as the boat entered the harbor, and gave the travellers a view of the rocks that form an enduring wall against the encroachments of the sea. "I don't wonder that it is popular as a summer resort, and can well understand that it must be crowded as much as Scarborough during the fashionable season."

A fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and boats coming into or leaving the harbor, showed that the place is not without an industry of some kind. Quite a business is carried on in the harvest of the sea, and the



A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

market of London is often very much indebted to the fishermen of Ilfracombe. There are numerous pleasure-boats, some of them belonging to private parties and others kept for hire ; and when, as sometimes happens, a small fleet of yachts makes its appearance, the harbor of Ilfracombe forms a very attractive picture.

Our friends went to the Ilfracombe Hotel, which is the largest of the many hotels and taverns of the place ; it has swimming-baths and tennis-courts, and may be considered the centre of the fashion that goes down to the sea in this quarter. The scenes around the hotel, through the town, and along the beach were much like what they had looked

upon at Scarborough, and do not merit special description. There was the same assemblage of British matrons keeping watchful eyes upon their charges, and the same strolling crowd of people, more or less well dressed, and pretending that they were enjoying things immensely. There was the same array of lodgings, with the same sort of ancient



RECEIVING ORDERS.

dames to manage them ; and as at Scarborough, the ancient dames were profuse in their assertions of distinguished patrons, who could never be persuaded to lodge elsewhere than with them. Lord Bull-frog, the Earl of Calf's Head, and the Countess of Hash were everywhere quoted for their love of Ilfracombe and its unrivalled attractions.

This pretty watering-place is in Devonshire, or the county of Devon, which has the ocean on its south side as well as on its north. The



FISHING-BOATS AT ST. IVES.

northern shore is distinctively a summer resort, and altogether too bleak for winter, but the southern coast is open for the greater part of the year, some of the resorts never being closed altogether.

The most noted of the watering-places on the southern coast is Torquay, which our friends visited on their return from Cornwall. We will say something about it in due course of their wandering.

A single day, or rather what was left of the day of their arrival, sufficed for the strangers at Ilfracombe. On the following morning they left by steamboat for St. Ives, or rather Frank and Fred did so, while the rest of the party proceeded to Plymouth. Mrs. Bassett thought she would prefer the land route by way of Plymouth, while the youths thought it would be capital fun to go to St. Ives, which is near the "jumping-off place" of England, and then work eastward until they met their companions at some point which could be settled upon by telegraph, as they would be in constant communication.

The steamboat stopped at Bideford and Padstow, but not long enough to permit of an inspection of those places. The youths had a distant view of Barnstaple, which is a flourishing town of about twelve thousand

inhabitants, and connected with Ilfracombe by railway. Barnstaple and Bideford are celebrated in Kingsley's novel, "Westward, Ho!" and there is a village of that name, which was once a quiet spot, but was brought into prominence by the novel, and is now the resort of a good many tourists in summer. Frank bought a copy of "Westward, Ho!" which formed part of the stock in trade of the steward of the steamboat, and obtained considerable information from a perusal of its pages.

As the steamboat neared St. Ives Fred recalled the old nursery rhyme which runs as follows :

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kittens.
Kittens, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

"Away with your nonsense!" exclaimed Frank; "this isn't the St. Ives that is mentioned by the poet."

"Where is it, then?"

"The St. Ives of the nursery rhyme and riddle is about sixty miles north of London, and not far from Cambridge, the seat of the famous college that everybody has heard of."

"Much obliged," said Fred. "I didn't know before where St. Ives is situated—I mean the one of the cat story—and supposed this was the place. It's St. Ives, at any rate."

"I was of the same belief till this morning," responded Frank, "when I happened upon the information I've just given you. I shall make a note of it, for the benefit of all American juveniles, who are probably as ignorant of the subject as we were."

The fact was gravely recorded in the note-books of the youths, and is here presented accordingly.

They did not see any "kittens, cats, sacks, and wives" in the St. Ives of Cornwall, but they did see a goodly number of fishing-boats, and learned that fishing is the industry of the place. An Irish princess named St. Ia was martyred here about the year 450, so the story goes, and from her the place received its name.

It was late in the day when our young friends were landed in St. Ives, and sight-seeing was postponed till the morrow, with the exception of a stroll on the beach, where many fishing-boats had been drawn

up while the tide was at the flood. Frank and Fred got into conversation with some of the fishermen, and learned that the pilchard was their chief reliance. Frank confessed his ignorance of the pilchard, and so did Fred, but all the information they could obtain from the fishermen was that it was the real pilchard and nothing else.



HOUSE IN ST. IVES.

On their return to the hotel they interviewed the landlord on the subject of the pilchard, and found that it was a fish of the herring family, but by some naturalists classed with the shad. It is smaller than the herring, and ranges much farther to the south, the only part of the British coast where it abounds being along Devon and Cornwall.

"This is the best part of the coast for the pilchard," said the landlord. "As many as twenty-five millions have been caught here in a day, and some say they have known of twice or three times that number. They catch 'em with drift-nets or seine-nets, but the seine-nets take the most. These nets are three or four hundred feet in length, and thirty or forty feet deep; they have weights at the bottom and



ANCIENT CROSS, ST. IVES.

floats at the top; and when the fishermen see a shoal of pilchards they get the seine around them and draw the ends together, and they draw the bottom faster than they do the top, so as to form a purse, or bag.

"I've seen dozens of boats come in so loaded down with pilchards that if you'd put on another pilchard the boats would have sunk. It makes things very active when the pilchard-fishery is good, and everybody is 'way down blue when there's no pilchards. It means starvation or the poor-house for many people if the fishery fails."

"What is done with the fish after they're caught?" one of the youths asked of the landlord.

"They're salted and packed in barrels to send off to the West Indies and other places, and a good many of 'em go fresh to London. The smallest of 'em are boiled in oil and then packed in tin boxes, and when you put 'em up that way they're just like sardines. I suppose," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "that a good many of 'em are sold for sardines, and nobody's any the wiser."

"There's probably a million pounds sterling invested in the pilchard-fishery in Cornwall and Devon," he continued, "and that'll tell you what a business it is. We have a saying in Cornwall that its three mineral products are tin, copper, and fish, and the fish is sometimes more productive than the others."

The conversation was brought to an end by the announcement that supper was ready, and the youths proceeded to the dining-room. They were treated to a dish peculiar to this part of England, and typical of its industry—a pie made of pilchards, with the heads sticking up through the crust. They pronounced it a toothsome article, and said they would gladly welcome it at table again and again. They demonstrated their opinion by their acts, as they left little of the pie when their meal was concluded, and touched lightly the other viands of the meal.

So important is the pilchard-fishery that it is regulated by several acts of Parliament, one of them dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sometimes the shoal of pilchards, as it approaches the land, is so dense that great windrows of the little fishes are thrown upon the beach by the pressure of the millions and millions behind them. The approach of a shoal is indicated by the rippling of the water and by the flocks of sea-birds hovering above, just as they hover over the shoals of menhaden off the coasts of New York and New Jersey.



A CORNWALL COTTAGE.

There was not much to be seen in St. Ives beyond the boats of the fishermen and the quaint houses, many of which looked as though they might boast an age of hundreds of years. There is an old castle overlooking the harbor, but it is not specially interesting, and, furthermore, the castle market was very dull with Frank and Fred after their experiences in England and Wales. They learned that it was only eight miles directly across the country to Penzance, and from twelve to fifteen miles over a more circuitous road, by which they could see several objects of interest. There was also the railway, but they promptly chose the "overland route," as Fred called it, on account of the better view they would have of the country.

Their conveyance was a strong wagon, well adapted to the road, and it carried them more satisfactorily than might have been the case with a more fashionable but weaker vehicle. The objects of interest that they wished to visit were some Druidical remains not unlike those described in a previous chapter. We may here remark that Cornwall abounds in cromlechs, barrows, circles, lines, and other arrangements of huge stones, whose uses have not all been clearly understood by the people of to-day. There are Saxon camps and earthworks in Cornwall, and also traces of the Roman occupation; Roman coins are dug up in nearly every excavation, and there are castles and monasteries of the Christian period. Altogether Cornwall is an interesting field for the antiquarian; volumes have been written concerning discoveries in this part of England, and there is rich material for other volumes to follow.

The male heir to the British throne is Duke of Cornwall, in addition to being Prince of Wales. He has the appointment of the sheriffs and other officials, and, what is of more consequence, obtains a revenue of £30,000 a year from the Cornish lands that belong to the dukedom.

As they neared the end of their journey, Fred gravely asked the driver about the "Pirates of Penzance," and where they could be seen. That worthy replied that he had never heard of any pirates in the peaceful town, though there might have been some long and long ago, when piracy was more fashionable and prosperous than it is to-day. Evidently the Cornishman had never attended a performance of the opera of that name, and the youths did not think it worth while to enlighten him on the subject. After musing a while he said that the hotel-keeper at Penzance would know, if anybody did, and with this sage suggestion the subject was dropped.

"Penzance means 'Holy Headland,'" wrote Frank, "and it is prettily situated at the head of Mount's Bay. We were disappointed in its size, as it has no more than ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and is chiefly interested in fisheries, like St. Ives. There was a fleet of boats like those we had left at the last-named place, and the boatmen looked as though their clothes had been made by a St. Ives tailor. For a considerable part of our overland ride we passed large fields of potatoes. We were told that Cornwall grows more potatoes than it can eat, and sends large quantities of them to London. Next to fish, Penzance deals in potatoes, and it also handles some of the metallic products of the peninsula, and altogether has a good business.

"It began to rain soon after we left St. Ives," continued Frank, "and the rain kept up for the greater part of the way. By the time we got

here it was raining 'cats and dogs,' and good-sized cats and dogs at that. The driver said it rained at Penzance a good deal more than at St. Ives,



SIGHT-SEEING IN CORNWALL.

but when we inquired at the former place we found the statement reversed. The average annual rainfall here is forty-three inches, which is much higher than in most other parts of England, and the climate is so mild that frost and snow are rarely seen. Mr. Rideing speaks of

Penzance as a delightful resort for the winter months, and says, 'She wears a garland all the year round, and her January ornaments have been known to include hollyhocks, mignonettes, magnolias, and roses of all kinds.' No wonder the place is popular.

"There is a statue to the celebrated chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, who was born at Penzance in 1778, and who conferred a great boon upon humanity when he invented the safety-lamp. Do you know what this wonderful lamp is?



THE DAVY LAMP.

"Well, down to Sir Humphry's time and in his day there were many accidents in coal-mines, caused by the explosion of what the miners call 'fire-damp.' Fire-damp is nothing more nor less than an explosive gas, or two or more gases combined into an explosive mixture. Sir Humphry made a great many experiments, and found that the flame of a combustible gas would not pass through a tube, however short. On this principle he constructed the safety-lamp, by surrounding the flame with wire

gauze, which may be regarded as a large number of small tubes placed close together side by side.

"The experiment succeeded, and the safety-lamp is used all over the world to-day. With slight modifications it is the same as when it passed from the hands of Sir Humphry Davy, and thousands of lives have been preserved by it. Many mines that could not be worked on account of the presence of inflammable gas were made valuable again, and there is nothing in the line of mining implements more valuable to the coal-miner than this very simple but very ingenious invention."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.—JACK THE GIANT-KILLER; SCENE OF HIS EXPLOIT.—LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS.—ANTIQUITIES OF CORNWALL; THE LOGAN-STONE.—EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT FOR A BRITISH LIEUTENANT.—AT LAND'S END.—THE SCILLY ISLES; "THE BREAKING WAVES DASH HIGH."—REDRUTH.—THE MINING DISTRICT.—COPPER AND TIN MINING.—WOMEN IN MINING-WORK.—CURES FOR RHEUMATISM AND FITS.—KARN BREA.—TRURO.—PENDENNIS CASTLE.—FALMOUTH AND LOGE.—ST. KEYNE'S WELL.—THE CORNISHMAN'S STORY.—ARRIVAL AT PLYMOUTH.

WHAT child is there who never heard of Jack the Giant-killer? Well, here we are in the neighborhood of the place where, as the nursery tale informs us, a certain Jack killed a certain giant. There



THE GUILDHALL, LOOK.

are many versions of the story, but the place is in sight of Penzance, and we will accompany Frank and Fred to see it.

"On a hill near here," wrote Fred, "is St. Michael's Mount, and on the Mount is a castle. We went to it in a small steamboat; at low-

water the Mount is connected with the land for about three hours at every tide, but when the sea is up the causeway is covered, and cannot be passed dry-shod. The rock is precipitous, and is said to be not at all unlike its namesake, Mont St. Michel, on the coast of Normandy. The ancients called it Ictis, and the earliest inhabitant was the giant Cormoran, who amused himself by eating people, and doing other things which are not expected of a 'fine old English gentleman,' or any other.

"Jack was born at Land's End, about ten miles from Penzance, and while yet a boy he determined to destroy the giant, who was making life the reverse of peaceful in all the country round. So he did as recorded in the nursery tale; there can be no doubt of it, as we have been to St. Michael's Mount, and looked all around for the giant. He was not there; the guide told us he was killed by Jack, and the fact that he was not in when we called ought to be proof enough to satisfy any reasonable being, whoever he may be.

"Whether we accept the story or not, it is believed by many of the peasants of this region; they have much faith in hobgoblins, witches, and other supernatural things, though probably less than they had before the country was invaded by tourists and dotted with schools as it is at present. Every castle and ruined church has its legend, fairies are solemnly believed to abound in many localities, and a goodly number of people rely upon spells and incantations for the cure of their ills rather than upon the prescriptions of the doctor. The 'evil-eye' has its believers, and so has the efficacy of whistling for a wind, and of killing pigs when the moon is growing. Farmers will solemnly tell you that if the family slaughtering is performed on a waning moon the meat will shrink in the barrel, while it will not do so if a waxing moon is chosen, but the meat must not be exposed to the moon.

"Penzance is the end of the railway, and very properly, as it is only ten miles from the end of England. We hired a carriage for an excursion to the 'jumping-off place'; we wanted to see it, though we had no intention of taking a leap from it into the sea. You've heard the expression, 'From Land's End to John O'Groat's,' have you not? Well, that expression means the entire length of England, as this is the southern extremity, while John O'Groat's is at the northern one. It's a long journey from one place to the other, but with the exception of a few miles at each end of the route it can be made by railway; it is a favorite run for cyclists, and is frequently made by long-distance wheelmen.

"We stopped on the way two or three times to see Druidical stones and other antiquities; the driver wanted to take us to see the logan-

stone, which is off on another road, but we concluded to accept the description rather than make the visit. 'Logan' means 'rocking,' and a logan-stone is a rocking-stone; there are stones of this kind in various parts of the world, in addition to many counties not yet heard from. The logan-stone near Land's End is a mass of granite weighing about seventy tons, and so poised on the stones below that it can be rocked by a strong man without difficulty.

"The story goes that previous to 1824 a child's finger could move it. In that year a young officer of the British navy thought it would be a nice piece of fun to upset the stone, and he did so with the aid of six or eight sailors whom he brought along for that purpose.

"His fun was rather expensive, as the British Admiralty ordered



NEAR THE COAST.

him to restore the stone to its original position, and the work cost him two thousand pounds sterling, or ten thousand dollars. There is no mention in British history that he went around upsetting logan-stones after that. In fact history mentions him no more.

"They showed us a spot where John Wesley is said to have preached to several thousand people in the open air, there being no building in all this region large enough to contain the crowds that desired to hear him. Then we were taken to the circle of Boscawen, which consists of nineteen large stones standing upright; and a mile or two farther on we came to a tavern with a sign which announced it to be 'The First

and Last Hotel in England.' The sign was truthful when it was originally placed there, but it isn't correct now, as there is a hotel at the Land's End, or rather within a mile of it ; while the very last house, close



A CORNWALL INTERIOR.

to the jumping-off place, is a cottage where they sell tea and other light refreshments, but have no lodging-rooms for strangers.

“ Here we are at the very end of England, a bold headland perhaps a hundred feet high, and with the waters of the Atlantic washing its base. On three sides of us are the waters, and to the south, about twenty miles away, lie the Scilly Isles, a group of forty or fifty islands and islets, of which only six are inhabited.

“Half a mile from the point where we are standing is a cluster of rocks which are called the Longship. There is a light-house there, and certainly it is in a position where I should not like to live. The keeper can visit the shore, or be visited, only in the mildest weather; while in severe storms he is in more or less peril all the time. In a guide-book for Cornwall it is stated that four different keepers have been washed off and drowned; one died in the light-house, another lost



WINDY WORK AT LAND'S END.

his reason, but was safely removed, while another went insane, and killed himself by jumping into the sea.

“The waves breaking on the rocks at Land’s End make a grand sight, which varies considerably according to the force of the wind and the height of the sea. Perhaps the best description of it is given by Mr. Ruskin, from whom I will quote a few lines:

““At the Land’s End there is to be seen the entire disorder of the surges, when every one of them . . . recoils like the defeated division of

a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder . . . until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding and crashing and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power.'

"We did not stay there long, as the wind was very strong and the rain fell at frequent intervals. The wind must be worse here than farther inland, for we observed that the thatch on the roofs of many of the cottages was held down by ropes, stones, or sticks of wood. Umbrellas are often turned wrong side out, or sent whirling away in the air. The driver of our carriage said the wind sometimes shaved the hair off the backs of his horses, or would do so if the harness didn't keep it on. He never took his horses out in a strong wind without first having them harnessed."

From Penzance the youths went to Redruth, which is the centre of the mining district, at least in the opinion of those who live there, and a good place for studying the business of copper and tin mining. As they approached the town they saw great numbers of chimneys, but only a few of them were emitting smoke. It was evident that there was a

depression in the mining industry, and this view was confirmed by a passenger in the railway carriage with our young friends.

"Mining is nothing now to what it was," said the stranger, who was the owner of a farm not far from Penzance, and shipped several hundred bushels of potatoes to the London market every season. "If you have studied the history of Cornwall, you have learned that the Phœni-



THE TOWN-CRIER, PENZANCE.



WOMEN HANDLING COPPER ORE.

cians worked the tin deposits here long before the Christian era, and you have only to look at the school-books and see what Diodorus Siculus wrote on the subject in the first century to satisfy yourselves on that point if you have any doubts."

Frank asked where the Phœnicians found a market for their tin, and how they carried it away.

"They carried it in ships to Tyre and Sidon," was the reply. "Afterwards the Romans carried tin in ships to the coast of Gaul, and then sent it on the backs of pack-horses to the banks of the Rhone. It was floated down that river to its mouth, and there shipped to Rome, or

wherever else it could be sold. It was very much in demand for bells for churches, and when cannon were invented tin was found useful in casting them. There was an increasing demand for tin for many centuries, and nearly all of it came from Cornwall. Tin deposits were discovered in other parts of the world from time to time, but until within the past hundred years or so none of them have amounted to much. Even now nearly one-half of the tin in the world comes from here, though the mines of other countries have reduced the prices."

Later, Frank found some statistics showing that in one year (1874) the United Kingdom produced 10,000 tons of tin, while all the other countries in the world produced 20,000 tons. The indications are that, in the ordinary course of events, the mines of Cornwall will ultimately lose their value as the competition of other lands increases, with the discovery of new mines and improved processes for working the old ones.

Many centuries elapsed while the tin-mines of Cornwall were being exploited before any attention was given to copper-mining, and it was not till the eighteenth century that the value of the copper ores of Cornwall was appreciated. One hundred years ago Cornwall yielded about 30,000 tons of copper annually; the amount of the yield increased every year, with occasional depressions, until it reached its highest figure in 1861, when 180,000 tons of ore were taken out. The value of the copper from this ore was more than £1,000,000; in 1866 18,000 tons of copper were produced in the United Kingdom, of the value of £41,000.

The conversation between Frank and Fred and their new acquaintance had turned from tin to copper when the above facts were elicited. Frank asked what had become of the miners since the great decline of mining in Cornwall.

"They have gone to other countries in large numbers," said the stranger. "If you want to see Cornish miners in the greatest force you must go to Pennsylvania and Nevada, in your own country. I think there are more of them there to-day than in Cornwall; and the same may be said of the miners of our neighboring county, Devonshire. There was no employment here, while good wages were waiting for them in America; there was nothing for it but emigration, and they emigrated. The greater number of miners remaining here are the old or infirm and the women, though a considerable number of the women and children emigrated along with the men who went away."

"Three-fourths of the Cornish mines have been suspended or abandoned altogether, and those in operation have only small forces; if you

want to buy a mine you can get it at your own price. No poor man can afford to go into mining nowadays; it takes a fortune to work a copper-mine here, and nobody but a rich man, who can lose a great deal without feeling it, ought to go into the business."

By this time the train was at Redruth, and the youths bade their informant good-bye after thanking him for his courtesy. Like mining towns all the world over, the aspect of Redruth was not particularly inviting, as there was little vegetation visible, and the ground was seamed and pitted with mines, and covered with débris which had been left as the result of mining-work. Redruth consists principally of a single street along a valley, and has eight or ten thousand inhabitants. During the day it has an air of desertion and stillness, as all who can find employment are scattered among the mines, and it is only at night that there is any scene of animation.



CASTLE AT KARN BRKA.

"We went to Tabb's Hotel," said Frank, "and there made inquiry for the nearest mine. The landlord sent a small boy to show us around, and we had not far to go before we reached a place where several women were at work. I hear you exclaim, 'Women working in the mines!'"

"No, they don't work in the mines now, but they used to until their employment below-ground was forbidden by an act of Parliament. The investigation which preceded the passage of the act brought out a mass

of information that astonished the public generally, and led to an emphatic demand for an improvement in the social conditions of the mining community. But though the employment of women is forbidden below-ground there is no restriction to their working above the surface. They break the ore, and select it from the worthless rock, and they load and unload the cars in which it is conveyed.

“Those whom we first saw were shovelling ore into a small car, and they certainly displayed as much strength as the same number of men. Two were using shovels, and a third was wielding a hammer with which the ore was broken; they did not pause as we approached them, and it was evident that either there was a rule forbidding them to do so, or else the advent of visitors was so common that it attracted no attention among them.

“As they completed the loading of the car one of the women laid her shovel across the ore, and prepared to push the vehicle along the track. As she did so I asked her if it wasn't hard work; she briefly answered that she supposed it was, and added, ‘We're all used to it, and don't expect nothink else.’

“These women, and all the others we saw about the mining establishments, were clad in coarse gowns and petticoats; their heads were covered with coarse kerchiefs, and their feet were protected by heavy shoes, such as are worn by the men. Their ankles were wrapped with cloths or covered with heavy woollen stockings, and altogether their garb was adapted to the rough work in which they were engaged. Neatness is impossible to a worker in or about a mine, and there was no evidence that anybody cared for it. None of the women smiled, and, unlike their sex in many workshops, they seemed to have no inclination to gossip. All the conversation that occurred in our hearing related to the work of the place. With a detective camera we took a photograph of the group, but nobody observed our action, or, at any rate, no comment was made about it. Probably they didn't care.

“A very large part of the above-ground work is performed by women and girls. The girls, in nearly all instances, are the children of the miners employed underground, and they were better dressed, as a general thing, than the women I have described. Some of them had pretty faces, and we were told that all could read and many could write. Parliament has made education compulsory under certain circumstances, and altogether the interference of the Government in the working of the mines has had a good effect in a moral and intellectual way.

“The publishers of cheap novels (of the ‘Penny Dreadful’ order)

and the penny weeklies have numerous patrons among these Cornish girls; and there is also quite a demand among them for fairy stories and supernatural narratives in general. We have already mentioned some of the superstitions of Cornwall, and this is a good place to speak of one that we heard of at Redruth. It was a cure for rheumatism, and what do you think it was?

“‘ Rub the rheumatic joints with rain-water which has been caught



INTERIOR OF A CORNISH INN.

when the moon is growing, and had a thunder-bolt boiled in it.’ This was the recipe, rendered out of the Cornish accent into intelligible English. The remedy is probably less popular than it was twenty or fifty years ago, but it is still believed in by many old people who have not outlived the superstitions of their younger days.

“‘ Fits were supposed to be an infliction by some supernatural agency, generally of witches, and could be cured only by incantations or

certain ceremonials. The old rule was for the sufferer to go into the church-yard at night, and cut three bits of lead from one of the spouts of the church; with these bits of lead in the hand he walked three times around the church, keeping the building always on the right. A mode of cure prescribed for a young woman was to sit in the church porch after service, and when the congregation filed out, each young man was to drop a penny into her hand until she had received twenty-nine pence. As the thirtieth swain came he took away the copper, and placed a silver half-crown in the open palm.

“With this coin tightly clasped in her hand, the woman embraced the first opportunity to walk three times around the communion-table, and afterwards have the coin made into a ring, which was to be worn constantly as a charm against the disease. If the fits disappeared, it was a sure sign that the cure was the proper one, and better than all the medicine of the doctors. If the fits remained, it was then very evident that the ceremonial had not been properly performed, or the moon and stars were not in the right places at the time of the incantation. The requirement to walk three times around the communion-table was not an easy thing to accomplish, as the minister was opposed to this way of treating diseases, and generally tried to prevent it if he knew what was going on.

“To the south-west of Redruth is a hill which is the last elevation of its height in England. When the sky is clear the spectator can look upon the sea in three directions, just as he can from the promontory at Land’s End. On the summit is an old castle, which is utilized as a dwelling-house by prosaic people of the nineteenth century. They have no trouble on the questions of ventilation and drainage, but possibly they may become weary now and then of the labor of climbing to their airy home.

“This hill is known as Karn Brea, and at its base there are several copper-mines, all of them silent and deserted, with a few exceptions. We took a walk as far as the hill and then ascended it, partly for the sake of the view, and partly in order to inspect the foundations of the castle, which were said to be very curious. They were curious because they consist of enormous bowlders, some of them ten or twelve feet in diameter and weighing many tons. How the bowlders got to where they are nobody can tell. Antiquarians ascribe them to the Druids, and say they were moved there by human hands; but some of them dispute this theory, and believe the stones were gathered in some grand upheaval of nature, and have been washed clear of surrounding earth by

millennial periods of rain, and possibly by long eras of submergence beneath the waves of the sea.

“In coming back from Karn Brea we passed Gwennap, which is famous as the spot where John Wesley used to preach to the miners. Many of the miners are Wesleyans, or Methodists, and the same is the case with a considerable number of the people devoted to fishing or agriculture. Once in a while there is a gathering of several thousand



AT FALMOUTH.

Methodists at Gwennap, and the most eloquent men of that denomination come there to preach to this vast audience.”

A railway ride of twenty miles from Redruth took the youths to Falmouth, which they reached by taking a branch line from Truro, about nine miles from their starting-point. Truro divides with Redruth the honors of the mining capital, and has about the same number of

inhabitants. Falmouth is, as most readers know, a seaport, and it is the last English port of call for ships from London on their way to distant parts of the world. It was formerly an important point for certain transatlantic steamships, which no longer stop there, but have changed to Plymouth or Southampton. The harbor of Falmouth is one of the finest in England, and there is space for hundreds of ships to anchor, with plenty of swinging-room.

Frank and Fred made an excursion in the harbor of Falmouth, and visited Pendennis Castle, which was built in the time of Henry VIII., and is still maintained as a fortress. Oliver Cromwell besieged it, but did not succeed in its capture, nor did he succeed in destroying the view from the top, which was greatly enjoyed by the American youths. According to history, the advantages of Falmouth as a naval station were first pointed out by Sir Walter Raleigh. It remained for the present century to discover that it is a delightful watering-place, and tolerable to invalids during every month of the year.

The stay at Falmouth was cut short by an opportunity to proceed by steamboat to Looe, a fishing-port not far from Plymouth, and one of the oddest in appearance to be found on this part of the coast. It is at the mouth of a small river, and occupies both banks; the ground rises so abruptly that the houses appear to be in terraces, and the occupants of the second tier can look from their front doors upon the roofs of their neighbors next below. The streets are very narrow, and most of them are so crooked that Frank said he expected at every turn to come out at the place where he started. Evidently the engineers who laid out the place, if there were any engineers at all, did so in the night, after having been securely blindfolded. In some of the streets it is possible to shake hands from the upper windows of opposite buildings, and the Looe cats are said to have free range in all parts of the town without once descending to the ground.

Frank made a sketch of The Jolly Sailors, an inn close to the water's edge, which has been an inn for many, many years, and the resort of generation after generation of Looe mariners, who are chiefly engaged in fishing. The place has some business in the transportation of copper and other metals from the interior, and it is connected with the main line of railway by a narrow-gauge track which was primarily intended for mineral freight, but is utilized for passengers.

The revenues of this pocket edition of a railway were increased by the fares of Frank and Fred in their journey to Liskeard, seven miles away, where they took the main line for Plymouth.

“Between Looe and Liskeard,” said Fred, “we passed the Well of St. Keyne, which I used to read about at school. There is a poem by Southey, based on a tradition that whenever a Cornish couple was married, the first of them to drink of the Well of St. Keyne would be the ruler of the household. I remember the poem in one of my school readers; it represents a Cornishman telling the tradition to a stranger, who



THE JOLLY SAILORS, LOOE.

naturally asks his informant if he drank of the well as soon as he was married. The Cornishman hangs his head, and, with an air of dejection, replies :

“‘I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But, faith! she'd been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church.’

“According to the old accounts, there was often a race between a newly wedded pair, each striving to be first at the well after the wedding ceremony was over. Quite as often the visit was made surreptitiously, each of ‘the high contracting parties’ planning an excuse for being relieved of the presence of the other long enough to run to the well and get back again before being missed.

