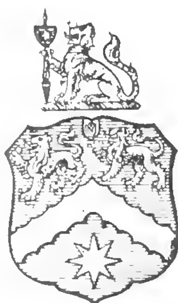

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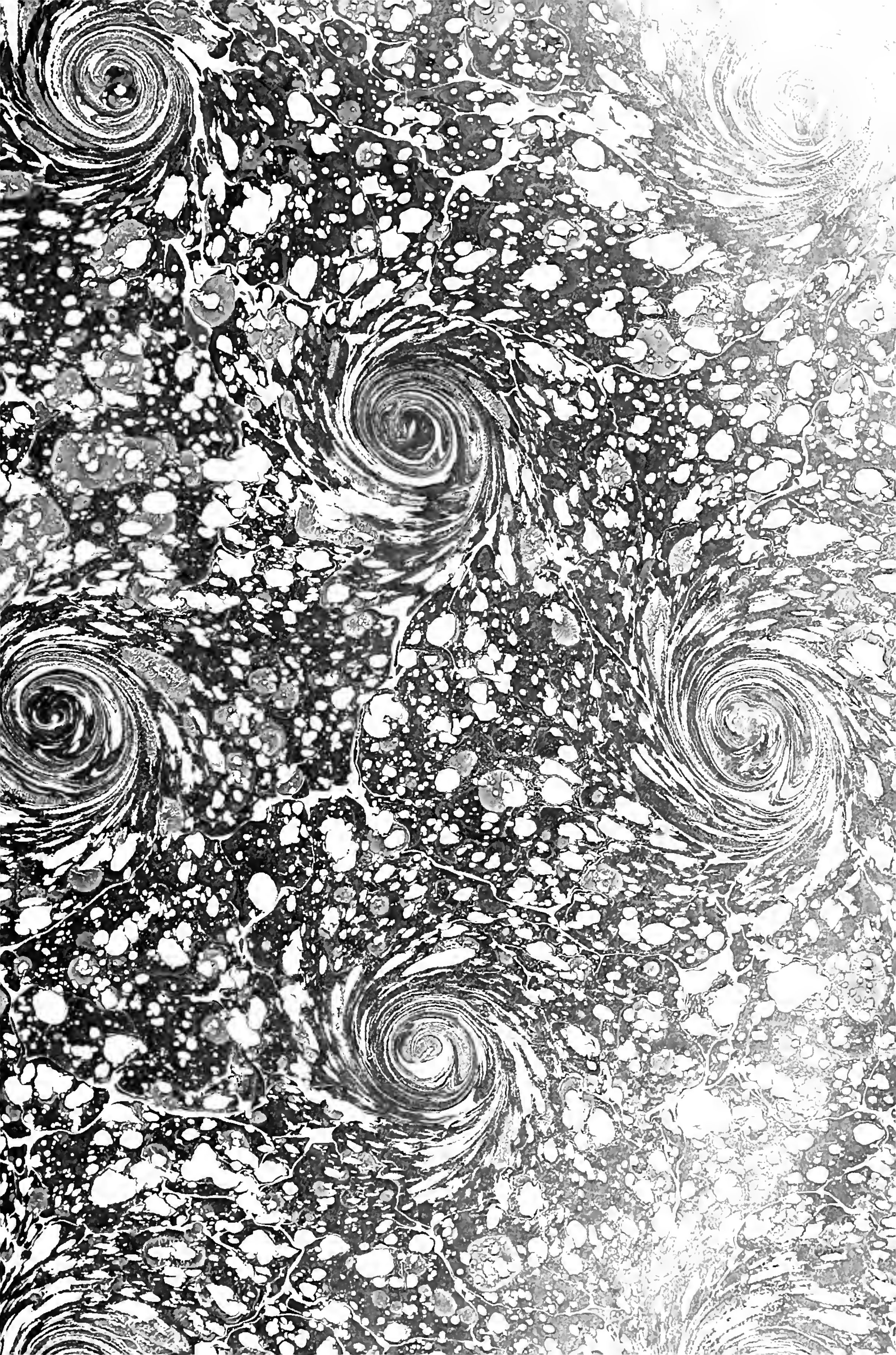

W. George D. Cooper

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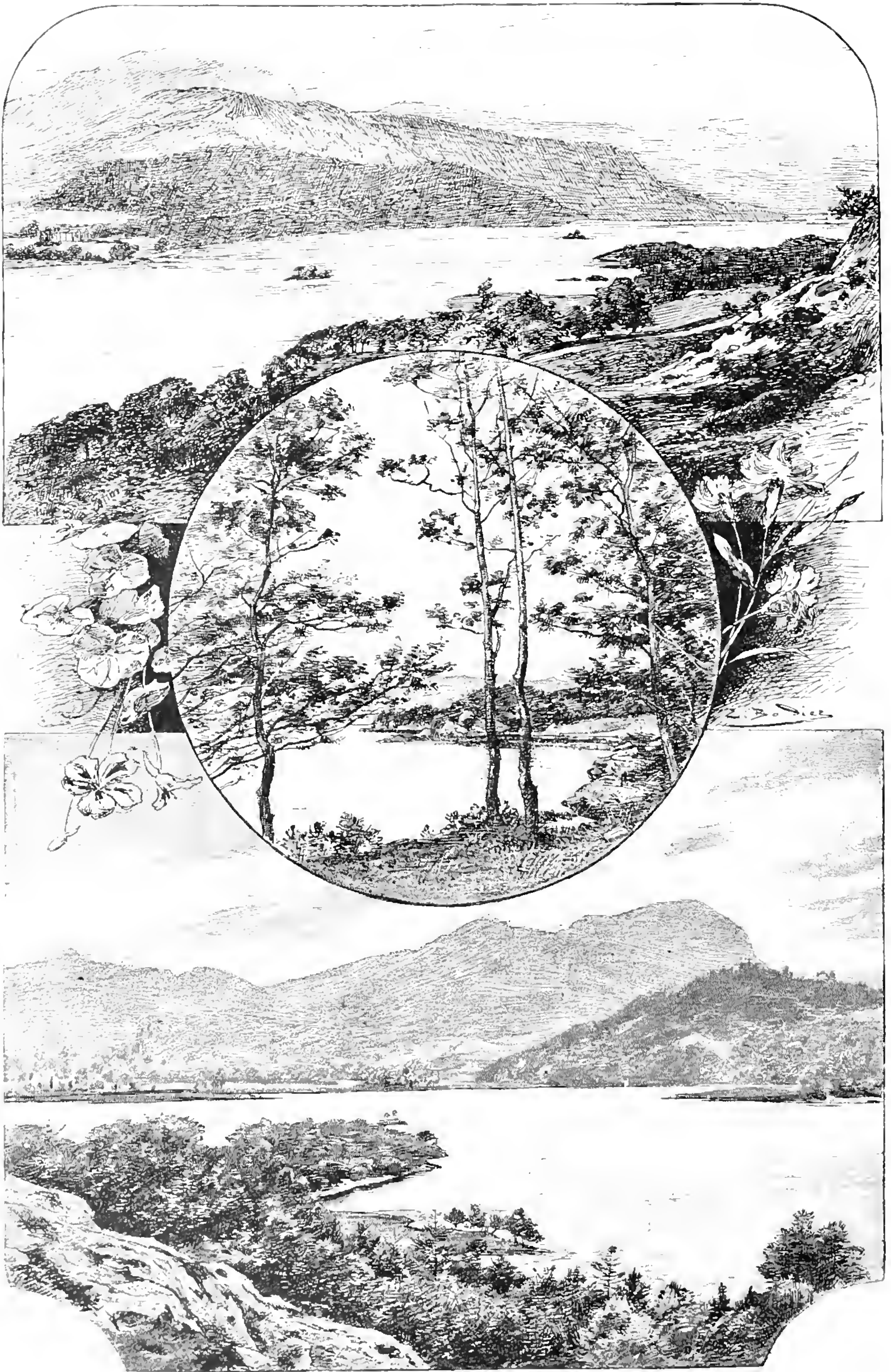
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND & IRELAND



ULLSWATER AND CONISTON LAKES.

ENGLAND
SCOTLAND & IRELAND

A PICTURESQUE SURVEY OF
THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ITS INSTITUTIONS

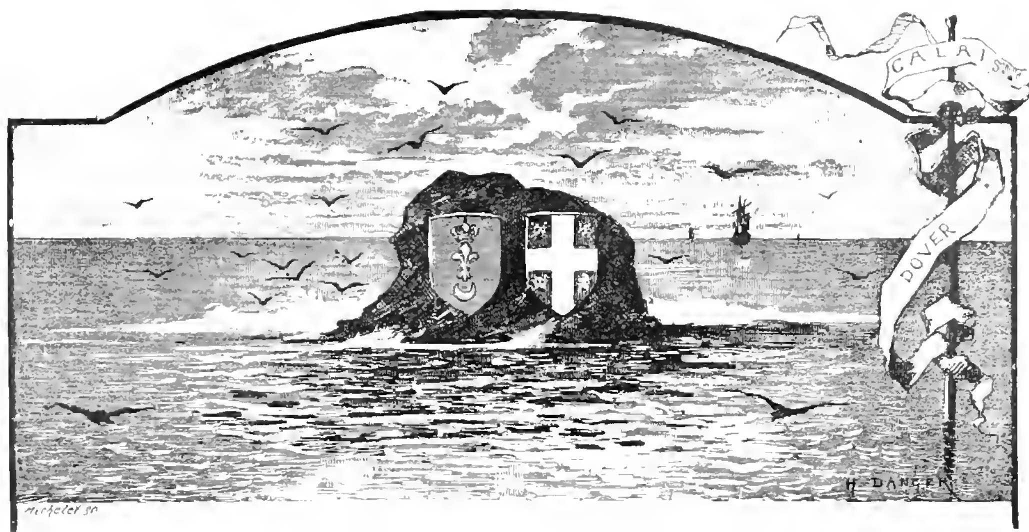
BY

P. VILLARS

TRANSLATED BY HENRY FRITH

WITH SIX HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE
1887



INTRODUCTION.

FROM DOVER TO LONDON.

STRANGERS, Frenchmen in particular, experience an indefinable sensation of discomfort when they land in England. The foggy atmosphere which they have perceived in the offing, and into which the steamer soon plunges, becomes thicker as the shore is approached. The coast line is confused, its outlines lose their distinctness in the uniform semi-tone, notwithstanding their proximity. The sun's rays do not appear to possess the same intensity—a mist envelopes us as soon as we set foot on British soil. The fog gets into our throats and tightens our heart-strings. Instinctively we look back, but there is no time for reflection; guttural voices, in sharp and staccato accents, are heard; the railway-servants are directing us to pass right or left to the train, according to the London terminus at which we desire to alight. Then a familiar language meets our ears; the Interpreter is repeating in French the directions of the English *employés*. Silence succeeds, and is only broken by the shrill voices of the boys who are selling newspapers on the platform. The doors are shut sharply, and the whistle of the engine responds to the mute signal of the head-guard. The train starts gently, without jerking or noise. There is a striking trait in the English character which is immediately obvious to us on our arrival. We are in a country where time is money, and where speech is valuable. Minutes and words are economized.

The speed of the train increases, the beautiful Kentish meadows which we traverse at full speed, amid the dark ruddy rays of the setting sun, dissipate the feeling of sadness which had at first assailed us. The hop-plants, trained on their high poles, rush past on both sides of the line; pasture lands, in which numerous herds of cattle are grazing, succeed; the soil is admirably cultivated, the hedges are carefully clipped. We could almost fancy ourselves in a park. Yes; here is a charming little house of red-brick deliciously enfolded by beautiful green trees—now two—now ten—now a hundred houses, each one prettier than the other, breathing an atmosphere of ease, good living, and even of wealth. We would like to rest here; it seems that life in such places must be calm and peaceful, and we can understand, as we admire these beautiful and picturesque scenes,

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these graceful undulations of the ground, the name of the "Garden of England," bestowed upon this delightful corner of the earth. Night has fallen. The train continues its course with the same rapidity; suddenly, through the window, we perceive a ruddy glare, like the reflection of an immense conflagration, piercing the gloom and extending in the distance above a great dark cloud, out of which arise, like the masts of ships, the spires and steeples of 300 churches. A rumbling sound of wheels, passing over an iron bridge, causes us to look out of the window; a sudden light flashes up; the glare of gas reflected upwards to the train shows us—as in a dream—a busy street, carriages, horses, men and women, and shops, ten yards below. We lean forward to see better. No more! The vision has disappeared to reappear an instant afterwards, rapid as the lightning, as the train passes above the streets, or amongst the chimneys of the houses, the roofs of which are level with the permanent way. A sensation of fresh air quickly succeeds to these phantasmagoria. The train is crossing the Thames, the dark waters of which reflect the double lines of innumerable gas lamps, which border the wharves on each side of the bridge, and which indicate without lighting the winding course of the river. On the right is London Bridge, and beyond it a forest of masts is composedly perceptible in the gloom. On the left is St. Paul's Cathedral, whose enormous bulk dominates the whole city, its immense dome and lofty towers rising high in the air. The view is effaced; the darkness is suddenly dissipated; the train has arrived in Cannon Street Station, which the electric light illuminates with a blinding glare, in which clouds of steam are floating. Retracing its course the train repasses the bridge, runs for a few minutes amongst the house roofs, crosses the river a third time, and finally deposits us, bewildered, dazzled, and fatigued, at Charing Cross Station, an immense "tunnel" of glass and bricks, situated in the very centre of London. . . . . . .

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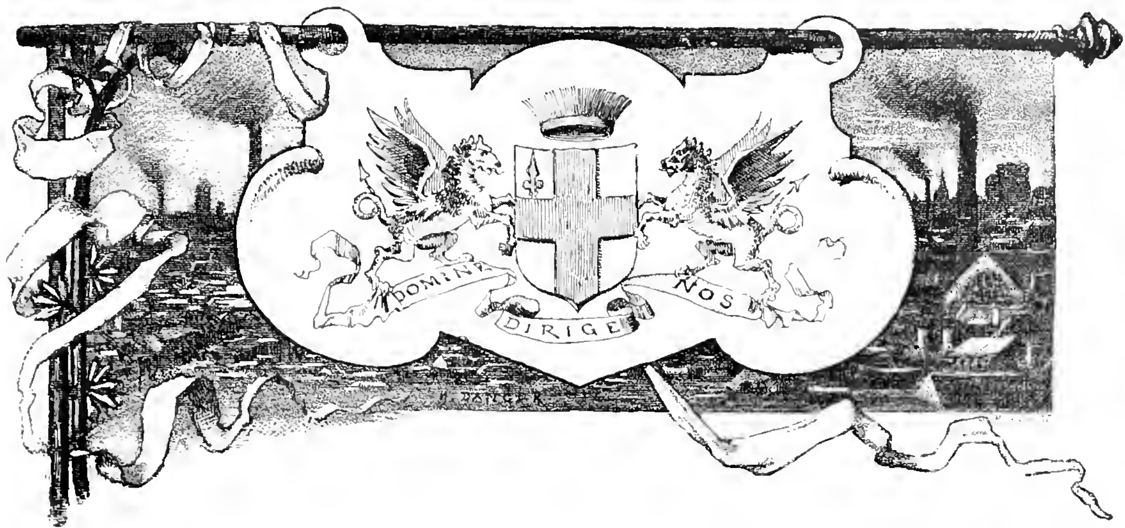
FIRST PART
LONDON
and its environs



LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—THE METROPOLIS.

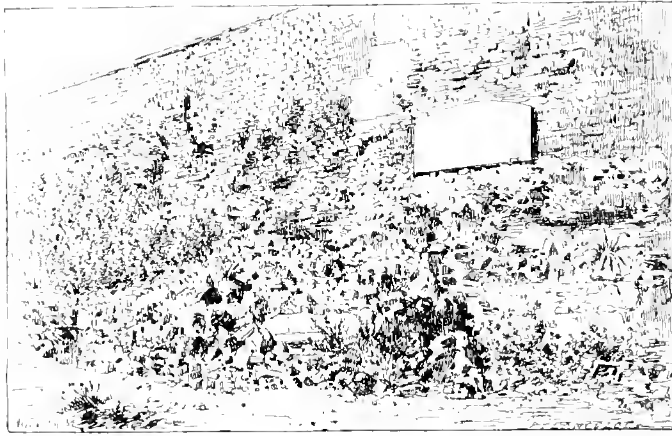
I.

LONDON—ITS ORIGIN, GENERAL ASPECT, SITUATION, CLIMATE. ITS EXTENT, POPULATION. THE CITY PROPER; THE WEST END.

THE origin of London is lost in the darkness of ages, and we are reduced to conjecture concerning the actual period of the foundation of this City. All we know is that the Ancient Britons erected some huts which constituted a town, the name of which, *Llyn Dyn* (the City on the Lake), transformed by the victorious Romans into *Londinium*, would furnish us with the etymology of the present English title—*London*. Cæsar made no mention of it; but Tacitus said that Londinium, although not a colony, was resorted to by the merchants of his day. It was not until more than a century after the invasion of England by the Romans, in the year 62, that the town was occupied by them; but they, nevertheless, did not fortify it until the beginning of the Fourth Century. The enclosing wall, twenty-two feet high, and bristling with turrets, began at the spot where the Tower of London now stands, and following a course indicated by the thoroughfares called the Minories, Houndsditch, and London Wall, to Aldersgate and Ludgate, skirted the Thames from the last named locality to its starting point.

Till the last century some portions of this rampart remained, but now there are no traces of it save two or three fragments in London Wall and at Ludgate Hill.

After the Romans, the Danes seized upon London, which they burned, and where they have left but few traces. To the Danes succeeded the Anglo-Saxons, who were conquered by William and his Norman adventurers. It was under the Conqueror's rule that the Tower of London was built, and the town of London assumed an importance which has been increasing ever since. Up to the Sixteenth Century, nevertheless, the capital of England does not appear to have extended beyond the boundaries of the actual City, as may be ascertained from a plan published about 1560, when what is called the Strand was then the highway between London and Westminster. At that period, London comprised about 150,000 inhabitants; a hundred years later, in 1661, Graunt estimated the population at 381,000 souls; but in this calculation, the inhabitants of the outlying districts were, in all probability, included.



LONDON WALL.

From the epoch of George I., the city developed rapidly; the various villages which surrounded it were absorbed; the roads became streets; the fields became covered with houses; but we cannot positively give the number of the population, because the first census was not taken until 1801. In that year the total population of the metropolis, including the city of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and the neighbouring places, was 861,845 inhabitants. In 1841 there were 1,873,000. So the population had increased by more than a million in forty years. Ten years later the census returns showed 2,361,640 inhabitants; in 1861, 2,803,034; in 1871, 3,266,987; and in 1881, 3,832,441. By these figures it will be perceived that every decade adds about half a million of inhabitants to the population of London.

The causes of this rapid increment of the population are multifarious, and could not be enumerated here without exceeding the limits of this work. Nevertheless, it may be as well to mention that the Briton, who is not called upon by conscription or military duties, and who from his youth sees his future cut out for him, marries young, and usually has a large family. In the returns of births, London scarcely figures less than all the provinces, the percentage in the metropolis being 34·7 per thousand, while for the rest of the United Kingdom it is 35·6 per thousand.

As a matter of fact, modern London—the World's Metropolis as the English love to call it,—the capital of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland as it should be called—in no way resembles the great Continental Cities, such as Paris, Vienna, or

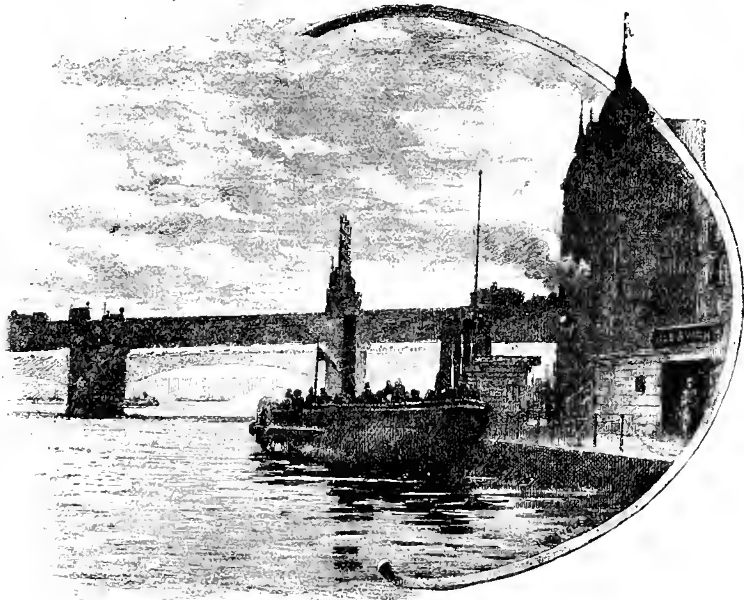
Berlin. From its very vastness London is, as has been very happily said, "A province covered with houses." By its geographical situation, London—about forty miles from the sea, with which it is in direct communication by a river (unspanned by a single bridge) by which the largest vessels can ascend to its docks and quays—is one of the greatest commercial ports in the world. By its wealth, by the prodigious development of its commerce, by the number of industries which it shelters, and the working population which it employs, it is one of the greatest industrial centres of Europe. It is from this triple point of view, that one must regard London at once as the capital, the seaport, and the manufacturing centre.