“The prudence of the woman whose exploit is recorded by Southey deserved a reward, and evidently, from the abashed air of the Cornishman, it received it. They told us that the superstition has died out in these modern days, though married visitors at the well do not fail to improve their opportunity, just as travellers in Rome drink at the fountain of Trevi, the night before their departure, in order to insure their return to the Eternal City. Though they do not believe in the spell, they like to have it on their side.

“We did not stop at Liskeard any longer than was necessary for changing to the train that took us to Plymouth. You may be sure we hurried as fast as we could through the streets and into the hotel, where Doctor Bronson was waiting for us with Mrs. Bassett and Mary.”



LOADING SEA-WEED ON THE SOUTH COAST.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EXE; MARY'S JOKE ABOUT IT —EXETER —THE GREAT BELL—TORQUAY — A WINTER WATERING PLACE —CLIMATE, AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS —LANDING OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE —TORQUAY IN THE OLDEN TIME —HOW MODERN VISITORS AMUSE THEMSELVES —PLYMOUTH —THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA; HISTORY OF THAT FAMOUS EXPEDITION — DRAKE'S GAME OF BOWLS, AND THE RESULT —HOW THE ARMADA WAS DESTROYED —THE FISHERMAN'S FALSEHOOD.—THE HOE —SMEATON'S EDDYSTONE LIGHT HOUSE —VIEW OF PLYMOUTH SOUND.—GOVERNMENT VICTUALLING YARD AND DOCKS

GREETINGS were quickly over, and immediately Mary began her account of what they had seen since Frank and Fred left them at Ilfracombe and went away by themselves.

"We came the same day from Ilfracombe to Exeter," said Mary. "Doctor Bronson said there was nothing worth seeing on the way except the pretty country, and we could have a view of that from the windows of the train. The train wasn't a fast one, and it took us nearly three hours to make the fifty miles between the two places; but there were so many interesting things in the Devon landscape that the time didn't seem more than an hour. I don't remember the names of the places we came through, but they were of no great consequence, or didn't seem so anyway. The largest of them was **Barnstaple**, which was the first town we came to after we left Ilfracombe. It smelled of fish, and very properly, I suppose, as its business is **fishing**—so the Doctor said.

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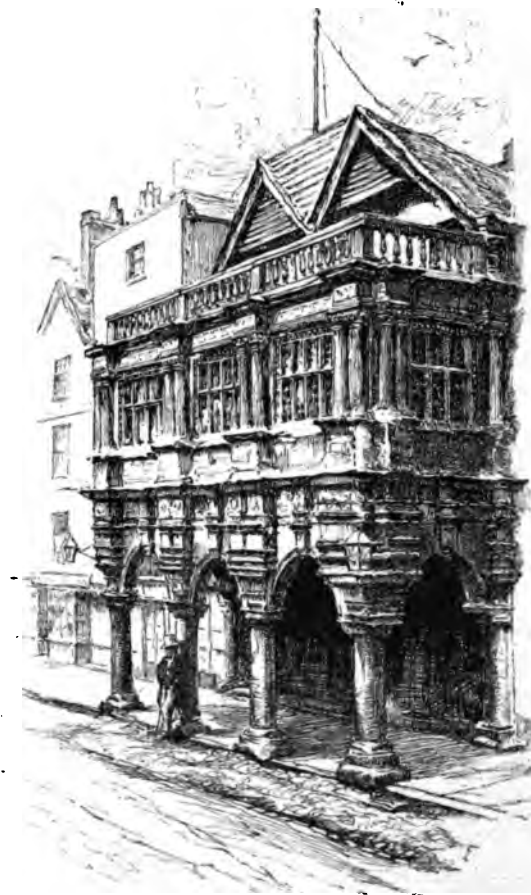
EXETER CATHEDRAL

"I was wondering what Exeter means, and as we were approaching the city I asked Doctor Bronson how the place got its name. What do you suppose he said?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Frank. "Possibly because it's on the banks of the Exe."

"That's just the reason," replied Mary, "and he said a good many places in England were named the same way. He said Plymouth was at the mouth of the Ply, Falmouth at the mouth of the Fal; Cambridge is where there's a bridge over the Cam; and he named several other places that get their names from the rivers where they stand. I've put them all down so that I sha'n't forget them, and some day I'll astonish you with my wonderful geographical knowledge."

Frank praised the girl for her studiousness, and said she had already accumulated far more information about the country through which she had travelled than was usually acquired by the ordinary tourist. Then he



PORCH OF THE GUILDHALL, EXETER.

asked what she could tell him about Exeter, how many inhabitants it had, and what was to be seen in the city.

"It isn't a large city, like Liverpool or Glasgow," she replied, "but only a quiet little place with about fifty thousand people in it. And it has one of the finest cathedrals in England: we spent several hours in the building, and were sorry to have to come away. I can't describe it

to you, and won't try ; but it made me think of York Cathedral, only it's a good deal different, and not as large. Exactly how old it is I can't say, but the guide said that it's six or seven hundred years at least, and



AT TORQUAY

it stands on a spot where there was a church long before the Normans landed in the country.

“We went up into the north tower, where they showed us a bell they called ‘Great Peter,’ which weighs six tons. An American who

went up at the same time that we did said 'Great Scott!' when he looked at the bell, but the guide told him Scott wasn't its name, and never had been. It was just 'Great Peter,' or Peter's Bell, though it was sometimes called 'Great Tom.' It seems to me I've read about it in a book somewhere, and there it was called 'Great Tom.'"

"There's another bell called 'Great Tom,'" said Frank, "and I believe it's at Lincoln, but it doesn't weigh as much as the Exeter bell by half a ton or more. Considered by themselves, these bells are large, but when you compare them with the great bell of Moscow, which weighs 193 tons, you can see that they are 'very small potatoes'; there's enough metal in the Moscow bell to make thirty-two bells like the one at Exeter, and have a ton or more to spare."

Mary thanked him for the information, and then went on with her account of Exeter, which included the Guildhall, nearly four hundred years old; the terraces of houses that rise on the hill-side where Exeter is built; the great streets that cross each other and meet in the centre of the city; and the quaint dwellings that count their age by centuries. "And the city and the river are not the only 'Exes' we heard about," she continued. "There's Exmoor, where the river rises; Exmouth, where it empties into the sea, ten miles below Exeter; and there's Exford, up near the head of the river, where anglers go to catch fish; and Exminster, five miles out of the city, on the road by which we made our exit and came this way. That's only a little joke about the exit," she continued, laughingly; "I made a better one than that."

"We'll hear it," said Frank, with a resigned air.

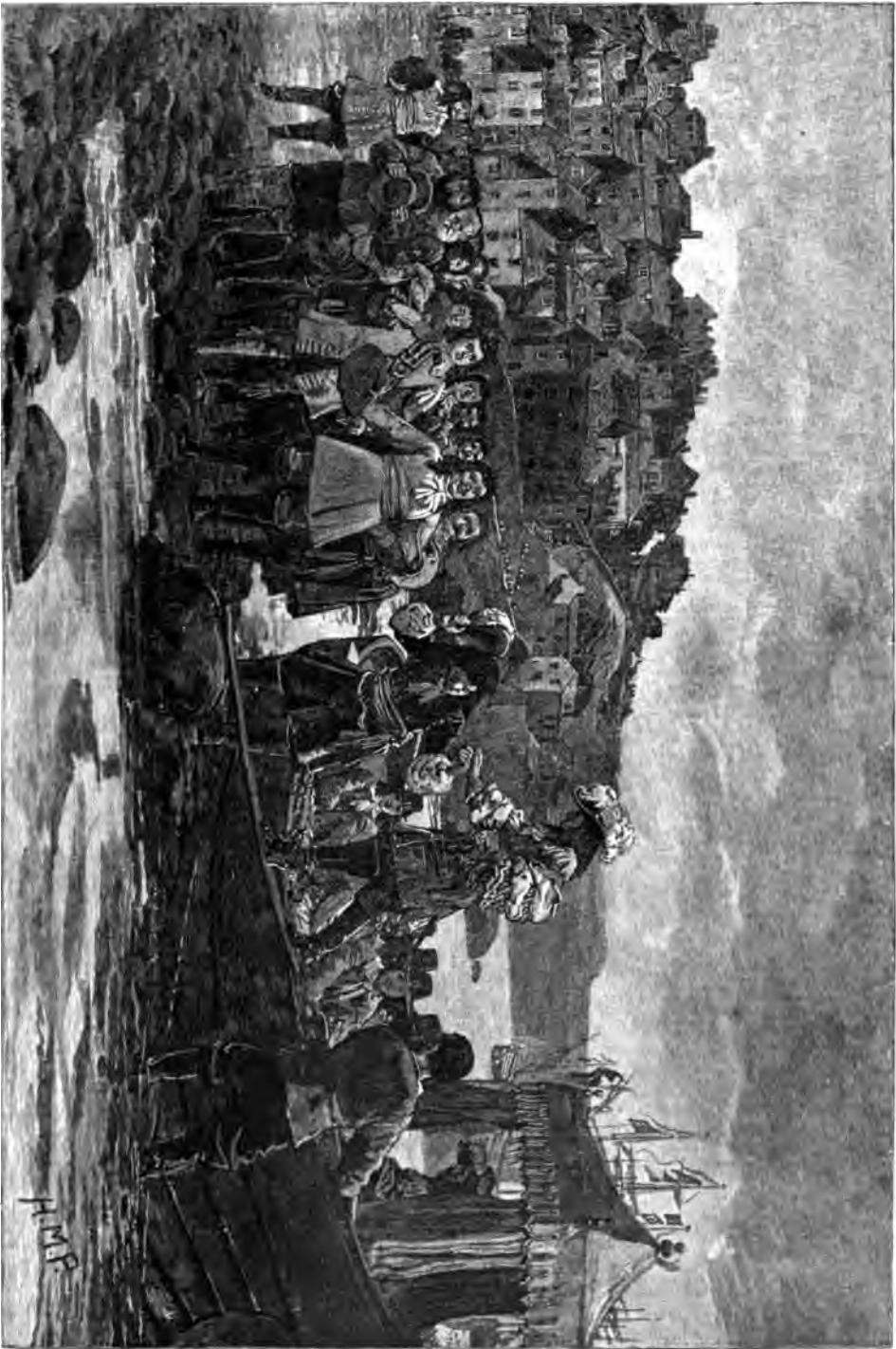
"Well, a few miles before we reached the city, and the train was rolling along the valley of the Exe, I saw a little river that came in from a valley at one side. I told Doctor Bronson that the junction of the rivers reminded me of a very common proverb. When he asked what it was, I said, 'Exe streams meet.' He laughed, and mother laughed, but of course I didn't laugh at all. Don't you think that was pretty good—for a girl?"

"Of course it was, or for anybody else," replied Frank; "but I dare say the joke has been made hundreds of times before."

"Quite likely," Mary answered; "but it was original with me, and that's all I care for."

Then she told of their journey from Exeter to Torquay, where they found a very attractive watering-place, filled with people from London and other parts of England, with here and there a foreigner who was evidently not there in search of health.

ARRIVAL OF WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE



"Torquay is prettier than Scarborough," said Mary, "and made us think of Newport; it stands on Tor Bay, and is scattered on some hills that rise one above the other as you go back from the water, so that it seems like a series of terraces when you look at it from a boat in the harbor. There are a great many villas, just as at Newport, and there are delightful drives through the town and in the country around it. We divided our time between boating, driving, and strolling among the people that had nothing to do, and altogether we found enough to keep us busy. There was something to see every minute."

"What did you learn about the history of the place?" queried Frank, when Mary paused.

"I learned," answered the girl, proudly, "that William Prince of Orange landed there in November, 1688. Torquay was then only a fishing village and not the city of thirty thousand inhabitants that it is to-day. There were no handsome villas there at that time, and there was no pier where his boat could come. The crowd of respectable citizens that came to the shore in Puritan costume to meet him were obliged to stand on the rocky beach while he walked to the land on a common plank, which rested one end on a rock and the other on the edge of the boat. I saw a picture representing the landing, and so it is as clear to me as though I had been there."

"Very good!" exclaimed Frank. "You have not forgotten to learn something more of the place than what it is to-day. What more can you tell about it?"

"I found out that the inhabitants of Torquay have always been strongly Protestant in religion, and when William of Orange came there they at once promised allegiance to him, and gave him a hearty welcome. Some of the Pilgrims who settled in New England were from Torquay, and many names can be found there to-day similar to those that went to America in the *Mayflower*. One of the Pilgrim ships that followed the *Mayflower* sailed from Torquay, or near it, and there are many people in Massachusetts who could trace their ancestry back to Devonshire if they took the trouble to hunt up their line of descent. In the villages that have not yet become fashionable they still have Pilgrim ways: they rise early in the morning, breakfast at six o'clock, and go to bed soon after eight in the evening. A gentleman told us that he spent a few days in one of these villages, and by nine in the evening nearly everybody was in bed, the street was deserted, and only a few lights could be seen in the windows.

"They showed us the house and the room where William of Orange

slept for two nights; and we were told that King Charles I. also slept in the same house, but that was long before the Prince of Orange took lodgings there or thought of doing so."

"Of course it was," said Fred. "Charles I. was beheaded in 1649,



INVALIDS AT TORQUAY.

thirty-nine years before William of Orange came to England, and so neither is likely to have disturbed the other."

"If that's enough of history," said Mary, "we'll come down to our own time again and talk of modern things."

Frank nodded assent, and the girl continued her description of Torquay and its attractions.

"We talked with people who had been here at all times of the year, and they said it was one of the finest all-the-year-round places they ever knew. They told us that it never freezes in winter, the thermometer not going below thirty-six degrees Fahrenheit; and as for the summer, it rarely goes above seventy-seven degrees. There's nearly always a

breeze from the sea, so that it is cool in summer and warm in winter. The softness of the winter wind makes it very pleasant for people with weak lungs, and there are always a good many invalids staying there, so that the town is never free from visitors. The trees are green all the year round, and there isn't much of the time when you cannot find flowers blooming in the open air.



IRIS BERRIES, TORQUAY.

“ But they're not all invalids, by any means, who come here ; at any rate, they have balls, card-parties, dinners, social dances, theatricals, and other amusements, besides strolling on the beach or sitting in the sun on the benches that line the shore and are scattered wherever a bench can be conveniently placed. In the summer it is much livelier than in winter, as a good many yachts come to Torquay, and they have a regatta in August and September that brings crowds of people in addition to those belonging to the yachting fleet. The people do every-

thing they can to help the strangers enjoy themselves, as they know that the visitors have a great deal of money, and can go to other places to spend their cash if they don't find things to suit their fastidious tastes.”

Mary had much more to say about this fashionable watering-place, but the conversation became general about this time, and Torquay was left out of sight, and practically out of thought.

Our friends found Plymouth an interesting city, especially from the fact that it is what is called in England a garrison town. It has a permanent garrison of five thousand men, and at times the number is doubled or trebled, for certain military reasons not always apparent to the visitor from abroad. It lies on Plymouth Sound, which is a magnificent body of water that affords

secure anchorage to a large fleet of ships, and for this reason it was long ago selected as a naval station.

“Many important expeditions have sailed from Plymouth,” wrote Frank in his note-book, “since it was first chosen as a naval station, nearly four centuries ago. It was attacked and burned by the French



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

so many times during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that an order was issued for the erection of forts for its defence; these forts have been extended and improved as time went on, and now they are of the first class, and could successfully resist the attack of any fleet that could be brought against it; at least that's what the English say as they point to the lines of forts bristling with cannon.

“One of the first places of interest that we visited was the Hoe, a high ridge of ground which forms a pretty promenade, and commands a view of the sound and of the waters a long distance out from shore. Right in the middle of the Hoe is a statue of Sir Francis Drake, and the tradition is that he was playing bowls here on this very spot when his game was interrupted by the announcement that the Spanish Armada was in sight. Whether he ever resumed the game, and how it came out, the guide couldn't tell us.

“We stood there and tried to picture the scene: the English fleet lying in the harbor, and the excitement when it was known that the sails of the enemy were dotting the sea to the southward. It was in the year 1588, and the steam gunboat was then unknown, and probably unthought of. The wind was the only reliance for moving a ship on the water, and the wind was blowing directly from the south into the entrance of Plymouth Sound.

“This is a good place to say something about the Spanish Armada, its objects, and its fate.

“Pope Sixtus V. had given England to Philip II., King of Spain; probably it never occurred to giver and receiver that the transaction was very much like that of the man who sold the skin of a bear to another man while the animal was running wild in the forest. However this may be, Philip determined to take possession of his property, and as there was a probability that the English Protestants would make a stout resistance, he fitted out a fleet of a hundred and thirty ships, many of them of the largest size known at that time, and he gathered an army of twenty thousand men, who were to be transported on the ships of war and landed in England.

“In addition to these he had thirty-four thousand men in the Netherlands, under the Duke of Parma, ready to be taken to England as soon as the first landing had been made. As it was not known at what point the fleet would appear, there was great alarm among the English when they heard of the preparations for their conquest by the Spanish king. It was thought impossible to make much opposition to the land force, as it was composed of soldiers who had had much experience in war; and as for the fleet, the English were then very badly off. Queen Elizabeth had one fleet of forty ships to watch the Netherlands, and another of thirty ships at Plymouth, but the average size of the English vessels was much smaller than those of the Spanish king.

“One historian says it was accident rather than anything else that saved England from the ‘Invincible Armada,’ as the King called his



FIGHT BETWEEN AN ENGLISH AND A SPANISH SHIP.

enormous fleet; he felt as sure of success as a man does of eating his breakfast when it is placed before him at table, and his preparations were on such a grand scale that it seemed impossible to offer any serious opposition to his immense forces.

“You know what the poet says about the best laid schemes of mice

and men; well, that was what happened to Philip II. and his Invincible Armada. The Marquis of Santa Croce, the admiral in command of the Armada, was a man of great experience as a naval commander, and had been specially selected on account of his ability; but, unfortunately for the Spaniards, he died while the preparations were going on, and so did his vice-admiral. The command was given to the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, who was quite inexperienced in naval matters, and was no more fitted for the important position than, as they say in Chicago, 'a cow is to run a locomotive.'

"Under such an incompetent commander the Armada sailed from Lisbon, and the very day after sailing it encountered a gale which sunk some of the smaller ships, and damaged the others so much that the whole fleet returned to port for repairs. When they sailed again they got safely up towards the English Channel, where they captured a fisherman, and were told that the English fleet had been laid up, and the crews paid off and discharged when the news came that the Armada had been driven back by the storm.

"Whether this man was a decoy, sent out for the purpose of deceiving the Spaniards, or was only lying on his own account for the sake of practice in the art, which is said to be the accomplishment of a good fisherman, I don't know, but it is certain that he juggled very much with the truth. The fact was the English fleet was lying in the harbor of Plymouth ready for action: it was commanded by Lord Howard Effingham, who was an experienced commander, and had such renowned sailors as Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher serving under him.

"Now we're coming to the game of bowls at Plymouth. When the admiral of the Armada learned from the fisherman that the English fleet was laid up, and the crews discharged, he decided upon a change of plan; the original arrangement was for the Armada to go to Flanders, to take on board the thirty-four thousand men who were waiting there before making the descent on the coast. His new scheme was to go direct to Plymouth, and burn the ships that were lying there, or, better still, to take possession of them, and add them to his own fleet, with crews gathered from his other vessels."

"He certainly was most inexperienced in the ways of the world," Fred remarked, as Frank read to him the foregoing paragraphs. "Any American youth fifteen years old would know better than to take the word of a fisherman without something to support it. You remember about the trout that Mr. B—— caught last summer; how much he said it weighed, and how much it did weigh, don't you?"

“Never mind Mr. B——’s trout and the way it fell off in weight,” said Frank. “We’ve something of more importance to consider just now. The Armada is of more consequence.”

Fred was silent, while his cousin continued:

“Lord High Admiral Effingham was waiting for the Armada, ‘laying for it,’ an American might say, and when the game of bowls was interrupted by the announcement that the Armada was in sight, it



A SKA-SIDE GROUP.

didn't take long for the English fleet to get under way. It got outside the port into the open sea, where it met the Spanish fleet advancing in the form of a half-moon, with a front about seven miles long. The English fleet attacked at a distance, and the orders of the admiral were to prevent coming to close quarters on account of the inferior number of the English ships, that would thus be at a greater disadvantage than in long-range fighting.

“Two Spanish ships of the first class were disabled and captured, and the Armada was beaten off, or, at any rate, concluded to sail up the Channel to take on board the thirty-four thousand troops, under the Duke of Parma, which were waiting in Flanders. The English fleet followed, and continually attacked the Spaniards, and as they went on they were joined by other ships, so that they soon felt strong enough to take the offensive.

“The English fleet attacked the Armada while it was taking shelter in the harbor of Calais, and the attack was so successful that the Spaniards sailed away in great disorder, having lost twelve ships. They went to Zealand, and on taking an account of stock they found their ammunition was nearly gone; the Duke of Parma refused to venture with his army on board the ships of the Armada, as they were in very bad condition, and it was unsafe to venture back to Spain by way of the English Channel. They decided to sail around by the Orkney Isles and to the east of Ireland, and started to do so.”

“And that’s where the second storm broke them up,” said Fred.

“Yes,” replied Frank, “and a very bad break it was. The English followed them, and captured several ships before the storm came on. Seventeen ships were wrecked on the Western Islands and the coast of Ireland, and with them were lost five thousand men that were on board. Only fifty-three ships of the hundred and thirty got back to Spain. They were in a shattered condition, their sails hanging in ribbons, and their crews greatly reduced in number, flesh, and courage. The stories that the men told of their hardships, the terrible fighting qualities of the English, and the violence of the winds and seas surrounding England, rendered it very certain that there would never be another Spanish Armada. The King never proposed to renew the experiment, nor has any one of his successors.”

“An excellent account of an important event in history,” said Doctor Bronson, when Frank read the foregoing story. “The defeat of the Spanish Armada is justly ranked by Professor Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles in the history of the world. A contrary result would have made England a dependency of Spain, and changed for a long time the political and religious map of this part of the world.”

“But you are wrong on one point,” said the Doctor, “and that is about the game of bowls. Sir Francis Drake and other high officers were playing, and the lord high admiral was looking on. The Armada was not sighted from the Hoe, but was announced by Captain Fleming, who commanded a Scotch privateer, and reported to the lord high

admiral that he had seen the Armada that very morning off the coast of Cornwall, forty or fifty miles away.

“As soon as this became known everybody except Drake was for going on board at once; he insisted that there was plenty of time to finish the contest and beat the Spaniards afterwards, and so the match was played to the end. According to history, the rest of the game was played with the same coolness as the first of it, and the prediction of Sir Francis proved to be correct.”

“Who won at the bowls?” Fred wanted to know.

“That is not a matter of record in any history that I have seen,” the Doctor answered. “If Drake was as fortunate in this as in other things he should have been the winner very easily.”

“He was a very famous man,” said Frank, as Doctor Bronson paused. “He made war upon the Spaniards all over the world, capturing their ships and towns, enriching himself and his men with plunder. He was the first commander of a ship to make a voyage around the world, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. At one time he took his fleet into the harbor of Cadiz, destroyed a hundred Spanish ships that were destined

for the invasion of England, and escaped without serious loss. He had been sent there with orders to ‘singe the King of Spain’s beard,’ and he singed it pretty effectually, unless the story of his performances has been greatly exaggerated by the English historians.”

From the statue of Sir Francis Drake the party went to the Eddystone light-house, the one that was erected on the Eddystone Rock by Smeaton in 1757, and stood there until 1882, when it was removed, being considered insecure, and replaced by a new one. The old light-house was brought to Plymouth, and built up stone by stone at the Hoe as a monument to its inventor. From its top the actual Eddystone light is visible in a clear day about fourteen miles away. The difficulty of constructing



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

it will be realized when it is known that the rock on which it stands is covered at low tide, and slopes like the roof of a house.

“From the top of the light-house,” said Fred, “we looked down upon the Promenade Pier and the Bathing-place, both of them thronged with people and presenting a scene of combined activity and idleness. Beyond lay the Sound, or roadstead, of Plymouth, which was filled with all kinds of craft from tiny sail-boats up to ships of war and merchant steamers of the largest class. I thought of some lines by Dr. Holmes, describing Boston harbor; Frank thought of them too, but I was first to repeat them, and here I’ll repeat them again:



LOOKING FROM SHORE.

“‘The deep-sunk schooner, stuffed with Eastern lime,
Slow wedging on us if the waves were slime,
The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled spars,
The pawing steamer with her mane of stars,
The bull-browed galliot, butting through the stream,
The wide-sailed yacht, that slipped along her beam,
The deck-piled sloop, the pinched chebacco boats,
The frigate black with thunder-freighted throats.’

“There were sloops, schooners, clippers, steamers, war-ships of every kind and class, fishing and pleasure boats in great variety, and a goodly number of yachts whose character was readily known by their fine lines and the neatness of their equipments, no matter how closely we regarded them with the most powerful glasses at hand. We lingered for some time on the summit of the observatory, and every moment discovered some new object to attract our attention.

“You can realize the interest of the British Government in its navy when I remark that there is at Plymouth a Royal Victualling Yard which covers fourteen acres of ground, and cost £1,500,000; it was built fifty years ago for the victualling of the navy, but is not the only establishment of its kind in the country, in spite of its great extent. The dock-yards for the navy are very extensive, and wherever you go you see at every step you take indications of the importance of Plymouth from a military and naval point of view.”



LOW TIDE AT AN ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE.

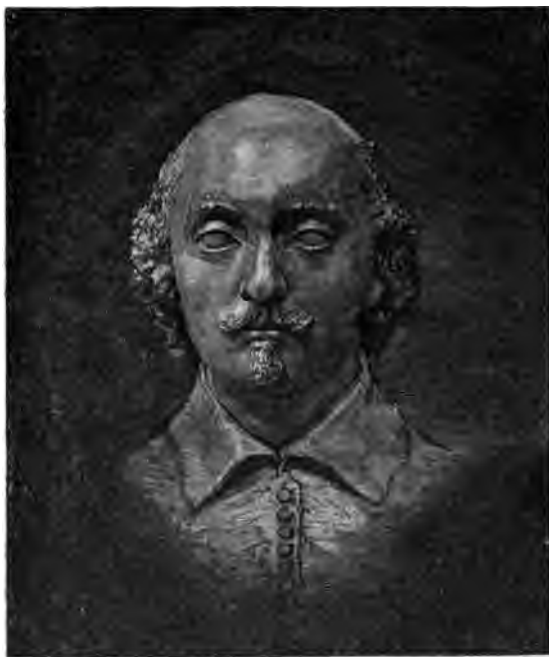
CHAPTER XXV.

LEAVING PLYMOUTH.—GLOUCESTER.—STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—THE RED HORSE INN.—WASHINGTON IRVING'S ROOM.—ANTIQUITY OF STRATFORD.—A TOWN LIVING ON ONE MAN'S REPUTATION.—HOUSE WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN; ROOMS AND CURIOSITIES.—RELICS OF SHAKESPEARE.—WHAT AN AMERICAN SHOWMAN DID.—AUTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.—BYRON, SCOTT, GARRICK, AND THACKERAY.—SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNET-RING.—NEW PLACE.—TRINITY CHURCH.—BURIAL-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.—THE FAMOUS BUST.—BAPTISMAL FONT.—ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.—CHARLECOTE PARK.

IN the evening there was a council of the tourists relative to their movements from Plymouth. There was a general desire to move on in the direction of London; and the "Flying Zulu" train, which would carry them through at high speed, was an attraction not easy to resist.

But Mrs. Bassett caused the "Flying Zulu" to be left behind by a suggestion that before going to the capital they ought to visit Stratford-on-Avon, and see Shakespeare's birthplace and tomb.

The suggestion was adopted, and Frank was deputed to arrange the movements of the party. He immediately telegraphed to the Red Horse Inn at Stratford to secure rooms, and in about an hour the answer that the rooms would be reserved was in his hand. Meanwhile he studied the time-tables of the railways, and



BUST OF SHAKESPEARE (O'DONOVAN).

arranged that the party would leave at a convenient hour the next forenoon, spend the night at Gloucester, have a glimpse of its celebrated cathedral, and reach Stratford early enough to do a fair amount of sight-seeing before nightfall. The plan was carried out to the letter, and now behold the party comfortably seated in the parlor of the famous tavern at Stratford.

The Red Horse is preferred by all visitors to Stratford, for the reason that it is the most ancient of all the taverns, and might have been



IRVING'S CHAIR AT THE RED HORSE.

frequented by Shakespeare himself, as it was in existence in his day, and was then, as now, open for the entertainment of travellers and residents. It is particularly attractive to Americans, as it is the house where Washington Irving lodged when he wrote his famous paper about Stratford-on-Avon. The room he occupied is shown, and also the chair in which he sat, and the poker with which he stirred the fire. Read what is said about this tavern by a well-known American writer:*

* William Winter, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1879.

“The Red Horse is a rambling three-story building, entered through a large archway, which leads into a long, straggling yard, adjacent to many offices and stables. On one side of the hall of entrance is found the smoking-room and bar; on the other are the coffee-room and several sitting-rooms. Above are the chambers. It is a thoroughly old-fashioned inn, such a one as we may suppose the Boar’s Head to have been in the time of Prince Henry; such a one as untravelled Americans only know in the pages of Dickens. The rooms are furnished in plain and homely style, but their associations readily deck them with the fragrant garlands of memory. When Drayton and Jonson came down to visit ‘Gentle Will’ at Stratford, they could scarcely have omitted to quaff the glorious ale of Warwickshire in this cozy parlor. When Queen Henrietta Maria was ensconced at New Place, the honored guest of Shakespeare’s elder and favorite daughter, the general of the royal forces quartered himself at the Red Horse, and then doubtless there was enough and to spare of merry revelry within its walls. A little later the old house was soundly peppered by the Roundhead bullets, and the whole town was overrun with the close-cropped, psalm-singing soldiers of the Commonwealth.