It is difficult to say where London begins, or where it ends, for the very good reason, that having no fortifications, nor *octroi* boundaries (*l'octroi* does not exist in England), it assumes the characteristics of a drop of oil, and extends more and more, day by day, without anything hindering the increase of its area. Even the administrative divisions are not in agreement with each other; but if we accept as a basis the extent which is under the surveillance of the Metropolitan and the City Police, the superficial area of London is 441,000 acres, and its population 4,800,000 inhabitants. Separated into two unequal parts by the Thames, which traverses it from west to east, describing many extensive curves, London is situated in four counties, which are, on the north, Middlesex and Essex; on the south, Surrey and Kent. It embraces the old cities of London and Westminster, the borough of Southwark and forty other boroughs or villages, successively absorbed in the modern town, of which the extreme points are: Hampstead in the north; Greenwich and Woolwich in the east; Streatham in the south; Hammersmith and Fulham in the west.

The climate of London is temperate; it is less cold there in winter, and less hot in summer, than in Paris; but the plague of the city is fog: that thick yellow or tawny fog, of which the banks of the Thames possess the melancholy monopoly. As soon as November comes we must resign ourselves to the absence of the sun, or but very occasional glimpses of it. Fog is the order of the day. It obscures the streets, which become, consequently, dangerous; penetrates, notwithstanding all precautions, into the best protected houses; invades the theatres; and extends throughout the city, carrying with it, not only darkness, but an acrid smell of coal-smoke. We have known a fog to last for a week, when there was no perceptible difference between night and day. Such an instance as this is luckily rare, but at all times during the winter one is liable to see a sudden curtain of fog come down and remain brooding over London for one, two, or three hours, or a day. Sometimes it disappears as quickly as it fell, or travels away on the wings of the wind to visit all quarters of the metropolis in succession. At other times it is purely local, and forces itself into one corner of London, which is consequently plunged in obscurity while other districts are comparatively bright.

The foggy days are dreaded by invalids, and the month of November is fatal to weak and delicate persons. Nevertheless, thanks to the hygienic precautions taken by the autherities, and the admirable system of drainage adopted by the Municipality, London is one of the healthiest cities of Europe, and may be stated, without fear of contradiction, to be the most healthy of the great capitals; for the mortality is only 20·1 per thousand of the inhabitants.

Like all other cities, London increases westwards, and on that side of the metropolis are the most beautiful quarters inhabited by the most aristocratic and the wealthiest classes of English society. In the East End is found the old town—that is to say, the City—and farther east still, the docks and the dockyards and ship-building yards, which line both sides of the Thames—from London Bridge to Blackwall on the left bank,



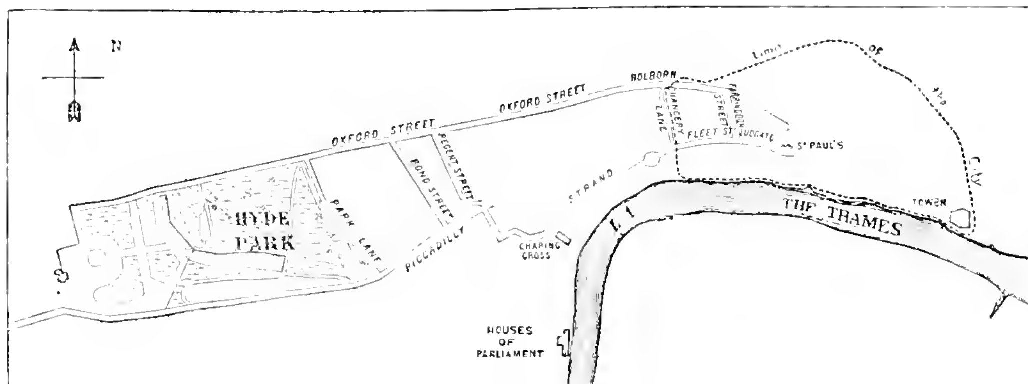
THE THAMES.

and to Greenwich on the right bank. So we may divide the metropolis into two distinct parts, viz., the *City*—the business quarter, the centre of commerce and industry; and the *West End*—the aristocratic quarter, the centre of luxury and pleasure, the seat of government and of the public offices.

Notwithstanding the great extent of London, it is still easy enough to find your way about—at least, in that central portion of the metropolis which does not include the suburbs. The majority of the principal streets run north to south, or east to west; a map will show this in a moment. Taking Charing Cross as a central point—or let us say rather, Trafalgar Square, wherein is the Nelson column—the visitor will perceive two broad, almost straight and uninterrupted lines from the westward; one passing north, the other to the south of Hyde Park, and tending towards the City, where both approach in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral. The former of these lines is composed of Oxford Street and Holborn; the latter is formed by Piccadilly, the Strand, and Fleet Street. As the communication between Piccadilly and the Strand is not direct (in a straight line), we must make a bend by Waterloo Place and Pall Mall, which leads us into Trafalgar Square, whence the Strand issues.

These two great transversal thoroughfares are connected—commencing at the western extremity—by Park Lane, which skirts the eastern side of Hyde Park, Bond Street,

Regent Street, Chancery Lane, Farringdon Street, and "Old Bailey." These thoroughfares extend north and south; the three latter are in the City, the others form a portion of the West End. Particularly when one is imperfectly acquainted with the English language, it is as well to fix these points on the memory. There is one infallible way by



PLAN-GUIDE.

which the bewildered traveller who cannot make himself understood may proceed:—Let him hail a cab, and without saying a word to "cabby," give him written on a piece of paper the address of his hotel, to which he will then be driven without the slightest difficulty. Those who can express themselves in the language of Shakespeare should address themselves to the policemen in preference to any other individuals. This is the only method by which accurate information may be obtained, and a number of *contretemps* avoided — the least of which is to be sent in a direction diametrically opposite to that in which one wishes to proceed.

II.

THE CITY OF LONDON.—ITS STREETS.—FLEET STREET AND THE NEWSPAPERS.—THE "TIMES," "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," THE "GRAPHIC."—THE CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The City has been the cradle of London, as *L'île de la Cité* was that of ancient Lutetia, now Paris. But there the analogy ceases. The "City" is to-day almost exactly what it always has been, and it extends from the Temple — lately Temple Bar, which has now disappeared, but of which we give an illustration—to Aldgate, and from the Thames, which bounds it on the south side, to a line irregularly traced by many streets built on the site of the old Roman wall. In the City we find the Bank of England, the Post Office, the Mint, the Stock Exchange, some of the private banks, and the business houses of the principal bankers and merchants, who are known as "merchant princes."

The City of London, which since the commencement of the Twelfth Century has formed a separate municipality without having to submit to any considerable change, has now assumed a position of almost unparalleled importance. Its privileges, which it has preserved almost intact since its foundation, and which successive Sovereigns have recognized, have given to the civic authorities an almost legendary prestige. The popular imagination has made the Lord Mayor a redoubtable personage, whose authority equals, if it does not surpass, that of the Sovereign. The City Companies, whose wealth is immense, who possess landed property even in Ireland, exercise an undeniable influence which they endeavour to maintain and extend by all available means. All this contributes to invest the City of London with a power really considerable, but which one is apt to exaggerate; so that on the Continent people regard the Lord Mayor as the greatest functionary of the State, to the great amusement of English people, who laugh pleasantly at what they call the ignorance of strangers, forgetting that there exists amongst themselves the same ignorance.

The Corporation of the City of London consists of the Mayor, who has borne the title of "Lord" since 1327; 25 Aldermen, 2 Sheriffs, and 206 Common Councilmen. Then follows an army of functionaries—such as the Chamberlain, the Recorder, the Sword Bearer, the Mace Bearer, the City Marshal, and others, all well paid. The Lord Mayor, elected for a year, is domiciled during the exercise of his high functions in a palace in the City, called the Mansion House, which is furnished with regal luxury, and is served by an army of domestics in gorgeous liveries—occasionally of questionable taste (for every Lord Mayor chooses his own liveries)—which are the admiration of the loungers on gala days. He receives £10,000 for his expenses, but this sum is always insufficient, and it is seldom that the happy occupant of the Mayoralty gets out of it under an expenditure of £20,000, half of which sum he has himself to pay.

Amongst other whimsical privileges, the Lord Mayor used to have the right, when the Sovereign wished to enter the City, to shut the gates, which were not opened until the King or Queen had knocked for admission, and asked leave to enter the sacred precincts. But, now, since the removal of the Temple Bar, the last City Gate, in 1878, there is no need to exercise this privilege. All the rest, Lord Mayor, Corporations, and quasi-royal prerogatives, will soon likewise disappear! The English are beginning to see that this division *ad infinitum* of municipal power, and the disputes which supervene, are not calculated to improve the administration of the metropolis. That is the reason why the Government presented a Bill to Parliament, the result of which will be to give London a central municipality, and to wipe out for ever the parochial authorities, who from time immemorial have been intrusted with the Ædileship of the City, and have succeeded so badly. This urgent reform, however, will not be carried out so easily as the evident necessity, to have done with a system whose insufficiency has been so long demonstrated, demands. There will be much weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth; the City Companies, whose coffers are overflowing with guineas, will hesitate at no expense to defend what they imagine to be the rights and liberty of the City; but whatever they may say or do, the Government seems resolved to put an end to the confusion which has reigned so long in the municipal administration of London.

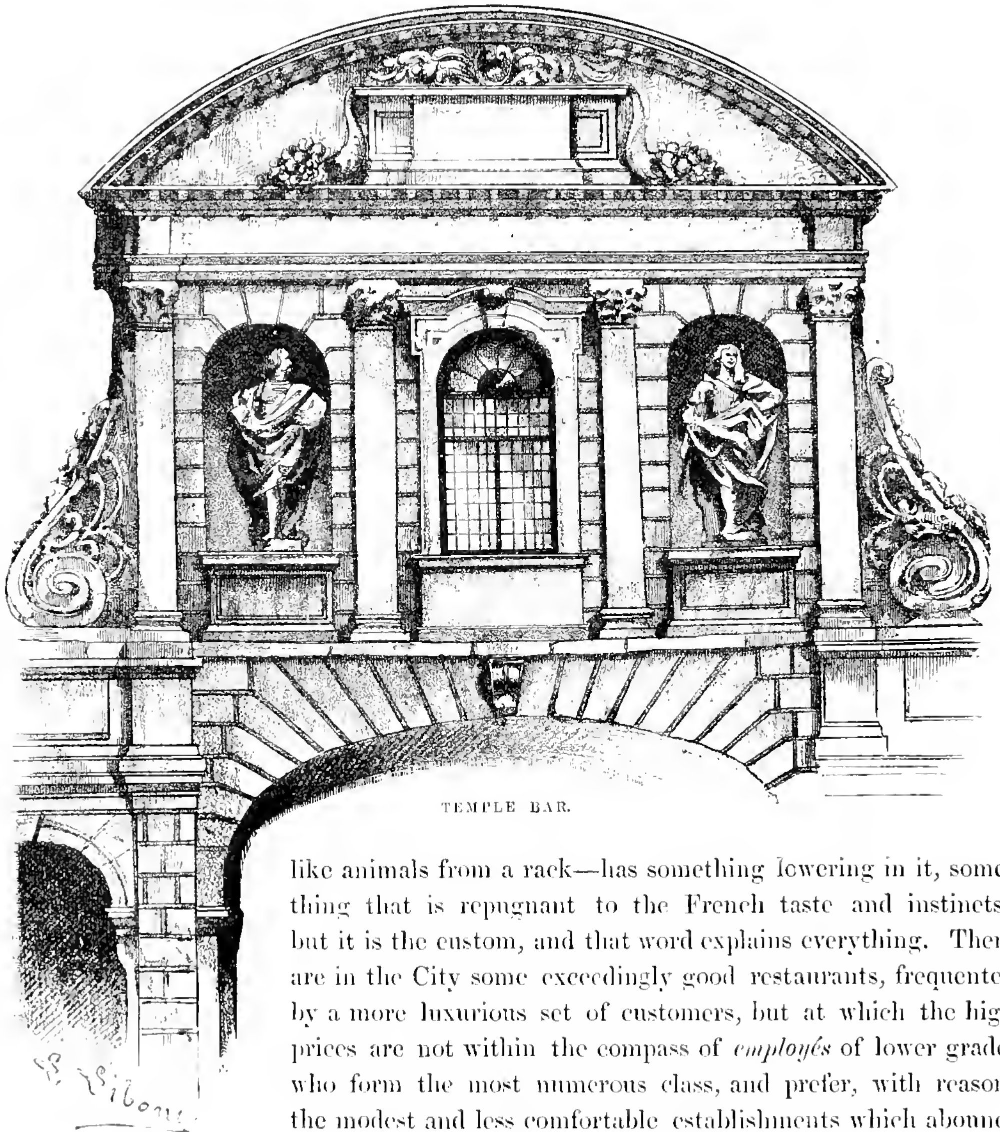
The Lord Mayor is, *ex officio*, a judge of the Criminal Court, or Court of Assize, held at the Old Bailey, and he sits, as the Aldermen do, at the two City Police Courts. A special police force of 800 men is exclusively charged to maintain order within the City. This force is distinguished from the Metropolitan Police by some slight difference in the uniform.

There is nothing more curious than the appearance of the City streets. Here everyone seems to run rather than to walk. The City man goes straight forward like a shot from a cannon. He takes the shortest cuts: his minutes are valuable. Do not stop him to make any inquiry, you will not succeed. The men who carry loads, the porters, will not stop either, and jostle you in the coolest manner possible. As everyone is free to do the same, no one takes offence at such trifles in the City, where collisions and the rubbing of shoulders are so much current coin, which is exchanged with charming liberality. At ten o'clock in the morning the crowd of vehicles and pedestrians is enormous; it is with considerable difficulty that one can move about. The carriages, omnibuses, cabs, carts, and waggons cause an indescribable block. Every moment the two lines of passing traffic are stopped to permit the stream from the side streets to enter; and certain cross-ways, such as by the Bank of England, for example, where eight great streets converge, disgorging an innumerable quantity of vehicles which cross each other in every direction, are every day the theatre of accidents —some very serious ones.

The crossings of these streets are always dangerous. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, and the skill with which they momentarily suspend the traffic to permit the passage of pedestrians from one side to the other, the number of victims to their own imprudence is still considerable. It is related of one of the most experienced of the Alpine guides of Chamounix that, after he had crossed one of these streets, he declared nothing should induce him to repeat the transit, as he found the passes of the Alps infinitely less dangerous and formidable than the streets of London. The cabs prowling along only add to the confusion. One of the favourite amusements of the London cabman is to crawl slowly by the kerb-stone so as to prevent pedestrians from passing. These genial knights of the whip follow each other in single file, and find immense pleasure in forming at the intersections of streets a moving barrier of fifteen or twenty vehicles, which it is dangerous to attempt to pass. Unhappy is the pedestrian who makes the attempt. A sudden movement of the hand which holds the reins causes the horse to start forward and overturn the venturesome passenger. Then the laugh comes in. Occasionally this little practical joke is the means by which "cabby" is brought before the police court; but it is seldom, and the delinquent is released with a small fine, or sometimes even a severe magisterial reprimand. Nevertheless, we must recognize the immense superiority of the London cabmen to their brethren in Paris. *"Cabby" can drive!*

At one o'clock in the afternoon the streets are crowded with working men and clerks, who hurry towards the nearest chop-houses and taverns to snatch a hasty but substantial meal. Others seek, in pewter pots, the black or light beer which moistens their modest repast. Through the half-open doors one can perceive the shining counters, the mirrors reflecting the gleams of daylight, obscured at frequent intervals by the

passage of some omnibus or heavy-laden waggon. Standing around the counters is a crowd of men, with their hats on, hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls of food: and then, throwing down a piece of money, they rush away again, leaving their places to be filled up by new-comers as hungry as their predecessors. This manner of eating—standing,



TEMPLE BAR.

like animals from a rack—has something lowering in it, something that is repugnant to the French taste and instincts; but it is the custom, and that word explains everything. There are in the City some exceedingly good restaurants, frequented by a more luxurious set of customers, but at which the high prices are not within the compass of *employés* of lower grade, who form the most numerous class, and prefer, with reason, the modest and less comfortable establishments which abound.

Very few women, comparatively speaking, are seen in the City. The great-coat and tall hat predominate there. About six o'clock the City empties itself, the passers-by become fewer; the crowded omnibuses and trains are carrying away in all directions thousands of passengers whom they have brought to town in the morning. At night the City is deserted and almost silent, wrapped in profound repose. The policemen only perambulate the streets, bull's-eye in hand, peering into dark corners, examining the fastenings of houses and warehouses, giving the alarm, or carrying

help first in the event of fire. In a few hours the busiest corner in the world has become a dead city. As morning returns, life is born again, each day more feverish, more animated. Time is money!

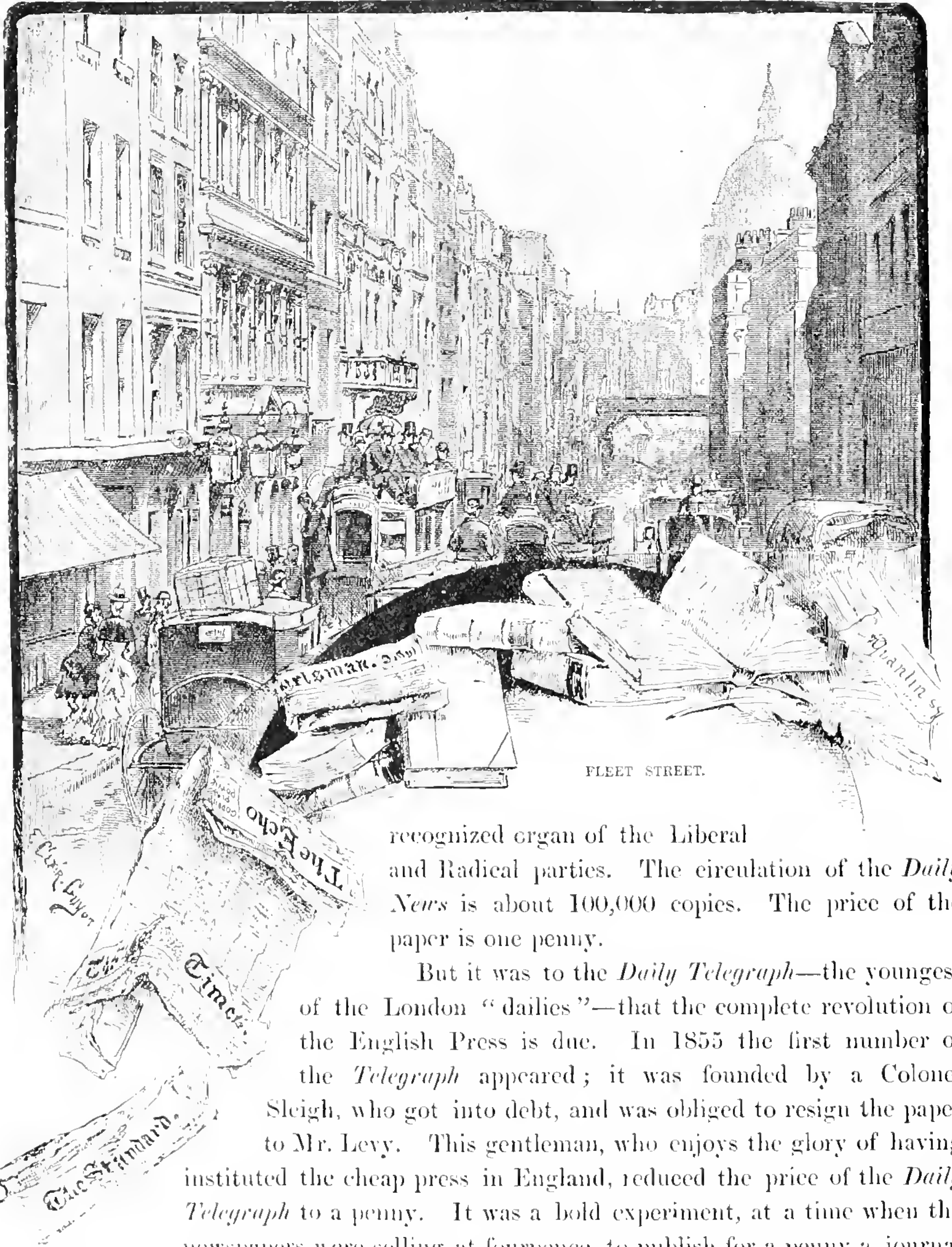
One of the most lively, and perhaps the most picturesque street in all the City, is Fleet Street, by which we penetrate into the City when, going from Charing Cross, we have traversed the whole length of the Strand and passed the new Law Courts—an immense Gothic edifice lately completed. We then find ourselves in full view of a singular monument—is it really a monument?—which marks the limits of the City at this point, and which has replaced the ancient gate of Temple Bar. The "Griffin," as this strange monument is called, is a structure supporting a peculiar animal, whose fore-feet are resting upon a shield bearing the City Arms. It is of the heraldic order of sculpture. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs, reminding us of the glories of the City; and two statues, representing respectively the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Fleet Street has always been the head-quarters of printers and of publishers, and one even breathes the odour of printing. The ghosts of Johnson, Goldsmith, and the literary men of centuries past, flit through this street, so full of movement, so picturesque, and which has preserved the characteristics of a former age so rarely met with now-a-days.

At the first glance, almost immediately on entering it, Fleet Street strikes even the superficial observer; it is nothing but a street of bookshops, printing establishments, and newspaper offices. The windows are garnished with copies of the illustrated papers, in front of which a crowd of curious gazers is collected, a few of whom will not pass on until they have read all they can, down to the name of the printer, in these gratuitously exposed publications. Most of the great daily papers have their offices in or about Fleet Street, except the *Times*—for instance, the *Standard* is in St. Bride's Street; the *Morning Post* in Wellington Street, Strand; and the *Daily News* chief offices are in Bouverie Street—and their localities may be easily recognized by the placards containing the summary of the paper of the day fixed at the doors in English fashion. Almost all these newspapers are "lodged" in luxury, and with an admirable regard to the requirements of such gigantic undertakings. Such are the *Standard* and the *Daily Telegraph*, for the accommodation of which veritable palaces have been erected; and the *Times*, which, though not in Fleet Street, is not far from it.

First we meet the *Daily News*, which was founded in 1846, and whose first editor was the late Charles Dickens, who was assisted by a brilliant staff, amongst whom were Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, the friend and biographer of Dickens, Miss Martineau, the celebrated authoress, and many others. Notwithstanding all these elements of success, the journal did not win the popularity that had been expected. Dickens, who was but luke-warm in politics, soon retired from the editorship to devote himself exclusively to fiction, towards which his genius irresistibly attracted him. The *Daily News* did not succeed any better under the direction of Mr. Dilke and its new proprietors, who, too confident in their star, threw their money out of window, so to speak; and to attract purchasers, reduced the price of the paper to twopence half-penny, when the other "dailies" were fivepence. In five years the losses had amounted

to £200,000. At the present time, after so many vicissitudes, the *Daily News* occupies a considerable position in the London Press, a success which is due to the abilities of the editors and the enterprising spirit of the proprietors. It is the

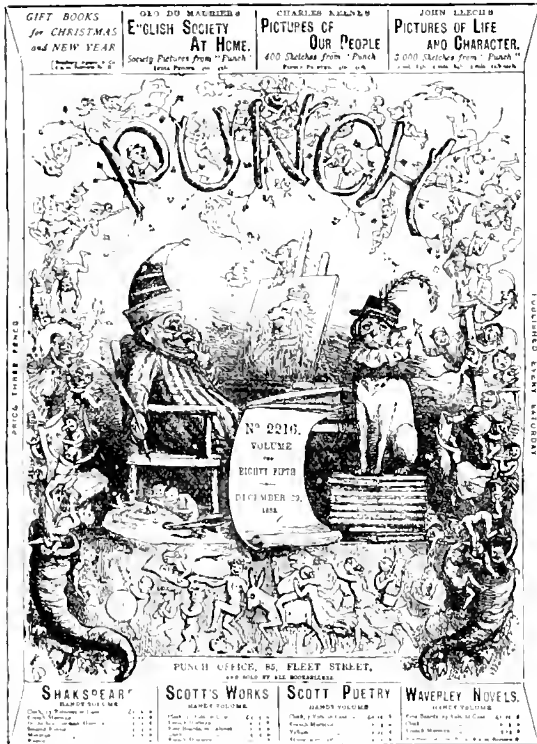


FLEET STREET.

recognized organ of the Liberal and Radical parties. The circulation of the *Daily News* is about 100,000 copies. The price of the paper is one penny.

But it was to the *Daily Telegraph*—the youngest of the London "dailies"—that the complete revolution of the English Press is due. In 1855 the first number of the *Telegraph* appeared; it was founded by a Colonel Sleigh, who got into debt, and was obliged to resign the paper to Mr. Levy. This gentleman, who enjoys the glory of having instituted the cheap press in England, reduced the price of the *Daily Telegraph* to a penny. It was a bold experiment, at a time when the newspapers were selling at fourpence, to publish for a penny a journal of the same-sized sheet as the *Times*, giving as much news, and edited with remarkable talent. The success was prodigious; Mr. Levy was justified in his view. The cheap press supplied an evident want, but up to that time no one had dared to enter so boldly

into a new groove and to break from all the old traditions; to do that it was necessary to possess an energy which few could boast of. Figures are dry, but possess a most convincing eloquence. The advertisements inserted in the first number of the *Telegraph* brought in exactly seven shillings and sixpence; at this moment the advertisements realize a sum of £160,000 per annum, and the circulation is 240,000 copies daily. It will be understood that the new-comer did not want for enemies, but it possessed the advantage of success, and after a miserable existence and a wretched end had been predicted for the *Daily Telegraph*, the other journals followed suit. The *Times* is now the only daily paper which is published at threepence.

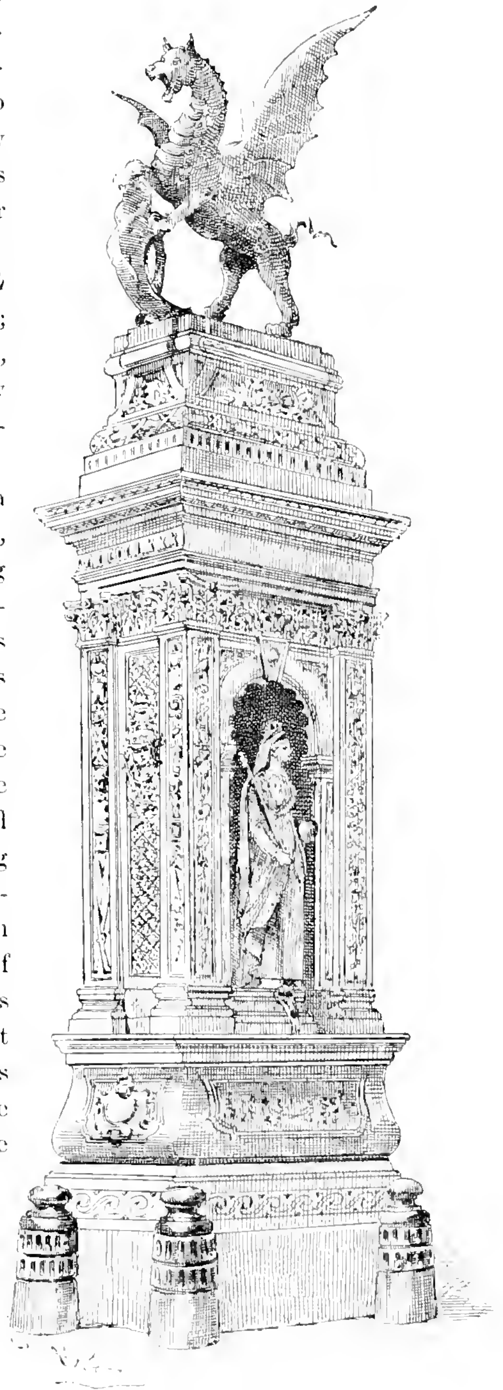


"PUNCH."

Almost opposite the offices of the *Telegraph* a crowd may be seen pressing around the *Punch* office, where the amusing caricatures and cartoons attract the curious, and move even the grave City-man to laughter. Founded in 1841, *Punch* soon became popular; its attacks upon Sir Robert Peel gave it a political importance which it has retained ever since, for it is, above all, the political cartoon which makes the success of the chief comic paper of England. Everyone is acquainted with these cartoons, which represent, more than they caricature, the most prominent political personages who, during the last forty years or so, have occupied posts in the administrations of the United Kingdom. But *Punch*, who delights in giving advice to everyone, does not confine himself to reproofs of English politicians: he crosses the Straits easily, and calls continental statesmen to order as well as his own ruling personages at home. Nothing is more interesting and curious than to turn over the back numbers of *Punch*: the history of the past forty years and more is therein traced in comic illustrations, full of good sense and piquancy without acrimony, and endowed with a fund of good humour, with which this estimable personage is never unprovided. The manner in which these political cartoons, and the letterpress which accompanies them, are produced, is somewhat original, and is little known. There is a weekly dinner, at which the contributors, writers, and artists are present, under the presidency of the Editor, and then the subject for the cartoon is selected. Each person present gives his opinion; the events of the day are discussed, the leading topic is eliminated, the effective word, the attitude to give to the personages born of the discussion; and so the next number represents not

a fancy or an inspiration of one individual, but the expression of the collective ideas of the entire staff. This accounts for the remarkable fruitfulness of idea, the irrepressible "go," which, without such an explanation, would be incomprehensible. Politics do not occupy *Mr. Punch* exclusively by any means: the manners, customs, and ridiculous traits of the entire nation equally come under his paternal criticism.

In the number of his collaborateurs *Punch* has reckoned Albert Smith and Thackeray; as draughtsmen and artists, Birket Foster, John Gilbert, John Leech, so well known by his admirable pictures, and Tenniel, the excellent designer of the cartoons.



THE "GRIFFIN."

Not far from the *Punch* office, up a narrow lane on the opposite side of the street, are the offices of the *Standard* (and also facing St. Bride Street). At first it was an evening journal, instituted to carry on a vigorous campaign against Catholic emancipation: this was in 1826-7. In a short time, with the assistance of fanaticism, the circulation rose from seven hundred to more than three thousand; but, nevertheless, that success did not prevent the proprietor from becoming bankrupt. Then, in 1858, Mr. Johnson purchased the paper and reduced the price from fourpence to a penny, after the example of the *Daily Telegraph*. The success of this alteration exceeded all expectation, the "largest daily paper," as it styles itself on its numerous placards, is worth a princely revenue. The *Standard* is the recognized organ of the Conservative party.

In Printing House Square (Blackfriars) we find the offices of the *Times*, the best-known paper in the world, and the most influential and authoritative of the English Press; one which the foreign papers, with good reason, consider as the organ which best reflects public opinion in England, although it may be that in England itself these opinions have been modified of late years.

Although it has existed under another name since 1785, the *Times* really dates only from 1st January, 1788. Its founder, Mr. Walter, whose independence was displeasing to the powers that were, had more than once found himself at loggerheads with the Government, who did not spare him either prison or humiliation. In 1803, his son succeeded to the conduct of the paper, to which he gave a new impulse. It was journalism made man. His perseverance, his indefatigable energy, the fertility of his invention, enabled him to sustain the struggle against the Government, then all powerful, and to emerge victorious. One memorable day the then Prime Minister seized in the post all the despatches addressed to the *Times*. Walter, by no means discouraged by such a trivial circumstance, organized a special service for his own use, and was enabled to announce the capitulation of Flushing—in 1805, this was—

The Daily Telegraph.

No. 8,938] LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884. [ONE PENNY.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" (ONE-THIRD OF FIRST PAGE).

eight and forty hours before the Government itself had received the information. On another occasion, wishing to give his readers the first intelligence of a great political speech at Glasgow, he had it forwarded to London by mounted express. This cost £200, but he anticipated all other sources of information by twenty-four hours. As early as 1814 he employed steam to print his journal, at the risk of being deserted by his compositors and printers, who dreaded the innovation. He had recourse to a ruse, for, while his men were waiting "copy," he composed and printed the journal in a house close by the office, where he had erected a steam press. Then he came, with the damp sheets in his hand, to announce to his *employés* that the *Times* had been printed by steam machinery. He quieted his men by telling them that he had taken measures to put down energetically any attempt at violence; but that if they conducted themselves properly, he would continue to pay them their wages until they had found other employment.

A few statistics will give us an idea of the tremendous development of this journal. The circulation is 80,000, but certain special issues, such as those containing the biography of Prince Albert, or the number devoted to the account of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, have reached fabulous totals. In June, 1884, the press of matter and advertisements necessitated the printing of 24 pages or 144 columns. The cashier of the *Times* still remembers a day on which the receipts for advertisements exceeded £1,400; the receipts of this department actually reach £20,000 a month, in round numbers, or more than £240,000 per annum. Mr. John Walter, the

grandson of the founder, is now the actual proprietor of the *Times*. He represented Berkshire in Parliament, and is a Liberal in politics, faithful in this respect to the traditions of his family. The *Times* has never derogated from its high and loyal principles, and we have seen it, with a rare disinterestedness, protest loudly against the Railway Mania of 1845, at the risk of losing some £3,000 a week by the advertisements alone, which the daily newly formed companies of doubtful morality inserted.

The political *rôle* of the *Times*, above all things, consists in guiding and enlightening public opinion. It is affiliated to no party, hence the apparent contradictions, the recantations, sometimes so curious, which are only the natural outcome of the line of conduct which the *Times* has marked out for itself, and rigorously followed since its foundation. We can therefore appreciate what a very delicate task the politic

The Times.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19 1884

PRICE WITH AN EXTRA HALF-SHEET, 3d.

THE "TIMES" (ONE-QUARTER OF FIRST PAGE).

director of the journal has to perform under such conditions, so as to be in accord with the opinion, not of the most noisy, but of the most numerous class; not to accept a hasty movement of some for the general sentiment; not to be "carried away," but to preserve a prudence and sagacity which will not militate against a vigorous initiative at critical moments. This crushing responsibility devolves upon the editor, assisted by a numerous and picked staff of writers. As is well known, contributors are never wanting to the *Times*, and beyond the appointed editorial staff, is a large number of celebrities, political and otherwise, who supply from time to time notable articles, without reckoning the letters which are addressed to the paper from every part of the world. The correspondents of the *Times* abroad are regarded as diplomatists *in partibus*, and curiously enough, they are almost all of foreign nationality.

As articles are not signed, the irritating polemics from journal to journal, from editor to editor, are things unknown in the English press; the more so as by a curious custom, each paper treats the subject from a different point of view of its own, without noticing the opinions of the other journals, and absolutely as if it stood alone in journalism. If by this course, the public is deprived of some brilliant articles, it gains on the other hand by the quantity and accuracy of the information it receives, the well-considered "leaders" so soberly written, which guide and enlighten it, without the personality of the writer giving to his reflections an individual bias, certainly flattering to the author, but of which the danger is at times great, and apt to lead opinions astray.

London has many weekly illustrated papers. The two principal of these which dispute for public favour are the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*. The offices of both these journals are situated in the Strand close to each other, and a few paces from the entrance to the City.

The *Illustrated London News*, the first pictorial journal established in England, was founded in 1841, by Mr. Herbert Ingram, an energetic and able man, whose enterprise attained an undoubted success. Applying to the illustrated press the principle of the daily papers, he surrounded himself with a staff of contributors and artists of high merit, secured the assistance of correspondents in all parts of the globe, and made the "*Illustration de Londres*," as the paper is called on the continent, a journal of the highest interest as much by the text as by the illustrations with which it was filled.

For thirty years this interesting serial continued its triumphant progress, undimmed by the pale lustre of any weekly rivals, which sought to compete with it in public favour, and died in a few weeks. It was not until 1870 that its rival, the *Graphic*, now celebrated, proved that there was room for another pictorial paper by the side of the *Illustrated*. It is only fair to say that the *Graphic*, excellently illustrated, edited and conducted with rare ability, continues to merit the success which it met with on its first appearance. Perhaps the Franco-German War, which broke out soon after the establishment of the *Graphic*, had something to do with its success, for it appeared at a time when the public, greedy for news and pictures illustrating the principal incidents of the War, made a raid on all journals, whether illustrated or not. There was, during the *année terrible*, a Homeric struggle between the two great illustrated London papers to be first in the field, and to give to the public the representations of the most recent events. Besides pictures, and their relative letter-press, the *Graphic* publishes special articles, and tales written by favourite authors, illustrated by excellent artists.

At Christmas-time these papers produce special numbers profusely illustrated, and containing a large chromo-lithograph, for which some celebrated painter has supplied the original. Thus some of the engravings signed by Millais, Leighton, Herkomer, and others, have cost as much as a thousand pounds sterling each. The circulation of these Christmas Numbers, which are sold at a shilling a piece, reaches the enormous figure of about half a million copies. The usual price of the paper is sixpence.

Let us add a few statistics relative to this subject. There are, at this moment, in the United Kingdom 1,817 papers of all classes; 1,458 of these are published in England (London alone has 375); there are 183 in Scotland, 156 in Ireland, and 20 in the Islands. The number of Magazines and Reviews is considerable, they reach a total of 1,180, of which 300 are exclusively devoted to religious topics and polemical discussion.

The English public is very eager for information—correct, precise, and rapid. Everyone reads two newspapers a day, without reckoning the numerous periodicals which are placed on every table in every library of the aristocratic mansions, as well as in the middle-class houses, and which everyone reads.

The English people are the greatest readers on earth; the taste for reading is with them almost a passion. English women, of the lower middle-class in particular, are

passionately fond of novels. In the upper middle-classes and amongst the aristocracy,

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 736—Vol. XXIX Registered as a Newspaper | SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1884 | WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT | PRICE SIXPENCE By Post Sixpence Halfpenny

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF HESSE-DARMSTADT (THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE) AND HER FIANCE, PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

the ladies, who are well informed, speak — or, at least, understand — two foreign

languages—nearly always French and German—and read a considerable number of foreign books and periodicals. French modern literature is well known in England, and many French authors are highly appreciated there. But as it would be ruinous to purchase all the books one wishes to read, a system of Circulating Libraries has been instituted. These are establishments at which subscribers of sums varying from one to four guineas, according to the number of the volumes lent, may obtain all the books and reviews—English, French, German, or Italian—whether new or old, they may require. The most important of these establishments is Mudie's Library, which includes about 900,000 volumes. It is estimated that about 10,000 entries and despatches of books per day take place at Mudie's alone. Other libraries of later introduction have rapidly reached an important position. There are some Circulating Libraries which supply foreign works exclusively; a fact which sufficiently indicates the taste of the English people for the literature of other countries.

POLICEMAN.

Sometimes subscribers make pencilled marginal notes in the volumes they read, especially in foreign books, and these are often instructive. In a French novel the author, wishing to picture a very wealthy duke, gave him an income of 200,000 francs. The English reader wrote in the margin, "£8,000 sterling; what an income for a duke!" The Englishman derided such a revenue as that for a man occupying such an elevated position in the aristocratic world. Do not we here perceive the difference between the two countries? and is not this remark a typical one?

On another occasion a joke, somewhat free, but one which would in France have passed without remark, was commented on as "*essentially French.*" We must not misapprehend the meaning of this note, which did not aim at emphasizing a distinctive trait of the French character—in this instance *French* meant "indecent;" certain jokes received amongst the French appearing to the English utterly improper. Betwixt the English mind and the French mind is a great gulf fixed, which even those who are best acquainted with the characteristics of the two nations cannot always bridge over.

III.

THE ANCIENT CITY.—REMAINS OF ROMAN LONDON.—THE LONDON STONE.—THE TOWER.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S KEYS.—ST. JOHN'S GATE.—SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

The almost entire absence of ancient monuments in a city, the origin of which is so antiquated, is not one of the least surprises which London presents to the stranger. One fancies usually that the old "City" encloses a number of old (secular) edifices; that in those dark streets and obscure passages called "lanes," new buildings would be the exception, not the rule. But this is an error. The dark houses which border the City ways are relatively modern, for, notwithstanding the respect which the English profess for all that savours of antiquity; notwithstanding their love for old customs and ancient traditions (the word "old" is in English a term of affection), they know how to make allowance for increasing necessities and new wants, and sacrifice—not without hesitation, it is true, but nevertheless with determination—all the ancient monuments which, useless or in the way, impede the development of their metropolis. It is for this reason that the picturesque houses, which formerly were visible in the City, have almost entirely disappeared, and are now replaced by massive edifices, in which iron, stone, and marble, are used profusely; and while thus beautifying the City, the aspect of which is changing day by day, the Londoners are protecting it against destruction by fire, of which the risks in London are so great.