“In 1742 Garrick and Macklin lodged in the Red Horse; and hither again came Garrick in 1769 to direct the great Shakespeare Jubilee, which then was rather dismally accomplished, but which is always remembered to the great actor’s credit and honor. Betterton, no doubt, lodged here when he came to Stratford in quest of reminiscences of Shakespeare. The visit of Irving, supplemented with his delicious chronicle, has led to what might be called almost the consecration of the parlor in which he sat and the chamber in which he slept. They still keep the poker—now marked ‘Geoffrey Crayon’s Sceptre’—with which, as he sat there in long, silent, and ecstatic meditation, he so ruthlessly prodded the fire in the narrow, tiny grate. They keep also the chair in which he sat—a plain, straight-backed arm-chair with a hair-cloth seat, much worn in these latter days by the incumbent devotions of the faithful, but duly marked, on a brass label, with his renowned and treasured name. Thus genius can sanctify even the humblest objects,

“‘And shed a something of celestial light
Round the familiar face of every day.’”

There can be little doubt that the great poet was a frequenter of the “Red Horse,” but we have no positive tradition that such was the case. Fred said they would imagine that Shakespeare had slept in every room

of the house at one time or another; and it was not at all difficult for their imaginations to perform this feat, seeing that he was born in Stratford, spent much of his time there, and was fond of the company



OLD MILL AT STRATFORD.

that he would be likely to meet in the quaint tavern which has continued to our day.

The first place our friends asked for was the room of Irving, and we can imagine their satisfaction on learning that the luncheon for which they had telegraphed, requesting that it should be ready on the arrival of the train, was served in that very parlor. Mary almost lost her appetite in the excitement of sitting down to a meal in Geoffrey

Crayon's parlor; but a few words from Frank and Fred calmed her, and she attended to her share of the festivities, though not in silence. Mrs. Bassett thought she would like to write a letter to her friends at home, and date it from the famous room, but on second thoughts she postponed it until after the excursion through the town.

They were served at table by a deft-handed maiden, who attracted the attention of all by the neatness of her dress, the grace of her figure, and especially by the color on her cheeks. Rosy cheeks were by no means new to them during their tour of the British Islands, but this maid of Stratford presented a complexion such as they had rarely seen. Frank regretted that it was not in the power of the camera to reproduce colors, else he would have caught her physiognomy with his, and borne it away in triumph.

"We had ordered a carriage," said Frank in his journal, "and soon after luncheon we started out to see the sights of Stratford. Before we rose from the table the maid-servant asked if we would give our orders for dinner. We acted upon the suggestion, which is in accordance with old customs, and were very glad she made it. The dinner was thoroughly English in character—a joint of roast mutton, smoking hot from the oven, being the principal dish. It was surrounded by vegetables fresh from the market-gardens of Stratford, and not since we landed in these islands have we enjoyed a meal more than this. Commend us always to the Red Horse Inn at Stratford, for it certainly is to be commended.

"Wherever you go in Stratford you are reminded that it is an ancient town, and we were not surprised to learn that it is mentioned in a Saxon charter as early as the eighth century. It has about ten thousand inhabitants, and is in a fine agricultural region. It has hardly any manufactures except that of beer and of souvenirs of the place, and its chief occupation is to make money from the visitors that come here in a steady stream throughout the year, and in every year. The statistics show that about fourteen thousand strangers go to Stratford annually. You might suppose that the birthplace and tomb of Shakespeare would have more pilgrims than the Scottish town which the poet Burns made famous, but such is not the case. Ayr has more than twice as many visitors as Stratford every year, and that, too, in the face of the fact that Stratford is much nearer to London, the great centre of population, and on the route of travel between London and Liverpool, or only a little way from it.

"Had it not been for Shakespeare it is probable that the town

would have been forgotten long ago, and its population might have been much smaller than it is to-day. A resident of Stratford said one day to a visitor, 'We ought to be very much obliged to Mr. Shakespeare for being born here, for I don't know what we should have done without him.' And from all we can observe the man was right.

"The shops, of every name and kind, are devoted to the sale of souvenirs of Shakespeare, and you see them in endless variety. Pen-holders,



A STREET IN STRATFORD.

paper-cutters, plates, cups, saucers, spoons, engravings, photographs, are all covered with something or other peculiar to the town or the man who made it famous, and you find it impossible to escape them. We have lowered our purses very much by the purchase of souvenirs, whose abundance indicates a brisk trade; they will be useful as presents to friends at home, and we shall have a small trunkful of them by the time we are ready to leave."

"I wanted some confectionery," said Mary, "and what girl does not ?

There was a candy-shop near the Red Horse, and Fred and I slipped into it to buy something.

“Every box of bonbons had upon it something relating to the town or the man, in the shape of Shakespeare’s portrait, the house where he



BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

was born, or some other building, or perhaps scenes from some of his plays. The bonbons enclosed Shakespeare mottoes, quotations from his works, or something of the kind, and the candy was in busts of various sizes, from that of the familiar gum-drop up to a pound or so in weight. Gingerbread displayed Shakespeare in many forms, but I didn’t buy any of it; it wasn’t a pleasant thing to be biting off the head of the great poet to gratify one’s desire for sweet things, and I made my selections so that there would be no suggestion of cannibalism. And, besides, I don’t like gingerbread.”

“There are many modern houses in Stratford,” said Frank, “but there are also many old ones, with the frames outside, according to the custom of centuries ago. One was pointed out to us which bears the date 1596; it is said to be the home of the Harvard family, and to have

once been occupied by John Harvard, the reverend gentleman to whom Harvard College in America owes its name. Some writers on the subject say it is doubtful if the Rev. John ever lived there, but there is good reason to believe that he belonged to the Harvard family which was long located in Stratford.

“Our first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born. It is in Henley Street, and has been changed considerably at different times in the past three hundred years, but the timber framework is practically the same as it was originally; and there have been some repairs



“THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.”

in recent years which were specially directed towards a restoration of the building to its former state and shape, as nearly as possible.”

“The house is now the property of the British nation, and its ownership was brought about by an American,” said Doctor Bronson.

The Doctor's statement was a surprise to Mrs. Bassett and Mary,

but not to Frank and Fred, who were more familiar than they with the history of the house.

"This is the way it happened," said the genial Doctor. "The house was bought by John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, in 1555, and he lived there till his death in 1601. William was born in 1564, and therefore it is presumed that he was born here, though the fact is not established beyond controversy."

"Why is that?" Mrs. Bassett inquired.

"Because," was the reply, "John Shakespeare owned at the same time two other houses—one in Greenhill Street, Stratford, and another



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

about a mile and a half from town, on the road to Warwick. It is quite possible that William was born in either of the other houses, and some writers have endeavored to show that it is not only possible but probable. But the Henley Street house is the one that has been adopted by tradition as Shakespeare's birthplace, and we will accept the situation as we find it and be content.

"William Shakespeare inherited the house from his father, and at his death he gave it to his sister Joan, who was to pay an annual rental of one shilling for the remainder of her life, after which it was to become the property of William's daughter, Susanna. Susanna gave it to her grandchild, Lady Barnard, and it was given by Lady Barnard to

the grandsons of Joan Shakespeare, or Joan Hart, which was her name after her marriage. In 1806 the house was in the possession of William Shakespeare Hart, who was indirectly of the seventh generation from the great dramatist. Mr. Hart sold it to Thomas Court, and at the death of the latter his family offered the building for sale."

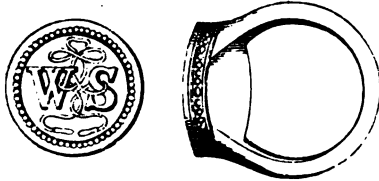
"And an American offered to buy it, I suppose," said Mrs. Bassett.

"Yes, that was exactly the case," replied the Doctor. "While it was in the market the famous American showman, Phineas Taylor Barnum, conceived that it would be a good speculation to buy the house, and transport it to America for show purposes. It had already suffered a great deal, a part of it having been converted into an inn, and the ground-floor of the other part turned into a butcher-shop. One of the tenants, in the early part of this century, was a woman who set up as a poet and dramatist, and produced a great deal of literature that has not survived. In 1820 she was ordered to move out of the house, and when she did so she carried away nearly all the furniture, and caused the walls to be whitewashed.



SHAKESPEARE'S DESK.

"Barnum's offer was talked of in the papers, and there was great excitement in England at the prospect of losing the birthplace of Shakespeare, and seeing it go to America. One writer for the press consoled himself and his readers with the reflection that, even if the house was removed, the cellar would remain, and another house could be built over it; whereupon it was rejoined that Barnum would not only carry away the house but the cellar with it.



SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNET-RING.

"Barnum didn't get the building, but he did get what was, no doubt, equally satisfactory to him—a great deal of advertising. There was a popular subscription to raise the required sum for the purchase of the house, and it was bought from the heirs of Mr. Court, its last individual owner. It is now safe against the possibility of removal, except by fire, and that is guarded against very carefully."

"That's the house, I am sure," exclaimed Mary. "I know it by the picture on the plate I saw at the hotel."

The carriage stopped in front of the quaint building, and the party

descended and entered. They were taken in charge by the custodian, and shown through the various rooms, and made acquainted with the relics of Shakespeare or of his time.

"The house is directly on the street," wrote Frank, "and you enter it by a narrow porch which takes you at once into the kitchen and 'living room' of Shakespeare's time. There isn't much to see in the room in the line of curiosities except the room itself, where we can imagine that the poet when a boy often sat in the corner of the great fireplace, and made pictures in the flames as the wood gave out its cheerful blaze. There are seats at the sides of the fireplace, not of wood, but built into the brick, and as indestructible as the chimney itself.

"From this lower room we were taken up a narrow stair-way to the second floor, and shown into the room where Shakespeare was born. The house is two stories high, and was probably a fine one when it was built, as most of the houses in Stratford at that time had only one story or at most a story and a half. A tall man, like the Doctor, has to be careful of his head while walking through this building; Doctor Bronson removed his hat, as a matter of course, when in-doors, but if he had not done so the low ceilings and passage-ways would have removed it for him. In the upper room we could easily reach our hands to the ceiling, and it would be a very inconvenient place for an acrobat larger than a dwarf to practise in.

"Since the property passed from private hands it has been forbidden to write upon the walls and windows, but before that time every inch of available space was converted into an autograph album. As we entered the room we found ourselves facing a window with small panes of glass, and a very old window it must be if not the original one. Every pane has been scribbled on by visitors who were fortunate enough to have diamond rings or to borrow them from others; there are some well-known names here, among them that of Sir Walter Scott, but the greater number are unknown to fame, either literary or any other.

"The garrulous woman who led us through the place called attention to the autographs of Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, which are close to each other. They are on the plastered wall, and not on the window, and might be passed without notice by a casual visitor. Thackeray was a tall man, as you may perhaps know, and he wrote his name on the ceiling. I don't know how tall Lady Helen Martin was, but she was able to write her name on the ceiling, near Thackeray's autograph. It doesn't appear there as Helen Martin, but as Helen Faucit, her maiden and stage name. She was an actress of great repute in England

between 1836 and 1850, as you can easily ascertain by reading the history of the theatre in England.

“We could have spent hours and hours in a study of these autographs, but time did not permit, and we only glanced at a few of the most famous. There is a fireplace at one side of the room, and close to it are so many names of actors that the spot has been called ‘the Actors’ Pillar.’ Lord Byron’s autograph interested us, and so did that of Washington Irving. The last-named gentleman must have been much



OLD BRIDGE AT STRATFORD.

in love with the place, as his autograph appears three times on the walls. Some of the visitors in past days were so much inspired by the associations of the room that they ‘dropped into poetry,’ not always very successfully. Their efforts in verse-making have thus been commented on by one visitor:

“‘ Ah, Shakspeare, when we read the votive scrawls
 With which well-meaning folks deface these walls,
 And while we seek in vain some lucky hit
 Amidst the lines whose nonsense nonsense smothers,
 We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,
 Thou art not here the cause of wit in others.’



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD.

“The tim-
bers of the
old house are
visible in the walls of this
room, and they appear
solid enough to last for
centuries to come. These
timbers are of oak, and of

such a size as to suggest that when the house was built oak-trees were abundant everywhere in England, or, at any rate, in the neighborhood of Stratford. John Shakespeare paid forty pounds for this house when

he bought it; the timber in it would cost a great deal more than that sum to-day, and difficult to find at any price.

“Of course we all sat in Shakespeare's chair, which stands in a corner of this room. Every visitor sits in it, and the chair certainly appears old enough to have been occupied by Shakespeare and his grandfather before him. In Washington Irving's time the chair is said to have been used so much that it had to be made over every three years, and it certainly must be subject to a great deal of wear and tear. When the house was private property, the chair was sold several times at a high figure to admirers of the poet. Whether they tired of it and sent it back is not recorded in history, but it is positively asserted that, in a day or two after the purchaser disappeared with his prize, it, or its exact counterpart, was in the old familiar corner in the room where Shakespeare was born.

“They called our attention to the painting which is known as “the Stratford portrait” of Shakespeare, and would probably bring a very high price if offered for sale. Exactly when and by whom it was painted is unknown, but it is pretty certain that it was not put on the canvas until long after the poet's death. It is a fortunate circumstance that the portrait exists at all, as it lay a long time in a lumber-room, was used as a target by boys practising with the bow and arrow, and was also used as a canvas on which another portrait was painted. For a long time it was in a garret where it was exposed to the weather and to a good deal of dirt. It was about to be thrown away or put into the fire when it was shown to an artist, who thought there might possibly be a good portrait beneath the very bad daub it presented.



AVENUE IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

“The picture then went to a professional cleaner, who removed the outside coating and soon revealed the portrait of Shakespeare, which was evidently an attempt to place on canvas a view of the bust that adorns his monument in Stratford church. The picture is interesting from its associations and on account of the vicissitudes through which it has passed and its narrow escapes.

“From the upper floor we descended to the Shakespeare museum, which is on a level with the ground. Of relics actually touched by the hand of the poet and known to be authentic there are very few, but the collection is large enough to require many hours—or days, even—for a careful examination. I will only mention a few of the articles, as the entire list would be tedious reading and occupy a great deal of space.

“There is a seal ring of Shakespeare, with his initials tied together by a ‘true-lover’s knot.’ It was found near Stratford church twenty or thirty years ago, and is generally considered an authentic relic. The proof that it is genuine is partially supplied by the fact that on the last of the three sheets of the poet’s will the word ‘seal’ is erased, and the word ‘hand’ appears instead. The theory is that at the time he made his will he had just lost the ring, and sufficient time had not elapsed for him to get another.

“There is the desk, or what purports to be such, where Shakespeare sat at school. It is a plain rude bench, and is known to have been in the grammar-school of Stratford when its hero attended there. It is no wonder that he ‘crept like snail unwillingly to school’ if he was obliged to sit continuously for several hours at a bench like this. It is very much unlike the school furniture of the present day, as you can readily imagine when you remember its age.

“The only known letter in existence that was addressed to Shakespeare is preserved here; it was from Richard Quiney, is dated in 1598, and asks for the loan of thirty pounds. We do not know if Quiney obtained the loan, but his letter soliciting it has certainly given him fame. Were he here to-day he could easily obtain the money by selling the letter to an autograph-hunter, who would willingly pay that amount to have in his possession a piece of paper on which the great delineator of human character had placed his hands.

“There is also a deed made in 1596 that proves the house to have been at that time the property of John Shakespeare, William’s father. There is a declaration by William Shakespeare in a suit to recover some money that was due him on the purchase of some malt by Philip Rogers. There is a deed signed by Gilbert Shakespeare, the poet’s

brother, who had charge of William's business while the latter was at London engaged in his theatrical pursuits. There are other papers and other things; but we will drop them, and step a moment into the little garden at the rear of the house, where there is an abundance of vines, green bushes and trees, and a thick carpet of grass, from which we pluck a few sprigs to send across the sea."

And now it is Fred's turn to tell us something. He will talk of the church where Shakespeare lies buried, and the spot whither our friends



PORCH OF THE CHURCH.

next wended their way, stopping briefly at New Place, where Shakespeare lived during the last nineteen years of his life, or such part of that time as he passed in Stratford.

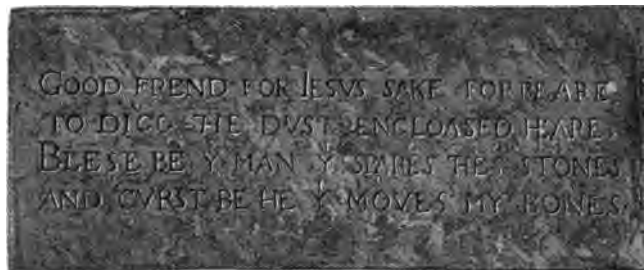
"The house exists no longer," said Fred, "and therefore there was not much to detain us at New Place. The building was pulled down in 1757 by its owner, who seems to have been a very unpopular man if history tells the truth about him. He had cut down the mulberry-tree which Shakespeare planted, and his reason for destroying it was that people invaded his garden to sit beneath the tree and pluck sprigs from

it to carry away as souvenirs. This caused some of the boys to pelt his windows with stones, and otherwise make things unpleasant for him. He moved away from Stratford soon afterwards, and as the authorities levied heavy taxes on his property he tore down the house in the year mentioned, and declared that no more taxes should be collected on it. The modern house which occupies the spot is a museum of Shakespeare relics, and belongs to the town; the museum is of very little consequence, and can be seen in a short time.

“But the church, Holy Trinity Church of Stratford, was so interesting that we were all in great haste to reach it. It is not in itself a remarkable building, and though it has been repeatedly repaired, it still preserves its old characteristics, and manifests its antiquity. The yard about it is filled with graves, and the stones that mark them are mossy and black with age. The church is on the banks of the Avon, and we readily recognized it by the pictures which were familiar to us; the best view is from across the river, and it is no wonder that artists have so often painted the scene that is there presented to their eyes.

“We walked up the shaded avenue that leads to the church, and entered the building through a porch which is battlemented like the gateway of a fortress. The interior is filled with many interesting monuments, but they are all overshadowed by the tomb of Shakespeare, and few visitors care to look at anything else. At least that was the case with us, and with every one with whom we have talked on the subject.

“We went straight to the spot where repose the bones of the great



poet: there is no doubt that they repose there, as nobody has dared to violate the request contained in the inscription on the stone above them. A traveller who visited Stratford in 1693 describes the church, and the tomb of Shakespeare, and also the bust above it, and then he adds, ‘The clerk that showed me this church is above eighty years old. He says that not one, for fear of the curse above-said, dare touch his

gravestone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him.' Modern restorations of the church have left the grave undisturbed, and are likely to do so; the curse may not be feared as much as in the olden time, but the man who would open the tomb of Shakespeare would be execrated more than a traitor who betrays his king into the hands of his enemies.

“Several members of Shakespeare's family are buried in the church,



and their graves are marked with inscriptions upon the flat stones that cover them. The bust of Shakespeare above his grave was executed a few years after his death, and is supposed to be an

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL HALL.

authentic portrait, as it was the work of a sculptor who was personally acquainted with the poet, and had a cast, or death-mask, to work from. It is claimed that this mask has been found within the last twenty or thirty years, and busts of Shakespeare have been made from it by modern sculptors. Page, Ward, and O'Donovan, all Americans, are among

those who have made busts of the poet, and there has been much criticism of their work, some of it favorable and some the reverse.

“We looked at the font where Shakespeare was baptized; at least such is the supposition, and it seems to be pretty well authenticated. The font was in the church at the time of his birth; it was removed in the seventeenth century, and replaced by a new one, and lay for many

years in a pile of rubbish. It was used as a pump-trough at one time, was owned by various persons, and it was not until comparatively recent days that the precious relic was restored to its old place in the church, where it is likely to remain for a long time.

“From the church we went to the Shakespeare Memorial Hall, which was erected in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, and finished only a few years ago. The funds for its construction were obtained from private contributions and popular subscriptions, and the building is a large edifice containing a theatre, a picture-gallery, and a library. The theatre is intended for memorial performances, the library to contain copies of all the books on Shakespeare that have ever been or ever shall be printed (it already has a goodly number), and the picture-gallery is for paintings illustrating the poet's life and works. In course of time there will be a very



BUST OVER SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

valuable collection of these things, and it is probable that a dramatic college may be established in connection with the building.

“The next morning we drove to Shottery to see the cottage of Anne Hathaway, where Shakespeare went courting. It is said to be in substantially the same condition as it was three hundred years ago; its

present occupant claims to be a descendant of Anne's family, and she probably makes a comfortable living out of the fees from visitors.

"The cottage looks as though it might easily be five hundred or a thousand years old, but it is kept in good condition, so that there is no chance of its falling to ruin. They showed us Anne's bedstead and a few other articles of furniture, and also some sheets of 'everlasting'



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

linen that are said to have come down from her time. The material for these sheets was woven in hand-loomes before factories were known, and they were certainly stronger than most of the sheets upon modern beds in England and America."

From Anne Hathaway's cottage the party drove to Charlecote, the home of Sir Thomas Lucy, the magistrate who is said to have been the cause of Shakespeare's departure from Stratford when he went to London to seek his fortune. They returned to the Red Horse at the conclusion of their drive, and then went out for a stroll among the shops of Stratford, where we will leave them to make whatever purchases they choose.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEPARTURE FROM STRATFORD.—WARWICK CASTLE.—WARWICK, THE “KING-MAKER.”—OLD LEGENDS.—OXFORD.—THE UNIVERSITY.—HALLS AND COLLEGES.—BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY.—COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.—COURSE OF STUDY AT OXFORD.—WIFE-AUCTION IN ENGLAND.—THE THAMES FROM OXFORD TO LONDON.—SIGHTS ALONG THE RIVER.—HOUSE-BOATS AND THEIR USES.—PUNTS AND ANGLERS.—COMFORT IN FISHING.—RICHMOND, WINDSOR, AND GREAT MARLOW.—SHENSTONE’S VERSES ON A WINDOW.—HENLEY REGATTA.—ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—THE CITY AND THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.—AN ENGLISHMAN’S JOKE UPON AN AMERICAN.

OUR friends arranged their departure from Stratford so as to give them time to see Warwick Castle in the hours that it is open to visitors, and then proceed by express train to London. Warwick is about



BY THE WAY-SIDE.

eight miles from Stratford by the carriage-road, but nearly twice that distance by rail. As the road was said to be through a country of great beauty, they hired a carriage for the journey, and sent their baggage by train to the junction of the lines at Warwick.

They enjoyed the drive along the carriage-road, and unani- mously voted that they had chosen rightly in

giving it preference over the railway. To the town of Warwick, which has ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and dates from the time of the Romans, they gave very little attention, as they had seen ancient build- ings enough to satisfy their curiosity relative to any ordinary structures

of the kind. But Warwick Castle was a different matter, as it is one of the finest and best preserved feudal castles in the country, and has a great deal of history connected with it. It is renowned as the home of the Earl of Warwick from the establishment of the earldom by William the Conqueror down to the present time.

“We went through the castle rather hastily,” said Frank, “being rushed along with a crowd of twenty or more travellers like ourselves,



HALLWAY AND ANCIENT ARMOR.

the whole aim of the custodian seeming to be to get rid of us as soon as possible after collecting his fees. The castle is a stately pile, and well worth a visit of many hours' duration.

“Warwick Castle dates from Saxon times, but the oldest part of the structure as it stands at present is Cæsar's Tower, which is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and has a fine view from the top. It is

said to have been built soon after the Norman conquest of England; and there is another part, called Guy's Tower, nearly as old as the other. The rest of the huge building dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and there is a part that was rebuilt in the old style after a fire in 1871. The original mode of construction (after the fire) was imitated so closely that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between the old and the new.

"We saw several relics of Guy of Warwick, including the sword with which he is said to have dealt death to many enemies. They showed us the mace of the Warwick who had the nickname of 'King-maker,' also the helmet of Cromwell, and the armor in which some distinguished lord or marquis (I forget his name) was killed in battle. It makes little difference who he was, at any rate to him, as he's been dead these several hundred years.

"There is a fine collection of armor and other ancient things, and also a great number of paintings, which are the property of the family. There are portraits by Rubens, Vandyck, and other famous masters; there's an inlaid table, said to be worth thousands of pounds, and out in the conservatory is the celebrated Warwick vase, which was found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli in Italy. To name a tenth of the curiosities contained in this castle would make a tedious list, and therefore I forbear to inflict them on you."

The visit to the castle naturally roused the curiosity of the young people to learn something more about the Earl of Warwick. Fred assumed the responsibility of looking up the subject, and consulted several authorities. Here is the result:

"The title of Earl of Warwick was given to a member of the Newburgh family by William the Conqueror, and inherited by William de Beauchamp in the thirteenth century. Two hundred years later—or, to be more exact, in 1449—Richard Nevil became Earl of Warwick. He was the son of the Earl of Salisbury, and son-in-law of Richard, Earl of Warwick. His title came to him by marriage, in consequence of there being no direct male heir to the earldom. He was also nephew of the Duke of York and first cousin to Edward IV., besides being related to other noble families of England. As the politicians of New York would express it, he had a strong 'pull.'

"This Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, was the one who became known as 'King-maker.' In the Wars of the Roses he supported the House of York, and led an army to victory in their behalf, thus securing the throne to Edward IV. The King rewarded him, and Warwick was

the most powerful man in England. Probably he became arrogant in consequence. At any rate he quarrelled with the King, went to France, and returned with an army to England, landing in Kent and marching to victory. He proclaimed Henry VI. king, and drove Edward from the throne and out of the country.

“Warwick certainly made two kings for the throne of England, but



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

after the second effort his hand seems to have lost its cunning. Edward went to Holland when he was driven from the country. In the year following his flight he returned with an army with which he defeated the Lancastrians, and killed the famous king-maker in the battle which decided the contest.

"There's another historical and more ancient Warwick who was called Guy; but he was almost a mythical personage, whose performances are mixed up with a great deal of fable. Five miles from Warwick there is another famous castle, that of Kenilworth, which is also a very extensive affair, but we did not visit it. Near Kenilworth this Guy of Warwick is said to have killed an assorted lot of monsters of various kinds; and after his return from one of the Crusades he lived as a hermit in a cave near his house, and daily received alms from his wife, who did not recognize him in his disguise. Mary says he must have made a regular guy of himself in order to deceive her, and quite likely he did."

Warwick and its castle and legends were left behind as the express train rolled away in the direction of London. The place of greatest importance through which our friends passed was Oxford, famous for the University, which has a world-wide reputation, and has been the place of education of thousands of men who have risen to prominence among the rest of mankind.

"I wish we could stop at Oxford and go through the college building," said Mrs. Bassett while the train was briefly halted at the station.

"You are wrong in your ideas of the University," said Doctor Bronson, kindly, as he turned to Mrs. Bassett. "Instead of there being a single educational building at Oxford, as your remark would imply, there are many buildings, and they are scattered through the town. I won't try to say how many colleges, churches, and chapels there are in Oxford, but there are a goodly number, and together they form the University."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Bassett. "You've corrected an error that needed correction, and I think a good many others are laboring under the same mistake that I was." Then she added, after a pause, "how old is the University at Oxford?"

"That is difficult to say absolutely," the Doctor answered. "It has been claimed that the University was founded in the time of King Alfred, which would make it a thousand years old. King Alfred lived at Oxford, and the town is mentioned as early as the eighth century; in the second year of the ninth century (A.D. 802) there was an act of confirmation by Pope Martin II. which described Oxford as an ancient seat of learning. The fact is that in very early times students used to go to Oxford to be instructed, and as there were then no printed books the chief instruction they received was in the form of lectures or oral teaching. They paid fees to the learned men whose lectures they attended, and took lodgings in the houses of the towns-people.

“Sometimes these students combined together to hire the services of a lecturer or teacher, and they lived with him in the large tenement which they called a hall. This is the origin of the ‘halls’ that are attached to modern colleges, but there are many students who are not aware of this fact. Rules were made at Oxford for the government of students living in the halls, and in the fifteenth century more than a hundred halls were in successful operation. Afterwards the number diminished, as also did the number of students, and at present there are only five halls in Oxford.

“As the halls diminished in number and power the colleges increased, and most of the halls that have disappeared were bought up by the colleges from time to time. The colleges were founded at various times between the thirteenth and the eighteenth centuries; there are now nineteen colleges, of which five have been founded since the Reformation. The colleges are known by names, such as University, Balliol, Magdalen, Exeter, Oriel, and Queen’s. I will not give you the whole list, as it would not be possible for you to remember it—in fact, I don’t remember it myself. The two first mentioned are the oldest and wealthiest of the colleges, and in order to be admitted there a student must apply several years in advance and pass a rigid examination.”

“How long a time does it take, and how much does it cost to go through a course at Oxford?” Frank asked.

“The regular course of study is three years, but it is sometimes four or maybe five years, according to the college selected by the student and the branches in which he wishes to be instructed. Even this does not always finish a student’s stay at Oxford, as it has become the practice for young men to remain there a year or two after graduation and



THE "COLLEGE GOVERNOR," MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

take instruction from private tutors. In answer to your question I will say that the cost of living at Oxford—the necessary expenses—can be covered by from £200 to £300 a year, or \$1000 to \$1500. On £300 a student can have all the comforts and luxuries which he could reasonably desire, while he can get along quite easily on £200. There have been instances of young men who have taken the course at Oxford in the old colleges for £100 a year; but those who are familiar with the place say that it requires great firmness in resisting temptations, and great



DR. PUSEY.

forbearance in receiving the sneers of richer students, to get along at all with this very limited figure.