As a matter of fact, at all times the City has had to contend against this formidable foe. Seven times before the terrible catastrophe of 1666, which destroyed 13,000 houses and 87 churches, the City has been the prey of the flames. One would have fancied that after such severe lessons, the civic authorities, rendered wiser by experience, would have taken measures to prevent the recurrence of similar calamities. But nothing came of it, and it is only within the last few years that the corporation has taken energetic measures, and given the impulse thanks to which the City is losing its picturesqueness, but is gaining in salubrity—and, let us confess it, in beauty.

At the present time, when the pickaxe of the house demolisher is finishing the work begun by fire, there remain but a few scarce vestiges of ancient London, known only to archæologists and antiquaries, who deplore the approaching disappearance of even these remains. Let us pass them quickly in review, and salute in these old ruins a past time of blood and barbarism, but a period not without glory and grandeur as well.

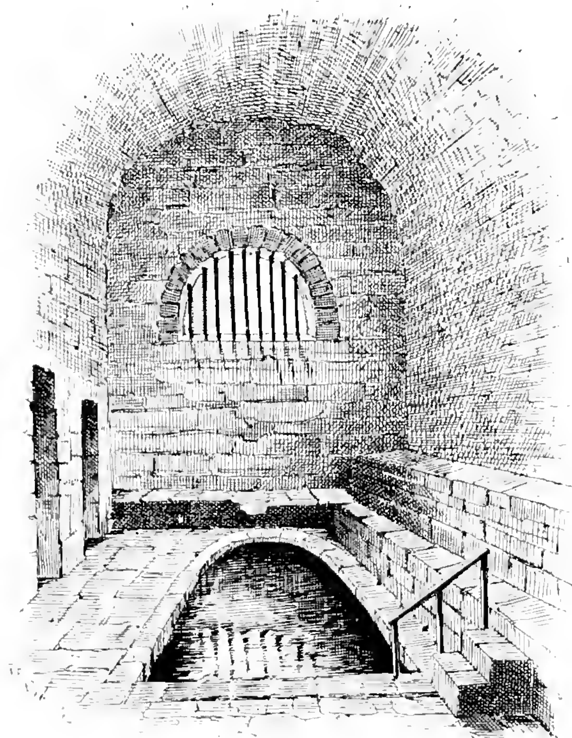
Of the Roman *enceinte*, built in the year 306, there remain but a few fragments in the street called London Wall, near St. Alphage's Church, in Bloomfield Street, Finsbury, and in St. Martin's Court, on the South side of Ludgate Hill. Another very interesting relic, also dating from the Roman period, is the London Stone encased in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, opposite Cannon Street Railway Station. All opinions agree in recognizing this block of granite as a "mile-stone," placed by the Romans in the centre of the town, like that in the Forum at Rome, from which all distances were

measured. This stone has changed its place many times, and would have been lost had not Mr. Malden, an antiquary, rescued it in the last century, and obtained the permission of the parochial authorities for its preservation. Under the Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street, besides this relic, the remains of a hypocaust were discovered, and may still be inspected; while in the Strand, at some little distance from Somerset House, a narrow alley conducts the visitor to a bathing establishment, of which the piscina appears to have been constructed by the Romans.

LONDON STONE.

No trace of Anglo-Saxon London, the capital of the Kingdom of Essex, exists. Burned by the Danes in 851, the town built by Alfred was totally destroyed by fire in 886, and to recall the old City and the Middle Ages, nothing remains but the Tower of London, and some crypts concealed by modern edifices.

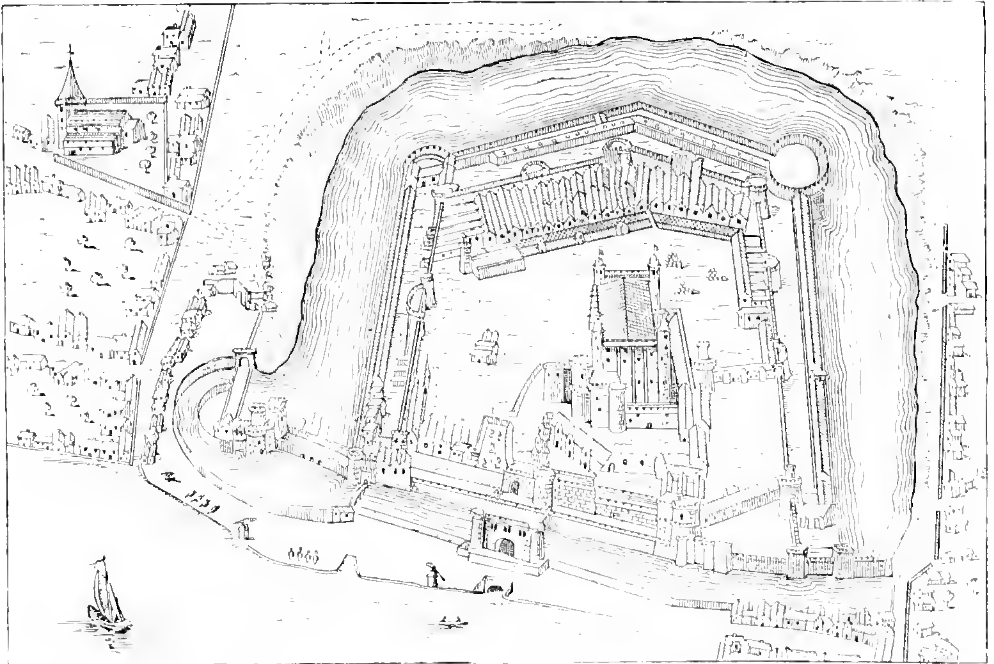
The Tower of London is beyond all question the most interesting monument in the City. It is situated at the end of Tower Street upon a rising ground, which it covers, and extends along the Thames. Viewed from the river, the *ensemble* of ancient embattled walls of dark buildings, which are dominated by the imposing mass of the White Tower, flanked by four pointed turrets, produces an indescribable impression on the spectator. It is the embodiment of the Middle Ages in all its terribleness, surviving in the middle of the 19th Century. It is barbarism, elbowing progress; it is the Feudal System snapping its fingers at Modern Society. What memories are evoked by those walls, on which the action of Time is scarcely perceptible! First comes William the Conqueror, the founder of the Tower of London (some authorities attribute it to Julius Cæsar), who, suspicious, and distrusting his subordinates, made it his usual residence. Then we have a long array of unhappy prisoners, commencing with the Bishop of Durham, in 1100, and ending with Sir Francis Burdett, in 1820. What sufferings, what crimes,



OLD ROMAN BATH.

what horrors, have been compressed into those eight centuries! What august personages, how many innocent victims, whose names occur to us, such as King John, made prisoner at Poitiers; Charles of Orleans, father of Louis XII.; Thomas More, Raleigh, Bacon, Strafford, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Jane Grey, the young Princes, and many other personages less known, but fully as deserving of commiseration!

It was at the Tower of London that Henry VIII., in great state, received his wives, and where two of them, Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, were beheaded. Under the reign of Mary Tudor, the Princess Elizabeth was incarcerated in the old fortress,



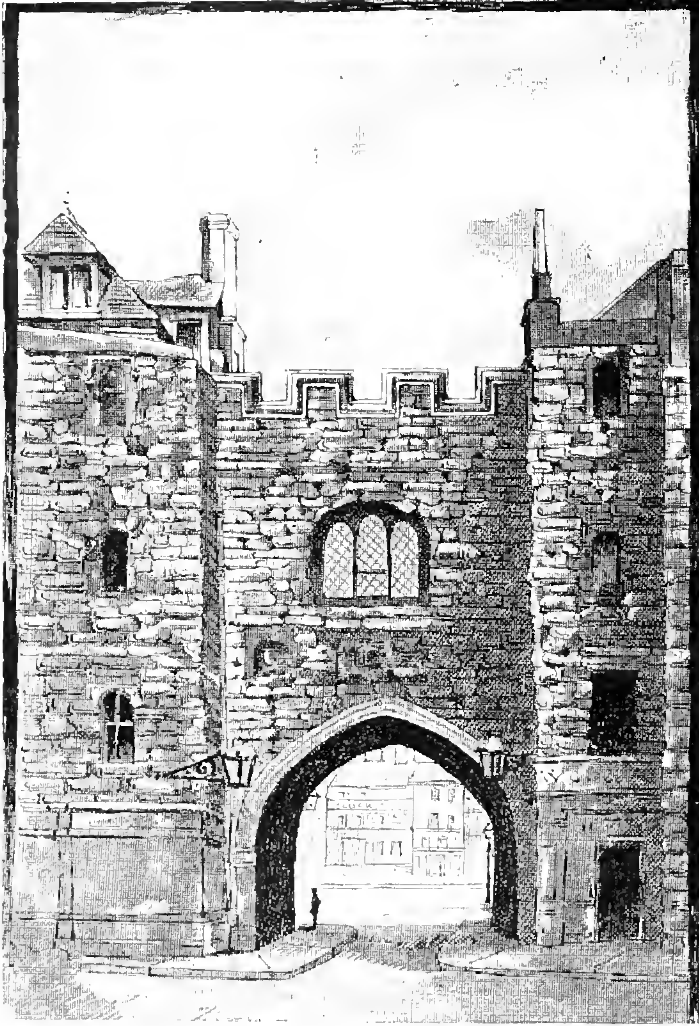
ANCIENT PLAN OF THE TOWER.

and, though having herself experienced the miseries of the prison, she did not hesitate to consign thither such of her enemies as she could reach when she attained the throne. Later still the infamous Jeffreys therein expiated his cruelties, and died abjectly—an end worthy of his life. Under George I. the Jacobites were confined in the Tower, and were all executed with the exception of Lords Winton and Nithsdale, who managed to effect their escape. The latter owed his freedom to the devotion of his wife and a faithful female servant. These two women made their way to his prison on the day before that fixed for his execution, and Lord Nithsdale, disguised as the female domestic, quitted the prison and escaped, while the woman remained in his place in the cell. These same means, with little variation, were employed to effect the escape of Monsieur de Lavalette from his prison.

Successively a royal residence, a court of justice, a fortress, and a prison, the Tower is now an arsenal, a barrack, a military store *depôt*, and for the public one of the

THE TOWER OF LONDON, FROM THE THAMES.

curiosities of the metropolis. The last sovereign who resided in the Tower was James I., whose favourite amusement there was in watching fights between lions, and bears, and dogs. He had, in fact, a menagerie there, which was traditionally kept up until 1834. In the 18th Century the Tower lions were named after the reigning sovereign (or Royal Family), and there was a popular belief that when the King died the lion named after him died at the same time.



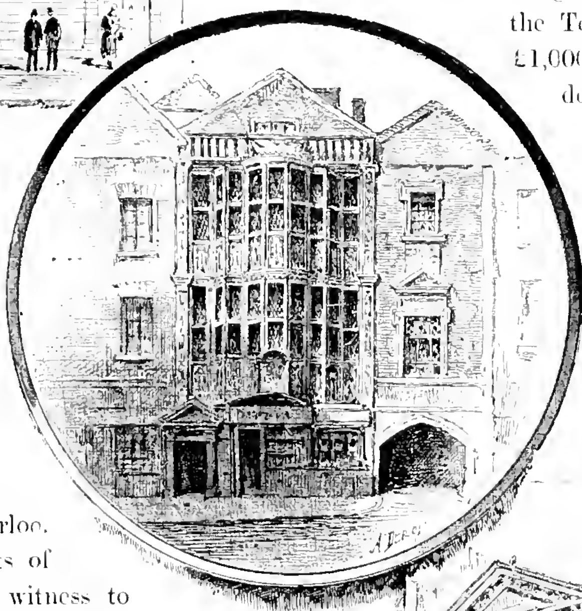
ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

It is by the Lion's Gate — so called because it is situated near the space formerly occupied by these animals — that the visitor enters the Tower, which is protected by a double *enceinte*, by ditches, bastions, turrets, casemates, gratings, portcullis, and drawbridge. The visitors in parties of a dozen at a time are conducted by warders clothed in semi-modern costume. They wear the doublet and the head-gear of the Yeomen of the Guard at the time of Henry VIII., and "inexpressibles" of dark blue bordered with scarlet. This peculiar costume, which in any other country would cause ridicule, does not surprise English visitors, who, perhaps, regard it as an emblem of the British Constitution, a curious mingling of feudal customs with liberal institutions. On gala days the "Beefeaters"*—as these guardians of the Tower are called—are clothed in knee-breeches and stockings, and wear shoes with rosettes. Under the guidance of one of these warders, people visit in turn the Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower — where, it is said, the young

* Beefeater is a corruption of *buffetier*, an attendant at supper.

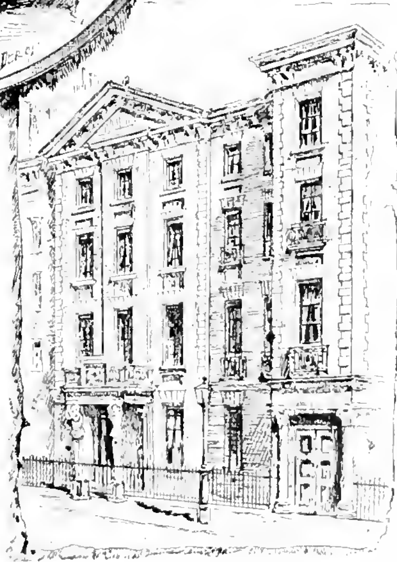
enumerate the precious stones which it contains: one immense ruby — that worn by the Black Prince—1 large sapphire, 16 smaller sapphires, 11 emeralds, four other rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose-diamonds, 147 diamonds, 4 pear-shaped pearls, and 273 ordinary pearls. The value of the crown is estimated at nearly £120,000. The inspection of the fortress is terminated by a visit to the Chapel and the Beauchamp Tower, restored in 1854.

The Tower is under the command of an old Field-officer, generally a Field-marshal, who is designated Constable of the Tower, and receives £1,000 per annum for doing nothing, for the Lieutenant of the fortress is the working commandant. This sinecure, which is eagerly sought after, was, at one time, filled by



princes were murdered—the White Tower, which contains a superb collection of ancient armour arranged most carefully in chronological order and admirably kept; the trophies from Waterloo, and the instruments of torture which bear witness to the refinements of an ingenious cruelty. The visitor afterwards sees the Crown Jewels, which are placed in a circular glass receptacle, and protected by a cage of well-tempered iron. Ladies especially make a long pause before this dazzling collection of precious stones, of which it is almost impossible to assess the value. The most remarkable object is the crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838; it is surmounted by a Maltese Cross, in the centre of which is an uncut ruby which the Black Prince wore at Agincourt. This crown, which weighs about 40 oz. troy, sparkles with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires

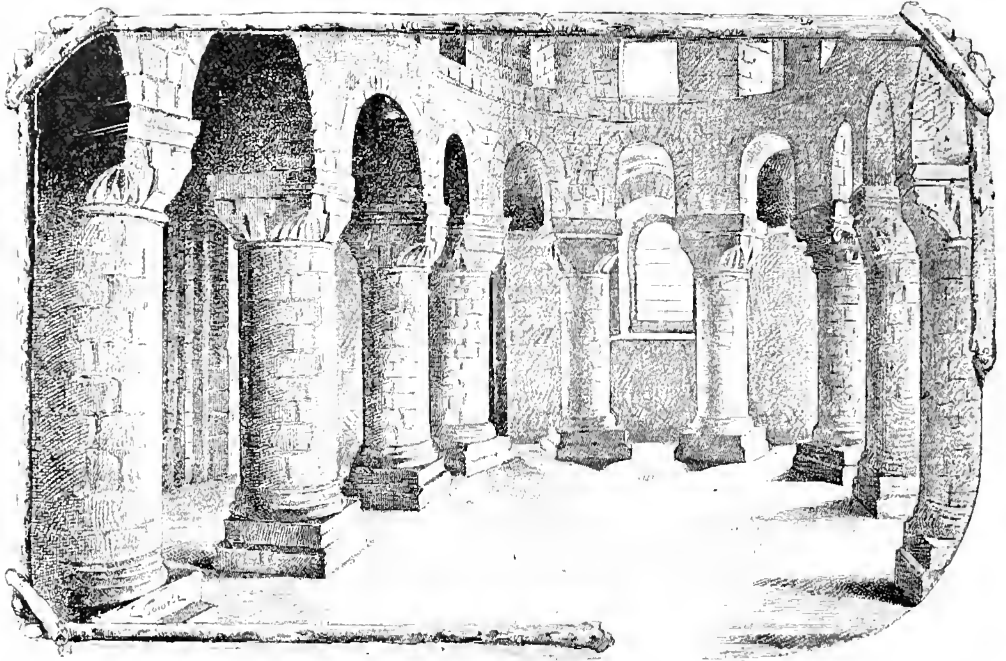
One may form some conception of it, if we



OLD HOUSES.

the great Duke of Wellington. The closing of the Tower gates is still accompanied by a very curious ceremonial.

A little before eleven at night the chief warder, clad in a red cloak, and bearing a gigantic bunch of keys, presents himself at the guard-house and cries out, "Keys escort!" A sergeant's guard immediately turns out and the detachment marches off to visit all the gates, which are carefully fastened. As the "rounds" proceed, every sentry calls out, "Who goes there?" To this challenge the escort replies, "The Keys." On



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL (TOWER OF LONDON).

the return to the guard-house, the bearer is challenged again, and the following little dialogue ensues:—

"Who goes there?"

"The Keys!"

"Whose Keys?"

"Queen Victoria's Keys."

"Advance Queen Victoria's Keys—all's well."

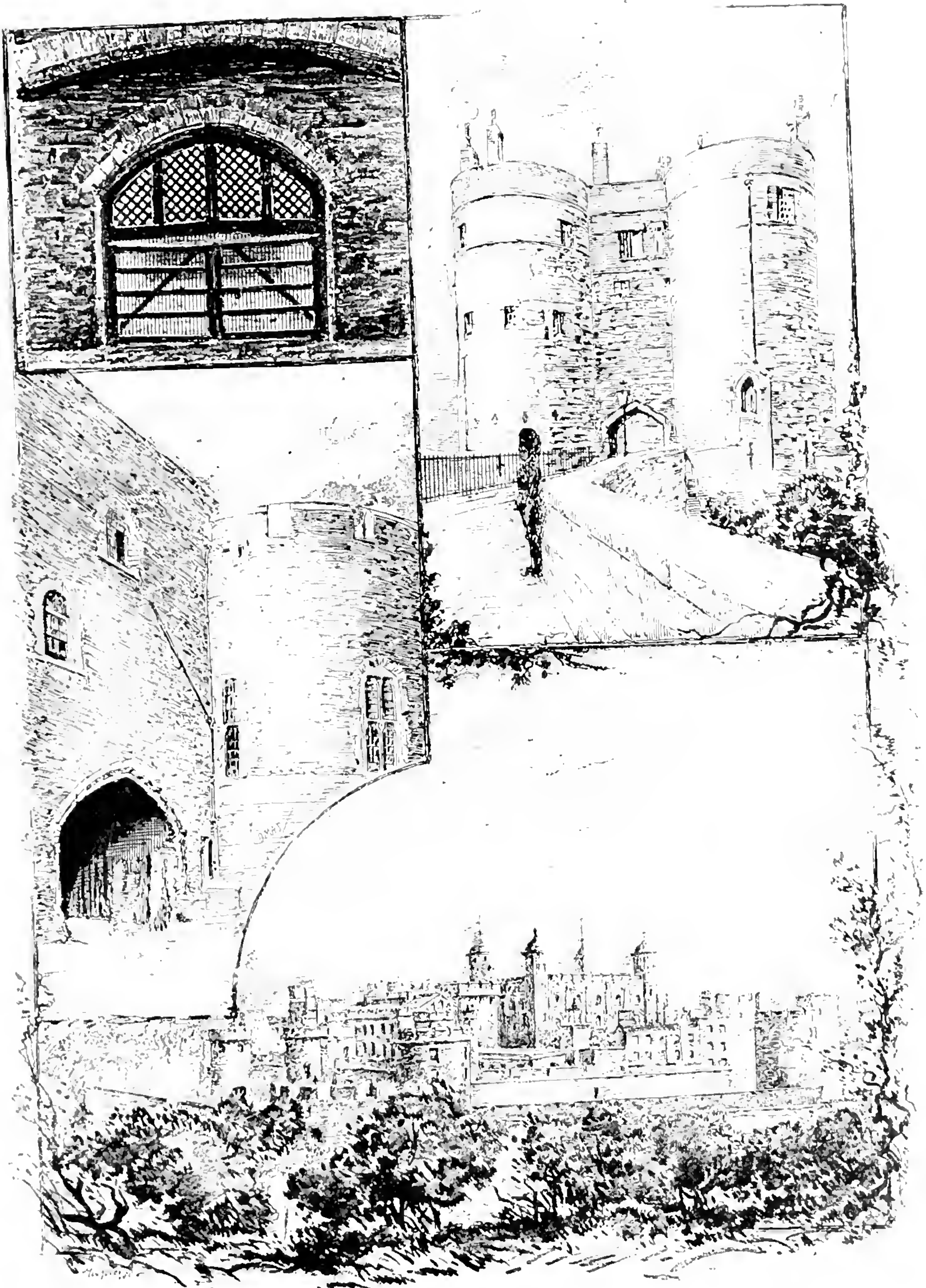
The chief warder then replies,

"God bless the Queen Victoria."