“The trouble is,” continued the Doctor, “that the majority of the students at Oxford are the sons of wealthy men, and they are allowed a great deal of money to spend. Thus they set an example of lavishness which makes it the more difficult for the student of limited means. Another difficulty is that many of the students are more devoted to proficiency in rowing, boxing, and other athletic sports than to the studies to which their attention is supposed to be given. The public is much more interested in knowing the names of those who win at the annual boat-race be-

tween Oxford and Cambridge than those who have taken first honors in Latin or Greek in the college examinations.”

In answer to a question by Mrs. Bassett, Doctor Bronson said that there were between two and three thousand students constantly at Oxford, the number varying somewhat for divers reasons. He further said that of late years there has been an effort to discourage the presence of those whose chief idea was to spend money, and have a good time, with as little attention as possible to studies. Of course it is impossible to make a rule that will exclude men of this sort, but the object is being attained by making the examinations more rigid, compelling more study than formerly, and reducing the cost of living in the colleges. One of the newest of the colleges has fixed the expenses of a student at £81 a year, which includes room-rent, board, college dues, tuition, and servants. Some extras are allowed, but not to exceed £12 a year.

Other questions about Oxford were asked and answered; Doctor Bronson had spent several days there with one of the professors, with whom he had long been acquainted, and it is to that visit we are indebted for the account given herewith. Frank and Fred hoped to follow the Doctor's example at some future day, and should they do so we may be sure of an interesting story.

Mary wished to know if women were admitted to study at Oxford. She had read something about a scheme of that sort, but didn't know if it had been carried out.

"Women may use some of the libraries," said the Doctor, "and also the art galleries, and it is a noticeable fact that more than half the patrons of the art school of the Taylor Institution are women, most of



BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

them belonging to the families of the college professors. In recent years three 'halls' have been established for women, one of them being called Lady Margaret, and the other Somerville Hall, in honor of Mrs. Somerville, the famous writer. The patrons of these halls have the same discipline and studies and pass the same examinations as the other students at Oxford, but do not take degrees. In course of time their friends hope to see the new schools on an equality with the old in every respect, except in boating, boxing, and other cognate branches of science.

"Intelligent people in England," the Doctor continued, "are becoming aroused to the necessity of paying more attention to the education of women than has been the custom down to this period. Do you know how many more women than men there are in England?"

Nobody was able to say.

"Well," said Doctor Bronson, "the last statistics showed that the excess of the female over the male population was between 800,000 and 900,000. Under such circumstances it is manifestly impossible that every woman can find a husband to support her, and the need is apparent for the better education of women, so that they may be able to support themselves by their own industry."

"Times have changed a great deal," said Fred, "in the past hundred years. I was reading this morning that in 1779 an Oxford woman was led by her husband with a rope around her waist to the public market, where cattle and sheep were sold. She was put up at auction, and sold for a few shillings; the seller transferred his end of the rope to the buyer, and this was considered a sufficient title to the human property. Such a sale would hardly be possible to-day."

All agreed that it would not, and then the conversation changed to the great city they were fast approaching, and the river on whose banks it is built. The railway several times presented views of the Thames, and our friends wondered how such a small stream as it appeared to be could float the commerce of the greatest city in the civilized world. This wonder was displayed by Mrs. Bassett and Mary more than by Frank and Fred. The youths were aware of the peculiarities of the Thames, as they had navigated a portion of it, and they hastened to explain them to their worse-informed companions.

"You see that the Thames is not a large river here," said Frank, "and only adapted to small craft. Steam-launches, house-boats, barges, skiffs, and other light vessels are what they use here for purposes of navigation, and if you should build an ocean steamer at Oxford you would have to take it in pieces to get it away.

"What is called the Thames at London is simply the estuary or mouth of the river, where the tide flows; above the reach of the tide it is the insignificant stream that you see here. The tidal Thames is vastly different from the non-tidal Thames, as every man familiar with this part of England will tell you.

"It is a favorite amusement with many English people, especially of Londoners, to take boating excursions on the Thames. They have house-boats, as they call them, and in these craft a party can go away and take a vacation of days or weeks."

"For days or weeks!" exclaimed Mrs. Bassett, in astonishment. "I don't see where they could occupy weeks in going anywhere on this little island; it's so small they'd be in danger of drifting out to sea."

“That reminds me,” said Frank, with a laugh, “of the American who said he was always afraid to go out-of-doors at night in England for fear of walking off.”

“But about those house-boats,” said Mary—“how are they made?”

“They are barges with houses built over them. The house contains a kitchen, a pantry, and a large room which is used as parlor, sitting, and dining room, and there are cabins according to the size of the party and of the boat. There may be one or two servants, and the craft is propelled by means of a tow-rope to which a horse is attached. By the



THE THAMES, NEAR OXFORD.

rivers and canals a house-boat may go all the way across England, and up or down nearly its whole length. If you want to read about a voyage of this kind get *The Strange Adventures of a House-boat*, by William Black. It's an interesting story, and the heroine is an American girl who knows how to handle a fly-rod, and is an expert at catching trout.

“That small boat you see sitting very flat on the water, and cut square across the bow, is called a punt. It is as safe as a dry-goods box, and just about as speedy; it's so broad that it is next to impossible to upset it, except by the greatest carelessness, and is the favorite of idle



PARLOR OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

men who go out to catch fish in the Thames. The boat is anchored by means of two poles driven into the mud, and the fishermen sit comfortably in chairs, very much as though they were at home in their own houses. I once saw a punt with a stuffed arm-chair in it, and a canopy above the chair to keep off sun and rain.

“There are many barges for carrying freight on the river, but not as many as there were before railways were built. The bargemen are a peculiar race of people, and not always an agreeable one. Parties in small boats will do well to keep out of the way of any barges they happen to meet, as a collision with them is rather risky for the boats, though perfectly safe for the barges. It is like allowing a light carriage to come in contact with a brewer's wagon in the streets of New York, which is always bad for the carriage.”

“How long does it take to make a boat journey on the Thames?” Mary asked. “I mean the journey from Oxford to London.”

“That depends very much upon the time one has to spare, and the kind of boat you engage. In summer there is a small steamer that can be hired for a party; in fact, there are several of these steamers, and the trip is leisurely made in three days, either up or down the stream. It is about one hundred and twelve miles from London Bridge to Oxford, but the usual way is to begin or end the journey at Richmond or Windsor. Richmond is about ninety-five miles from Oxford, and Windsor seventy miles; so, you see, the distance is not great, and



A HOUSE-BOAT IN MOTION—NIGHT.

three days will satisfy the great majority of travellers for sight-seeing. Perhaps we'll make the journey after we have seen a little of London, especially if we fall in with a sufficient number of congenial friends to make up a party."

Then he went on to say that there were many interesting places

along the banks of the river—Richmond, with its gardens and Star and Garter Hotel; Windsor, with its famous castle, where the Queen has a residence; and Henley, where regattas are frequently held, and attract immense crowds of spectators; and the spot where Shenstone wrote on a window with a diamond the well-known lines:

“Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

He added that Great Marlow was interesting, as it is a fishing station very attractive to anglers in the Thames; and near it is Bisham



THE TOW-PATH.

Abbey, where Queen Elizabeth lived for three years while her sister Mary occupied the throne. Hampton Court is a great resort for visitors, and on the other side of the river is the house that was the country-seat of the celebrated actor David Garrick for the last twenty-five years of his eventful life.

“But never mind the Thames now,” said Frank; “we’ll soon be at the end of our journey, so far as coming to London is concerned, for we are already in the Metropolitan District.”

“We’re actually in the city of London, are we?” Mary asked.

“Not by any means,” was the reply. “Let me explain something

ASHTON RIVER, CALIFORNIA



that often puzzles Americans. The 'City' is the London of past centuries, and is governed by the Lord Mayor, and has certain rights which do not pertain to the portion outside of the ancient boundaries. It has a population of about fifty thousand, and this figure is steadily diminishing owing to the value of property for business purposes; it is the great business centre where the principal banking institutions are located, and it contains the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England, the General Post-Office, and other important buildings you will wish to see."

"I suppose that the 'City' holds the same relation to the rest of London that the portion of New York below Chambers Street holds to all the rest of Manhattan island?"

"Precisely," replied Frank. "You've made an excellent comparison."

"The Metropolitan District of London and Westminster, or rather the Metropolitan Police District, extends twelve or fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, which may be considered the geographical centre, and the area it includes is not far from seven hundred square miles. It has streets and roads altogether about seven thousand miles in length, and a population, in round figures, of more than five millions. The growth of London will be appreciated when it is known that the population has doubled in the last forty years."

"I suppose all parts of the world are represented here?" said Mrs. Bassett, as Frank paused.

"Yes," was the reply. "There is hardly any country, and certainly no country of consequence, that has not a goodly number of representatives living here. One writer says London contains more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Catholics than Rome, and more Jews than Palestine. You can find negroes from all parts of Africa, natives of all the provinces of India, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, Moors, South-Sea Islanders, and I don't know how many other races and nationalities, with very little trouble. London may be considered the centre of the world in more ways than one. Longitude on the maps of all nations begins here; the money exchanges of the world are upon London; here is the centre of commerce, and it is the source where much of the thought and progress of the rest of the globe has its origin."

Frank might have grown eloquent on the subject on which he had started, and there is no telling in what flights of fancy he might have indulged had not the train slowed down as it approached the great terminal station where they were to alight. Philosophy, and sentiment gave way for the practical cares devolving upon the youth, and his

attention was diverted from the greatness of the capital of the British Empire to the collection of hand-bags and other trifles which formed the personal impedimenta of the party.

While Frank secured the cabs needed for the conveyance of himself and companions, Fred went to the luggage-van, and indicated their trunks to the stalwart porters. In a few minutes the travellers were rolling out of the station on their way to the Langham Hotel, which had been chosen as their temporary abiding-place.



TAKING A REST.

On their way to the hotel Doctor Bronson amused Mrs. Bassett and Mary with an account of how an English comedian "hoaxed" an American who had doubted that London was as large as represented. The Englishman met his friend at the Euston Square station, and by a private arrangement, previously made with the driver, occupied nearly a whole day in going from that point to Charing Cross, stopping on the way to take luncheon and feed the horse. The American was astonished, and frankly admitted that he had never dreamed London was such a great city as it proved to be, when it took seven or eight hours to drive from circumference to centre, or rather from a station that the map showed to be considerably inside the circumference.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIVING IN LODGINGS.—LODGING-HOUSE CUSTOMS.—SMOKE, RAIN, AND FOG IN LONDON.—HOTEL LIFE.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—THE ORIGINAL CHURCH ON THE ISLE OF THORNS.—MIRACULOUS APPEARANCE OF ST. PETER.—HOW AND WHEN THE PRESENT ABBEY WAS BUILT.—THE STONE OF SCONE.—CORONATION CHAIR.—ROYAL COFFINS.—MONUMENTS AND TOMBS IN THE ABBEY. POETS' CORNER.—GRAVES AND MONUMENTS OF FAMOUS MEN; CHARLES AND JOHN WESLEY.—TOMBS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.—WESTMINSTER HALL.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN WESTMINSTER HALL.—FAMOUS STATE TRIALS.—THE FOUR GEORGES.—CROMWELL AND HIS MANY SKULLS.—GUY FAWKES AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

“WE found the hotel very comfortable,” said Mrs. Bassett in her first letter from London; “but as we intended to stay a month or more in the great city, I thought it would be nicer to have private apartments if we could find such as we wanted. Doctor Bronson asked his banker, and he referred us to a house-agent whom he knew to be responsible and truthful, which is not the case with all house-agents, so the banker said. The agent found some excellent rooms for us with a private family, and we liked them so well when we saw them that the bargain was made immediately.

“We live here as quietly as we choose, and as we took all the rooms that the family had to spare we have things pretty much our own way. We have a parlor and five sleeping-rooms; they serve breakfast to us in our parlor, and we can have dinner whenever we choose to order it in the morning before going out. Generally we prefer to lunch and dine wherever we happen to be; we often go to one of the large restaurants or hotels for dinner, in order to see as much as we can of the ways of London and London people.

“The family we live with is small, there being an old couple, who have a widowed daughter living with them, and two servants. That’s what it was when we came; but they engaged an extra servant on our account, and a very obliging girl she is. The old lady is a very nice body, and I’ve got quite friendly with her; she has lived all her days in London, and hardly ever been out of it, and has told me lots of things that were very interesting. She has seen the Queen many times, and all

the rest of the royal family, and whenever she speaks of them she is so solemn in her way that it requires all of Mary's good manners to keep the girl from laughing. She was awfully shocked once when she heard

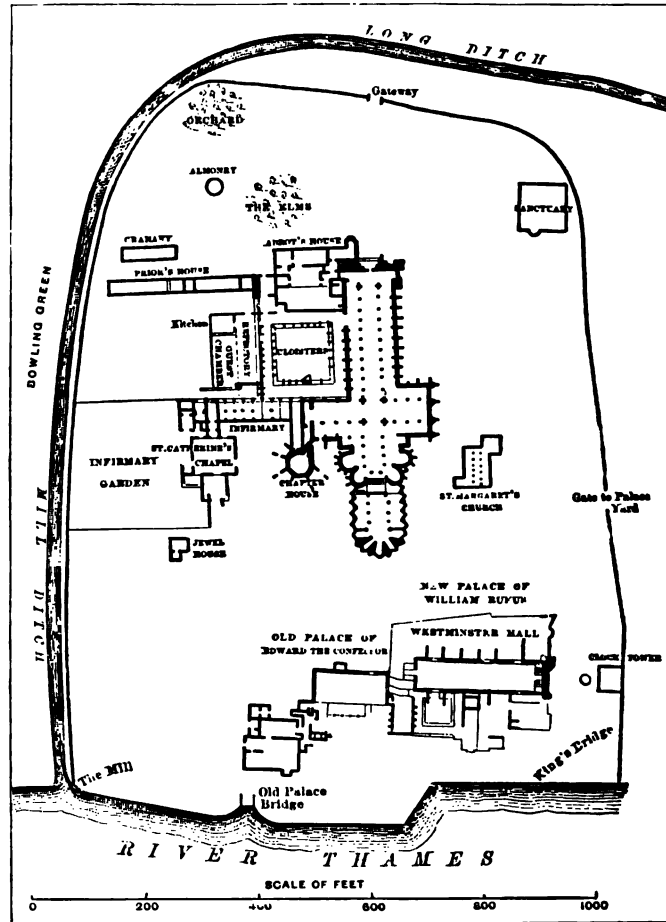


WEST FRONT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

an American speak of the Prince of Wales as 'His Royal Nibs,' and says it gave her a headache that put her to bed for a whole day.

"Doctor Bronson says it's much cheaper to live in lodgings than at a fashionable hotel, but that there are hotels all over London suited to the

capacities of every kind of purse. Lodgings are of all prices, from ten shillings up to ten or fifteen pounds a week; the prices vary according to the nature of the accommodation, the character of the neighborhood, and the distance from the principal centres. For ten shillings a week you may have a bedroom and the use of the parlor for breakfast; but



WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND HALL, ABOUT 1535.

it will not be in a fashionable neighborhood, though possibly only a little way from one. The hotels are of all prices. Frank says you may take the lowest hotel rates for a traveller to be two shillings for a bedroom, three for a sitting-room, breakfast one shilling, dinner two shillings and sixpence, and attendance sixpence, or nine shillings (\$2 25)

a day for everything. Multiply these figures by two, three, four, or five, and you will get the prices of the different grades of hotels up to the most aristocratic of them all.

“Sometimes we go out together to see something that all want to see. Then again Doctor Bronson and I go on a trip that the young folks don't care about, while they go to see something that doesn't particularly interest us. We arrange where we will meet and the hour of meeting; as every one of us knows the value of promptness, nobody is kept waiting unless by some unforeseen accident.

“Every day I realize more and more what an immense city London

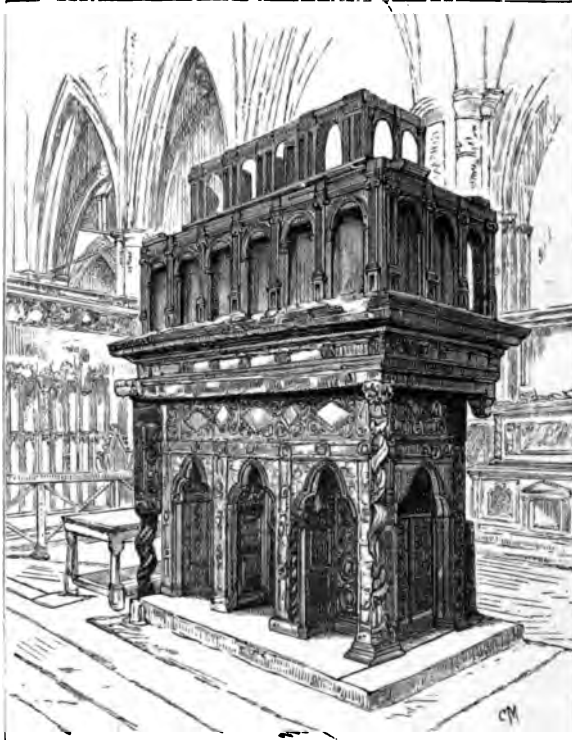


THE CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

is. There are lots of ways of getting about—cabs, omnibuses (called 'busses), street railways (tram-ways), and the Underground and High Level railways. The Underground is what its name means—a railway built mostly under ground or in open cuttings between high walls—and you can go completely round the city in its cars. Then there's the High Level, which is a railway, or several railways, above the tops of the houses; it gives you occasional views that are quite interesting, but the

most of the scenery on the High Level consists of chimney-pots. If you've never seen a chimney-pot in London, the first one or two will pay for looking at; but when you've seen a million or so of them you're just a little tired of the sight, and want something else.

"I don't like the smoke here, which is sometimes so thick it seems as though you could cut it with a knife.



SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

We haven't had a real London fog since we came here, and I hope we sha'n't. Doctor Bronson says it isn't the season for the real fogs, which generally are at their worst in November and the other winter months. A London fog is an ordinary fog mixed with smoke, so Doctor Bronson says, but Frank declares they put in other things that make it worse than any mixture of plain mist and coal-smoke. One of the funny papers says the great fog of last winter was carefully analyzed, and contained, in addition to the

regular ingredients, an assorted lot of sand, street-dust, distillery refuse, and spoiled soup. I don't believe it, even though the paper says so, as it isn't possible for sand to mix up with fog in any such way."

We will not attempt to follow the movements of our friends day by day, as each day was governed very much by the weather. Under Doctor Bronson's advice the fine weather was improved by going to the out-door sights, while rainy days were devoted to art-galleries, museums, and the like, where the condition of the air outside was no serious matter.

Mary said she should advise her friends to follow the same plan, which they found excellent; the chief drawback to it was that it often caused a change of programme in the morning, or even after the sight-seeing of the day had begun. They soon learned that when rain set in during the forenoon there was little probability that it would clear up during the day; whenever the clouds began to "drop their garnered



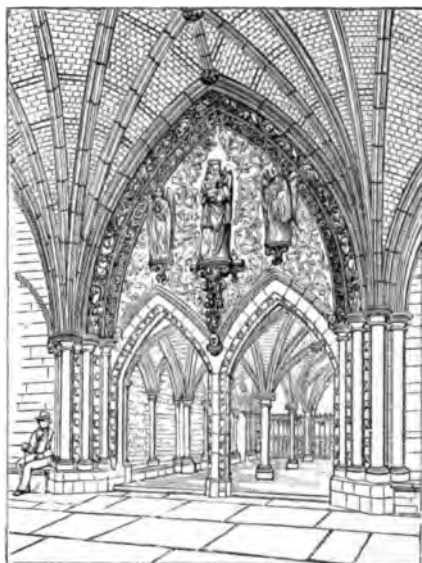
THE CLOISTERS.

fullness down" in dead earnest, the travellers gave up whatever outdoor matters were engaging them, and hastened to the nearest museum or other in-door show-place.

Nine Americans out of ten, it is pretty safe to say, visit Westminster Abbey before "doing" any other of the stock sights of the British capital. Mrs. Bassett and Mary were eager to go there the morning after

their arrival in London; their wish was gratified, and they were accompanied by Frank and Fred, the Doctor excusing himself on account of business in the City.

“There’s no use in my writing a long description of the abbey,” said Mary in her letter, “as you can find it in any cyclopædia or guide-book much better than I could write it, and with all the measurements carefully laid down. And the guide-books will give the list of the tombs, monuments, and other things of interest, until, as Fred says, ‘you can’t rest.’ There are twenty pages and more in my guide-book filled with



ENTRANCE FROM CLOISTER TO CHAPTER-HOUSE.

the list, and there’s only a line or two to each person — so you see what a lot of people, more or less great, are buried here. The building is an immense one; it is in the form of a cross, is more than five hundred feet long, and broad in proportion. These figures you must have anyway, as I want to remember them, and so I’ve put them in writing.

“The chapels and chambers and cloisters connected with the abbey, and forming part of it, would diminish it very much if they were left out. The chapel of Henry VIII. is a good-sized church in itself, and so is that of Edward the Confessor. Like all other parts of the abbey, they are

full of tombs and statues, and it would be a wonderful spectacle if all who are buried here should suddenly come to life and walk around where the people of to-day could see them. The abbey has been the burial-place of illustrious personages, royal, noble, and otherwise, for a good many centuries; a tomb in Westminster Abbey has been the ambition of many men and women, and some have been buried here who had no claim to greatness. There are thousands of Englishmen who would gladly die to-morrow morning if they could be certain of burial in the abbey, but would not be reconciled to death under any other circumstances I can think of.

“I asked why the abbey was called Westminster instead of some



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

other minster. Frank explained that there was an abbey (or minster) of Cistercian monks established to the eastward of this, and called 'Eastminster;' this one received the name of Westminster in consequence of its relative position to the other. There was a church here as early as the year A.D. 616; it was erected by the Saxon king Sebert, and the spot was then called Thorny Isle, because it was covered with thorns and low bushes, and had water all around it. The ground must have been filled up a great deal, as there is no indication of an island now.

"You could get a great deal of the history of England by going through the abbey, and putting together what relates to each person buried here. Frank says volumes would be required for what could be written about the tombs and the entombed, and I believe him. Volumes have been written already, and there's one in particular that I shall get and read. It is the history of Westminster Abbey by Dean Stanley, and is said to be very interesting.

"The dean tells a legend of how St. Peter appeared to a fisherman who was casting his nets in the river, at the edge of the Isle of Thorns, in the days of King Sebert, the evening before the day fixed for the consecration of the church by the bishop of London. This fisherman's name was Edric; his attention was attracted by a bright light on the other bank, where Lambeth now is, and on going in its direction he found some one who wanted to cross the stream to the island. Edric ferried him over, and observed that he was a very old man, and wore foreign dress; on landing he went straight to the church, and immediately the heavens opened and a host of angels came down and dedicated the church with the usual ceremonies.

"The fisherman stayed in his boat at the bank, and after the ceremony was over the stranger came back to him and asked for food. Edric told him that he had not caught a single fish, and therefore had nothing to give him. Then the stranger said, 'I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus (the bishop) arrives to-morrow tell him what you have seen, and show him the token that I, St. Peter, have consecrated my own church of St. Peter Westminster. For yourself, go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions—first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the abbey of Westminster.'

"The next day Mellitus prepared for the consecration of the church, and came there with the King. At the door they were met by Edric with a salmon in his hand, which he presents 'from St. Peter, in a gentle

manner, to the bishop.' Then he shows the marks of the consecration, where the walls of the church were sprinkled with holy water, the drippings of the candles carried by the angels, letters of the Greek alphabet traced in the sand, and the twelve crosses on the church. The bishop accepts the miracle, and goes away satisfied that the church has been dedicated, and any further ceremonial by him is unnecessary.

"That's a very pretty story, and perhaps it's the reason why Sunday is as well kept as it is in England, and why all good people consider it wrong to go a-fishing on the first day of the week. I forgot to say that on his way across the island, from where he left the boat of the fisherman, the saint struck on the ground with his staff and caused a fine spring of water to burst forth, and it has been there ever since.

"The church we see now is not the original one that was so miraculously dedicated: That building was torn down by Edward the Confessor in the eleventh century, and the present one rose in its place, or at least its foundations were laid as they are now, and the cellars and underground rooms constructed. The walls and towers are more modern, but are all old enough to justify their claim to antiquity. The shrine of Edward the Confessor was not built by that monarch, but by his successor, Henry III.,

two hundred years after Edward's death. As we were looking at the shrine Frank told me that it cost so much money that heavy taxes were laid upon the people to pay for it; the taxes were so great that the people complained, and chose representatives to make their complaint. These representatives formed the origin of the present House of Commons, and they have gone on protesting against royal expenditures ever since, except when they were in danger of losing their heads for doing so.

"We followed one of the official guides through the building, or rather through the series of buildings that make up the Westminster



THREE ROYAL COFFINS.

Abbey of to-day. I'm going now to mention to you some of the things we saw without putting them in the order in which we saw them :

"There was the coronation chair, in which every sovereign of England has been inaugurated, from Edward the Confessor down to Queen Victoria. It's a very ordinary chair, and wouldn't bring much at an auction sale where its character was not known. But what a prize it would be for a curiosity hunter! "

"What is that stone in the chair?" I asked, as I pointed to a piece of rock which seemed to have been built into the chair, or rather had the chair built around it."

"That is the stone on which Jacob's head was pillowed,' said Frank, 'and it was carried into Egypt by his descendants. It was brought back to Palestine, and ultimately found its way to Ireland, where it was used at the coronation of the Irish kings. If the aspirant for the throne had no true claim to royal honors, the stone groaned when he sat upon it, but it said nothing if he was the rightful heir. From Ireland it went to Scotland, and was used for the coronation of the Scottish kings, and it was kept in the abbey of Scone (Seoon), in Perthshire. For this reason it is called the stone of Scone; Edward I. brought it from Scone, and it has remained here ever since. A good deal of blood was shed in ancient days for the possession of that stone, and there would probably be more now if an enemy should try to carry it away. A sovereign of England who should treat the stone with contempt would endanger the safety of his crown.'

"How many royal tombs and monuments we saw I can't begin to tell, as the guide rattled them off very rapidly from force of habit. It wouldn't do to say so out loud here in England, but the fact is that we cared more for the monuments to some of the common mortals than for those of personages whose chief title to greatness was that they were born to it. We heard a romantic story how, about twenty years ago, search was made to find the coffin of King James I., who was known to have been buried within the walls of Westminster. Every place where there was any hope of finding what they wanted was carefully examined, and finally the vault of Henry VII. was opened.

"There was the coffin of Henry VII., as had been expected, and there were two other coffins. One proved to be that of his wife, Elizabeth of York, and the other that of James I. There they had been for three centuries and a half, and were in a good state of preservation. The coffins were of lead, enclosed in wooden cases, and so heavy that the strength of several men was required to move them.



THE POETS' CORNER (MILTON'S BUST IN THE CENTRE).

“The royal monuments which we found most interesting were those of Queen Elizabeth and the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and they were interesting principally for the reason that they were side by side.

Remembering how bitterly these women hated each other, the position of their monuments was noticeable. In the same chapel is the monument to the two princes who were murdered in the Tower of London by Richard III. Frank says the monument is all right, but there is no certainty that the bones buried here belonged to the unfortunate boys. Some bones were found in a chest under a stair-way in the tower, and brought here under the supposition that they were those of the two princes.

“I know you are wondering why I don't come to the Poets' Corner, and I've been wondering so too. Well, here we are at the celebrated corner, and let me say that more people linger here than in any other part of the abbey.



SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

“Just think of it! Here are the monuments to Shakespeare, Chaucer, Thomson, and Campbell, and not far away the monuments of Oliver Goldsmith and John Gay. As I mentioned the name of Gay I thought of the epitaph which he wrote for himself:

“‘Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.’

“Sure enough, the lines are there; they are not very reverent in tone, and it is said the authorities of the Church hesitated about allowing them to be placed there.

“Here are more illustrious names: William M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, David Garrick, Thomas Gray (author of ‘Gray's Elegy’), John Milton, ‘Rare Ben Jonson,’ John Dryden, and others of lesser note. How fascinated we were with the spot you will understand when, after making the round of the abbey, visiting the cloisters and the chapter-house, descending into such underground places as are open to visitors, we returned to the Poets' Corner, and remained there until it was time to go elsewhere, in accordance with our plans for the day. And you may be sure that the next time we go to the abbey I shall take my way directly to the Poets' Corner.”

Here Mary paused. Before she sent her letter away she submitted it to Frank for his friendly criticism and correction. He made a few changes in it, and we here present it substantially as it was written. It is a very good description of what is to be seen in the famous building which is so closely identified with the history of England.

Frank made a memorandum relative to some of the monuments and memorial windows that seem to have escaped his sister's notice. For example, he calls attention to the bust of Longfellow, which bears upon it the words: "This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet." Beneath the inscription is the date 1884.

Another monument of special interest to Americans is that in memory of Charles and John Wesley, the founders of the powerful religious body called Wesleyans, or Methodists, in England, but known only as Methodists in America. Though their religious belief was not in accord with that of the Church of England, to which Westminster Abbey belongs, the tolerant views of Dean Stanley permitted this monument to be placed among those of other illustrious persons who have wrought for the good of mankind.

From Westminster Abbey the party went to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, which are not far away; in fact, they may be considered as belonging to the same group. West-

minster Hall is much older than are the Houses of Parliament. The former dates from the fourteenth century, though there have been some changes and restorations since that time, while the Parliament Houses, or New Palace of Westminster, as the pile is also called, belongs to our day. The old palace was burned in 1834, and the present one has been built since 1840. It covers eight acres of ground, contains 1100 rooms, large and small, 100 stair-ways, and eleven courts. The cost of the structure is said to have exceeded \$15,000,000, and owing to certain



CHAUCER'S MONUMENT.

defects in it there is hardly a time when extensive repairs are not going on in some part of the palace.

"We found," said Frank, "that Westminster Hall is used as a vestibule for the Houses of Parliament, and that our way to the palace led through the hall. We were not at all sorry for this, as, next to the abbey, the building that is richest in historical associations here is the great hall of William Rufus. There was a Saxon palace here before the Normans came, under William the Conqueror, and it naturally fell into the hands of the new owners of the land. William Rufus, the son of the Conqueror, determined to have a magnificent banqueting hall attached to the palace, and set his builders at work upon it in the year 1097. It was completed in a few years, was enlarged and remodelled by several of his successors until two hundred years after its erection, when it was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

"The hall has been found a very good place for banquets and other ceremonials, and after its destruction it was rebuilt. Near the end of the fourteenth century it was put in very nearly the condition in which we find it to-day, and it is to be hoped that it will last for centuries to come.

"You should have heard the exclamations of Mary when she entered this hall, which is one of the largest in the world that has a wooden ceiling without any supporting columns from one side to the other. Just bear in mind that it is 300 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 90 feet high, and that there is no iron in the roof beyond the bolts and pins to hold the timbers together. And the wood in the roof is carved into very beautiful shape, and was evidently the work of men who knew what they were about.

"While Mrs. Bassett and Mary were examining the roof of the building, and looking at the people coming and going through the doors leading into the Houses of Parliament, Fred and I were going over some of the incidents in English history that belong to this magnificent hall, and when you have heard them you will agree with us that there are few spots on this island that contain so much as this does.

"In the first place Westminster Hall began with a banquet, which was given by William Rufus soon after the completion of the building. From his time downward all the sovereigns of England were crowned there until after the reign of George IV. That monarch was the last whose coronation ceremonies were held there, and the story is that it was the grandest banquet ever given in England. It ought to have been, if the report is correct that the King spent one hundred and fifty

thousand pounds on his coronation ceremonies, of which this banquet was an important feature."

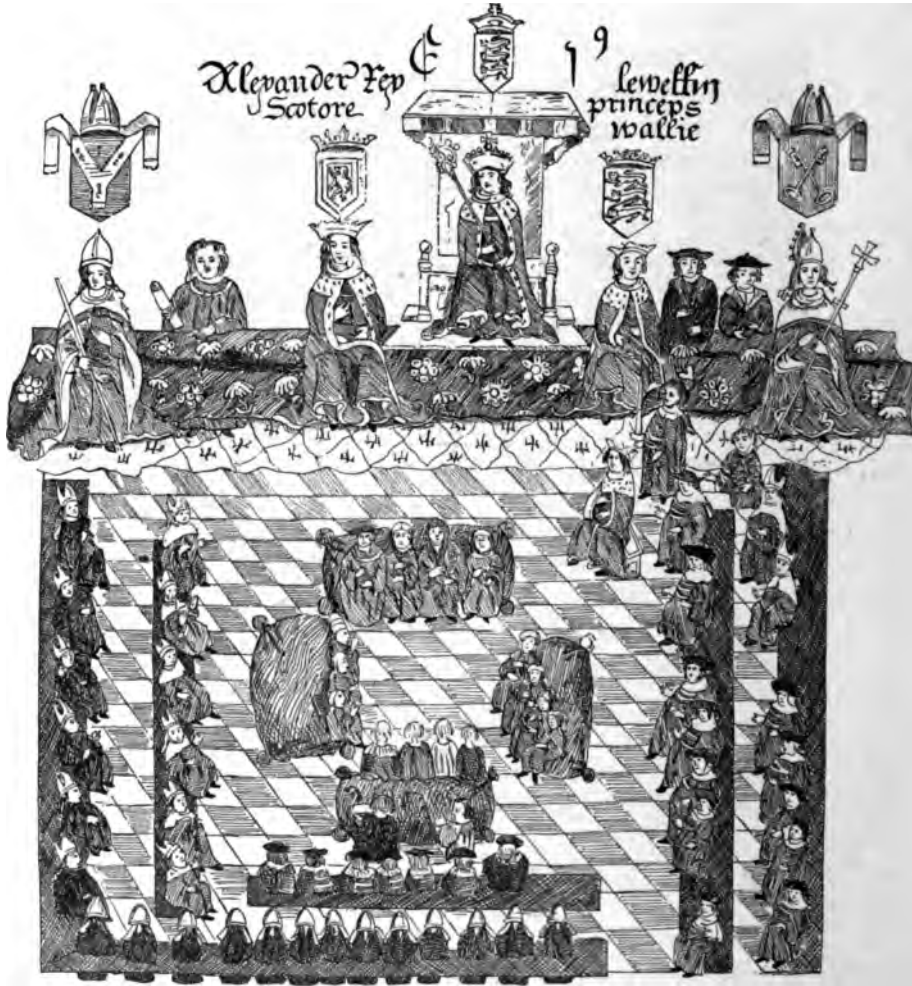
"I remember reading about George IV.," said Fred, "when Frank mentioned the great banquet in Westminster Hall; he was the one who was called 'the first gentleman of Europe,' was he not?"



WESTMINSTER HALL, INTERIOR.

"Yes," replied Frank, "but those who are familiar with his history have said he was more worthy of being called the first profligate. The four Georges, of whom he was the last, cannot be held up as models for young people to follow, as you will find by reading Thackeray's description of them. George I. was the first ruler of England belonging

to the house of Hanover; he was so much a German that he spoke very little English, and some say none at all. George II. was neglected by his father, with whom he had quarrelled on account of family difficulties; George II. hated his son, who afterwards became George III., in



PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD I.

the same way that he had been hated by his own father. All three had stormy lives, and the last years of the life of George III. were passed in hopeless insanity, during which time he was kept in close seclusion and his son was Prince Regent.

“Considering her line of disreputable ancestors,” said Frank, “the present Queen of England deserves the greatest possible credit for the splendid example she has set for her people. Some allowance must be made for the Georges on account of the morals of the times in which they lived; but even with all this allowance they were very far behind Queen Victoria, who has been in every way a model for her subjects. But we are getting away from Westminster Hall and its history; let us go back to it and leave the house of Hanover to take care of itself, which it has generally seemed fully able to do very easily.”

“Some of the earliest parliaments were held here,” continued Frank, “and one of the most notable of the early ones was that in which Edward II. was declared to have forfeited the crown. After the hall was restored and rebuilt by Richard II., the first public event in the new building was to take away Richard’s royal power and send him to prison.”

“If he could have foreseen events it is not likely he would have had taken the trouble to rebuild the hall,” said Fred.

“Probably not,” was the reply, “but, after all, the rebuilding had nothing to do with his deposition, and if one must descend from the throne it is best to do so in ‘style.’ Charles I. was tried in Westminster Hall and condemned to death, and in this same building, a few years later, Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector of England, on the only occasion on which the coronation chair was ever brought out of Westminster Abbey.”

“It was a good thing for Cromwell, as for Richard II., that it was



WILLIAM RUFUS.

not possible to see what the future would bring forth. Five years after his installation as Lord Protector he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Three years after his death his body was taken from the tomb and carried to Tyburn, where it was hanged, and afterwards thrown into a pit. Tyburn, you know, was the place where criminals were executed, and the removal and hanging of Cromwell's body were done with the authority of the King."

"Yes," said Fred, "and the head of Cromwell, along with the heads of Bradshaw and Ireton, was displayed on the pinnacles of Westminster Hall, and remained there for thirty years. There is a story that the body of Cromwell was privately buried after it was taken from Westminster Abbey, and another was substituted for it to be hanged at Tyburn, and have its head displayed at Westminster. Whether the story is true or not makes little difference, as the men by whom the act was performed supposed that the body of the Protector was thus being desecrated, as it probably was.

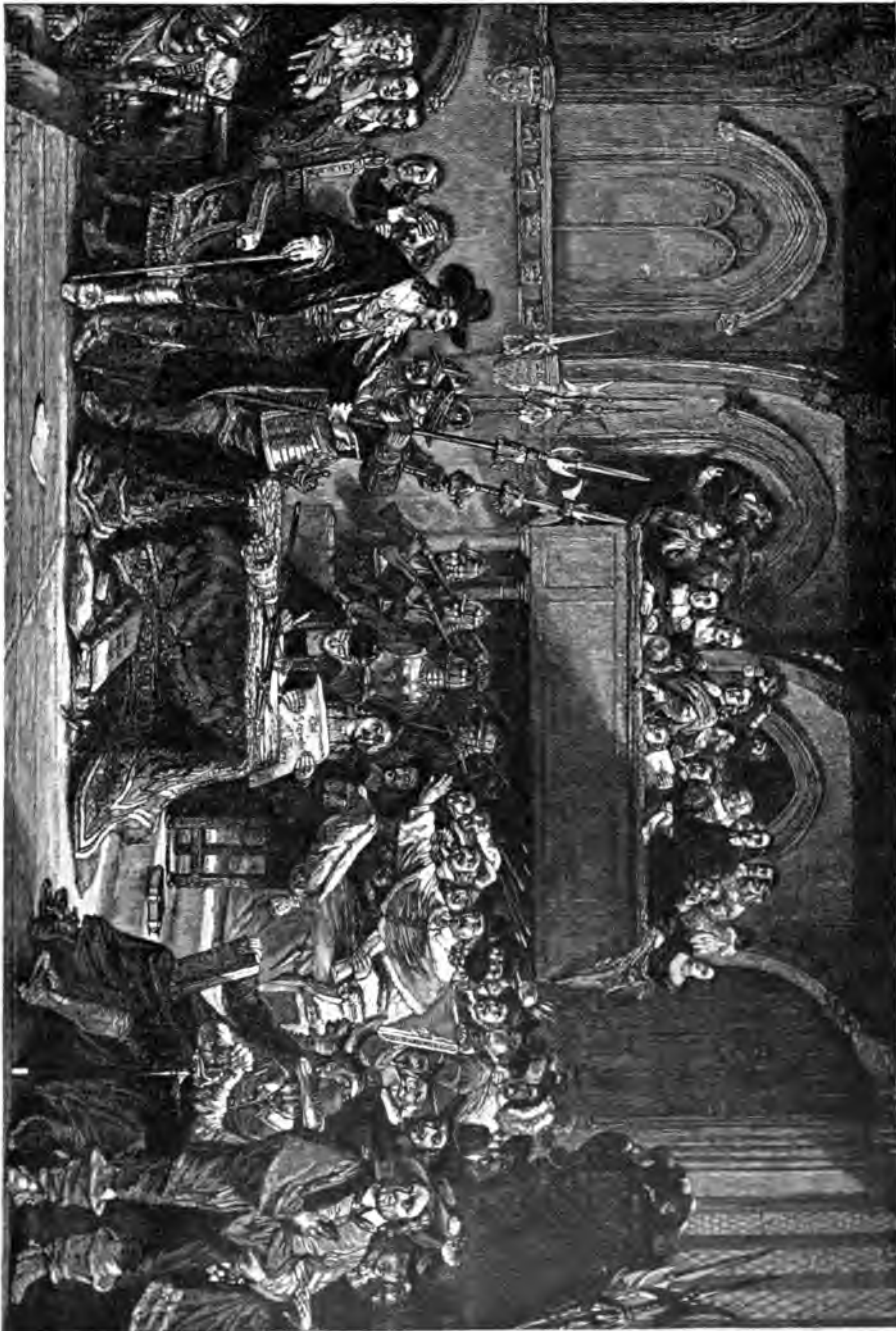
"The skull of Cromwell is said to be in the possession of a distant connection of the Protector's family; it fell to the ground one night during a high wind, and a sentinel picked it up. He offered it for sale as a curiosity, and it was bought by Dr. Russell, who was a relative of Cromwell, and did not like to see the relic hawked about. From this purchaser it has descended through various hands to its present owner."

"There are two or three skulls which are said to have been on the shoulders of this famous man," said Frank, "and possibly others may make their appearance. I have heard a story of the custodian of a museum who called attention to the skull of Oliver Cromwell, and on being told that another museum had the same thing, and this one was smaller than the other, he got out of the difficulty by explaining,

" 'This was the skull of Oliver Cromwell when he was a boy.'

"Speaking of the trial and execution of Charles I.," said Frank, "reminds me that many other famous men received their death sentences in this very building. Among them were Sir William Wallace, whom we heard much about when we were in Scotland; Sir John Oldcastle, better known to history as Lord Cobham, who instigated a religious war which led to his trial and execution; and Sir Thomas More, the famous wit, statesman, and philosopher, who was at one time the favorite of Henry VIII., succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord High Chancellor, but lost favor and subsequently life by refusing his approval of the King's divorce and remarriage."

"I remember reading about him," said Fred. "When he placed his



THE GREAT CHARTER, 1215.

foot on the ladder that led to the scaffold where he was to lose his head, he said to a friend, 'See me safe up, for my coming down I can shift for myself.' Just as the executioner was about to bring the axe down upon his neck he made a sign for a moment's delay to enable him to move aside his beard. 'Pity that should be cut,' he said; 'that has not committed treason.' These were his last words. Mr. Froude, in his history of England, says they were probably the strangest words ever uttered at such a time, and I certainly have never read any contradiction of Mr. Froude's opinion."

"Nor I either," his cousin replied. And with this remark Sir Thomas



THE GUY FAWKES CONSPIRATORS (from an old print).

More was set aside, and other notable victims of the block or rope were briefly considered.

Among them were the Protector Somerset; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Robert, Earl of Essex; Guy Fawkes; and the Earl of Stafford. The mention of Guy Fawkes was made just as Mrs. Bassett and Mary had finished their examination of the roof and sides of the building, and turned their attention to where the youths were standing. Mrs. Bassett asked about the famous conspiracy, and whether the cellar where Guy Fawkes was captured was beneath Westminster Hall. Frank explained that it was not under the hall but beneath the Parliament House that the capture was made. He further explained that the man who

has such an infamous place in English history was Guido, and not Guy Fawkes; he had entered into a conspiracy to blow up the King, his ministers, and both Houses of Parliament, on the 5th of November, 1605.

"It was," said Frank, "one of the incidents of the war of religions that had been going on for some time in England. The government of James I. had treated the Catholics with great severity; it refused to tolerate their religion, and had confiscated their property; this fact led several gentleman who had been ruined by the confiscation to devise the scheme of ridding themselves of their oppressors by a wholesale slaughter. A large quantity of gunpowder (thirty-six barrels and a hogshead) was concealed under the room where Parliament was to meet, and everything was ready for the terrible explosion."

"How was it prevented?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Tresham, one of the conspirators, sent a letter to his brother warning him not to attend the meeting of Parliament," Frank answered, "and this letter led to a search of the cellar beneath the room. Guy Fawkes was captured with the matches in his possession which were to ignite the powder, and a dark lantern burning in a corner of the cellar. He was tortured and executed, and most of his fellow-conspirators died on the scaffold or were killed when captured. Tresham died in prison, and some historians think he had revealed the whole plot before writing the letter. The 5th of November was for a long time celebrated as Guy Fawkes Day, and the celebration is still kept up in some parts of the country."



PLAN OF WESTMINSTER, 1647.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORKING-MEN IN PARLIAMENT; JOSEPH ARCH, THOMAS BURT, ALEXANDER MACDONALD.—ORIGIN OF PARLIAMENT.—KING JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA.—COMPOSITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS; LORDS SPIRITUAL AND LORDS TEMPORAL.—MOCK PARLIAMENTS IN LONDON AND OTHER CITIES.—COGERS' HALL.—ANTIQUITY OF THE COGERS; NATURE OF THEIR DEBATES.—TEMPLE DISCUSSION FORUM.—FAMOUS DEBATERS AND THEIR EARLY TRAINING.—POLITICAL AND OTHER QUESTIONS.—THE LIVERPOOL PARLIAMENT.—KENSINGTON PARLIAMENT.—LADIES' NIGHT.—A FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLAGE.—THE TOWER OF LONDON.—SOMETHING OF ITS HISTORY.—PRISONERS OF STATE.—"BEEF-EATERS," AND ORIGIN OF THEIR NAME.—HISTORIC TOWERS, GATES, AND ROOMS.—THE EXECUTION-BLOCK.

"PARLIAMENT had just adjourned," said Frank, "when we finished with the sights and history of Westminster Hall, and were ready to see the members at their debates. Several members were in the anterooms and in the great hall, and were pointed out to us by a man who pressed his services upon us in the expectation of a shilling or two. He was anxious to obtain 'orders' for us, by which he meant permission to enter the gallery, and listen to the debates on some future day, but we declined his offer, as we did not wish to make engagements so far ahead.



JOSEPH ARCH.

"Among those who were pointed out to us was Mr. Parnell, whose name is familiar to everybody in connection with the Irish question. Another famous man whom we saw was Joseph Arch, who was elected to Parliament as a representative of the agricultural laborers. He

was the son of a farm laborer in Warwickshire, and still lives in the town where he was born. His father was poor, and Joseph was sent into the fields when eight years old to scare birds away from the growing grain. A little while afterwards he became a ploughboy, and did

other work on a farm, and by the time he was twenty-one years old he was earning eleven shillings (£2 7s) a week.

“Mr. Arch has often said that he owes much of his success to his mother, who was a devout Christian woman, belonging to the Methodist Church. She taught him to read and write, encouraged him to devote his evenings to reading and study, and helped him in every way that she could. When he was nineteen years old he became a local preacher for the Methodist Church, and has continued ever since to occupy the pulpit on frequent occasions. He organized a union of the agricultural laborers, and is now the president of the organization; in course of time he was elected to Parliament, and it is a curious fact that he is from the district that contains Sandringham, the residence of the Prince of Wales. It is said that when the election came off in which Mr. Arch was a candidate, the prince gave instructions that every workman on his estate at Sandringham should be permitted to vote exactly as he pleased, without any influence being brought to bear by those in authority.

“Perhaps this is a good place to say something about the working-men in the British Parliament. The first representative working-man sent to Parliament was Thomas Burt, in 1874; in the same year Alexander Macdonald was elected to a seat in the House of Commons, and since then the number of these representatives has increased at every new election. Mr. Burt was a worker in the coal-mines when he was a boy and for some time after he became a man—eighteen years altogether. He was self-educated, and well educated too, for he learned French and Latin in addition to the common branches of study. When he was elected to a seat in Parliament he had no money (which has been the condition of nearly all the working-men who have been thus raised to the high position of M. P.), and the Miners' Union taxed itself £500 a year to support him and his family. The other working-men in Parlia-



THOMAS BURT.

ment have generally been supported in the same way, as hardly any of them had been able to save from their small wages; or, if they had done so, they spent it in the interest of the men whose cause they were advocating with great earnestness.

“Mr. Macdonald, whom I have just mentioned, was also a mining laborer who had educated himself. He died several years ago, but before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that the condition of his fellow-laborers had been greatly improved through his persistent and intelligent efforts in their behalf.

“Perhaps you would like to know how the British Parliament was formed, and how old it is. Well, the first mention of it as a deliberative body is about the year 1226. You have read about Magna Charta, or the Great Charter, which King John gave on the field of Runnymede on the 5th of June, 1215, in response to the demands of the barons and other powerful men of the day. We can speak freely about King John, as he has been dead a long time, and none of his descendants are likely to trouble us for what we say. He was a tyrant, who had usurped the throne, and treated his subjects very cruelly. Events brought about the opportunity of the barons to put an end to his tyranny; they organized an army, and sent a petition, in which they demanded certain rights or concessions, which the King refused to give them.

“The refusal determined the barons to proceed to war, and they marched with their forces towards London. The King came out to meet them, and the two armies encamped within sight of each other. Several days were passed in negotiations, and finally the King signed the famous document Magna Charta, which the English consider the foundation of their liberties.

“It's a long document, and if I should give the whole of it nobody would be likely to read it through. It curtailed the privileges of the sovereign as they had never been curtailed before, and makes the King inferior to the law of the land, or rather makes the law superior to the King. Among other things, King John and his successors were required



THE LATE ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

to summon 'all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons, and other tenants in chief under the crown' to consider the affairs of the country at certain intervals. The greater barons and high dignitaries of the Church held their offices for life, and this is the foundation of the House of Lords; the others were chosen from among the people



WESTMINSTER HALL AND PALACE TOWER.

where they lived, and this is the foundation of the House of Commons. There have been various changes in the mode of choosing members, and in the assembling or continuation of Parliament, but the main principles remain practically unchanged.

• The House of Lords consists of the lords spiritual and temporal.

There are twenty-six of the lords spiritual, the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and twenty-four bishops. The lords temporal are the dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, who are called peers of the realm, and they hold office in the House of Lords by virtue of their titles. The House of Commons is composed of 'knights, citizens, and burgesses,' and comes much nearer to the general public than does the House of Lords. In fact, it is more powerful than the House of Lords, as it has the exclusive right to originate all bills that impose any tax upon the people, directly or indirectly, including those taxes which relate to the support of the Government or any part of the general administration. If the House of Lords does anything particularly distasteful to the Commons, the latter can generally bring it to terms by refusing to 'vote the supplies,' at least such is the theory on which many of its members proceed.

"The members of the House of Commons receive no salary, and consequently Parliament is not a good place for a poor man who intends to serve his country honestly. I have already told you that the labor unions pay the salaries of their representatives in Parliament; they do it by making these representatives the presidents of their unions, and paying them for their services in that capacity. No officer or pensioner of the Government can sit in the House of Commons, and if any member accepts an office he thereby ceases to belong to the House, and his place must be declared vacant.

"An American visitor to Parliament for the first time is surprised, if he does not already know of the custom, to find that the members sit with their hats on. This custom, as mentioned in our description of York, comes from the time when parliaments met in the open air, and the hat was necessary whether it was ornamental or not. It seems absurd to-day, and the constant wearing of the hat in-doors is probably the reason why so many of the men who sit in Parliament have lost their hair. Bald heads are in the majority."

The possible "dryness" of Frank's essay upon the British Parliament will be more than offset by the information it contains on a subject that will certainly be of interest to nine-tenths of our readers. We therefore give it without abbreviation, and feel sure that it will meet with general approval.

But the Parliament just described is not the only one in London. There are several mock parliaments, or debating societies, fashioned after the national institution in the New Palace of Westminster, and ready to discuss any question that is presented. They are of various

grades, and some of them have a more than venerable age. One of the oldest, if it is not really the oldest of all, is called "The Temple Discussion Forum," and was established in 1667. It is a sort of perpetual debating society, as it meets every night in the Green Dragon tavern in Fleet Street, not far from the Temple, though the night on which the greatest number of members is present is the last one of the week.



THE COGERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Every morning a paper is posted in the window, announcing the character of the discussion in the evening, or rather the subject which is to be debated; strangers are invited to come and join in the debate, and there is no entrance fee other than the price of the beer and tobacco which each visitor consumes. The society has no tangible existence, and the members come and go at will; boisterous conduct is forbidden,

but the debates are often conducted with a great deal of vigor, that very nearly brings the debaters to blows. It is the custom, however, for any speaker who offends another openly, or treats him unfairly, to be called to order by the listeners, and he promptly apologizes for any rudeness of which he may have been guilty. In this respect the real House of Commons might sometimes learn a lesson to its advantage from the humble mock parliament of Fleet Street.

The same rule prevails in "Ye Antient Society of Cogers," which was established in 1755, and also meets in Fleet Street, like the "Temple Discussion Forum." The Cogers pronounce their name with the first syllable rhyming with "go," and they are very particular on this point. None of them can or will tell where the name comes from, and as everybody connected with its foundation has been dead these many years, it is not likely that future generations will be able to throw more light on the subject than we can.

The meetings of the Cogers are under the direction of a speaker, whom they call "the Grand," and he occupies a chair that has been in use in that very spot for more than a century. The room is decorated with portraits of previous occupants of the chair, and the place is full of traditions. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator and "Liberator," was once a debater among the Cogers; more than a hundred years ago John Wilkes was a member of this noisy but well-behaved body; and the hall has resounded to the eloquence of Curran and others whose later fame is well known. Many young lawyers join in the debates at the Cogers', and it was in their student days that the eminent men just mentioned appeared here and founded their reputations.

You naturally ask what kind of people you meet in Cogers' Hall. You meet a very mixed crowd, but a respectable one. There are young lawyers, and old ones too, clerks, tradesmen, young "swells" who have dropped in from the fashionable parts of London for the sake of the sight, newspaper men of all ages and rank in the profession, working-men of various trades, and a goodly number whose occupations are not easy to make out. The air is thick with smoke, and if you have left a London fog behind on entering the house you suddenly think you have found another and a denser one. Pipes are the favorites, though cigars are not forbidden, and the pipes most popular among the Cogers are those long-stemmed affairs known as "church-wardens." Nearly everybody has a pipe and a mug of beer, and the Grand has on his table a pipe and a mug of beer, together with a mallet with which to call the attention of the audience.



CORNER HALL.

All sorts of topics are debated by the Cogers, but the greater part of the questions are of a political character. There are representatives of all political parties among the debaters, and they attack each other in argument as fiercely as though they were members of a real parliament discussing a real question. It often happens that the man who can make the most noise secures the greatest amount of applause. The Cogers, like many of the rest of mankind, are not always able to distinguish between sound and sense. The debates are so popular that the house is nearly always crowded, and many a lawyer and politician of prominence has graduated from these venerable walls.

There are dozens of these mock parliaments in London, nearly all of them being held in public-houses or taverns, where the patronage they give is an equivalent for the space they occupy. But there is another class of mock parliament, which had its origin in Liverpool some twenty odd years ago, and was speedily copied throughout England. It was organized exactly like the House of Commons in Westminster Palace; it had its speaker, its ministry, and all the other official appendages; its forms of debate, bills introduced, and other papers were exactly similar to the real ones, and in every possible respect the original model was copied exactly.

The members of the Liverpool Parliament were elected by ballot, and there was an entrance fee and annual dues to meet the inevitable expenses. Meetings were held in a large hall, and the public was admitted to the gallery on payment of a small fee; this entrance fee was not intended for revenue only, but to keep out the rough element, and it was found to serve its purpose admirably. In all the principal cities, and even in many small towns, the Liverpool parliament has been imitated, and very successfully too.

London has several of these imitations, and probably the most aristocratic of them is the Kensington Parliament, which has several real



A RADICAL.

M.P.'s among its members, besides lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and other professionals, to the number of six or seven hundred in all. The subjects debated are the same that are before the House of Commons, and when the meeting is in session the speaker of the house and the various members of the ministry are expected to be in their places. Pipes and beer are not served at this parliament, as at the Cogers' and its kindred, and there is a further departure from the custom of the Cogers in a visitor's night once a month. Ladies are included among the visitors, tea is served, and nothing stronger than tea, and every member or masculine visitor is in evening dress, as though the affair were the most fashionable reception known to London society.

But we are forgetting our friends in this ramble among the mock parliaments of the United Kingdom. Let us say that the institution is an excellent one, and well worthy of imitation in America. It is an improvement upon the ordinary debating society, as it takes a model and follows it, thus familiarizing its members and listeners with the customs of debate prevailing in the greatest deliberative assemblage of the country. A germ of the idea may be found in the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, and a few clubs in other cities, but there is yet much room for improvement on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean.

One of the sights of London is the Tower, which was visited by our friends as a matter of course, though not on the same day that they went to Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Bassett had an idea that the Tower was literally what its name implied, and she wondered how so much could have happened at and so many things been crowded into a simple tower like that at the corner of any one of the palaces and castles they had visited in their travels.

Frank explained that the Tower of London was very much more than what its name indicates. "It is," said he, "a mass of buildings which were erected at various times, and cover twelve or fourteen acres of ground. There was a Roman fortress on the spot when the Romans held London, and after they had gone there were other fortresses down to the time of William the Conqueror. He was the founder of the Tower of London as it exists to-day, and in his time it was a palace



A CHAIRMAN.

with strong walls to render its capture difficult. Its greatest place in history is as a prison, chiefly for criminals of state."

"Is it a prison now?" Mrs. Bassett asked.

"Not at all," was the reply; "it is used as an arsenal, and some of the buildings in the Tower enclosure have been erected in modern times for the reception of the great quantity of rifles and other arms stored there. The old walls are kept in repair, so that it is still a fortress, or could be used as one in case of necessity."

"Don't they have wild animals there on exhibition?" was the next query on the subject, propounded by Mary.

"No; the wild animals have followed the example of the prisoners of state and gone elsewhere. They went away from the Tower years and years before you were born; but the tradition lingers, and the question is often asked just as you have asked it."

"I've heard an amusing story," said the Doctor, about the animals in the Tower. Ten or fifteen years after they had been removed, the whole of London was 'sold' by some practical jokers. One morning thousands of people received by the first mail a printed ticket which read, 'Admit the bearer to the feeding of the lions in the Tower. Present this ticket at the Lion's Gate.' The time for the presentation was at eleven o'clock on the day the ticket was received. At that hour the streets leading to the Tower were thronged by an excited multitude; five or ten thousand people applied for admission, and those who succeeded in getting inside the gate did not perceive the extent of the joke until they learned that the place had ceased to be a menagerie long and long before. The authors of the hoax were never known; they took the addresses from the city directory, and must have expended a goodly sum of money for printing and postage."

When our friends reached the Tower, they entered through the Lion's Gate, the principal entrance. Frank explained to Mrs. Bassett that there were three other entrances, all on the river side of the Tower, and known as the Iron Gate, the Water Gate, and the Traitor's Gate. The Traitor's Gate was the one by which state prisoners were taken into the Tower; as for their exit, a considerable number never made it alive if history is correct.