To which the sentinel responds, "Amen!"

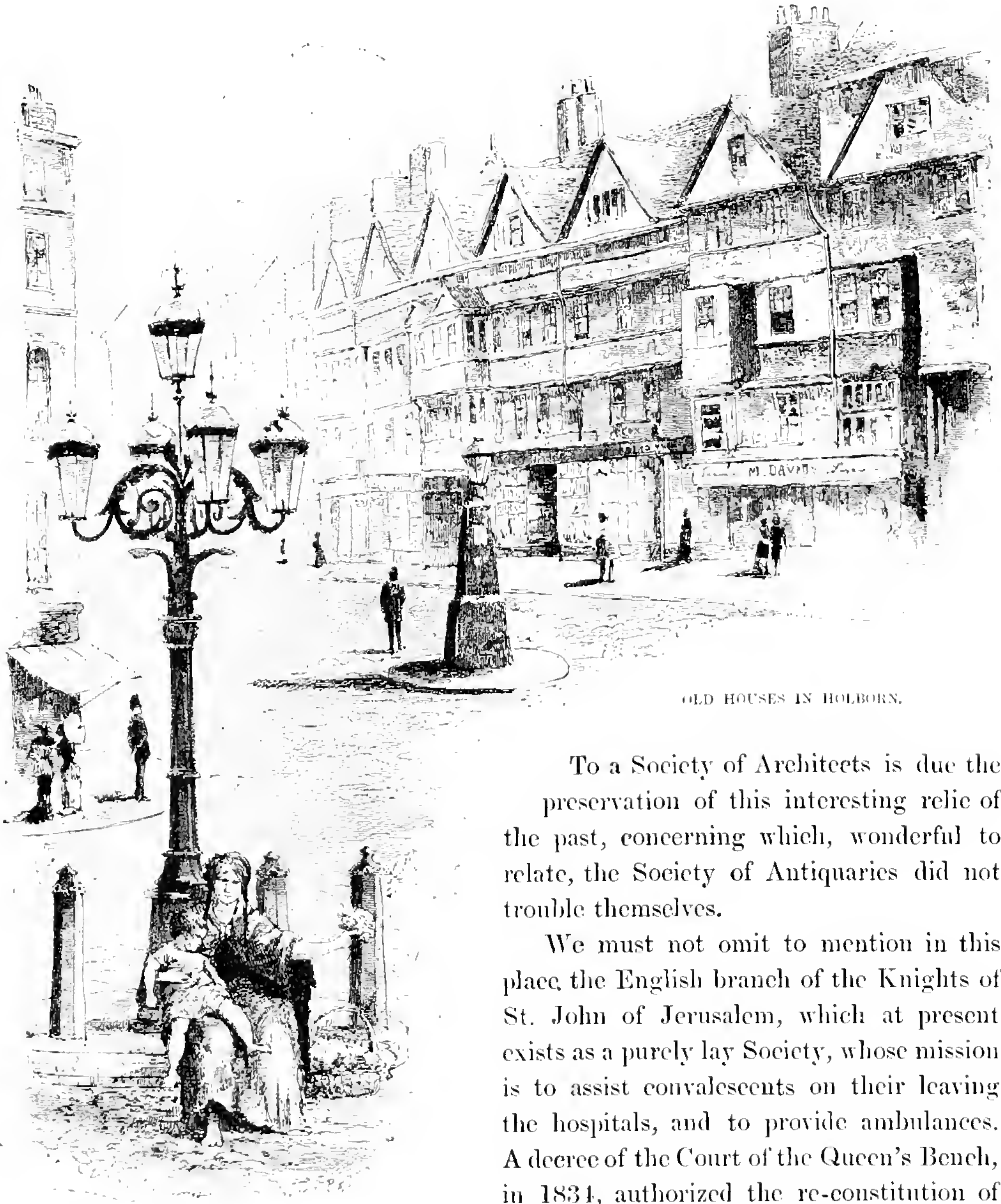
Then the officer on duty salutes, the troops present arms, while the chief warder deposits the keys in the Lieutenant's house.

To find another relic of the old City, we must make our way to St. John's Gate in Clerkenwell, once the entrance to the Priory of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem



VIEWS OF THE TOWER.

St. John's Gate was erected in the 16th century, and is composed of an ogival arch, flanked by two massive towers pierced with numerous embrasures. Above the gate are three escutcheons, the centre one bears the arms of France and England surmounted by an enormous regal crown; the two other shields bear the arms of the Brotherhood.



OLD HOUSES IN HOLBORN.

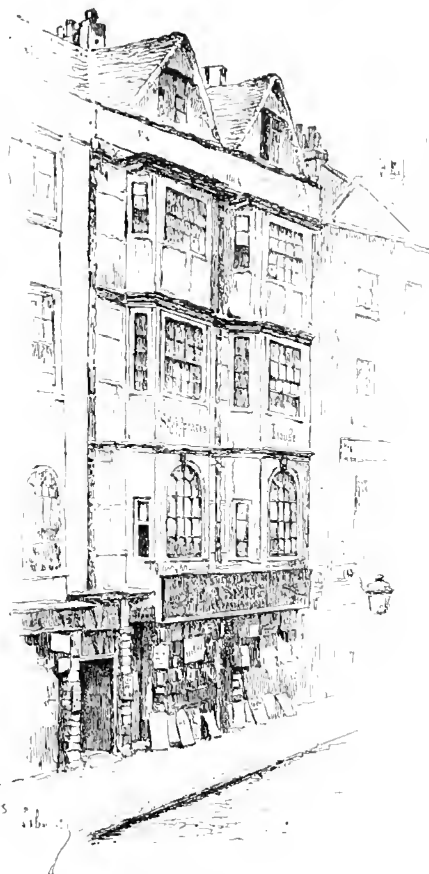
To a Society of Architects is due the preservation of this interesting relic of the past, concerning which, wonderful to relate, the Society of Antiquaries did not trouble themselves.

We must not omit to mention in this place, the English branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which at present exists as a purely lay Society, whose mission is to assist convalescents on their leaving the hospitals, and to provide ambulances. A decree of the Court of the Queen's Bench, in 1834, authorized the re-constitution of the order, and confirmed the charter granted by Queen Mary to the Knights of St. John. The Duke of Manchester is, at present, the head of this Philanthropic Society.

Some houses, situated in different parts of the City, are curious from their antiquity, and for the associations which attach to them.

Such are three mansions, of which we have given illustrations, known as Newcastle House, Sir Paul Pindar's House, or Schomberg House (see page 23), also the house of Sir John Soane in Lincoln's Inn Fields, wherein is a very interesting Museum.

When we have mentioned, amongst the antiquities of London, some old gabled houses in Holborn, facing Gray's Inn Road, and the house in Aldersgate Street which is stated to have been occupied by Shakespeare —though the legend lacks confirmation—we have passed in review the principal ancient monuments, interesting from an architectural point of view, which still remain standing, or, at least, all those which it is possible to see.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

IV.

RELIGIOUS EDIFICES.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. —THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.—CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—THE TEMPLE CHURCH. — ST. ANDREW'S UNDERSHAFT. — STOW. — ST. GILES.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW. — THE PREBENDARIES.

The City of London possesses a large number of churches, the majority of which are, comparatively speaking, modern, for the Great Fire only left about a dozen standing out of the hundred which had formerly existed in the Old City. Almost all those which we see at present, were built by Wren, or by his numerous pupils. The result is a monotony in construction, decoration, and style. When we have seen one, we have seen all. The crowning work of Sir Christopher Wren is the famous Cathedral of St. Paul, a copy of St. Peter's at Rome.

Admirably situated upon an eminence, from which it dominates the town, the Cathedral of London has the worst surroundings which it is possible to imagine. No matter where the spectator stands, far or near, he can never behold but a portion of the edifice. As for viewing it as a whole, it is not to be thought of. From the "churchyard" it is as much as one can do to see the top, so closely do the houses approach it, especially on the north side: vehicles can only circulate on the south side, which alone is wide enough to allow a carriage-way and a foot-way to be made. There was, at one time, a spot whence an excellent view could be obtained of the façade and the dome, this was at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, an ascending street which leads direct to

the Cathedral: but several years ago a clumsy railway viaduct cut the perspective in twain, so that at the present time it is difficult to examine, at leisure, the most beautiful modern religious monument in London. To see this Cathedral properly, under its most picturesque aspect, so as to grasp its enormous proportions, the visitor must proceed to Blackfriars Bridge, and even then, he will only be able to survey the upper portion of the edifice.

In 1675, the first stone of the present Cathedral was laid, and the edifice was not completed till thirty-five years afterwards, in 1710. Contrary to general experience, the architect had the satisfaction of seeing the completion of the work he had initiated. St. Paul's is built in the form of the Latin Cross. The façade is composed of a portico supported by twelve columns of the Corinthian order, eight composite columns rising above the former and sustaining a pediment ornamented by a *bas relief* representing the conversion of St. Paul. A statue of the Saint dominates the pediment. At either side of the portico is a clock-tower 220 feet high, terminating in a point and containing the clock and bells. A gigantic dome, surmounted by a lantern, and gilt ball and cross, complete the edifice; the total height of which is, from the street to the top of the cross, 365 feet.

FAÇADE OF ST. PAUL'S.

The interior, like all "Protestant temple" interiors, is naked and cold, but of great architectural beauty. Entering by the North door, the visitor is immediately under the dome, which is sustained by eight elegant arches, and decorated with some mediocre paintings by Thornhill, representing the principal events in the life of Saint Paul. These are in a deplorable condition, and ought to make way at once for the frescoes executed by Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy. In the choir, the visitor will remark the beautifully carved stalls, the work of Grinling Gibbons, the episcopal throne, the Lord Mayor's chair, the altar, the pulpit, and the organ, which is one of the most beautiful in England. This is very little for so vast an edifice, and one comes away from St. Paul's Cathedral with a profound sense of disappointment. What, no stained glass, no ornaments, nothing but those poor frescoes of Thornhill, paid for—this is historical—at £2 the square yard, and the funeral monuments raised to the memory of the heroes who have died for their country—more interesting because of the memories they arouse than for their artistic value! The most worthy of notice is the monument of the Duke of Wellington, which is situated to the right of the West doors as

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

you enter. It is composed of a sarcophagus, on which is a bronze statue of the deceased warrior. Twelve columns of the Corinthian order support a species of daïs, in marble, and two groups representing, respectively, Valour crushing Cowardice, and Truth triumphant over Falsehood. The monument is the work of A. Stephens. The monuments of Nelson, by Flaxman, and of Sir Charles Napier, by Adams, are amongst the most noteworthy. St. Paul's is the burying place, *par excellence*, of soldiers and sailors. Besides the monuments of Nelson and Wellington, we find those of Picton, killed at Waterloo, Sir John Moore, the adversary of Soult at Corunna, of Admirals Rodney, Duncan, Collingwood, and Saint Vincent.

But we do not meet only with the tombs of warriors, for the painters Reynolds, Lawrence, West, Turner, Fuseli, and Landseer, repose here near the celebrated Dr. Johnson, John Rennie, the engineer of Waterloo Bridge, and Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of Saint Paul's. The last named has no special monument erected to his memory, but in the cathedral nave is a mural tablet, which bears his name and the following inscription:—

"Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."

It could not be better expressed.

The "chapter" of Saint Paul's, which is, as we know, the Cathedral of London, consists of a Dean, a Sub-Dean, Four Canons, a Chancellor, and a large number of Vicars and other ecclesiastics.

The Sunday services are well attended, but it is seldom that the immense space is filled. Londoners prefer to go to Westminster, to which access is more easy, and where the singing is held in great estimation.

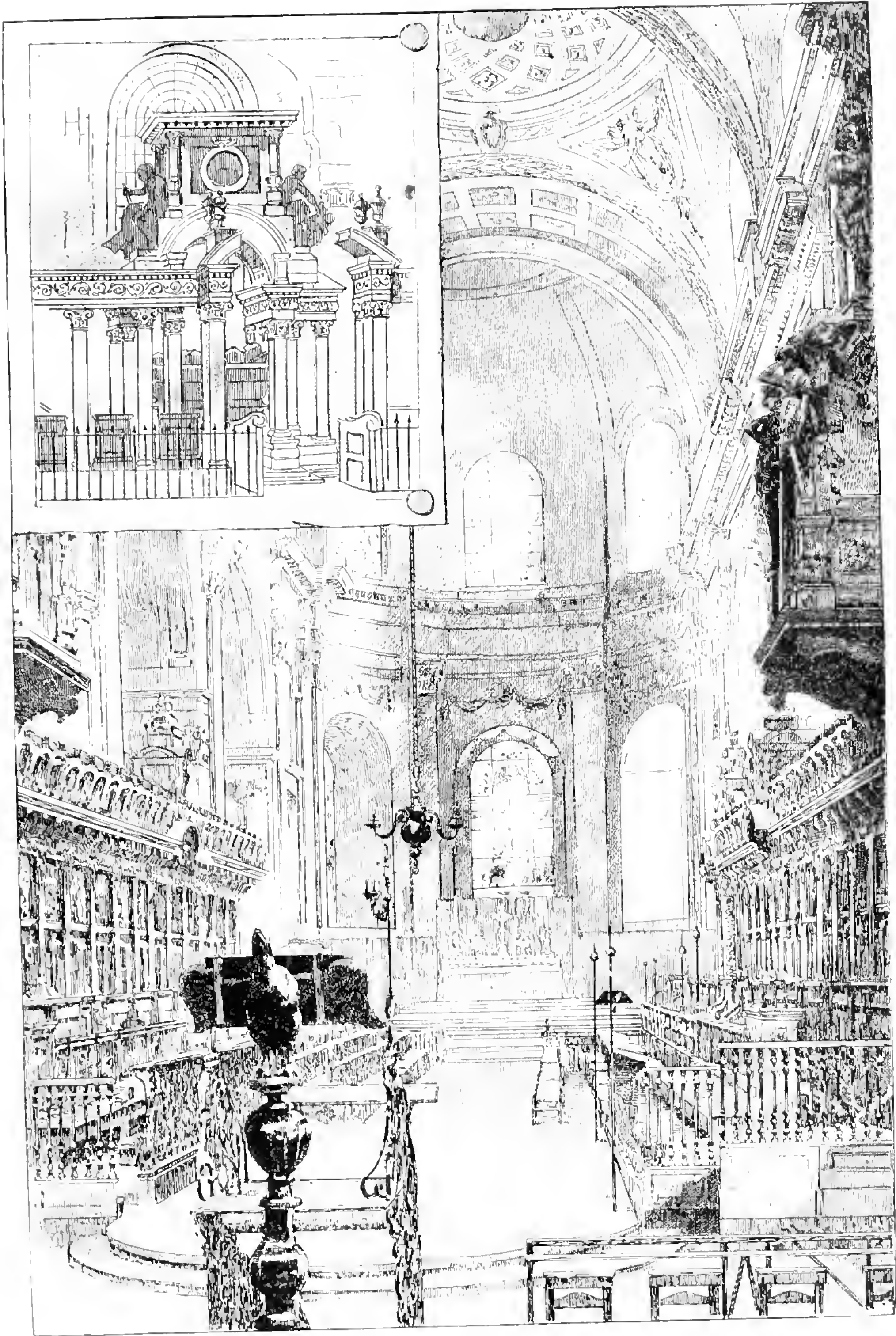
The Church of England is divided into two camps, the High Church and the Low Church. The former approaches, in the number of its wax candles, the illumination of the altar, the incense, and the rich priestly vestments, to the pomp of the Roman Catholic Church. It is in these particulars that it irritates the Puritans of the Low Church party, for whom all ornate services, every statue, every painting, is the abomination of desolation, and who would banish even the organ from Protestant places of worship.

This is, perhaps, the place in which to speak of the Anglican Church.

The Church of England is Protestant and Episcopalian. Its doctrines are comprised in the Thirty-nine Articles framed by the Convocation of 1552, revised and definitely established in 1571.

The Anglican religion is essentially a religion of State. Legally, the Sovereign is the head of it, and nominates the Archbishops and Bishops by the hands of the First Lord of the Treasury, who dispenses all the Crown patronage.

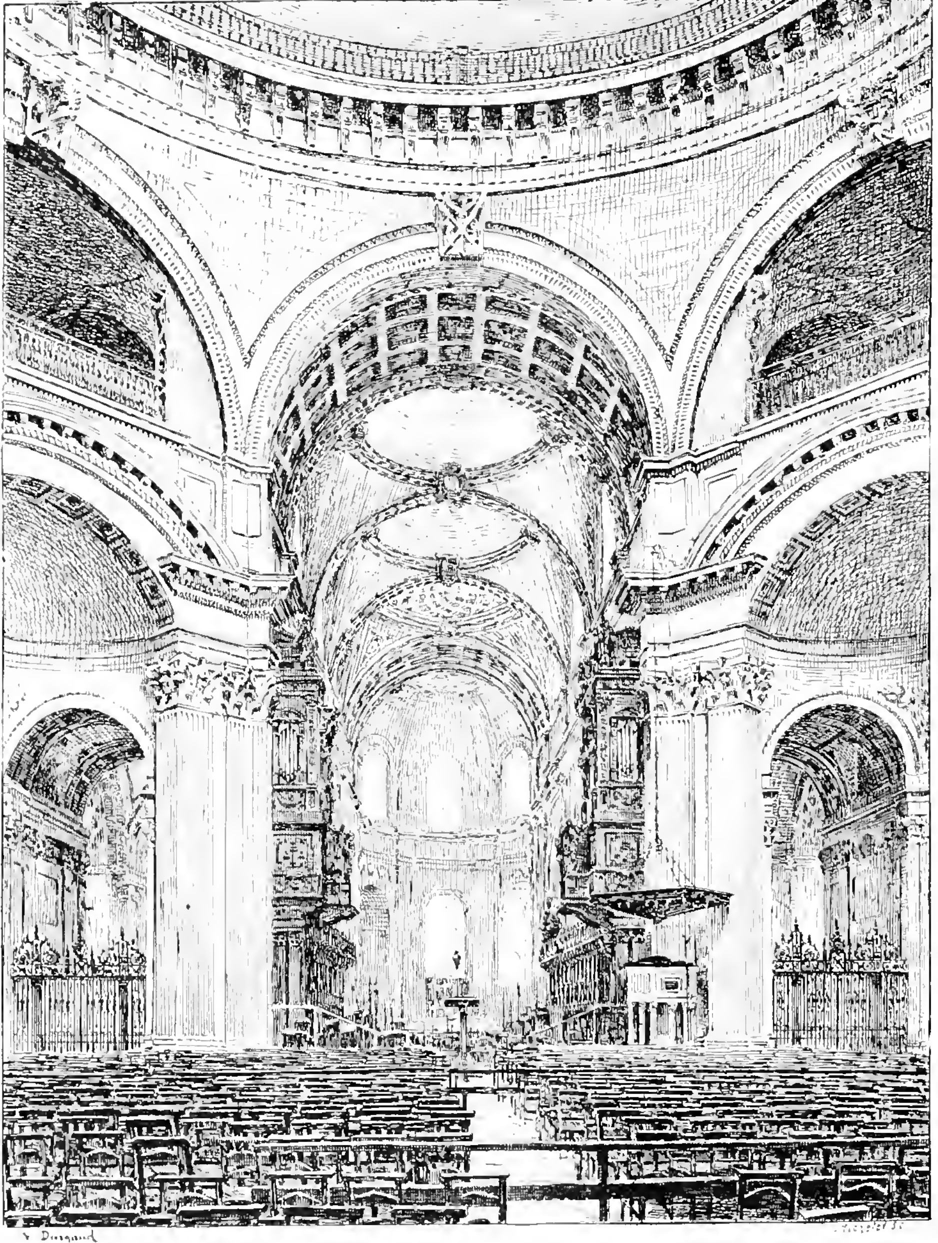
The Church is governed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and by thirty Bishops. The highest ecclesiastical dignitary is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the Primate of all England. The two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops sit in the House of Peers. For the direction of affairs ecclesiastic, England is divided into two Provinces—those of York and Canterbury, each having as chief an Archbishop, assisted by numerous Bishops. There is in each Province a Council, styled Convocation, the members of which are Bishops, Archdeacons, Deans, and representatives elected by the



CHOIR OF ST. PAUL'S, AND WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.

clergy. The Province of Canterbury has two "Houses," the Archbishop and the Bishops sit in one, and the lower clergy in the other. The Members of Convocation in the Province of York sit all together.