Mary's attention was drawn to the quaintly attired warders or guards who had charge of the place, and she asked what they were. Frank informed her that their popular name was "beef-eaters," and their official designation "Yeomen of the Guard."

"They are old soldiers who have received honorable discharges from



the service," said Frank, "and these places are given to them as a sort of pension. They receive pay from the Government, and pick up a good many sixpences and other small coin from visitors."

"But are they such very ravenous fellows as their names would indicate?" the girl asked; "they don't look as if they ate any more beef than other men whom we see every day."

"Their name is a corruption of 'buffetiers,' or attendants upon the royal buffet or table," Frank replied.

"A good many words in use in this country have been corrupted from others," said Fred.

"Please tell me about them," said Mary.

"Well, for example, there's a tavern called the 'Bag o' Nails' somewhere in the old part of London. A long time ago it was 'the Bacchanals,' and the common usage turned it into what it is to-day.

"Then there's another tavern called 'The Bull and Mouth,' which gets its name from a naval battle, in which the English were victorious, at the entrance of Boulogne Harbor, or Boulogne Mouth. There's one called the 'Goat and Compasses,' and on the sign of the tavern they have a picture of a goat looking at a pair of compasses. In the time of Cromwell, when Scripture names were applied to persons and things, this tavern was established, and had on its sign the words 'God Encompasseth Us.'"

"There's another name of the same sort," said Frank, "that is often used. In Hyde Park the fashionable drive is known as Rotten Row, which is a corruption from the time when the King drove there and the track was called *Route du Roi*, or 'the king's road.' But here we are



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

at the White Tower, or 'keep,' which is the oldest part of the present edifice, and was built by William the Conqueror."

"Evidently he intended that it should keep," Mrs. Bassett remarked. "It is certainly strong enough to last a great many years yet."

"It is about a hundred feet square and ninety feet high," said Frank, "and the walls are nearly fifteen feet thick. Henry II. signed the abdication of his throne in this keep, and Prince James of Scotland was imprisoned here. Other state prisoners have occupied the place, and horrible stories could be told if the walls could speak."

"We might say the same of every tower and room inside the walls of the Tower of London," said Fred, "but perhaps it is just as well that they have not the power of language. I've sometimes thought it would be well if this whole building could be demolished, so that the outrages perpetrated in the name of religion and the safety of the state might be forgotten."

"You are by no means the first to make that suggestion," said Doctor Bronson; "the idea has been discussed a good many times, and it is not at all impossible that some day the Tower of London will follow the fate of the Bastille of Paris, and be levelled to the ground."

What was seen, and is to be seen at the Tower would take too long to tell. Our friends found the visit very interesting, partly in consequence of the opportunity it afforded to look at a magnificent collection of arms and armor, much of it having once belonged to persons famous in history. There was the suit of armor worn by Henry VIII.; a suit worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and a suit worn by the Earl of Essex (beheaded by order of the same Queen); and the armor once worn by Charles I. and other monarchs or men of high station.



ANNE BOLEYN.

A sadder sight was the block on which the headsman once performed his terrible work, and the axe that he wielded. Sad too were the inscriptions on the walls of the towers where Lady Jane Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Guilford Dudley and other members of the Dudley family, the Duke of Clarence, and many other prisoners of note were confined. Some of the walls are covered with inscriptions which the tooth of Time has left unharmed, and the letters sunk deep within the stone attest the long imprisonment which was beguiled by this work.

Mrs. Bassett was specially interested in the room where Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World;" a work which doubtless would have never seen the light had it not been for the author's thirteen years' imprisonment, which terminated in his execution. On Tower Hill, just outside the prison walls, is the place where his faithful wife lived during her husband's incarceration, and on the same hill was the scaffold on which he and many others suffered death.

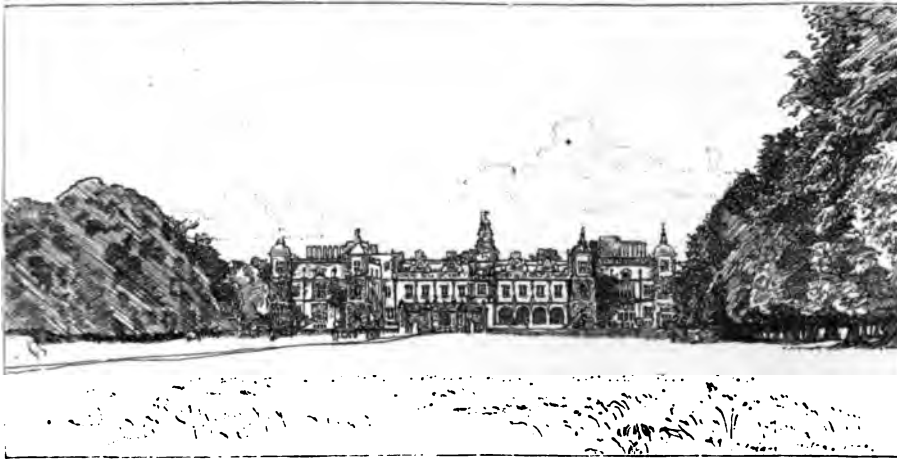
There is a general impression that the state criminals condemned to death were executed within the walls of the Tower, but such was not the case. All executions were on Tower Hill with the exception of those of the Earl of Essex, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Catherine Howard. The burial-place was in a small ground attached to St. Peter's Chapel, at the northwest corner of the Tower, or inside the chapel itself. Our friends paused at the graves of Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Anne Boleyn, and as they did so Frank recalled some lines of Macaulay in reference to this very place:

"In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NOBILITY AND ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND.—TITLES AND THEIR CHARACTER.—DUKE, MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, AND BARON.—“HIS LORDSHIP.”—ORDINARY KNIGHTHOOD.—PEERS OF THE REALM.—WEALTH OF SOME OF THE PEERS.—RELATIONS OF LANDLORD AND TENANT.—PECULIARITIES OF BRITISH LAW.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS; ITS HISTORY AND CHARACTER.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, BENJAMIN WEST, AND OTHER FAMOUS ARTISTS.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—VISIT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—HISTORY OF THAT INSTITUTION.—BULLION VAULTS, TREASURE-ROOM, PRINTING-PRESSES, AND OTHER SIGHTS.

ONE evening Mrs. Bassett said she had been reading in a newspaper something about what the Duke of Strawberries did when he was Marquis of Buffalo. She could not understand how a man could have



HOME OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

two titles or names, and asked Frank to explain the puzzle, or what was, at any rate, a puzzle to her.

Just as Frank was about to give his views on the title question a card was brought in to announce a caller. Frank looked at it and said, after telling the waiter to show the gentleman in :

“Here comes Mr. Vallentine, who can explain it a great deal better than I can. He was born in London, and knows all about the subject; he has lived long enough in America to appreciate the difference between our customs in regard to titles and those of the English.”

After the greetings were over, including a few commonplaces about the weather, which was just then worse than commonplace, Frank repeated the question which had just been asked by Mrs. Bassett. Mr. Vallentine promptly came to the good woman's aid with the following explanation, to which she listened intently :

“These class distinctions, that exist in England, are very puzzling to people in the United States, where every one is equal in the eye of the law to every one else. There are between four and five hundred peers, or peers of the realm, in England; these peers constitute, with the lords spiritual, the House of Lords, or Upper House of Parliament. They hold their seats during their lifetime, and at the death of a peer the title and the seat in the House of Lords descend to his eldest son. If there is no son, or other male heir direct, either grandson or other descendant, the title becomes extinct, unless the patent or royal decree by which the peerage was created allows the title and rights to go to a nephew or brother, which is sometimes the case.”

“Then the sovereign can create new peers at any time, as I understand it,” Fred remarked.

“Certainly,” Mr. Vallentine answered. “More than half of the peerages in England at the present time have been created since the beginning of this century. The three oldest peerages date from the thirteenth century, and of all the others only four go back to the fourteenth century. The sovereign can create a peer of the realm just as the governor of one of the United States can commission a colonel or a justice of the peace, and there is no limit to the creating power. In 1814 Louis XVIII., King of France, established a House of Lords, or peerage, resembling the English system. Villéle, the Prime-minister of Charles X., the succeeding King, created seventy-six new peers when he wanted them for political reasons.

“Now about the different titles or grades of peers. There are five grades in England; the highest is that of duke, then comes marquis, and after that, in their order, earl, viscount, and baron. Their families and relatives constitute the nobility, or aristocracy.”

The gentleman paused a moment, whereupon Frank asked where the title of lord came in.

“A baron is always called ‘lord’ in England—the title of baron



THE Duchess of Devonshire's Dressing Room.

being used only on the continent. In official documents only is he called a baron, and his wife is a baroness, though ordinarily she is called 'lady,' just as he is called 'lord.' Some noblemen have several titles; one may be Duke of Manhattan, Marquis of Hoboken, Earl of Coney Island, Viscount of Harlem, and Baron of Yorkville, but he is usually known by the title of highest rank.

"Now this brings us to what puzzled Mrs. Bassett, and it is very difficult for an American to understand who is or is not a peer of the realm, on account of the numerous titles of courtesy which abound, but do not make a man a peer of the realm and give him a place in the House of Lords. The anomaly comes from the custom of giving the eldest son of a peer the title next below that of his father during the father's lifetime. For example, the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire is the Marquis of Hartington by courtesy, that being the second highest title of his father. The Marquis of Hartington is not a peer in the eye of the law, but an ordinary citizen; he cannot take a seat in the House of Lords until his father dies, and then he is the Marquis of Hartington no longer, but the Duke of Devonshire.

"The eldest son of an earl is a viscount by courtesy, but he has no special privileges on that account; and the same is the case with the other grades. The younger sons of dukes and marquises bear the title of lord with the Christian and surname, as Lord Randolph Churchill, who is the son of the former, and brother of the present Duke of Marlborough. The younger sons of earls are called 'Honorable,' and the daughters are 'Ladies'; the younger sons and daughters of viscounts and barons have the prefix 'Honorable,' as the Honorable Mary Cadogan. A baronet (known by the 'Sir' before his Christian name) is not a peer; his eldest son or nephew inherits the title."

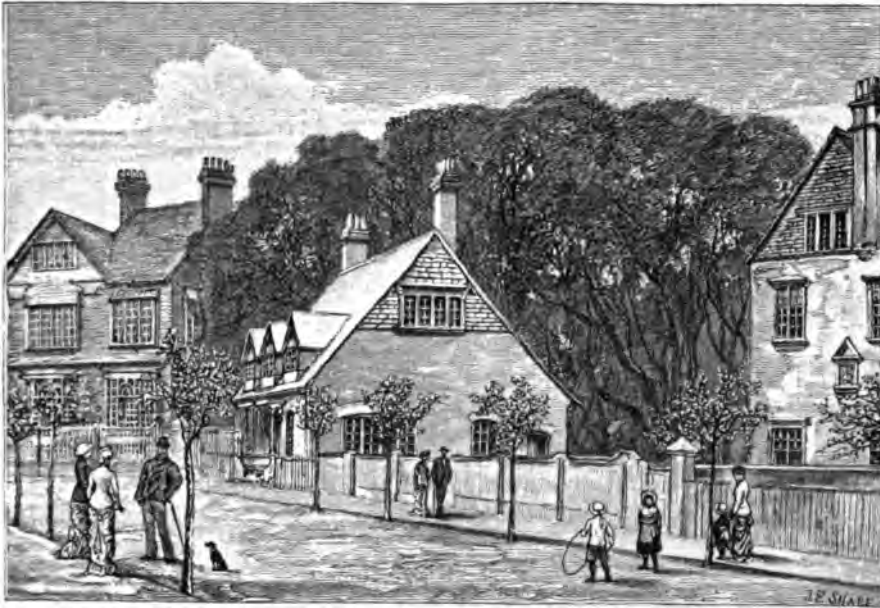
Here Mr. Vallentine paused. Mrs. Bassett improved the opportunity to mention Lady Oystershell, who visited New York a few years before, and carried herself as though she were the owner, in fee simple, of at least half of the habitable land on the globe. Mary remembered her, too, and wondered who Lady O. was.

"I remember her very well," said the gentleman. "She was the widow of a knight, and was called 'lady' by courtesy. Her husband was knighted for distinguished services in the army. The title of a knight dies with him, and confers no special privileges. Many men to whom the distinction has been offered have declined it, in the belief that 'the game was not worth the candle,' to use the old proverb. A knight is called 'Sir' before his Christian name in the same way as a baronet.

When knighthood is conferred without mention of any order, the recipient is called a 'Knight Bachelor,' probably a corruption of *bas chevalier*.

"I hope I have made the subject clear to you," said Mr. Vallentine, "and that you will now understand a system which is a puzzling one to every stranger from your country."

All the party thanked the gentleman for his very lucid explanation, and then the conversation shifted to other topics. One subject touched upon was the wealth of some of the peers of England, and Mr. Vallentine brought a look of surprise to the face of Mrs. Bassett and Mary by in-



COTTAGES NEAR BEDFORD PARK, LONDON.

forming them that the most valuable part of London belonged to three noblemen—whose names were well known—the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Westminster, and Viscount Portman.

Mrs. Bassett thought these gentlemen had no occasion to fear that they would end their days in the poor-house. The rest of the party were of the same opinion, and Frank asked how the income from their property was collected.

"It is in the form of what is called 'ground-rent,'" was the reply, "or it may be in rent for the buildings together with the land, provided



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

the buildings are erected by the owner of the soil. In the former case the ground is rented for a long term of years by parties who erect the buildings as a speculation, and offer them for rent to satisfactory tenants. The ground-rent is paid by the owner of the buildings, and of course he is careful to make himself good by the rental he obtains from the tenant. The Duke of Bedford is the owner of several thousand houses, and his rents are collected by agents, exactly as are the rents of Mr. Astor or other large owners of real estate in New York.

“The laws and customs in regard to rentals of houses in London differ somewhat from those in vogue in New York. In the latter city the landlord pays all the taxes except the water tax, while in London the taxes, or rates, as we call them, are paid by the tenant, unless there is a special stipulation in the lease to the contrary. Law and custom require the landlord to pay the land tax, the property tax, and the sewers rates;



STAIRCASE IN REYNOLDS'S HOUSE.

the rates that fall on the tenant are paving, lighting, watching, poor rates, church rates, water rates, highway rates, county or borough rates, and parliamentary taxes levied for any special purpose. Rentals are lower in London than in New York, for the same class of property in similar location, the owners being content with a smaller rate of interest on their investment.

“There are some points of English law about the relations of landlord and tenant that will seem odd to you; for example, unless it is specially stipulated in the lease, a tenant is bound to go on paying rent for a house that has been destroyed by fire, although there is no way of compelling the landlord to rebuild the house. The landlord has a right to seize any furniture in a house in payment for overdue rent, even though the tenant may have sub-

let to some one else, and the latter has hired the furniture, and the landlord knows it to be hired. Suppose you had taken these rooms from Mrs. B——, and put in furniture to suit yourself, which you had hired at a furniture dealer's. You have paid your rent to Mrs. B——, who happens to be in arrear to her landlord; the landlord's agent or bailiff comes along and seizes the furniture, and the law says it belongs to him unless Mrs. B——'s indebtedness is discharged.”

“Well, I wouldn't let him in,” said Mrs. Bassett. “What would he do in that case?”

"He couldn't do anything," was the reply, "so long as you managed to keep him out. But you must keep him beyond the outer door; the law forbids him to break it down to enter, but if he once gets inside without violence he is 'the man in possession.' Levying on furniture is called 'making a distress,' and it is done by the bailiff or agent. Instances have been known where tenants have held out for a long time, and prevented the entrance of the bailiffs, who generally resort to strategy to effect their object. This principle of English law has given rise to the old remark, which you must be familiar with, that 'an Englishman's house is his castle.' Where bailiffs are seeking to get inside to levy on the furniture, the house is very much like a besieged castle, as it is dangerous to open a door lest the unwelcome visitor should manage to



KEY TO CHOOSING THE PICTURES.

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|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Sir John E. Millais, R.A. | 7. T. Gaed, R.A. | 13. P. H. Calderon, R.A. |
| 2. Late G. Richmond, R.A. | 8. R. Redgrave, R.A. | 14. J. C. Hook, R.A. |
| 3. Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. | 9. C. W. Cope, R.A. | 15. The head-carpenter waiting to
chalk on picture— <i>a</i> for ac-
cepted; <i>d</i> for doubtful; <i>r</i> for
refused. |
| 4. Late J. F. Lewis, R.A. | 10. E. Armitage, R.A. | |
| 5. Late E. M. Ward, R.A. | 11. J. C. Horsley, R.A. | |
| 6. Late Sir F. Grant, P.R.A. | 12. F. A. Eaton (the Secretary). | |

slip through. Families have been known to keep their doors nailed up and closed for months, and to make their entrance and exit by means of a rope-ladder at an upper window. All provisions were hoisted in through the window, and the house was literally in a state of siege."

Other things were talked of, and then Mr. Vallentine took his leave. Before going he asked Mrs. Bassett if they had yet visited the Royal Academy of Arts, and on receiving a negative reply, he suggested that it would be advisable to devote the first rainy day to that institution. This was agreed to, and as the next day happened to be of the rainy sort, the party went to the Academy, having previously taken a ramble through Burlington Arcade, and bought a variety of articles in its well-stocked shops.

Frank had informed himself concerning the Royal Academy, and



... OPERATIONS, 1910-1911

when they entered the building where the exhibition is held every year from May to August, and also during the winter, he explained to Mrs. Bassett and Mary that it had its beginning about the middle of the last century, when some pictures were exhibited for the benefit of a hospital that was in need of funds. The exhibition hall became a fashionable lounging-place, and a great many people went there not so much for a sight of the pictures as for the opportunity of meeting their friends and passing the time which hung heavy on their hands. In 1762 £524 was taken in shilling entrance fees, and the receipts increased every year after that. The catalogues cost a shilling each, and many thousands of them were sold.

As the party paused before the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Frank remarked that the famous artist was the first president of the Royal Academy. He was born in Devonshire, in 1723, and was in his time one of the fashionable portrait-painters of England, though he was sharply rivalled by Gainsborough.

Frank said that a sketch of the life of Reynolds told that he was a rapid worker, and usually finished a portrait in from five to ten sittings. Sometimes, when the subject was a very difficult one, or the personage exalted, he required twelve or fifteen sittings. He kept a diary or pocket-book, in which he noted all his appointments. The rapidity of his work is shown in the fact that in 1759 he had appointments with one hundred and forty-eight patrons. His prices were eccentric, and remind us of the lecture fee of "Josh Billings," \$96 47. In 1779 Reynolds charged £37 10s. for a head-size portrait, £73 10s. for a half-length, and £156 10s. for a full-length. The house he occupied in Leicester Square has been changed very little since his time, and a noticeable feature of the staircase leading to his studio is the curve of the iron balustrades at the bottom to allow the passage of the hoops which custom required the ladies of that time to wear.

Mrs. Bassett was less interested in Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president of the Royal Academy, than in Benjamin West, its second president. Her interest arose from the fact that West was an American, and born of Quaker parentage, and that he was at one time an instructor of Robert Fulton, to whom the successful invention of the steamboat is due.

"I remember reading about Benjamin West, long ago," said she. "His parents were much opposed to his becoming an artist, although he had shown his talents at a very early age. When he was seven years old he painted some pictures with brushes made by himself from hair

plucked out of the tail of the family cat. He got his colors from some Cherokee Indians, who showed him how to mix them, and there's a picture in Philadelphia now that he painted when he was nine years old."

"It was probably to the Cherokee Indians that he owed his practice of invariably giving a reddish brown tint to all his pictures," Doctor



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Bronson remarked. "It would seem that he could never forget the complexion of the Cherokees, or their pigments, as every one of his paintings has that peculiar color. His paintings are chiefly noticeable for their composition, and some of them are of a very high class in this respect and the effective grouping of the figures."

"He was noted for something else than his composition," said Fred.

“He was the first artist to adopt the practice of painting his characters in the costume of their time, rather than in the classical costume that had been previously used. The first picture in which he did it was ‘The Death of Wolfe before Quebec.’ Sir Joshua Reynolds thought the experiment would be a mistake, and tried to dissuade him. West stuck to his purpose, and the painting was very warmly praised; Sir Joshua was one of the first to congratulate the artist on his success.”

While the artists of the last century were under discussion our friends could not help overhearing a conversation that took place near them, in which one man who was evidently an artist was complaining to another that his picture was hung in a bad light. He thought some member of the hanging committee had a grudge against him, and had purposely placed the painting where it was, in order that its merits might not be known.

“It’s the trouble in every exhibition the world over,” said Doctor Bronson, “and will be so till the end of time. In nine cases out of ten artists are dissatisfied with the places their works occupy, and nine-tenths of the dissatisfied ones think the circumstance is due to personal feeling. If a picture is refused admission to the exhibition the same reason is alleged, and the work of a member of the Council must be a thankless task. In the year 1886, 8875 pictures were sent in by non-members of the Academy, and 1753 of these were accepted and the rest refused: just think of the ill-feeling on the part of the painters of the 7122 rejected pictures!”

“Matters were no better in the last century than in this,” said Frank. “In 1784 Gainsborough sent a picture of three of the royal princesses, and insisted that it should be hung lower than was the rule with pictures of that class. His letter is preserved in the Academy; in it he says that if the committee hangs his picture among the full-lengths he will never again send another work to the exhibition. Very properly, the committee refused to accept his dictation, and he kept his word about never contributing to another display.”

Mrs. Bassett asked if the pictures rejected in 1886 were so treated on account of lack of merit.

“As to that I’m unable to say,” replied Doctor Bronson; “but it is pretty sure to have been the case with many of them. But there is not sufficient wall-space for all the pictures that are offered, and the paintings that were accepted took the entire capacity of the Academy.”

To show the popularity of the Academy, Frank mentioned the fact that the receipts for admissions in 1886 were £18,741 7s. On one day

(Monday, August 2d) 7642 persons were admitted ; it was a general holiday, and the fee for that occasion was sixpence.

What our friends thought of the pictures on exhibition we will not attempt to say ; none of them took any notes, and evidently they were at the Academy for curiosity rather than for criticism. Possibly they imitated the example of many other visitors, and paid less attention to the works of art upon canvas than to those that displayed the skill of the tailor and dress-maker. Of these last there was great variety, as



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

the Academy exhibition is the resort of the fashion of the British capital during the time it is open.

Another rainy day was spent in the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square. Fred made the following note concerning it :

“The National Gallery is a more popular institution than the Royal Academy, partly for the reason that it is free, and partly because it is open throughout the year. The building is a large one, and contains some very large paintings, as the eighteen rooms of the Gallery are required for the display of eleven hundred pictures. It averages five thousand visitors daily, and on holidays is often inconveniently crowded.

Thursday and Friday are called students' days, and then the public must pay a fee of sixpence, and will not be admitted until after eleven o'clock. The collection of paintings was obtained by donation and purchase, and is an excellent school for the student who wishes to see specimens of art work on canvas from the earliest time of oil-painting down to the present day. Nearly every painter of distinction is represented here, and some of the famous British artists display their best work. This is particularly the case with the collection of Turner, who at his death bequeathed a considerable number of his paintings to the National Gallery, where they attract much attention.

Mrs. Bassett and Mary were not satisfied with a single visit to the National Gallery. They went there two or three times afterwards; and whenever they were in the neighborhood of the building, and had an hour to spare, they went inside and enjoyed the view of the paintings.

One day they took their landlady along for escort and guide, while Doctor Bronson and the youths went to visit the Bank of England, for which they had the permit of an officer of that institution. We will let Fred tell the story of their tour through the substantial edifice, which controls, in great measure, the finances of the centre of the exchanges of the world. Should the Bank of England suddenly close its doors and announce its failure, what a panic would be created all over the globe!

"It is the duty of every Englishman to believe that the Bank of England will outlast in years the famous Bank of Venice, which began in 1171, and had a career of unvarying prosperity until 1797, when it was broken up by the revolutionary army of France. From what we have seen to-day we have no reason to doubt that it will last as long—more than six centuries—but if it should, it must live a long while yet. It is a young bank, less than two hundred years old, having been established in 1694, when William and Mary occupied the throne. There is an older bank than this in London. It is known as Child's Bank; but if you go there and ask to see Mr. Child, the founder of the bank, you will be gravely told that he is out. He is 'out' very much indeed, as he founded the bank in 1663. He was apprentice to a goldsmith, whose daughter he married, and he invested her dowry so well that it laid a foundation for the bank that is still doing business in his name.

"Mr. Child—his first name was Francis—ought to have prospered, if the story is true that he used to receive thirty per cent. interest upon loans to King Charles II., who spent money very freely, and generally before he had it in hand. He repudiated his obligations one day, and ruined most of the goldsmiths who had loaned money to him, but the

ank of Child managed to escape suspension, though it suffered severely and was greatly crippled.

“The great bank which received the royal charter was styled ‘The Governor and Company of the Bank of England,’ and the charter was



GARDEN IN THE BANK.

iven to William Paterson. He was a shrewd Scotchman, but not shrewd enough to prevent being intrigued and cheated out of his position within a year of the time the bank opened for business. Frank

thinks he may have been the man referred to in the question, 'Who struck Billy Patterson?'

"The Bank of England has passed through a good many vicissitudes, but has never 'gone to pieces' altogether, or been compelled to suspend business, though it has several times refused to redeem its notes in coin. By its original charter it was compelled to receive worn and clipped coin at its face value, and to redeem its paper in coin of full weight. This unfair arrangement brought it to temporary grief on one occasion. Its enemies gathered large quantities of old coin, for which they obtained the notes of the bank, and immediately turned around and obtained coin of full value at another counter of the institution. This was too much, and the bank suspended specie payment until a new and more liberal charter put it on a better basis.

"There was another suspension of specie payment from 1797 till 1821, owing principally to large demands by the Government, but the bank continued to do business, and had a good credit. In its early days the bank conducted its business in one room, but for a time running beyond the memory of any living man it has occupied the spacious building where we found it to-day.



BULLION TRUCK.

"During the Gordon riots in 1780 the directors asked for a company of soldiers to be sent nightly to guard the bank until

the danger of a threatened attack had disappeared. It was duly commanded that a company of soldiers should go to the bank every night, and return to their barracks in the morning, 'until further orders.' The order has never been countermanded, and every day in this present time the military guard takes possession at seven o'clock in the evening and remains there till the next morning; then the soldiers march back to the Tower, where their barracks are; and it is a noticeable fact that the officers and men are specially fond of detail to guard the bank.

"The bank gives the men a good supper, and has a library for their use. As for the officer in command, he has a specially fine table for himself and any two friends he may choose to invite. The dinner-service includes some very fine wine, which comes from the cellar of the

bank, for the institution has a wine-cellar of its own, and keeps it well supplied. It also has a garden, and a very pretty garden it is, with some elm-trees that look venerable enough to have served to shade Queen Elizabeth on her return from a hunting expedition. Gardens are hardly to be looked for in the interior of a bank, and I fancy there are not many of them to be found in the banking establishments of Wall Street or other financial centres in America.

“The warders of the bank are pompous-looking fellows, with embroidered coats that come nearly to their heels, and their heads are covered with cocked hats whose fashion never changes. Inside the rooms devoted to business the place is very much like any other banking house, and the clerks and officials generally are in every-day costume, like other citizens or subjects of her Britannic Majesty. Just for the fun of the thing, Frank and I went to the proper window and asked for the gold for a ten-pound note. It was instantly passed out to us; and had we asked for ten thousand pounds, instead of ten, we would have received it just as readily. The bank is ready to redeem all its paper in gold. It is required to keep on hand bullion or coin for all excess of its issue above sixteen million pounds, and for the sixteen millions it has securities that can be converted into cash in a very short time.

“Doctor Bronson says the theory on which the bank conducts its business, so far as this question of reserve is concerned, has been explained by one of the directors of the institution as follows: suppose a run begins on the bank, and all the issue above the sixteen millions is presented in one day. The bank has the coin on hand to meet the run, and by the time the outstanding notes had been reduced to sixteen



ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN.

millions the bank would have its securities converted into cash. Four millions of them can be sold at any minute, and the rest are in the shape of a loan to the Government. I don't understand the banking business very well, but the Doctor says he could not ask for a more secure concern than the Bank of England. 'As good as the Bank of England' is a common saying, and everybody understands it as equivalent to 'nothing better in the world.'

"We asked a gorgeously uniformed warder where to present our letter, and were shown to the proper department. There was some little delay in starting on our tour of observation, possibly with a view to



BANK-NOTE LIBRARY.

making sure that there was no risk in allowing us to make the visit for which we had come.

"I have heard that it is a rule of the bank that any party of visitors must be accompanied by an equal number of *attachés* of the establishment. Whether this is so or not I can't say, but there were three of us, and we were accompanied by three gentlemen connected with the bank. We had other companions; as I observed while in the bullion-room, and in all the rooms where any valuables were exposed, that three men, who were dressed like laborers, were much more attentive to our movements than to anything else. They were in the garb of in-door porters—

leather-aproned, coatless, and paper-capped—and strolled, with folded or swinging arms, at a respectful distance behind the party. When we stopped they stopped, and when we moved on they moved too. They were powerful fellows, and doubtless their pockets were equipped with handcuffs, ready for use in case of necessity. The Bank of England has never been robbed, and from what I have seen there is little probability that it ever will be.

“The rooms where the business of the bank is conducted open into court-yards, and there are no fewer than nine of these yards. In the basement is the show portion of the concern, to see which a note of introduction from a director of the bank, or from some other person of influence, is necessary.