The revenues of the Church are administered by a Commission, composed of two

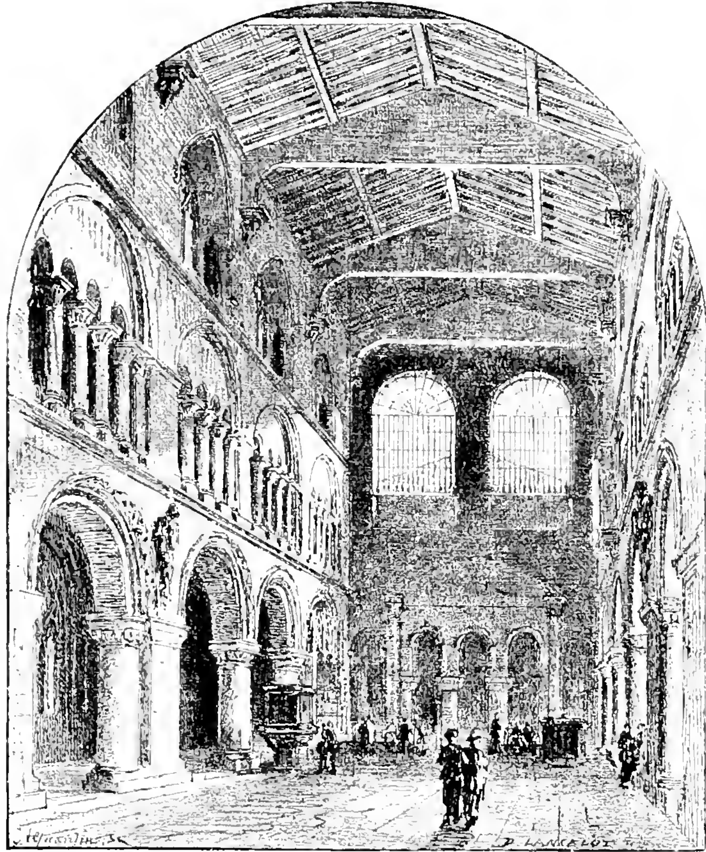


NAVE OF ST. PAUL'S.

Archbishops, twenty Bishops, five Ministers, three Judges, three Deans, and twelve Lay Members. The annual revenue of the Church is estimated at ten millions sterling, from which the clergy are largely remunerated, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his

£15,000 a year, down to the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who receives £2,000 a year. After the Bishops come the Deans, whose emoluments vary between £3,000 and £800 a year, and finally the parish Clergymen, including Rectors, Vicars, and Curates.

England comprises about 12,000 parishes. At the head of each parish is a Rector, who enjoys all privileges, tithes, and other advantages attached to his benefice. He is assisted by the vicar and the curate, who occupies the last grade in the ecclesiastical hierarchy.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

Besides the Queen, the Lord Chancellor, the Prince of Wales, the Bishops, the Chapters, and the Universities, there are about 3,850 lords and gentlemen, and even ladies, who can dispose of the benefices attached to their property.

The Anglican clergy reckons 23,000 members, who have the spiritual care of about 13,000,000 of individuals. The influence of the clergy is considerable, although carefully disguised; it is easy to understand this influence when one recalls the manner in which the livings are awarded, and those who dispose of them.

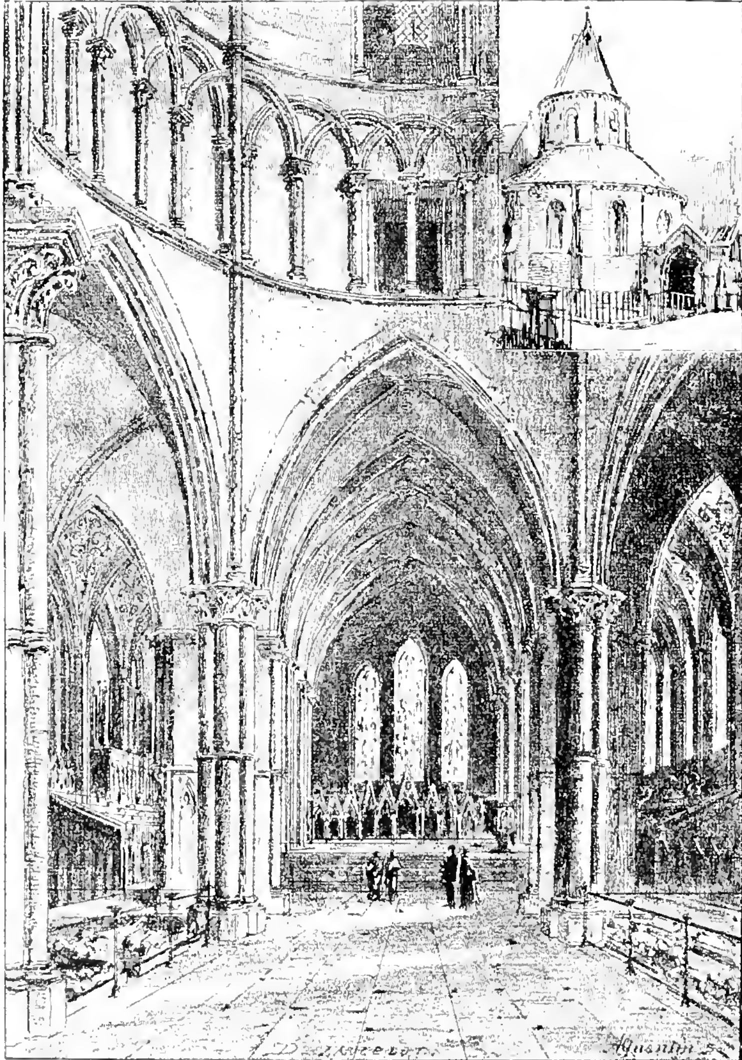
The other Protestant sects are very numerous, and number some hundred and forty, of which some—the Salvation Army, for instance—can scarcely be regarded as religious institutions.

As for the Roman Catholic Church, it includes in the United Kingdom about six million members, of whom four millions are in Ireland. The clergy comprise seven Archbishops, forty Bishops, and a great number of Priests of all ranks.

Now, are the English a religious people? Yes, if religion consists chiefly in the regular practice of religious observances—a strict regard for Sunday, and a marked tendency to quote texts on every occasion. Amongst the well-to-do and aristocratic faith appears rather feeble, and it is above all things for the "sake of example" that Society goes to worship, particularly in the country. Some gentlemen, who never enter a church in London, never fail to attend the services in their own parishes. Evidently their

convictions do not alter with their change of places; but it is for the "sake of setting an example." Besides, no one makes any secret of the matter, and this is carried on with a certain amount of frankness.

Amongst the lower middle-classes religion assumes a sour and intolerant form, which tends to fanaticism; but a very curious fanaticism, which does not lose sight of



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

the main chance. The Englishman of this persuasion has been well defined in the following classic dialogue between the religious grocer and his shopman:—

"John, have you sanded the brown sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And put the plaster of Paris in the powdered sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the chicory in the coffee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; now let us go to prayers!"

The members of this class, it must be added, do not belong to the Church of England, but to independent sects. We meet them in the chapels, and not in the churches dedicated to the orthodox religion.

This digression has carried us far away from the City, and the churches it encloses. Let us hasten to return, and glance at the Temple Church, built in 1185, and since frequently restored. It belongs to the two "Societies" of the Temple—a Corporation of Barristers (Benchers).

Amongst those churches which escaped the fire, that of St. Andrew's Undershaft * is the most interesting. It is remarkable for its stained-glass windows, and contains a number of monuments, of which the most remarkable is that of John Stow, the historian, who died in 1605. Stow was a tailor by trade, and renounced his humble calling to write the Annals and Chronicles. James I., who has the reputation of having encouraged literary merit, generously granted Stow the permission to beg! One year after having received this signal mark of his Sovereign's bounty he died in great misery.

Let us also mention among the City churches, St. Giles, Cripplegate (surrounded by a garden in which is a portion of the old Roman wall), and St. Bartholomew the Great, in West Smithfield, the tower of which and the roof, in timber with sunken panels, are worth special mention. Here are also several ancient tombs, and a fine crypt. Hogarth, the celebrated painter, was baptized at St. Bartholomew's Church. In general these churches have but a few "faithful" attending them, for few people live in the City. Sometimes there is no one in the church—but that fact does not prevent the vicar from pocketing the comfortable revenues. These livings are the object of lively seeking on the part of the Anglican clergy. A few figures will give us an idea of their value. St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, is worth £1,200; St. Giles, Cripplegate, £1,280. All are evidently not so well endowed, St. Bartholomew-the-Less, for example, only brings in £13; but in general the position of a vicar of a City church is a very easy one, and much to be envied.

V.

THE CIVIC BUILDINGS.—THE GUILDHALL.—THE MANSION HOUSE.—THE POLICE COURTS, "WHITE GLOVES."—THE BANK OF ENGLAND. BANKERS.—THE CLEARING HOUSE.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—"LLOYD'S."—THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—BEARS AND BULLS.—THE MONUMENT.—THE CITY COMPANIES.—COMMERCE AND THE MERCHANTS.

THE Civic Monuments are not, as a rule, of such exterior attractiveness as to compel attention. Badly situated for the most part in narrow streets blackened by

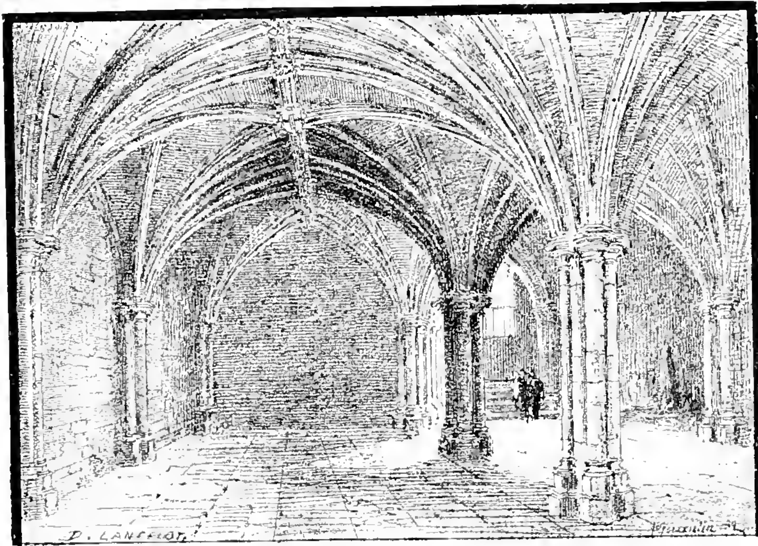
* So called because it was lower than the Great Maypole which stood here—hence under-shaft.

smoke more than by time; it is chiefly by the richness of their interior decorations, and the value of the art objects which they enshrine, that the Mansion House and the Halls of the different City Companies are so justly celebrated.

Almost all of them have submitted to restorations more or less happy, and frequently badly concealed; the result is a want of harmony between the various portions, a patchwork appearance which is shocking to the taste.

Often, very often, the architect has hidden a façade of brick by a facing of cement, which scales off, and the ravages of time become only too visible. One cannot help thinking that under the head of architecture the capital of the United Kingdom leaves much to be desired.

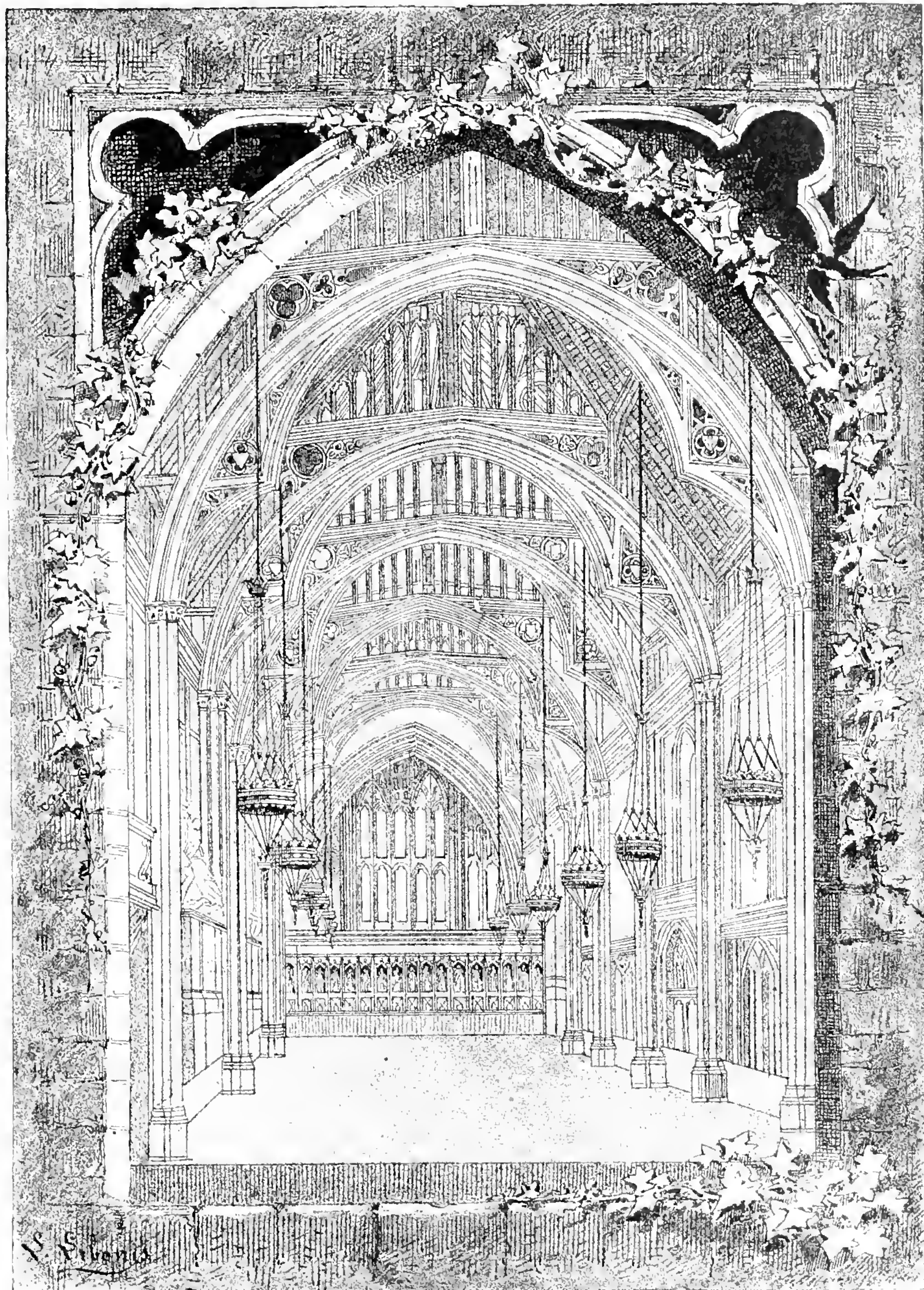
The Guildhall of London is the first imposing edifice which one perceives after quitting St. Paul's, and proceeding to the Royal Exchange, eastward. The Guildhall is situated at the end of King Street, in a *cul de sac*, in which a number of pigeons disport themselves—the geese of the capitol, which have become as tame as the vulgar Parisian sparrows. The Guildhall, erected in 1411, partly destroyed by the fire of 1666, which left only the wall and the crypt uninjured; rebuilt in 1709, and "restored" in 1865 and 1867, is by no means worthy of the British Metropolis. The entrance, wholly modern, is wanting in style and elegance, and is scarcely in harmony with the old portions of the edifice, although it was attempted to give it a Gothic air.



CRYPT (GUILDHALL).

Above the front are the City Arms, the Sword of St. George, and the Cross of St. Paul, with the motto *Domine dirige nos*. Inside, the great hall, open to the public, is an imposing Gothic nave 150 feet long, 50 wide, and 58 high. The sides are divided into long panels by clustered columns, from which spring arched buttresses of exceeding lightness which support the roof. The panels are ornamented with wood-carving most delicately executed, a kind of decoration which we find repeated in the majority of English monuments, and which harmonizes with the Gothic style generally adopted in the country. There are some very commonplace statues, representing Nelson, Wellington, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Queen Elizabeth, Edward VI., and

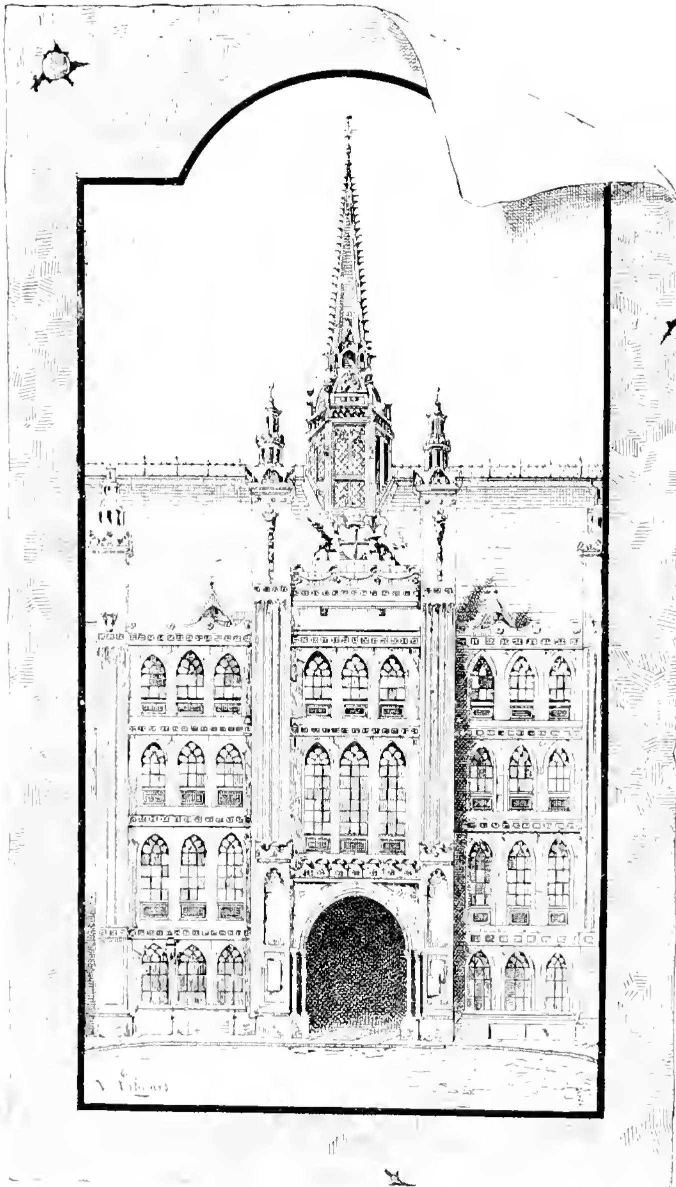
Charles I. Two gigantic and grotesque personages carved in wood occupy one end



GREAT HALL (GUILDHALL).

of the hall. They are the two legendary giants, Gog and Magog, whose origin is unknown. Tradition tells us that they formerly fought for the glory and independence of their country—which is not named—and their presence in the Guildhall signifies that

the Corporation is, as they were, ready to defend the independence and the honour of the City of London. Two large windows, one at each end, permit the entrance of the light, which is subdued by the stained glass windows; at night seven gas lustres serve to illuminate the hall. It is here that the famous banquets take place annually on the 9th of November—the day on which the installation of the new Lord Mayor takes place; and here the meetings and grand receptions of the Corporation are held. These feasts hold an important place in the records of the city, and it is not a successful *fête* which does not wind up with one of those pantagruelian repasts which have so often given rise to merriment at the expense of the Corporation.



GUILDHALL.

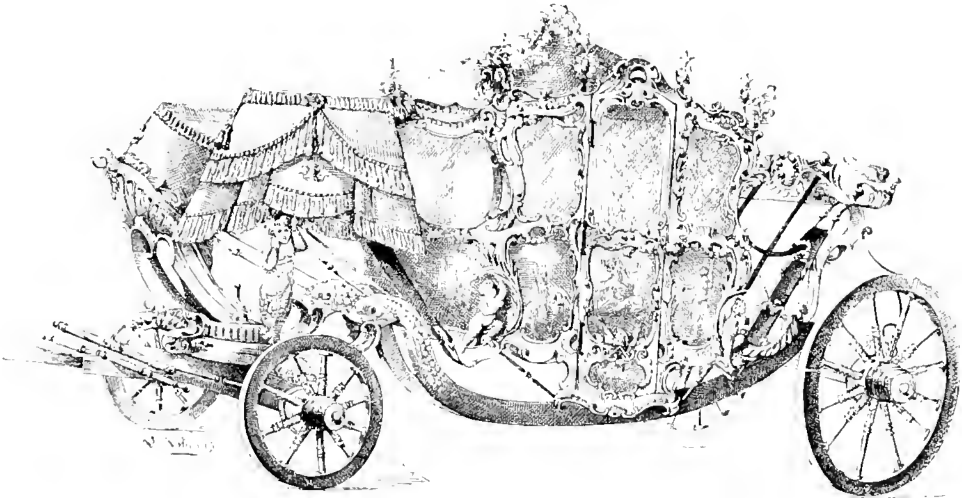
There is, in the Guildhall, an excellent Public Library, open every day from ten o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening. Here will be found a remarkable collection of books and engravings relating to the history of London, and a number of old relics discovered in the city. One of the curiosities is a conveyance deed bearing the authentic signature of William *Shakspere*—as the name is therein spelt.