“Our credentials being satisfactory, and the escort arranged, we were taken to the basement and admitted as carefully as is a visitor to a penitentiary. Iron doors were unlocked and locked again. At any time in our journey it would have been the wildest folly to attempt to seize anything and run away, as there were several locked doors between us and freedom. If anybody has ever thought of doing so, he has probably relinquished the idea when admitted to the interior of the building.

“They showed us great piles of gold in bags and boxes, the collateral for the notes in circulation. Much of it was piled on trucks, and we would have been well satisfied if our entertainers had told us we might take away a truck-load as a souvenir of our visit. A truck-load is £80,000, or \$400,000. Wouldn't we have pulled hard if the privilege had been given to take it away and keep it!

“How much gold there was we don't know, but there was enough to make a good many people happy and others miserable, because they



BULLION CELLAR.

wouldn't know what to do with it. Then there are tons and tons of silver, and in a glass case there is a quantity of gold that came from Africa at the time of the Ashantee war. The King of Ashantee paid a heavy indemnity to Great Britain, and it was all in gold. The most of it has been melted and coined, and the pieces now remaining are liable to go to the melting-pot at any time the bank has occasion to use them.

"We saw the presses at work printing the notes, which are of various denominations. The lowest notes are for five pounds and the highest for one thousand pounds, and they are sent away from the printing-room in packages of five hundred each. We asked how many notes were printed in a day, and were told that it was about fifty thousand.

"Frank asked what became of all of them, and the gentleman who did the most of the explanation said that it was the rule of the bank that no note should go out a second time. When a note comes into the bank it is cancelled and laid away in the accountant's room. There are forty or fifty thousand notes, and sometimes more, coming in every day, and the same number going out. At the end of five years after cancellation the notes are destroyed.

"I asked what would be the case if a note came in on the same day it was issued and perfectly clean.

"It would be cancelled and destroyed, just the same as if it had been out a year or ten years. If you should obtain notes for a check at one window, and then go to another window and change a note into gold, that note would follow the regular course and be destroyed.'

"What is the longest time a note has ever been out of the bank?

"One note was presented for payment after it had been out one hundred and twenty-five years,' said the gentleman, 'and others have been out sixty, seventy, and eighty years. Many notes have been destroyed and lost altogether, and of course the absence of these notes is to the profit of the bank; but they are considered "in circulation," and we must be prepared to meet them at any time.'

"Afterwards we saw the album where the note that was out a century and a quarter is preserved. The album also contains notes that have been charred by fire and turned quite black, but are still distinguishable, and have been paid by the bank, and there are notes that have lain for months at the bottom of the sea. The bank will pay notes if there is barely enough to identify them as genuine, and in such cases it is quite important to be able to give their numbers and dates.

"Another interesting thing in the album was the collection of counterfeit notes that have been put in circulation at different times. If you



GORDON RIOTERS.

have ever seen a note of the Bank of England you know what a plain piece of paper it is, and many persons wonder that it is not often counterfeited. The engraving, signatures, and numbers are not at all difficult, but the paper is a very troublesome matter to imitate: It is made at a mill in Hampshire, and no other paper is made there. The watermark and texture of the paper have thus far defied imitation, though sometimes it has been approached dangerously near. The laws against counterfeiting are very severe, and the officials of the bank are exceedingly watchful, so that the enterprise of the counterfeiter is greatly discouraged, and rendered unprofitable.

“We saw the machines which count gold coins automatically, and throw out all that are light in weight, and they do it as skilfully and accurately as though endowed with human intelligence.

“Our visit terminated—the show part of it, I mean—at the Treasury, where the notes and gold ready for circulation are stored in iron safes resembling cupboards. Two old men came forward, each holding a key to a cupboard; the two keys and two men are required to unlock the cupboard, and when it was open one of the men took out a package of one thousand notes of £1000 each and allowed us, one after the other, to handle it. For a quarter of a minute each of us had five million

dollars in his possession, but the surroundings didn't indicate that we could keep it long. It is said that some persons turn pale, or flush, or dance wildly when the package is in their hands, and Doctor Bronson knows a man who was sleepless for a week afterwards. As for Frank and myself, we haven't been thrown a bit 'off our base' as yet, and don't expect to be, by our very temporary possession of a fortune."



LOTHBURY COURT, BANK OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

STOCK EXCHANGE.—ROYAL EXCHANGE.—LLOYD'S.—WHAT AN UNDERWRITER IS.—GEORGE PEABODY.—HOMES FOR THE DESERVING POOR.—VISITING THE PEABODY HOUSES; OTHER IMPROVED DWELLINGS.—SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW.—THE POULTRY.—CHEAPSIDE.—ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—THE LONDON COMPANIES; WHAT THEY ARE.—GOLDSMITHS' HALL.—HALL-MARKED JEWELLERY.—FLEET STREET.—NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.—TEMPLE BAR.—A LAW SCHOOL FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—THEATRES OF LONDON.—VISITING A CHEAP THEATRE; FRED'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT THEY SAW.

ON leaving the bank, Doctor Bronson found that it was near the time for an appointment he had with a friend in Bartholomew Lane, and, accordingly, he left the youths to look about for themselves.

They strolled into the Stock Exchange, which is quite near the Bank of England, or as far as they were allowed to go, which was not very far. The rules regarding the admission of strangers are much like those of the New York Exchange. The Royal Exchange, where general business is transacted, is more liberal, and the youths were interested in the spacious court-yard, which contains statues of Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth, besides other statues of lesser note.

They visited Lloyd's subscription-rooms, where all kinds of business connected with navigation and marine insurance are conducted. Fred



SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW.

wondered why the place was called Lloyd's, as there didn't seem to be any individual of that name in control of the establishment, and Frank made the following explanation :

“The man after whom the place was named was Edward Lloyd, who kept a coffee-house in Abchurch Lane about the year 1710. He must have sold good coffee and other things, as his place became a resort of the merchants, who found it convenient to discuss business matters while they sipped coffee or took luncheon. Lloyd's coffee-house



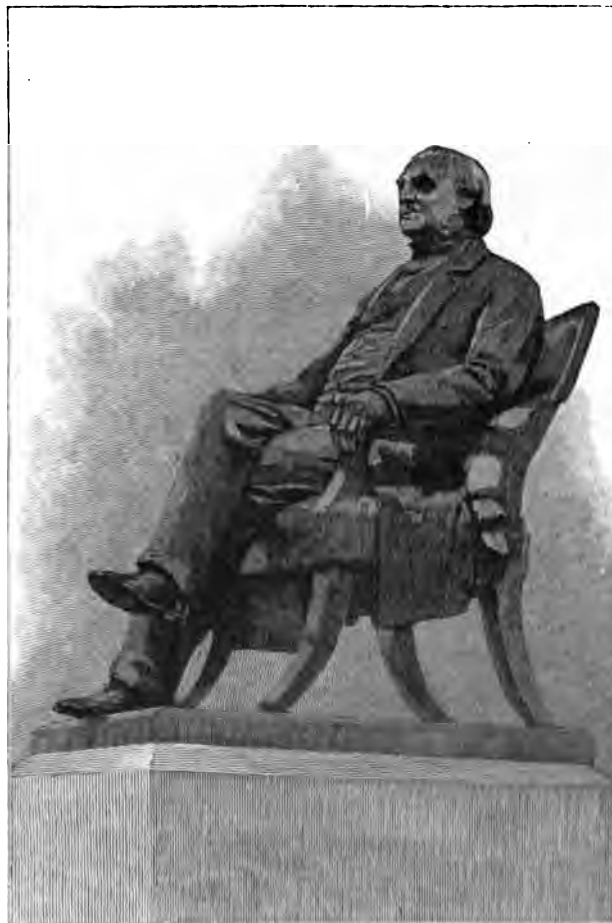
LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

grew into an exchange, and towards the end of the last century the business was transferred to the Royal Exchange. The name of Lloyd's was retained for convenience' sake, and was long since incorporated into the English language. You'll find it in Webster's Dictionary."

"Now I remember," replied Fred. "It is also in other languages, as there's an Austrian Lloyd's, which runs a steamship line, transacts banking and insurance, publishes a newspaper, negotiates Government loans, establishes factories, and does other commercial and industrial

work. Wonder if the original Lloyd ever dreamed over a cup of his own coffee how famous his name would be?"

"Probably not," Frank responded. "The subscribers to Lloyd's



STATUE OF GEORGE PEABODY.

Rooms in the Royal Exchange ought to erect a monument to his memory, and crown it with his statue."

Then Frank went on to say that the men who take marine insurance at Lloyd's are called underwriters. He had been puzzled to know why they were so named, and had recently found out.

"Why is it?" queried Fred.

"Because," was the reply, "they subscribe, or 'underwrite,' policies of insurance on ships. Suppose a ship is to be insured for, we will say, two hundred thousand dollars. Nobody wants to take the whole amount as a single risk, any more than a fire insurance company wants to take the entire insurance on a very costly building. The risk is divided among a great number of people or companies, and each of them writes under the policy the amount he is willing to take. One will take one thousand dollars, another two or three or five thousand, and so the policy goes around from one underwriter to another till the entire amount required is made up. The policy is circulated by an insurance broker. See that man going about with a policy, and taking it from one desk to another. He is evidently a broker, and the men at the desks or chatting in groups are the underwriters."

As they passed through Threadneedle Street Frank called attention to a statue representing a man sitting in an arm-chair.

"I know what that is," said Fred; "that's the statue of George Peabody, the great banker, or one of the great bankers, of London. He was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, and spent thirty-two years of his life in London. He died there in 1869, and before his death gave liberally to the establishment of institutes which bear his name in his native town and in Baltimore. The southern part of Danvers has changed its name to Peabody since his death. He gave away a great deal of money in other educational and benevolent enterprises, and before we leave London we must see some of the houses for working-men that were built by the Peabody Trust Fund."

Frank agreed to this, and on another day they went to a cluster of houses in Great Wild Street that owe their existence to the liberality of the Anglo-American banker. Frank made the following memorandum concerning them:

"There are nearly four thousand dwellings, or tenements, of about eight thousand rooms, belonging to the Peabody Trust, and they provide homes for about fifteen thousand persons. It was not Mr. Peabody's intention to find shelter for paupers, but for industrious and honest people who could pay their rent. The charity consisted in furnishing clean and healthy houses at a low rental, and under suitable regulations that would prevent overcrowding and disorder. The average rental of the dwellings is \$1.07 per week, and that of the single rooms from 60 to 70 cents a week. A dwelling, or tenement, of three rooms rents for \$1.20 to \$1.56 cents a week.

"The superintendent showed us through some of the rooms, which

were clean and well kept, and he told us that the tenants were required to sweep their rooms every day, and also to sweep the halls and passage-ways, all of them taking their turn in this latter work. Preference was given to applicants who were not earning more than one pound, or five dollars, a week, and there was always a great number of applicants in excess of that which could be accommodated. The rules had been ridiculed very much by people who knew nothing about them, but they did not keep tenants away. No tenant was taken without a reference from his employer, and in every case the employer was seen, to make sure that the story of the applicant was true.

“Children are not allowed to play in the halls and passage-ways, and there is no reason for them to do so, as every group of buildings has a play-ground for them in the central court. The rent must be paid weekly in advance; dogs must not be kept; all occupants must have been vaccinated; washing must be done in the laundry; and all disorderly persons must leave when notified. There are other rules, but those I have given are the essential ones. No tenant can keep a shop in the building, or sublet to anybody else.



PEABODY BUILDINGS, GREAT WILD STREET.

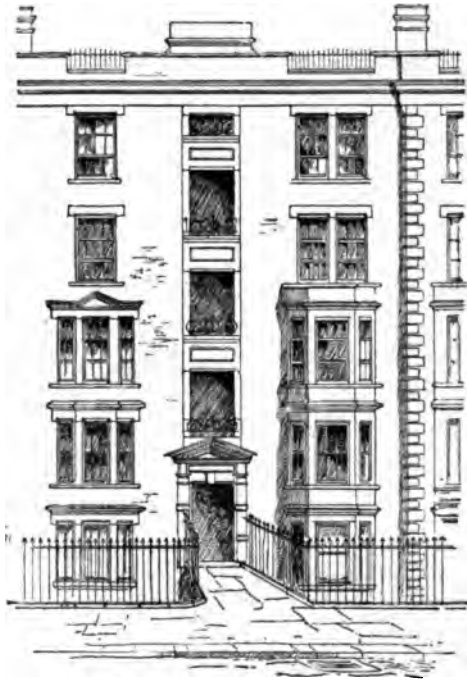
“While on this subject, I may say that the benevolent work of Mr. Peabody, though not the first of its kind, gave a stimulus to other public-spirited men, some of them acting singly, and others in associations or companies. The greatest enterprise of this kind is the “Improved Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited,” which was organized by Sir Sydney Waterlow, who is a baronet and member of Parliament.

“The first building on the Waterlow plan was built by Sir Sydney at his own expense; then he organized the company, which has been prosperous enough to pay five per cent. on the investment, while the Peabody buildings pay only three per cent. The rentals are at the same rate, or very nearly so, as the Peabody buildings; and though the plans of the houses are different, the object is the same—clean and well

ventilated homes for working-people at low rates. There are several other companies of the same sort, and altogether they furnish homes for fifty thousand and more people who would otherwise be crowded into the wretched tenements where they were formerly obliged to live."

Let us return to the youths, whom we left near the Peabody statue.

They did not need to be told that the space in front of the Bank and the Exchange is the business centre of London. The dense crowd of people, the anxious, hurrying throng, the jumble of cabs, omnibuses,



FRONT OF A WATERLOW DWELLING.

and other vehicles, told the story very plainly. A stranger might easily find himself bewildered in the crowd, and were it not for the efforts and energy of the policemen on duty there would be a hopeless blockade there daily during the hours of business. From this point no fewer than seven streets radiate, all of them scenes of busy life from nine in the morning until three or four in the afternoon. After that the throng diminishes, but there is no time when the place is entirely deserted. A student of physiognomy who waits on any of the corners during the busy hours will find much to interest him in watching the faces of those who pass within his view. So

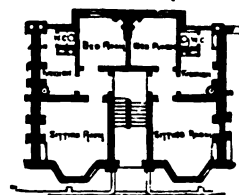
thought our young friends, and they were in no hurry to move on, as they finally did, along the Poultry and Cheapside, in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"The Poultry," said Frank, in telling Mary about their day's experiences, "is a short street, only a block or two in length, and continues straight into Cheapside, as though the two were one. Cheapside runs into St. Paul's Church-yard, and St. Paul's Church-yard into Ludgate Hill. Go straight on and you come into Fleet Street, and from this into the Strand, which takes you to Trafalgar Square. In New York

all this distance (about two miles) would be really one street, as there are no corners to be turned, and the bend at St. Paul's Cathedral is no more than that of Broadway at Tenth Street. It made us think of Broadway, with the great number of people moving along the sidewalks, and the continuous line of shops and business houses all the way from our starting-point to where we stopped.

"We walked leisurely, as we wanted to see the historic places on the way; and to make sure of them, we hired a bright-looking boy who was peddling matches on a corner. He gladly laid aside his stock in trade to go with us, and he well earned the two shillings we gave him when we reached Charing Cross.

"We gave a hasty glance at the Mansion House, which fronts towards the Bank, and is the residence of the Lord Mayor while he is in office. Only a very rich man can afford to be Lord Mayor, as he is expected to spend a great deal of money upon entertainments, but there is rarely any difficulty in finding a candidate for the situation. The Poultry is so named because it was once the street of the dealers in fowls; but that distinguishing feature disappeared long ago. The same may be said of Cheapside, which might better be named Dearside, if the prices of articles sold in some of its shops are to be the criterion. What interested us in Cheapside and its neighborhood were the halls of the London companies. There are several of them, and the outside of most of the buildings generally gives very little hint of the wealth within."



A THREE-ROOM DWELLING.

Mary asked what the London companies were, and Frank thus tried to explain their character:

"They were originally guilds, or trades-unions," said Frank, "and some of them were organized for commercial purposes, as many companies are at the present time. The earliest was the Steel-yard Society, which was organized in 1232, and another early company was that of the Merchants of St. Thomas à Becket, in 1248. There are eighty or ninety of these old companies still in existence, and some of them are very rich. They had grants of land from Government, not only in London but in various parts of the British islands. You remember what we learned at Londonderry about the ownership of land in the north of Ireland by these companies, do you not?"

"Yes, I remember something about it," was the reply, "but I didn't know then any more than I do now what the companies were."

“And a great many other people want to learn about them,” said Frank, “and the companies do all they can to prevent their affairs being made public. Some of them have very large revenues, and their houses, or ‘halls,’ are like palaces. The dinners given in these halls are the finest that London can produce, and the display of silver on the tables rivals that of any king or emperor in Europe. Exactly how much money the companies divide among themselves every year is difficult or impossible to ascertain, and the shares are never for sale except in the winding up of an estate. Parliament has repeatedly tried to investigate the companies, but has never succeeded in doing so.

“The twelve principal companies are called ‘Honorable,’ probably because they are the wealthiest, and wealth is a very practicable form of honor. These companies are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, Cloth-workers. ‘The Honorable Company of Skinners’ seems an odd sort of name, but that’s what it is called, and it is rich enough to be very honorable indeed. The management of certain companies in America might justify their adoption of the title of ‘Skinners,’ with ‘Honorable’ omitted.

“The oldest of these twelve ‘Honorable’ companies,” Frank continued, “is that of the Goldsmiths, which was organized in 1327, and the youngest is the Fishmongers, which dates from 1536. All the other honorables belong either to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, and of the remaining companies only one is later than the seventeenth century. That one company, the Fan-makers, dates from 1709.”

Mary asked if the companies preserve any of their former character of regulating the trades indicated by their names.

“The only one I know of that does,” replied Frank, “is the Company of Goldsmiths. Plate and jewellery must bear the ‘hall-mark’ to be guaranteed genuine, and great care is taken that the hall-mark shall not be improperly affixed. The affixing of the mark is regulated by statute, and the Honorable Company of Goldsmiths receives a trifling percentage on the value of the metal to which its stamp is affixed. Any article sent to be stamped, and not proving of the proper standard, is defaced and broken, so as to be fit only for the melting-pot.”

“Very much obliged for the information,” said Mary. “When I next see a piece of jewellery bearing the ‘hall-mark’ of the Honorable Company of Goldsmiths, I shall know what it means.”

Frank then resumed his story of their promenade.

“We went,” said he, “along Cheapside to St. Paul’s Church-yard,

and stepped inside the old cathedral just a moment, concluding to put off a regular visit to it until some day when we shall all be together. Of course you'll want to see St. Paul's, the great work of Sir Christopher Wren. It is almost the only great church in the world that was designed and completed by one architect and one master-mason and



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE.

under the supervision of one bishop. There are so many monuments there that St. Paul's seems trying to rival Westminster Abbey. We looked at the monuments to Admiral Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, together with those to some other military and naval heroes, and then returned to our young guide, who was waiting for us outside. He

was probably one of the thousands of Londoners who have never been inside of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"We didn't see anything worth noting in Ludgate Hill, partly because we were in a hurry to get to Fleet Street, which is much more interesting. Crossing Ludgate Circus, a large open space where five streets come together, we were in Fleet Street, which is the centre of the newspaper press of London. It has been a newspaper centre for a very long time, and a literary one as well. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other literary men of Shakespeare's time met here and performed

much of the work that has made them famous, and every generation of Englishmen for three centuries has seen its noted men of letters in Fleet Street.

"Many of the old buildings of past centuries have been replaced by modern constructions, but there are enough of the old ones to make the street picturesque. There's an old tavern called the Rainbow, and another called the Cock. We went into the Cock, and found it very old-fashioned indeed. The waiter seemed to belong to the seventeenth century, if not to the sixteenth, and the people that sat around the tables were most of them old chaps with white hair, or very little hair at all. The



FIREPLACE IN THE COCK TAVERN.

fireplace in the dining-room dates from the time of James I., and the furniture is in harmony with it.

"We went into Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson once lived, and where Cobbett's 'Political Register' was printed. Afterwards we visited Crane Court, which is said to have been the birthplace of more newspapers than any other street or court of its size in the world. *Punch* was started in Crane Court, and so were several daily newspapers, some of which lived only a short time. One of the most successful of the papers started here was the *Globe*, which now has its offices on the Strand.

"Some time we intend going over the same ground with a guide

who can give us more historical facts concerning newspapers and other matters connected with Fleet Street than was possible for us to obtain from the youthful match-peddler. We want to go with somebody who can take us through the Temple, the Inns of Court, Gray's Inn, and other haunts of the lawyers. They have been the haunts of lawyers for centuries, the oldest of them being Gray's Inn, where there has been a law school since 1371. Some of the trees in the garden were planted by Lord Bacon, who received his legal education at Gray's Inn."

Here Frank paused, and Fred took up the story of their afternoon jaunt. Before he could do so Mary asked if they stopped at Temple Bar.

"We stopped where the Bar was," said Fred, "and looked at the statue in the centre of the road-way, which marks the spot where the Bar once stood."

"When was it taken down?" Mary asked.

"It was taken down in 1878," was the reply, "partly in consequence of the signs of weakness which it displayed, and partly because it was an obstruction to the traffic, which has increased ten times or more since the Bar was erected, two hundred and odd years ago. The road-way has been widened and new buildings have gone up at the side.

The monument, to show where the Bar stood, is adorned with statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and has on the summit the griffin of the City of London. It's not a bad-looking monument, but the old Bar would be more picturesque."

"It would be especially so," interposed Frank, "if they ornamented



CRANE COURT.

it with the heads of criminals, as was formerly the custom. A less barbarous practice was that of stopping the King or Queen on certain state occasions, by closing the gates of Temple Bar until permission to pass had been obtained from the Lord Mayor. It was a ceremony which guarded certain rights of the City, but was never more than the merest formality. The delay was only for a moment, as the Lord Mayor was always close at hand to grant the request the instant it was made."

"After you passed Temple Bar," said Mary, "you found yourselves



PRINTING-ROOM OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

in the Strand, with your faces towards Charing Cross. What did you see as you passed along the Strand?"

"We saw the new Law Courts and the little church of St. Clement Danes, which gets its name from having been the burial-place of several Danes who lived in the ninth century. The Strand was once the residence of fashionable people, but that was very long ago. The residences of the earls of Essex, Surrey, and Arundel were on the Strand, and the streets of those names indicate where their houses stood. Somerset House, which is the depository of wills, and has a great many public offices within its walls, stands on the site of the palace which was erected by Somerset the Pretender. He began it in 1549, and the edifice was not completed when, three years later, he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

“Then we saw several newspaper offices and theatres, and were sometimes almost elbowed off the sidewalk by the crowd of people. The Strand is a great thoroughfare. It received its name originally because it was on the bank or strand of the river, but the buildings on



THE REHEARSAL.

the side next to the Thames make its name an absurdity at the present time. There are narrow alleys and archways in the direction of the river, in addition to the short streets at right angles to the Strand, and these archways used to be the resort of thieves and other bad characters. Improvements have wiped out many of them, and other projected improvements will wipe out many more.”

The conversation was suddenly terminated by the arrival of a messenger with tickets for a box at one of the theatres. They came with the compliments of Mr. Vallentine, and a polite note suggesting that it

would give him great pleasure to call on his American friends at the box during one of the intervals of the performance.

The courtesy was not to be declined, and as it was near the hour for the rising of the curtain, the party set out immediately. A London theatre is not sufficiently unlike an American one to merit especial description; but there was one feature in which Mrs. Bassett and Mary were interested. They observed that none of the ladies in the dress-circle wore their hats (or bonnets), and wondered if they came to the theatre without them. On inquiry of Mr. Vallentine, they learned that



THE BRITISH ARMY.

the wearing of bonnets in the dress-circle was forbidden by the rules of the establishment. Many ladies came with veils, "clouds," or other similar coverings on their heads; or, if they came with bonnets or hats, their head-gear was deposited in the ladies' cloak-room, just as men deposit their overcoats and umbrellas in a hotel or club-house.

"How I wish we had such a rule in America," said Frank. "The towering hats worn at the theatres are a great inconvenience to those

seated behind the wearers, and sometimes totally obstruct the view of the stage and the actors."

"Yes," said Mary, "and I believe some women not only do not care a straw how much inconvenience they cause to others by their tall hats, but really take delight in it. I've heard some of them say as much, and the fact that they persist in doing so shows their indifference, to call it by no harsher name."

Frank was about to make a further remark on the subject, but the rising of the curtain relegated him to silence, and when it fell again the tall hats were forgotten.

A few days afterwards Mr. Vallentine asked Frank and Fred to accompany him to one of the smaller theatres of London, where he had the permission to bring a friend or two to witness a rehearsal, and afterwards see the performance. They promptly accepted, and here is Fred's account of what they saw :

"The theatre was evidently what the Old Bowery was thirty years ago, as I've heard it described, or possibly like some of the theatres that I've never yet seen on the east side of New York. The performance was a melodrama, in which there was a villain with a voice like a fog-horn, that seemed to carry the audience away with delight. Mr. Vallentine said the villain in one of these cheap theatres is of no account whatever unless he has a power of lungs to outdo the whistle of a locomotive, and the villainy is always of the most pronounced sort.

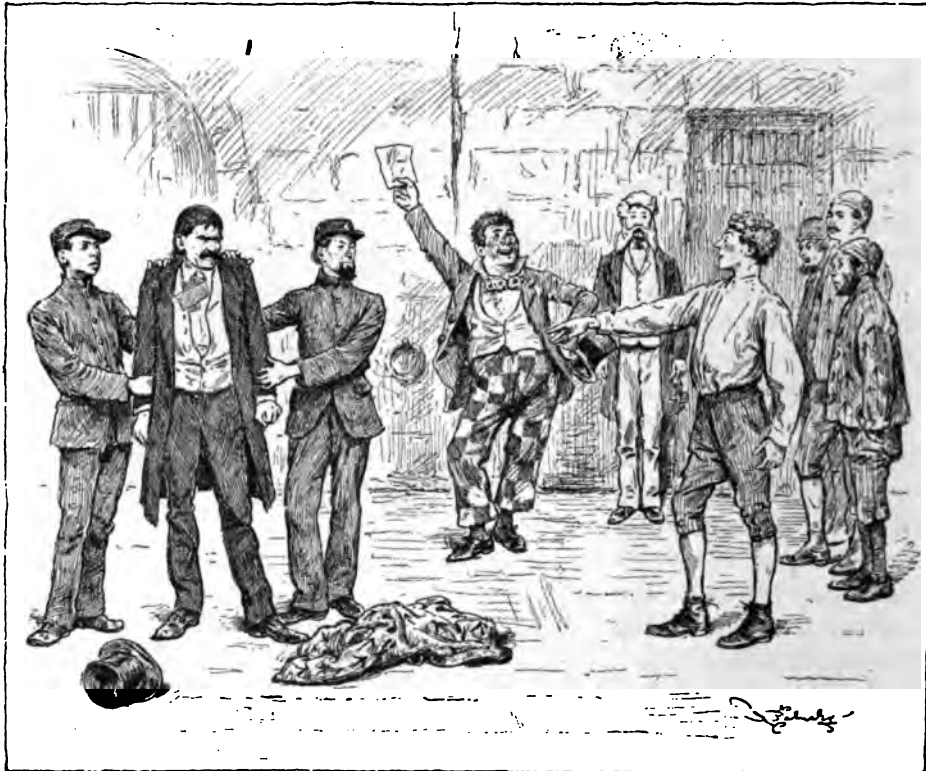


THE HEROINE AND THE VILLAIN.

"The theatre was certainly a cheap one, as the admission to a seat in the dress-circle was one shilling (twenty-five cents), and the gallery twopence (four cents). There are theatres in East London and other parts of the metropolis where admission to the gallery costs a penny. The 'penny gaffs,' as these houses are called, are not patronized by the 'nobility and gentry' of the country, and ladies are not expected to remove their hats. Gentlemen must do so, however, and no objection is made if they remove their coats at the same time. Dress-coats are unknown, except when a stranger on a sight-seeing round drops into the theatre and wisely engages a box; I say 'wisely,' as he would be severely 'chaffed,' and perhaps roughly handled, if he should appear in evening costume in the body of the house.

"We were delayed on our way to the theatre, and only saw the end

of the rehearsal. All the company was in walking-dress, and the heroine did not in the least resemble the tragedy queen which she doubtless hoped to be at some future day. The stage manager was the only one of the men whom we saw who aspired to the dignity of a silk hat, all the other masculine head-gear being of the 'Derby' pattern. The heroine wore her overshoes and water-proof cloak, and her wealth of blond



THE WICKED NOBLEMAN UNMASKED.

hair was done up in what Frank called 'Scotch-terrier' pattern. The hero adhered to his overcoat, and altogether the spectacle was not of a moving kind, though it was very amusing.

"The curtain rose on the performance half an hour after the end of the rehearsal. We employed the interval in strolling outside the theatre and looking at the audience as it entered the building. There were some family parties carrying provision-baskets and bottles of beer, and it was evidently their intention, which we afterwards saw carried out,

to partake of substantial refreshments between the acts without leaving their seats. Isolated individuals were without baskets, but not without provisions, as most of them carried papers of shrimps or other edibles, and in several pockets bottles of beer were visible. In some of the cheap theatres solid and liquid refreshments are sold in the intervals of the performance, and men are even allowed to smoke in their seats, but the house we visited was of a more fashionable character. Smoking was not allowed inside the house, and the *entr'acte* refreshments were limited to tarts and lemonade.

“These cheap theatres are the places where the working-people of London—I mean the lowest grade of workers—go for their amusement. Of course a good many who are not workers, but subsist by dishonesty, find their way there, and sometimes they create a disturbance, in the hope of reaping a harvest while it is going on. The audience is made up of draymen, porters, soldiers, sailors, wash-women,

scrub-women, newsboys, coster-mongers, and the like. One thing we noticed was that they were intent upon getting their money's worth, and watched the performance much more closely than does the audience usually in a fashionable theatre. However small it may seem to us, the



THE PROMPTER.

price of admission was a serious outlay to the great majority of those who were present, and it is therefore no wonder that they made the most of their opportunity.

“The performance was a tragic one, in which the villain murdered the heroine by thrusting under her left arm a sword nearly as long as himself, and made blood-curdling threats against the health of any one who should endeavor to thwart him. Of course he was ultimately brought to justice, and the wrong he had done was atoned for as much as possible by giving his fortune to the children of the victim of his murderous act. His hat, wig, boots, and manner were in accordance with the sentiments he uttered, and altogether he was a stage villain of the most picturesque sort.

“A play that had a considerable run at this same theatre was a military one, in which the British army was represented by half a dozen men with wooden guns, and in cast-off uniforms that had probably done duty at one of the fashionable theatres of the West End. One of the acts takes place within the walls of a prison, where the innocent hero has been sent for a forgery which was committed by a wicked nobleman. The wicked nobleman visits the prison for the purpose of seeing his victim at work among the convicts, when all at once a letter is produced which fastens the crime upon the wicked nobleman, and leaves the innocent hero at liberty to throw off his prisoner's coat and join in the accusation of the very unhappy forger. Of course the latter is seized by the prison officials, and the curtain falls amid loud applause.

“A gentleman who is familiar with the cheap theatres of London says that the plays produced there are quite as good, from a moral point of view, as those at the more fashionable establishments on the Strand and elsewhere, and in many instances are of a purer tone. Virtue is always rewarded and vice punished; and though the villain may triumph for a time, he is invariably brought to grief before the curtain falls on the last act. Lofty sentiments are loudly applauded, and the appreciation of the audience cannot be mistaken.

“We were greatly amused and entertained with the performance we witnessed, which is more than can be said in the case of all plays and players of far greater pretence. We were much obliged to our friend for the opportunity he gave us to see what we might otherwise have missed, and you may be sure that we thanked him heartily.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

LONDON SOCIETY.—THE "SEASON" IN LONDON.—BALLS, RECEPTIONS, PARTIES, BAZAARS, MUSICALES, TEAS, ETC.—MRS. BASSETT'S ACCOUNT.—WHO COMPOSE SOCIETY.—DINNERS AND OTHER FESTIVITIES.—POPULARITY OF TITLES.—AT A GARDEN-PARTY.—RACES AND CRICKET MATCHES.—CHARITY SHOWS.—A GYPSEY FAIR IN SURREY.—SIGHTS AND SCENES.—HORSE-JOCKEYING.—SHOOTING-GALLERIES.—CHEAP JACKS.—HOW THE PUBLIC IS DECEIVED.—STEAM CIRCUS AND PANORAMA.—SNAKES, WILD BEASTS, AND OTHER CURIOSITIES.—RETURN TO LONDON.—THE END.

THE next day there was unusual excitement in the house where our friends were lodged, or rather among the lodgers. An invitation was received for the entire party to attend a reception of Mrs. Some-



ANGLERS NOT IN SOCIETY.

body "in society," and the opportunity to know something about fashionable life in the British capital was not to be neglected.

With Mrs. Bassett and Mary rose the momentous question of what

was the proper wearing apparel for the occasion. As for the Doctor and the youths, the universal dress-suit was sufficient, and they had no occasion for worrying about their garments.

A certain capacious trunk, which had been sent directly to London when the steamer landed the party at Queenstown, was overhauled, and



ANGLERS IN SOCIETY.

sundry dresses were brought to light. Then, with the aid of the landlady, a dress-maker was found, who suggested alterations and additions which would adapt the gowns to the requirements of London society. The dress-maker was duly commissioned to perform the required work, and she promised to have it done in ample time for the momentous occasion. Suffice it to say that the enterprise was successful, especially in Mary's case. The rest of the party voted unanimously that her robe was as becoming as the most exacting could wish. When she appeared at the reception she attracted much attention, and was repeatedly pointed out as

“the pretty American girl who dresses in perfect taste.” What greater triumph could be looked for at a first appearance in London society?

Not only did she attract attention, but she aroused the opposition of several British matrons who had marriageable daughters, and did not take kindly to the appearance of American girls in the matrimonial market of London. Their fears were somewhat abated when they



A GRAND BALLROOM.

learned that the object of their unkind thoughts was not to remain long in London, and especially that she was not an heiress of millions, or even of a high figure in the thousands. They were further assured that she had not come to Britain in search of a husband, her whole object in attending the reception being one of curiosity.

The next mail steamer across the Atlantic carried a letter from Mrs. Bassett, from which we are permitted to make a few extracts, as follows:

“I had a curiosity to see what London society is, and to know in what way it differs from that of New York. There isn't very much difference, after all; human nature is about the same the world over, and the same may be said of fashionable people; at any rate, I suppose it can. Society has always seemed to me a sort of matrimonial fair or cattle-show. Marriageable women go into it to find husbands, and marriageable men are on the watch to find wives; then there is a large number of spectators who are already provided for in that line, or don't want any provision, and go to parties, dinners, and receptions for the sake of amusement.

“It is difficult to say exactly when the London season begins or when it ends, but the general idea is that it begins after Easter and ends early in August. The round of social festivities is not well under way until the beginning of May, and is pretty well over by the middle of July. Just as nobody wants to be the first to arrive at a party or the last to leave, so the entertainers are reluctant to be the first or the last at the beginning or the end of the 'season'. Nobody would give a reception before Easter, and nobody would have one after the middle of August; so you may take those as the two extremes.

“The social festivities include receptions, dinners, lawn-parties, balls, concerts, and a good many other things. There are 'scientific lectures,' 'small musics,' 'afternoons,' 'promenade shows,' 'bazaars,' 'charities,' and I don't know what else. Then there are out-door sports, such as races, cricket-matches, polo, and shooting at clay pigeons. The races include boat-races and horse-races, but there are only certain races that are attended by fashionable people. No one who is 'anybody' would think of going to 'the Derby,' on the fourth Wednesday in May, except 'on the sly,' as the Derby is not a fashionable race; but the Goodwood and Ascot races are different affairs, and fashion is there in force. The boat-race that is most fashionable is the annual match between the Oxford and Cambridge universities. The public goes to the great boat-race, as the whole of England is interested in the match, and Doctor

Bronson says that immense sums of money are won or lost on the result of the University race.

"That's enough to begin with. Now about the reception to which we were invited.

"It was just like a reception in New York in many ways. There was a crush of people, so that it wasn't easy to get around, and there was the same array of wall-flowers around the room where the affair was given. Perhaps I ought to call it a ball rather than a reception, as there was dancing, in which only a few couples could take part on account of the crowd, and the music was almost drowned by the perpetual noise of the conversation.

"The unmarried women were chaperoned by their mothers, and were not allowed to be out of sight for more than a few minutes unless they happened to be in conversation with men that were considered good 'catches.' It made all the difference in the world whether a girl was talking to a cap-

tain with nothing to live on but his pay and a small allowance, which would compel him to live in very cheap quarters in case he should marry, or to a member of the nobility who had a title of his own and a fortune to back it, or had good expectations on the death of somebody whose shoes he expected to step into.

"The only place where couples could sit down and talk for a little while was on the back-stairs, which were occupied by as many as could



SOCIETY CAPTAINS.

crowd in there. They were not allowed much quietness, as every little while somebody went up or down the stairs, and then all were obliged to move around to make way. The hostess and her daughters were kept busy receiving the guests in the early part of the evening, and after a while, when the crowd of comers began to slacken, one of them always remained on duty ready to say the words of welcome. We had no chance to say anything to our hostess beyond the briefest formality, for we were swept on by the stream of humanity behind us as though in the current of a river.

“Mary was talking to a baronet, who appeared to be a perfect gentleman, and had nice things to say about America, where he had spent several months. She wasn’t allowed to talk to him long, as a pretty English girl was pushed ahead by her mamma. In a very few minutes two or three other girls were around him, and Mary was turned over to a captain whose name I can’t remember. He wasn’t the captain of a ship, but was in the army. I didn’t think it would be proper to ask him about his regiment, as Doctor Bronson had said that a good many of the captains in London society belong to the class of military men whose names cannot be found in the ‘Army Register.’

“The captain said the supper was sure to be ‘very jolly,’ and asked the privilege of escorting us to the supper-room. The supper was nice, but we didn’t care for it particularly, though that was not the case with the rest of the people, if I’m to judge by appearances. The elderly women who had been wall-flowers in the parlor were anything but wall-flowers in the presence of the supper; they crowded around the tables, and the most of them showed that they had splendid appetites. Strange, isn’t it, that so many people, who never think of eating anything in the evening when at home, will be in such a hurry to get to the supper-room at a party, and eat enough for a hearty meal?

“It didn’t seem to me that the captain had dined very well, to judge by the way he attacked the supper as soon as he had waited on us. He was very particular to see that we didn’t want for anything, and also that he didn’t want for anything himself. People kept coming and going, and the most of those who managed to get up to the edge of the table seemed in no haste to leave it. One of the society belles was at a table with a lord or viscount when we went to the supper-room, and though we stayed ten or fifteen minutes after we had taken all we wanted, just to study the manners of the company, she was still seated at the table when we left.

“The dresses of the ladies were very handsome, but I can’t describe



SWEET THINGS ON THE STAIRCASE.

them, as I should have to write for hours and then wouldn't be half through. They were about the same that you see at a fashionable reception or ball in New York, and some of them must have cost a great deal of money. More diamonds are worn here than in New York,

possibly for the reason that certain collections of diamonds are family heirlooms, and their display is a matter of custom rather than of choice. A lady must wear the family diamonds when she goes to a grand affair in society, just as much as she wears her title—if she has any to wear.

“The rooms became very warm with the heat from the gas and the wax-candles. The candles not only threw out heat, but they dropped down wax, so that more than one dress was sadly injured by it, and not a few of the gentlemen’s coats had to go to the cleaner’s before they could be worn again. Whatever may be said against these affairs from a social or sanitary point of view cannot be said from the stand-point of trade. If the whole of England should suddenly go into mourning at the beginning of a ‘season,’ the tailors and dress-makers would be the most sincere mourners, as their grief would be of the practical kind. They would have the sympathy of a legion of caterers, florists, wine-merchants, and others who depend largely upon the London season for the support of their business.

“I got tired of the heat and dazzle, and said so to Doctor Bronson. Mary wanted to stay longer, but as soon as she saw the tired look on my face the dear girl said at once that it was time to go home. We got our wraps and joined the Doctor and the boys at the door, where a man with a voice like a town-crier, and an open hand for a shilling, called up our carriage. How long the party lasted I don’t know, but it was probably till some time in the morning. The sun rises very early at this time of the year, and the last of the visitors were probably there when it was time to put out the gas.”

Another day our friends were invited to a garden-party, which was given at a fashionable house in the West End of London, where there was a large garden. Mrs. Bassett observed that the attendance of men was light, and on inquiring of a friend she learned that this is nearly always the case with garden-parties, which are more popular with women than with the bearded sex. This sort of entertainment is not very common, for the reason that the weather cannot be relied upon, as a garden-party on a wet day is a very dismal affair. When the weather is propitious the scene is by no means without picturesque features, as everybody is well dressed, and the toilets of the dames are as bewitching as the dress-maker’s art can make them. The men are in walking-coats, or ‘cutaways,’ and the silk hat is indispensable as a covering for the masculine head.

Strawberries and cream are the regular refreshments at the garden-party, and if members of the royal family can be secured they form the

centre of attraction. Couples who are attracted to each other wander off into secluded nooks in the garden, and can indulge in conversation more easily than at a ball or reception. Matrimonial engagements are occasionally made at garden-parties, and therefore they are not likely



THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

to go altogether out of fashion in this or any coming generation until some satisfactory substitute is found.

As a result of introductions during their early experiences of London society, our friends were invited to go the next day to a bazaar. Mrs. Bassett was sceptical about going until she knew exactly what a bazaar was and what was done there.

“The bazaar is a fashionable way of collecting money for charity,”



THE SUPPER.

said Doctor Bronson, "and it is a very popular form of amusement. Pretty women tend the counters, and sell bouquets and other things at enormous prices, and the proceeds of the sales are devoted to some kind of charitable enterprise."

"Oh, I understand," said Mrs. Bassett; "something like a church fair in America."

"Very much the same thing," replied the Doctor, "but the prices at the fashionable bazaar in London are far in advance of those at any of our church fairs. A sovereign for a button-hole bouquet is often paid, and if a five-pound note is presented, the fair attendant may be unable to make change, and the purchaser is expected to tell her not to take any trouble about it."

"And you may be sure she doesn't," said Frank, who had attended a show of this sort and paid very dearly for his temerity. He was disinclined to pursue the topic, and it was dropped by general consent,

though Fred intimated that button-hole bouquets at five pounds could not be had every day.

Then the Doctor went on to explain that the brains of fashionable Londoners were racked to devise novelties for the bazaar. If one of the ladies of the royal family can be obtained as an attendant at a bazaar the affair is sure to be very profitable, as every loyal Englishman will pay liberally for the opportunity of buying a bouquet from the Princess of Wales or one of her sisters-in-law. In default of one of these high personages, titled dames from the nobility and aristocracy are sought, and also singers and actresses of distinction.

The fashionable beauties who happen to be the rage of society are also excellent attractions at the counters, and each is allowed to make her costume to suit her own taste. Sometimes the bazaar is a Shakespearian one, and the attendants are in the costumes of Portia, or Ophelia, or Sweet Ann Page. The counters are fitted up to suit the time represented, and not infrequently the theatres are drawn upon for the loan



A VILLAGE IN SURREY.

of their stage carpenters and costumers. A great deal of money is collected in this way every year for charity, and altogether the bazaar is an institution which has brought comfort to many a sufferer through the liberal donations of its patrons.

Let us now turn to a fair of another sort, which was one day attended by Frank and Fred while visiting a friend in a small town in Surrey, an hour or two distant from London by rail.

“Come down and visit me day after to-morrow,” said their friend. “That will give you a chance to see an old-fashioned gypsy fair, such

as you read about in Shakespeare's time. The fair is steadily dying out through the influence of the railway, and by the end of the century a good specimen of it will not be easy to find."

The engagement was made, and on the day appointed the youths took an early train from London, and reached their destination according to schedule. Their friend met them at the station, and they immediately proceeded to the main object of their journey.

"Though the festivity was known as a gypsy fair," said Fred in his journal, "it wasn't altogether an affair of the gypsies. There was a



GYPSIES.

good proportion of them in charge of the 'caravans,' as they call the wagons that are the homes of their owners as well as the storehouses whence their goods are sold; but, on the other hand, there were many caravans belonging to people who had no affiliation with the gypsies, though their business was of the same character—to make money out of the rest of the world. Fortune-telling in various ways is the peculiar



"AN 'ANSUM GOLD CANDLESTICK."

province of the gypsies, and they are adepts in horse-jockeying; in fact, they bear the palm of superiority in everything connected with lying and chicanery, though it must be admitted that they have sharp rivals among men and women without a drop of gypsy blood in their veins.

"Most of the caravans were painted in gaudy colors, in order to attract attention, though our friend said that the real reason for the variety of coloring was to enable their owners to pick them out more readily when a group of them were together. They were ranged along both sides of the principal street of the town, wherever places could be found for stationing them, and were just opening up for business when we arrived. Farther down the street there was a crowd around several gypsies engaged in horse-trading, and it was amusing to watch their performances.

"They brought out some wretched specimens of horses that seemed hardly able to stand, but, by means of judicious and mysterious 'dosing,'

had been made to assume the air of fiery steeds ready for the battle or the race-track. Two or three men clung to an old horse as though the animal was threatening to break away; then one lithe young fellow mounted him very cautiously, like a cowboy getting on the back of a wild 'cayuse,' and the poor beast was trotted up and down, while his movements were watched by the assembled spectators. How many sales were made I don't know, as we did not tarry long over the horse-dealing spectacle. We saw some horses of a better class a little farther down the street, but the hour was too early for the dealers to be there in force, many of them having come from London by the very train that brought us.

"One of the caravans was a shooting-gallery, where those who chose to try their skill were required to pay a penny for a shot, and in case of hitting the bull's-eye they received prizes which had more value to the eye than to the pocket. While we were in front of it a young soldier, to whose arm a girl was clinging, made several ineffectual shots, to the great amusement of his sweetheart and his own discomfiture. He was finally obliged to admit that 'shooting was not in his profession,' which further amused the young woman to the extent that she was forced to stuff her handkerchief in her mouth to keep from laughing outright. The gallery was kept by a woman with bare arms and frowsy hair, who was very careful to collect in advance for each shot, lest a luckless patron should abscond without liquidating his indebtedness to the establishment.

"Beyond the shooting-gallery was a fellow who presided over a game of chance, where one could tempt fortune by shooting a marble along a miniature billiard-board, with compartments at the end opposite the starting-point of the little globe. These compartments were variously numbered, and the fate of the shot was decided by the compartment in which the marble found a resting-place. There were no blanks in the lottery, and the black-haired keeper of the game loudly proclaimed that there was a prize for every shot, and everybody might make his fortune if he only stuck to it long enough.

"When we came up there was quite a group of rustics engaged at the game or looking on at the players. Three or four urchins were just then ridding themselves of their pennies, no doubt carefully saved for weeks and months before the fair.

"As one of them took a shot the man handed out a yellow candlestick, which might have cost a penny a dozen, and exclaimed, in a voice audible for a considerable distance, 'Splendidly done, old feller! There's

an 'ansum gold candlestick, ra'al solid gold, wuth a sov'rin; keep it fur yer chil'un, and make 'em rich.'

"Prize after prize was handed out, every prize for a penny, and he always declared it to be something of great value. A girl who ventured on a shot received 'an 'ansum engagement ring, ra'al gold, and a ra'al dymun, a-sparklin' like yer own pretty eyes.' This sally of the game-



AT A SHOOTING-GALLERY.

keeper's wit sent her blushing into the rear of the crowd, from which she soon went forward to risk another penny on the game. When the offerings were slow he shouted out some lines of which he appeared so proud that they must have been his own composition :

“Some wins brooches, some wins rings,
Some wins pins and other nice things.’

“We were reminded of Coney Island on its crowded days by more than one feature of the gypsy fair. The shooting-gallery and the lottery were several times duplicated, and there were merry-go-rounds, or ‘steam-circuses,’ as they call them here. One of the so-called ‘steam-circuses’ was propelled by a horse that walked in a treadmill, like the horse on the rural threshing-machine, with which most boys in the country are familiar. The rival machine was propelled by steam, and drew the greater part of the custom, as the horses were larger and more numerous, and lavishly decorated with paint that savored of war rather than peace. Every boy who asked for it was equipped with a wooden sabre, and for the time of the performance he seemed so full of soldierly blood that he slashed at any acquaintance among the spectators who came within reach.

“There were attractions similar to the ‘side-shows’ of the circus and menagerie of the United States, and admirably calculated to strike terror and fascination to the rustic mind. Gaudy paintings on the outside of the caravans represented snakes that might be anywhere from ten yards to ten miles in length, and of proportionate beam and depth. There were dioramas and panoramas representing the Zulu war in Africa, the exploration of the Arctic regions, the death of Captain Cook at the hands of the Cannibal Islanders, the great naval battle of Trafalgar, and the dangers of the sea to those who navigate it. One painting represented a buffalo-hunt in North America, in which buffaloes of Brobdignagian proportions were jumping rivers and ravines not less than a mile from side to side, and were pursued by sky-blue Indians mounted on horses of vermilion streaked with pea-green. We thought that with such a terrible exterior the inside would be altogether too much for us, and wisely concluded not to venture beyond the door-way, where leather-lunged attendants shouted the list of the wonders to be seen, and ‘all for the small sum of one penny.’

“The best part of the attraction, it seemed to us, were the cheap Jacks, of whom there were fully a dozen, all doing business with a great deal of noise. At one of the stands we saw a good piece of acting, which was designed to catch patrons through their cupidity.

“The salesman was trying to sell some curry-combs for a shilling apiece, having started them at two shillings and gradually lowered his price. Then he dropped to eightpence, and said he would take no less than that, as it was no more than they cost him, but he had an old father at home who was a farmer once, and any farmer that wanted the curry-combs could have them at that figure.

“Just then a man with blackened face, and carrying a violin, came along, and said he'd take one of the curry-combs, which would be just the thing for his hair; but he wouldn't give more than sixpence for it. This offer was refused, and then Jack asked the fiddler to play a tune.

“‘I don't play no toon fur nothin', I don't,' said the fiddler.



“PLAY US A TOON.”

“‘Tell yer what I'll do,' said Jack. ‘Play us a toon, and I'll sell yer a curry-comb fur sixpence.’

“‘Done,' said the other; and with that he brought his instrument to his neck, and played an air that was certainly worth a sixpence for any one not to hear, provided he had a musical ear. But it pleased the rustics, and when he had finished he took his curry-comb and paid a sixpence for it.

“‘You seem to be a good-natured feller,’ said Jack. ‘Now, ef yer’ll play another toon I’ll sell any of these here gentlemen a curry-comb fur the same figger.’

“The fiddler pretended to be flattered by the suggestion, and played ‘another toon’ (the same as before, with variations), and then a listener came forward and bought a curry-comb. Then a second listener came for the same favor, which was refused, Jack alleging that he would only sell one curry-comb at the reduction in consideration of the one tune on the violin.

“Then there was a lively altercation between Jack and the fiddler, the former maintaining his position, just stated, and the latter claiming that ‘any gentleman in the crowd’ meant as many as chose to buy. The case was appealed to a by-stander, probably a confederate, who promptly decided against Jack, and in favor of the fiddler. Then the latter offered to play again, ‘rather than have any hard feelings,’ and the result was that a dozen or more curry-combs were promptly sold, the buyers enjoying the well-feigned discomfiture of the seller at being compelled to dispose of his goods at so low a price.”

The youths greatly enjoyed their day at the fair, and after spending the night and part of the next day with their friend, they returned to London. From the windows of the railway carriage they had many interesting views of the scenery of Surrey, and determined that they would soon penetrate again into that district, accompanied by Mrs. Bassett and the ever-vivacious Mary.

“How they would have enjoyed the sight of the gypsies,” said Frank, “and the talk of the cheap Jacks, and the pictures in front of the shows of wild beasts and snakes!”

“You may be sure they would,” replied his cousin. “We’ll find out where and when the next fair is to be held, and arrange to see it.”

“Yes, and we’ll learn something of rural life in Surrey, which will be an agreeable change from so much sight-seeing in London. And besides—”

The voice of the printer is stronger than Frank’s, and the closing words of the youth are inaudible. Our story of “The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland” is thus abruptly brought to

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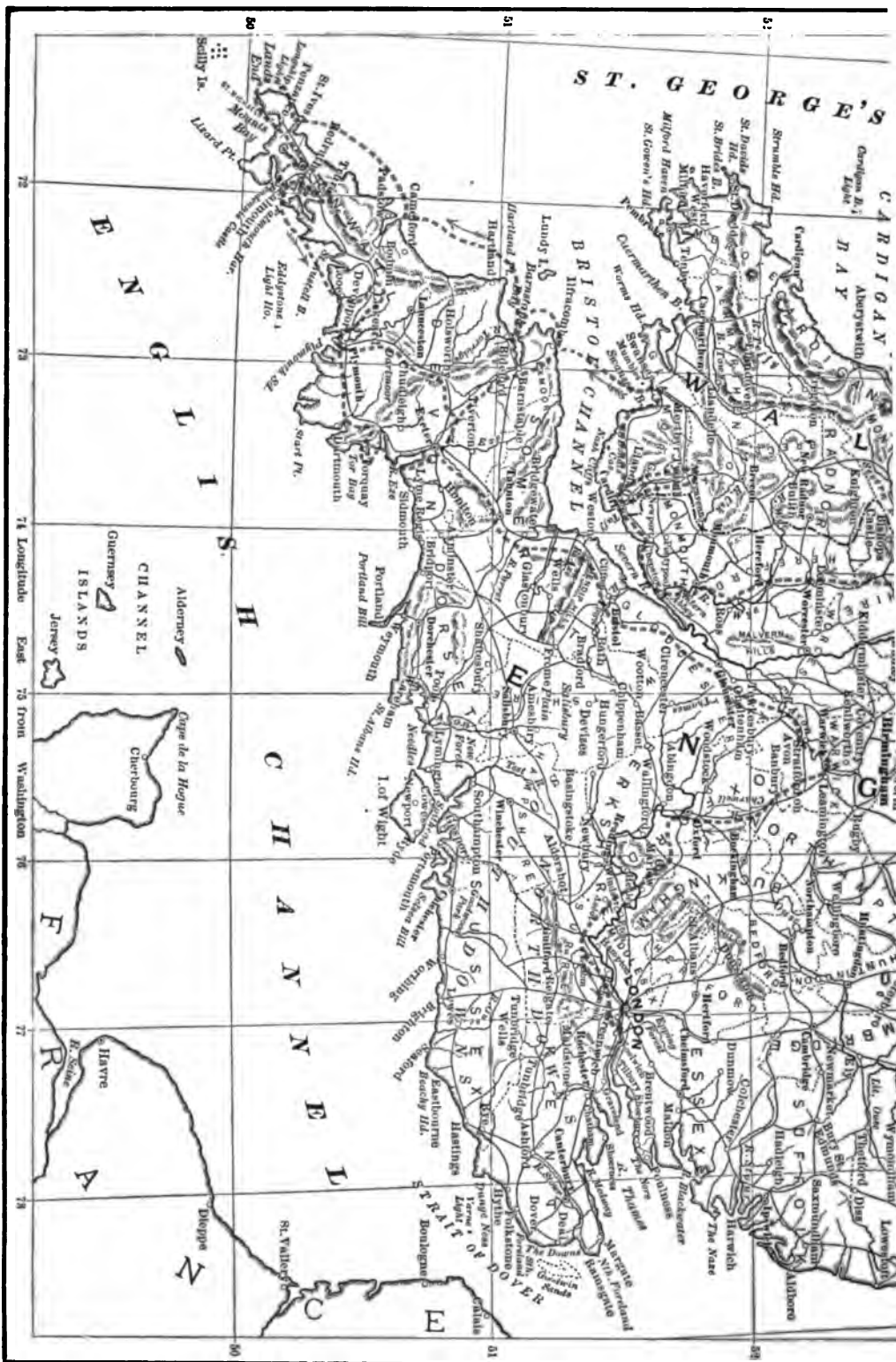
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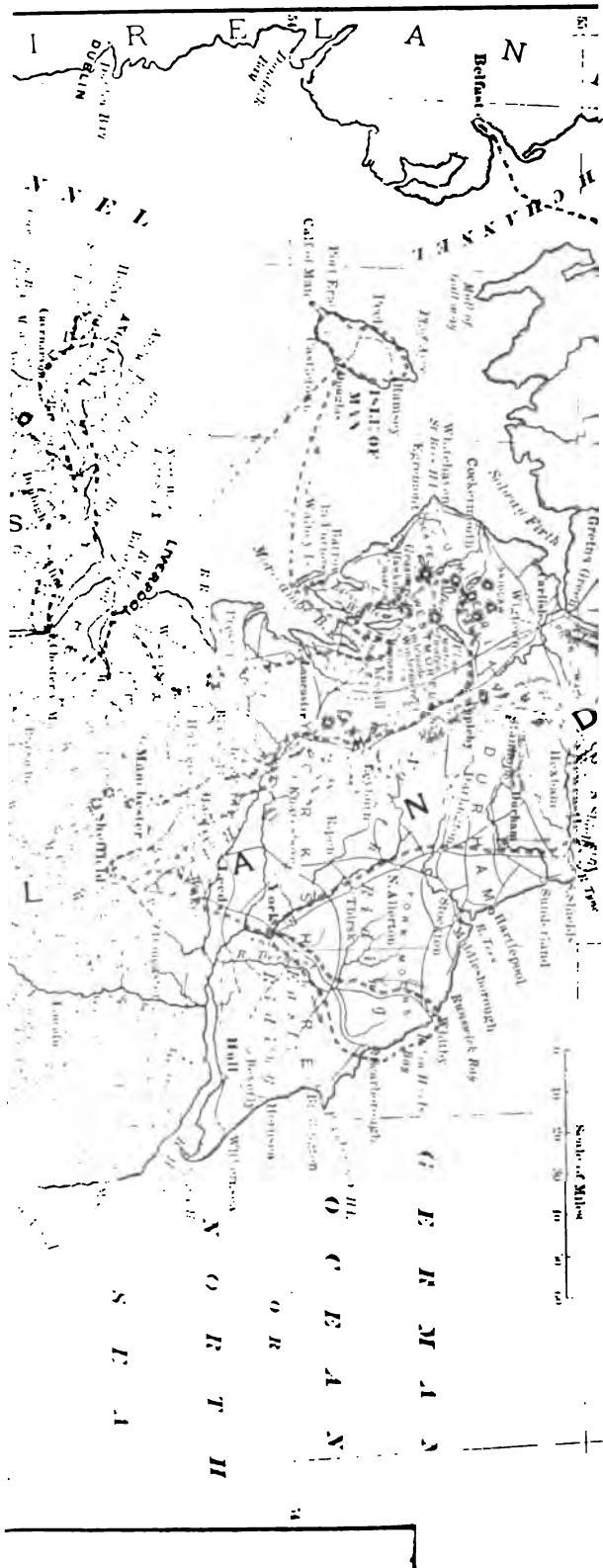
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