After having glanced at the tribunals grouped around the Guildhall—the Police Court, the Lord Mayor's Court, &c.—we find ourselves again in the street leading to Cheapside, and at the end of the latter thoroughfare we find the "palace of the first magistrate of the City."

The Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayor, is situated in the heart of

the City, facing the Bank of England, near the spot where eight streets converge. It is a square edifice of Portland Stone of a heavy and sombre appearance. The façade consists of the inevitable Greek Colonnade, to which one ascends by a double flight of steps, very narrow. Six columns of the Corinthian order are surmounted by a pediment, ornamented by an allegorical bas-relief. The principal figures of this composition by Sir Robert Taylor represent London, the Thames, Plenty, Envy, and Commerce. The interior of the Mansion House is of great magnificence, the reception-rooms being decorated with regal splendour. The most celebrated are the Venetian Hall, the Grand Drawing-room, the Ball-room, and the Egyptian Hall. The last named, in which are served the splendid banquets, so dear to the City dignitaries, is the most beautiful and the most vast. Herein 400 persons can be accommodated with ease; and on gala nights, when it is illuminated by the light of thousands of wax candles, the effect is dazzling in the extreme. A double row of columns sustain the vaulted and panelled

GOG AND MAGOG.



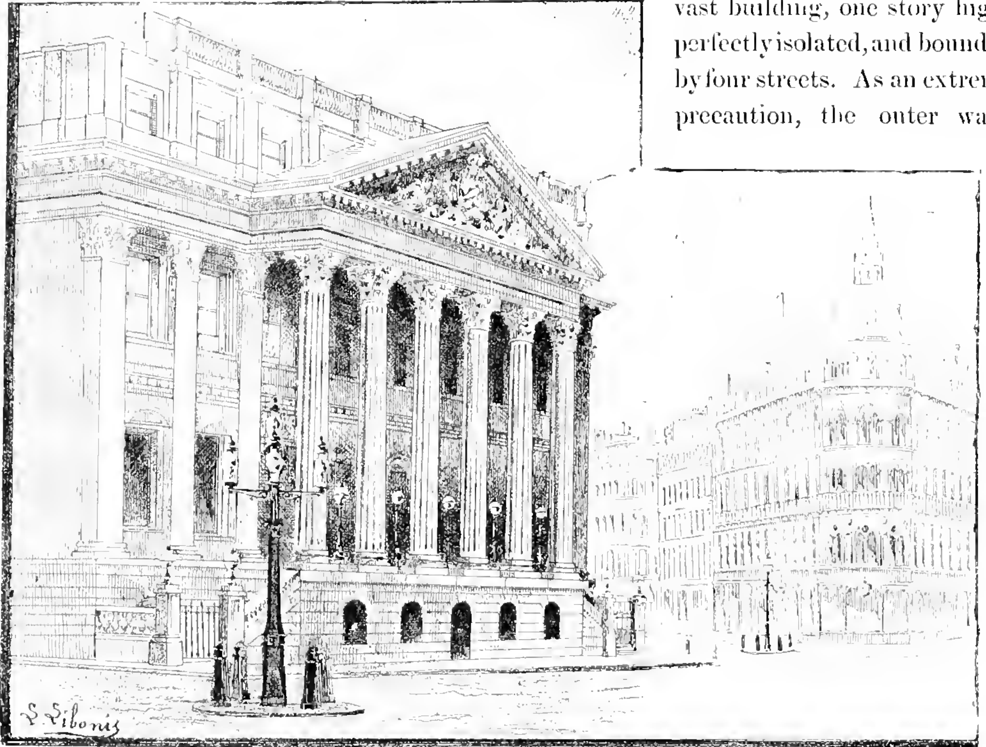
LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE.

ceiling, and at each side in niches are groups and statuary by Foley, Calder-Marshall, Weekes, Durrant, and Lough. There is also a fine picture gallery. The public are not admitted to the Mansion House, but the visitor can see the Lord Mayor or one of the aldermen who sit in turns in the Police Court of the Mansion House itself, and to which everyone has access. It must be added that these worthy functionaries have only a very superficial acquaintance with the intricate laws of their country. So the real magistrate is the chief clerk, whose duties consist in whispering decisions to the alderman, and in

discussing points of law with barristers and solicitors when matters assume a serious aspect. It is needless to add that the chief clerk is a practical lawyer.

When it happens—unfortunately, very seldom—that there is no case to be heard, the alderman, when he arrives in court, is presented with a pair of white gloves by the chief clerk. This very ancient custom is always adhered to not only in the city, but in all English tribunals.

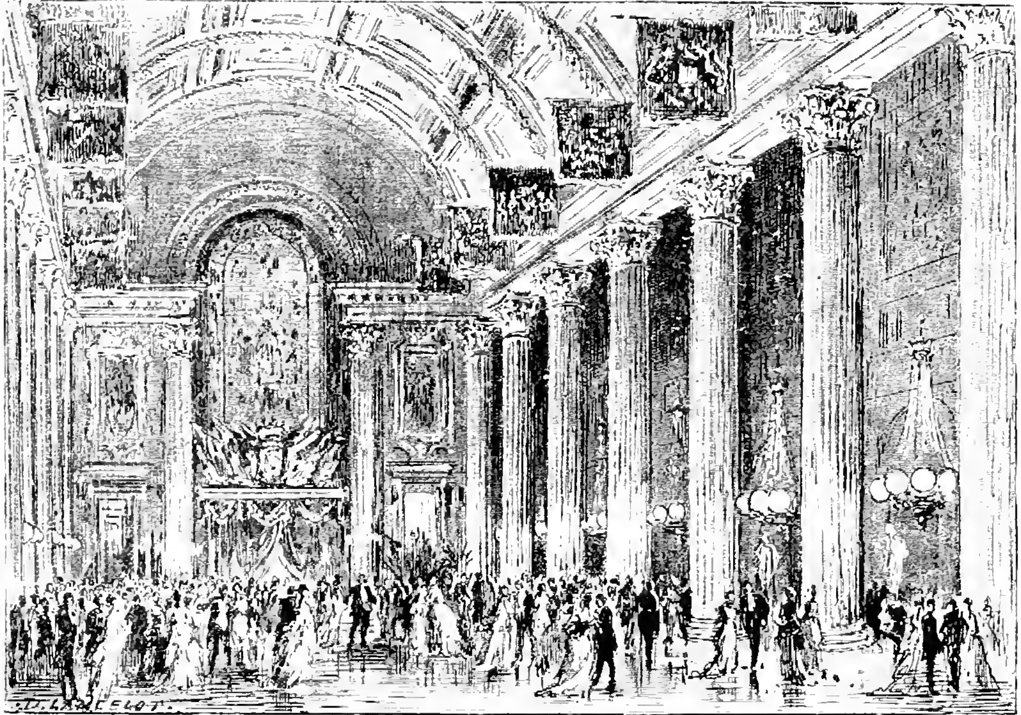
The Bank of England is opposite to the Mansion House, and occupies all one side of the open space. It is a vast building, one story high, perfectly isolated, and bounded by four streets. As an extreme precaution, the outer walls



MANSION HOUSE.

are pierced by no windows; the offices are lighted from the roof, or from the nine inner courts, and garden. Nothing has been neglected to ensure the Bank against attack, and to guard against the risks from fire. At night a detachment of the Foot Guards, commanded by a captain, watches over the safety of "the old lady of Threadneedle Street." During the day the watchmen of the company itself suffice to maintain order. A Scotchman, named Paterson, founded the Bank of England in 1694. Up to that time the business of banking was exclusively in the hands of the goldsmiths, who abused their monopoly. The capital of the Bank, which was originally £1,200,000, is now £14,000,000. In September, 1882, the Bank notes in circulation reached a total value of £37,000,000, and the bullion kept in reserve amounts to £22,000,000. One must have an order signed by the directors to visit the bullion vaults. The gold is in ingots, of the value of £800 each, the silver in bars, and in bags of coin. The company is composed of a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four

directors, of whom eight retire annually, and are generally re-elected. The operations of the Bank are conducted in the same manner as in financial establishments of the same kind in other countries. The Bank of England, moreover, is entrusted by the Treasury with the arrangements for the interest on the National Debt, Consols, Annuities, etc., and receives from the Government as payment for its services something over £200,000. There are nine branches of the Bank, situated at Manchester,



EGYPTIAN HALL (MANSION HOUSE).

Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Plymouth, Newcastle, Hull, and Portsmouth, as well as a branch office in the West End of London.

The public are permitted to enter freely into the cashier's department, or where daily business is transacted; but to penetrate into the other parts, to see the printing of the bank-notes, visitors must be accompanied by one of the directors, or furnished with a special permit, which is difficult to obtain. The printing press is a marvellous machine; the printing and numbering of the notes are performed, simultaneously, with perfect accuracy.

Every note which is returned to the Bank is immediately cancelled. The Bank issues none but new notes, and thus can supply to the commercial world, whose needs it knows exactly, the notes most in demand.

Another curiosity is the automatic balance which weighs the gold and rejects at once any piece which does not attain the exact standard of weight. Ten of these machines weigh between them 60,000 pieces of gold daily.

The business of banking possesses, in London and throughout all England, an

importance of which one can form no adequate idea. The number of banks is very considerable. Besides the Bank of England, there are numbers of private establishments and joint-stock banks of limited liability, in which latter the liability of the shareholders is limited to the nominal original value of the shares they hold. The principal joint-stock banks are the London and Westminster, the London and County, the Union; but there are many others. The most celebrated private banks are Coutts', Childs', the Barclays', Glyn, Mills', Baring's, Hoare's, etc., and Rothschilds', of course. All these establishments, which the public can enter, are extremely well conducted. The various operations are carried on with an order and regularity, a precision and courtesy, an obliging manner, and an absence of useless formalities, which astonish and charm the stranger—above all, the Frenchman, who in his own country is not treated with such politeness by public bodies. It is easy to convince one's-self of this by going to cash a cheque in any bank—no matter which—in London. This is, besides, the most common act which everyone performs, for the cheque plays an important part in English life. Anyone who keeps a banking account makes his payments by cheques; in business, naturally, it could not be otherwise. The number of these slips of paper is positively incalculable; so, to facilitate their work, the London bankers bethought them of the Clearing House. As it would be impossible for any bank to present all the cheques it receives on the various other banks, all the drafts pass through the Clearing House, where each house has an account, and the differences in amounts are adjusted by a single payment, by a cheque on the Bank of England. The total value of the cheques which passed through the Clearing House in 1882 reached the fabulous sum of six thousand, three hundred and eighty-two millions, six hundred and fifty-four thousand pounds sterling!

We may remark here that a cheque can always be refused, it not being a "legal tender." Is it not then curious to observe that the commerce of England is based upon a system of the interchange of cheques? In 1869 the figures of the Clearing House were only three thousand, six hundred and twenty-six millions of pounds sterling; and, such is the prodigious development of British commerce, that this sum had nearly doubled itself in thirteen years. Such vast amounts make one's brain reel, and we find it difficult to realize them.

It needs little argument to prove that with such enormous transactions the fortunes made in business must be enormous; so that some merchants enjoy an income as large as some small European states. We must remember that an English millionaire, according to the time-honoured phrase, is worth 25,000,000 francs. The number of these Crœsuses is large. At their head we must place the bankers and the group of merchant princes who literally do not know in what way to use their wealth.

Quitting the Bank of England, we find ourselves in front of the Royal Exchange, a building in the Greco-Roman style, erected in 1844, after the designs of Mr. Tite. A Latin inscription informs us that it was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and restored under Queen Victoria. Reconstructed would be more correct, for the old Exchange was completely destroyed by fire in 1838. The façade presents a portico, preceded by a flight of steps, and supported by eight Corinthian columns, above which is a pediment ornamented by allegorical figures by Westmacott. The roof is surrounded by

a stone balustrade, which is surmounted by a clock-tower, 180 feet in height, in which is a set of chimes. Notwithstanding the trouble the architect took to conceal the chimneys, they appear out of keeping with the building, which is not suitable to the climate of London. The Exchange is entered by four doors. The principal entrance under the peristyle is surrounded by the Royal arms, sculptured by Carew. The interior of the Royal Exchange is simply a paved court of rectangular shape. In the centre is a marble statue of the Queen, by Lough, and all around is an arcade or cloister, the walls of which are ornamented with frescoes by Sang. It is here that the big-wigs of commerce and finance come every Tuesday and Friday, between three and four o'clock, to discuss and fix the rates, not of public stocks, but of merchandise and produce of all kinds. It is a curious custom for such *soi-disant* practical people, who have the reputation of taking their ease, to come to talk over their business in the open air, in an unsheltered place, open to all the winds of Heaven. But the old Exchange was an open place, and tradition demands that this shall be open too. As we have seen, the Royal Exchange is not the Bourse of London, in the sense in which we accept the term. The market for the public funds is in the Stock Exchange, of which we will speak later.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

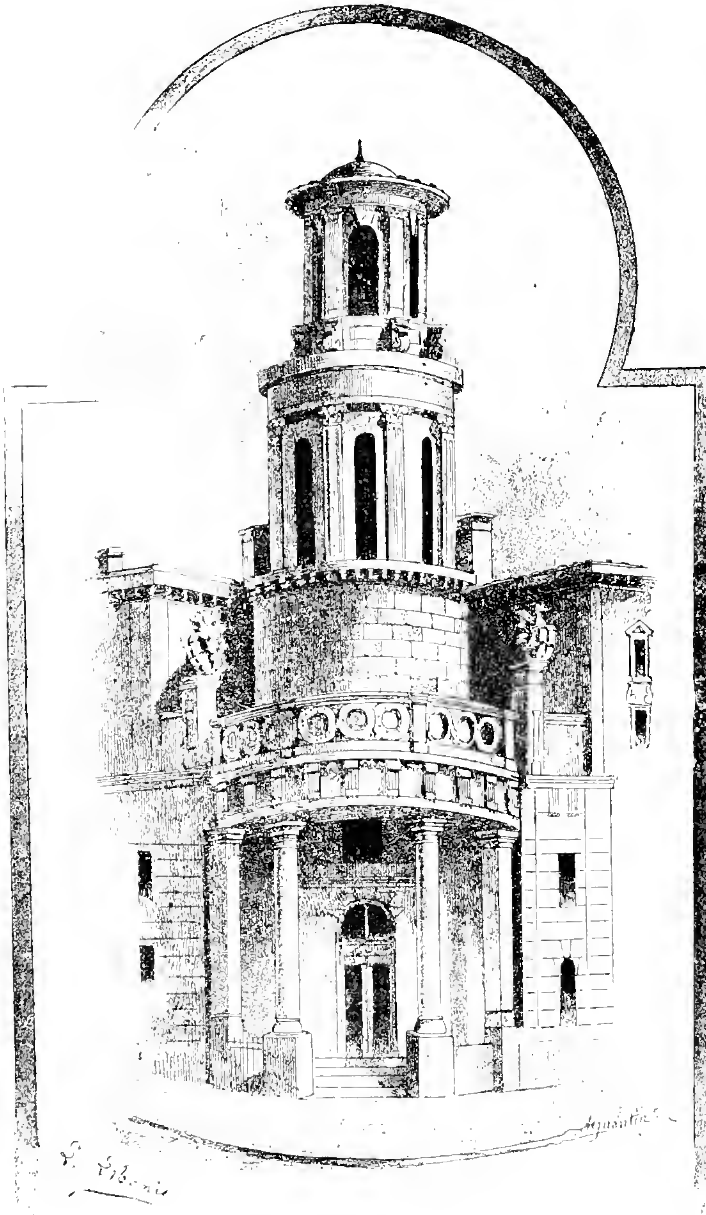
Lloyd's Rooms are on the first floor of the Exchange. There the insurances on ships are effected; and there underwriters, owners, and captains of merchant vessels meet. The agents of Lloyd's are scattered in all parts of the world, and keep themselves "posted up" in the arrivals and sailings of ships, as well as the accidents which befal them.

There are belonging to the United Kingdom 25,000 vessels, of all classes (of which 5,000 are steamers), employed in the coasting and foreign trade, and representing a tonnage of 6,600,000, and manned by 200,000 men. The outgoings and incomings of this enormous fleet are the transactions Lloyd's have to follow up and register with a precision and exactitude which is incomparable. All the information transmitted by the agents whom the society employs, in more than 1,200 seaports, are entered in admirably-kept registers, and can be consulted at any moment by the members of Lloyd's.

In the open space in front of the Royal Exchange the visitor will perceive a fountain, and a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington. Behind the building a statue of Peabody, the philanthropic American, who when he died left the poor of London £240,000, is a marvel of bad taste. The sculptor has represented the philanthropist seated with crossed legs in a truly ridiculous posture.

Not far from this, in Capel Court, is the Stock Exchange, or the Bourse. Contrary to the practice which obtains in France, the buying and selling operations in the public securities are completed with closed doors by agents, who are called stockbrokers, who

form a numerous body—eight or nine hundred—and are governed by a committee consisting of thirty members, elected by the subscribers. To become a stockbroker one must be introduced by three members, who become guarantees for two years for the solvency of the candidate in a sum of £300 each. In principle every member ought to be re-elected every year, but it need not be said that this is a simple formality.



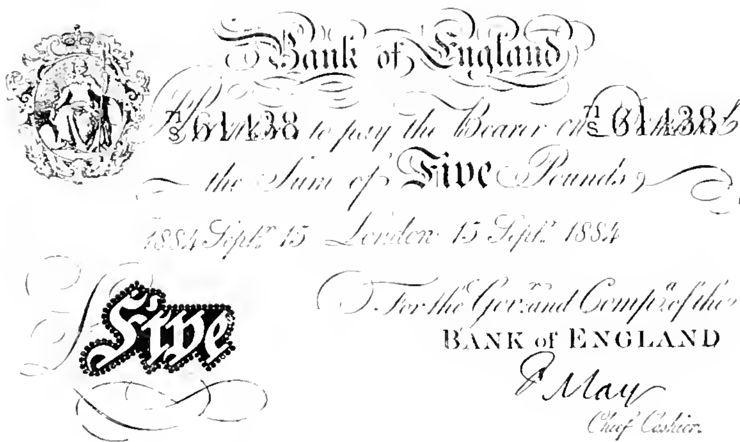
COAL EXCHANGE.

The transactions done daily on the Stock Exchange may be estimated at hundreds of millions, and the house of Rothschild has been known to purchase four millions' worth of securities in one afternoon. All these operations are completed by a transfer, as nearly all kinds of stock and shares are represented by nominal certificates. In the slang of the Stock Exchange, those who operate for the rise are called *bulls*, and those who operate for the fall are called *bears*.

From many a spot in the City may be perceived a high column surmounted by a gigantic gilt bronze flame; this was erected in 1671-77, after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666. So vivid is the recollection of this terrible disaster that no particular name has been bestowed upon the column. It is The Monument—the memorial *par excellence*. When one has said The Monument, one has said everything. It is a column of the Doric order, fluted, 202 feet high from the base to the summit of the flame, which from a distance resembles an enormous

shaving brush. The pedestal was executed by Cibber; the four dragons were sculptured by E. Pierce. A staircase of black marble ascends spirally in the interior of the column and leads to a platform, now covered by a cage to prevent suicides. It seems that this wise precaution, now elsewhere adopted in other columns of the kind, was rendered necessary by the number of unfortunate people who threw themselves from the summit in order to terminate their wretched lives. Those for whom existence has no longer any charms are now compelled to throw themselves into the Thames, and the list of those who are fished out of it every year is a long one.

Of the old corporations which formerly monopolized various industries and manual trades some eighty still exist, but their privileges, having no *locus standi*, have been successively curtailed. A certain number of these bodies represent industries which have passed away, such as the Bowyers and the Barber-Surgeons. At the present time the majority of the members of these societies, or Companies, do not practise the

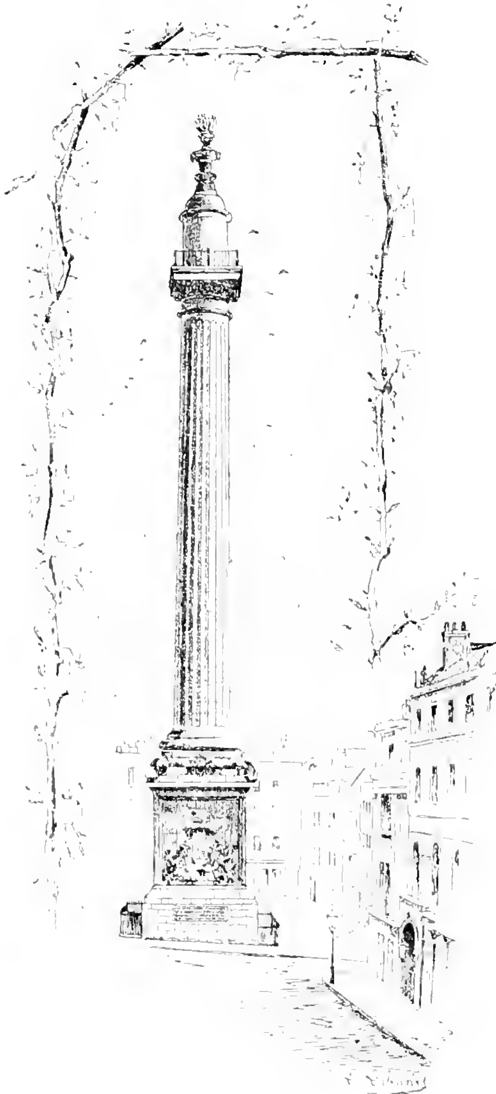


SPECIMEN OF FIVE-POUND BANK-NOTE.

profession indicated by their titles. One only, that of the Stationers, is exclusively composed of persons belonging to that branch of commerce. These opulent Companies confine themselves to the management of their immense estates, to see to the prosperity of the pious foundations, the schools, and almshouses which from time to time they have erected or endowed; and, above all things, to give feasts and banquets! Ah! those banquets! how they come under our view every moment when we are writing about the City! From time to time a man of mark in the political world, or a victorious general, or a prince, is elected a member of one of these Companies. All the members of the Royal Family belong to one or other of these Companies, and God knows to what copious libations and festivities one of these memorable elections gives rise! One of the last elections was that of Sir Beauchamp Seymour (now Lord Alcester), who bombarded Alexandria in 1882, who was made a Cutler, first by telegraph, and afterwards by the traditional ceremonial in the beginning of 1883.

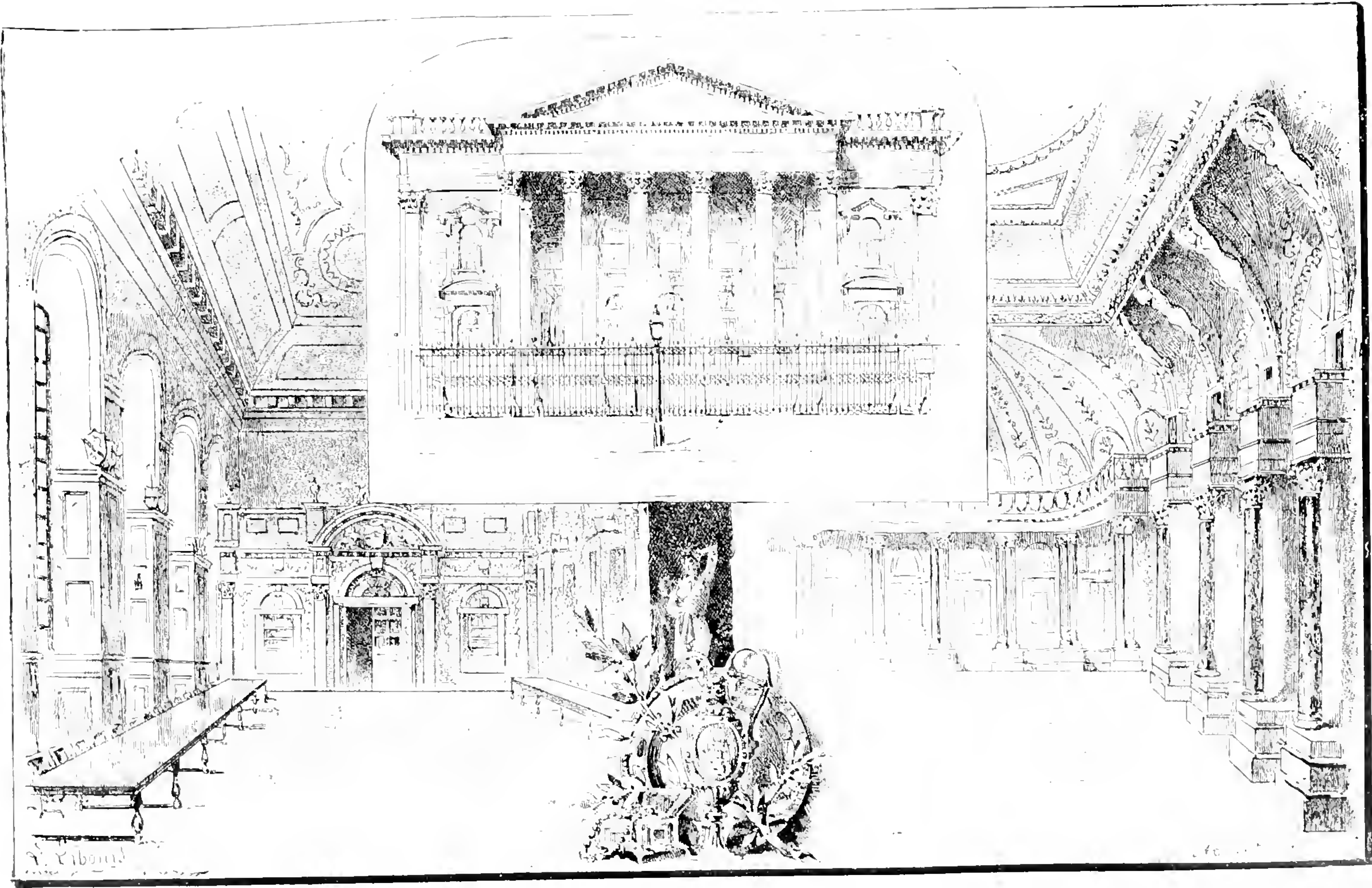
There are scarcely a dozen Companies at present which possess Halls worthy of the name. Amongst these the Mercers, the Grocers, the Fishmongers, and the Goldsmiths

occupy the first rank. It "goes without saying" that the last-mentioned eclipses all the other Companies in point of luxury, from the richness of the plate exhibited on the sideboards, &c., on feast days. This Company controls and inspects all articles of gold or silver made in England. All the Companies possess pictures and statuary, representing in most cases celebrated personages, members of corporations, or historical events. The Barber-Surgeons possess a grand picture by Holbein, the subject of which is King Henry VIII. granting the charter to their Corporation. This canvas has been spoiled by the successive awkward attempts at re-touching, under which the original colouring has almost disappeared. A portrait of Inigo Jones, by Van Dyck, is also in the same collection. It is easy to visit the Halls of the different Companies by presenting one's-self there, or by addressing a member, for strangers are in general very courteously received. The revenues of the Companies are very large, and it is difficult to fix even approximately the figure, which must amount to a respectable number of millions.



THE MONUMENT.

We must not leave this portion of our subject without saying a few words concerning the general commercial character of England, and the resolute energy of the British merchant, the sureness of his glance, the fertility of his mind, and, above all, his perseverance. Accustomed to depend solely upon himself, the merchant, the English business man, or manufacturer, never permits himself to be discouraged. From his Government he demands only one thing—the liberty to manage his own affairs as he pleases, knowing that in general skilful politicians are not good men of business. The commercial crisis which succeeded the prodigious development of trade in 1873, enables us to see how the English people understand their own interests. In that year the returns of trade reached the then unprecedented figure of £682,000,000 sterling —£371,000,000 of imports, and £311,000,000 of exports: merchandize only, remember. It was soon perceived that this extraordinary result was due to rash speculations, and, as a natural consequence, prices fell to such a degree that many people fancied such a condition of things could never be again reached—that business would not



STATIONERS' HALL. GOLDSMITHS' HALL. MERCERS' HALL.

recover. The situation was certainly grave. The markets were glutted with foreign produce; English manufactures had become inferior, and the result was a commercial crisis. Far from being discouraged, this depression of trade acted on the British manufacturers like a spur. They redoubled their energies, renewed their plant, and, having improved their produce, beat their rivals with their own weapons; so that in 1880 the returns of imports and exports were raised to £697,000,000, or more than £15,000,000 over the totals of 1873! It is this indomitable energy, this tenacity, this confidence in himself, which gives the superiority to the British merchant. These are, besides, national qualities which are met with in all professions.

DOOR OF SADDLERS' HALL.

Here is an anecdote typical of the subject: Some thirty years ago two enterprising young men started in business in the City together. After a while their small capital was exhausted, and their credit shaken by the suggestive rumours that a financial paper thought fit to promulgate. That fact saved them. An action for libel was brought, and terminated in favour of the young men, who were awarded £1,000 damages. As their cash-box was empty, one would imagine that they hastened to pay some of their debts with the money. Anyone who thinks so can have but little knowledge of the English character. The day after the trial the *Times* announced that Messrs. X. Y. & Co. had given the £1,000 to the London hospitals. A house that could afford to do this could not be in difficulties. Their credit was saved, that was all they wanted. To-day these gentlemen are millionaires, and of world-wide reputation.

VI.

THE THAMES, AND THE PORT OF LONDON.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—THE DOCKS.—ST. KATHERINE'S AND THE LONDON DOCKS.—WAPPING.—THE THAMES TUNNEL.—THE TOWER SUBWAY.

If the monuments of the City fall below our preconceived ideas, its commercial institutions, on the other hand, surpass all that the imagination could have pictured. It is a newly discovered world—an unknown town into which we have penetrated, which resembles nothing we have ever known, of which we shall never see the like—for it is unique on the face of the earth. In fact, what other can be compared with it? Where can we find another Thames—the "Silent Highway"—which puts it in communication with the Universe? "All roads lead to Rome," says the proverb. London leads everywhere, retorts the Englishman, proud of his commercial supremacy, of his merchant marine, of his genius for bargaining, of his energetic and enterprising spirit. From London Bridge the prospect is superb. The River, two hundred and fifty yards wide, rolling its yellow and glittering waves along, is covered with vessels from all parts of the globe, and so packed, so pressed one against the other, that it is difficult for those going out or coming in to push their way through the crowd of boats of all kinds which dart across the narrow channel left in the centre of the stream. In front, as far as the eye can reach, extends a forest of masts, a network of cordage, a labyrinth of yards and rigging which seems inextricable: a lace of a thousand patterns, of which the threads are ropes and chain cables.

Beside the heavy merchantmen—great ships which have come from the Indies or Australia—the large steamers of great speed, with their narrow beams and tapering sides, make a striking contrast. It is the racehorse compared with the powerful roadster. Light and rapid the Greenwich steamers make their way amongst the heavier craft, leaving behind them a silver streak in the water, and in the air a trail of black smoke. All nations are represented below the bridge, if we may judge from the bunting displayed; but practised hands have no need to study the flags to pronounce upon the nationality of the stranger: a glance is sufficient to detect the signs imperceptible to the ordinary observer in the inclination of the masts, the cut of the sails, the "lines" of the hull, which, for the knowing ones, is as good as a certificate of birth and parentage.

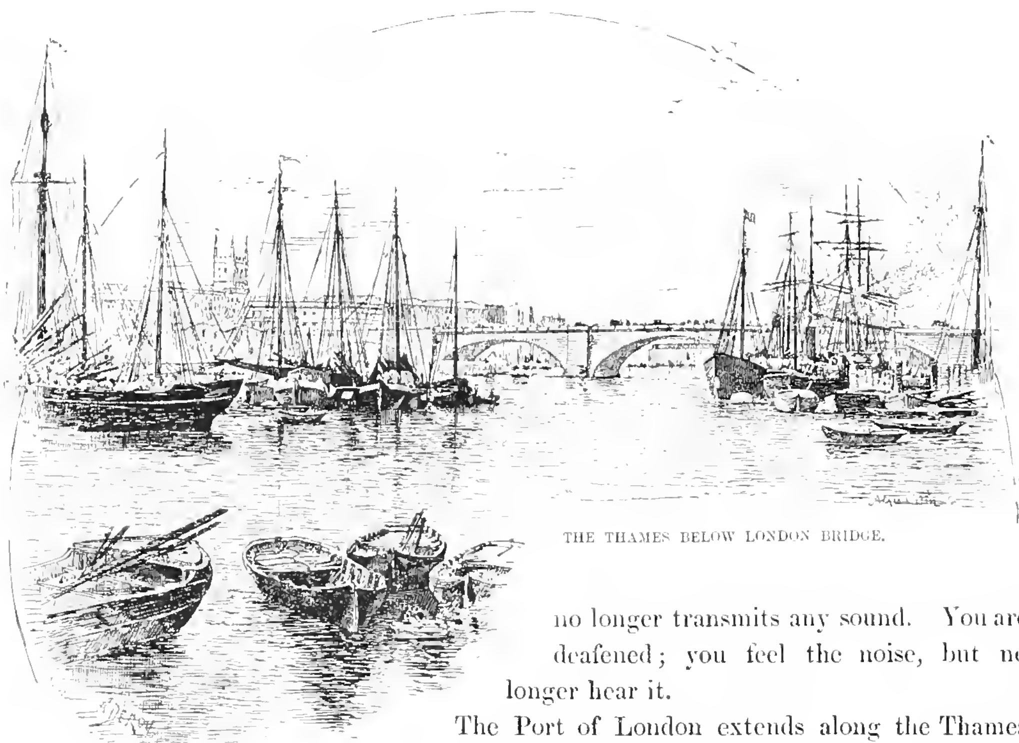
On the left are the Monument and the Billingsgate Fish Market, with its Italian campanile. Farther on is a great white building with colonnades—this is the Custom House. Farther down, still, the Tower; then St. Katherine's Docks; the London Docks situated above the famous tunnel of Brunel—the Thames Tunnel, now utilized by a railway company.

On the right is busy Bermondsey, with its lofty chimneys, from which ascend clouds of smoke and steam, the smells of which mingle with the odours of the numerous

tanneries established on that side of the Thames; the Commercial Docks and the Surrey Docks are in the sharp curve which the river makes here.

The continued rolling of the cabs, the sound of horses' hoofs on the stones, the puffing of many steam engines, the blows of heavy hammers, the grinding pulleys, the groaning capstans, and, above all, the voices of a million of men, unite in forming a loud roaring, which is like the roaring of the sea.

The noise as of waves envelopes you; you are clasped in its shadowy embrace, and lulled to sleep; the ear too rapidly struck by the multiplicity of sonorous vibrations,



THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.

no longer transmits any sound. You are deafened; you feel the noise, but no longer hear it.

The Port of London extends along the Thames for six and a-half miles. It is about that distance from London Bridge to the point called Bugsby's Hole; but, as a matter of fact, the frequented portion of the river does not extend below Limehouse—or the portion of the river occupied by the East and West India Docks on one side, and by the Surrey Docks on the other. Vessels of 800 tons come up as far as this; those of 1,100 tons cannot come above Blackwall; but ships of any draught can get up as far as Woolwich.

The importance of the Port of London is so great that the Custom House employs 2,000 officers. The entries and clearances of vessels number 150 a day, or 50,000 a-year, and the duties levied by the Custom House amount to the sum of £10,000,000 sterling, which is almost half the sum paid by the whole of the United Kingdom. Liverpool—the famous port of Liverpool—only pays a sum of £3,000,000 sterling annually in dues of all kinds, that is to say, only one-third of the amount paid for London dues—but as a place of export Liverpool is much more important than the metropolis.

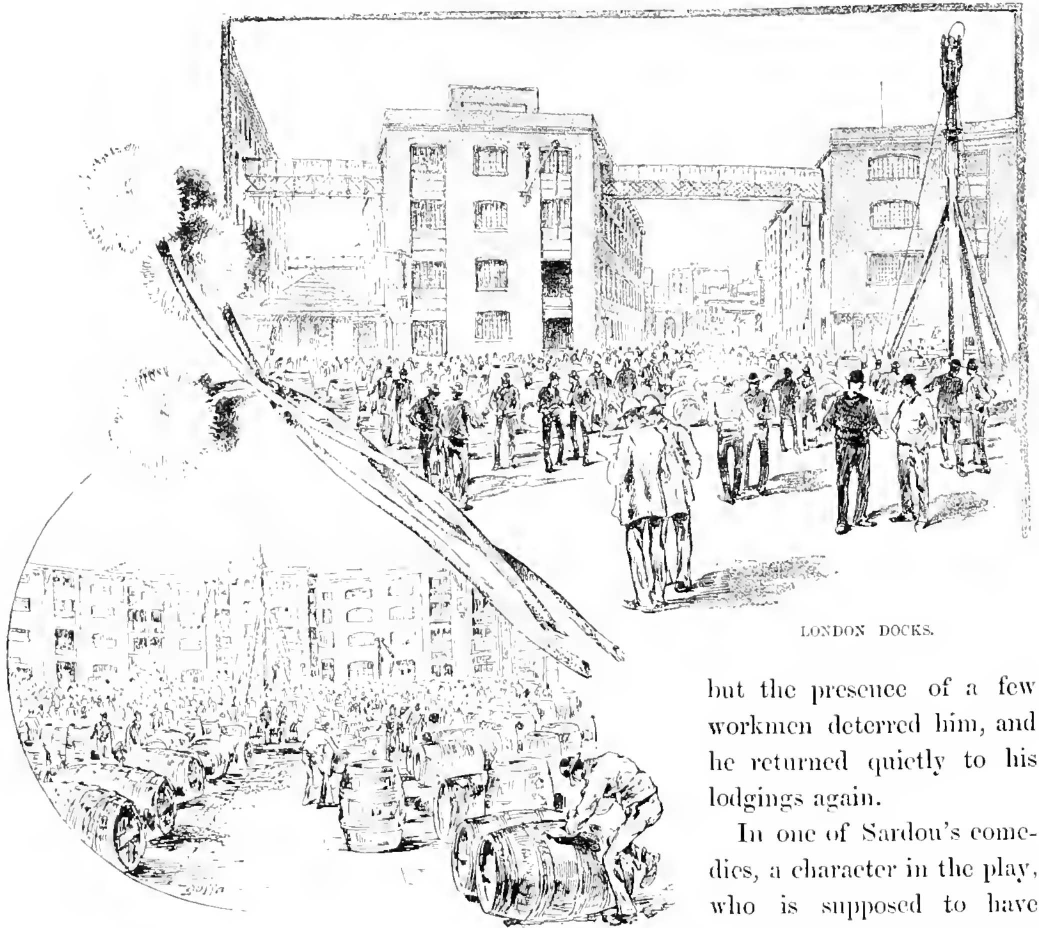
The value of the merchandise imported to and exported from London is estimated at £65,000,000 sterling. Faithful to the principles of free trade, the English impose duties only upon about twenty articles of consumption; but, in fact, four articles only furnish the Revenue with £20,000,000 sterling: these are wine, tea, spirits, and tobacco. Coal, it is true, whether it arrives by land or by sea, pays a tax of thirteen pence per ton as City dues to the Corporation, whose revenues are estimated from this source at £170,000 sterling. Two millions of tons of coal enter London annually, and it is said that 20,000 sailors are employed in the transport of the sea-borne coal.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

A visit to the Custom House will prove very interesting, if only to see the great hall, where a hundred clerks are employed in receiving the declarations of captains and shippers. For anyone gifted with perseverance, the Custom House holds in reserve an agreeable surprise—the Museum, in which the objects and articles that have been used for smuggling are exhibited. The fertility of the smuggler's imagination is positively unlimited. There is no apparently inoffensive article that has not been employed to conceal spirits, cigars, or tobacco. Sometimes it is a large folio volume, which conceals some dozens of cigars; a crinoline, such as were worn formerly, the steels of which were so arranged as to receive bladders filled with excellent brandy or sherry; sometimes an oil-can with a false bottom, as used by conjurors, is detected; or even a loaf of bread, artistically hollowed out until nothing is left but the crust; in this receptacle a pound of tobacco is placed in lieu of the extracted "crumb." One must visit this collection

to understand to what extent the inventive minds of the smugglers will lead them, and to do justice to the marvellous sagacity of the Custom-House officers who have ferreted out these tricks, which would do credit to the Red Indians.

From the extensive terrace that skirts the river, the visitor can enjoy an excellent view over the river and the port of London. It was here, as related, that the poet Cowper came, with the intention to commit suicide at the time of his great distress;

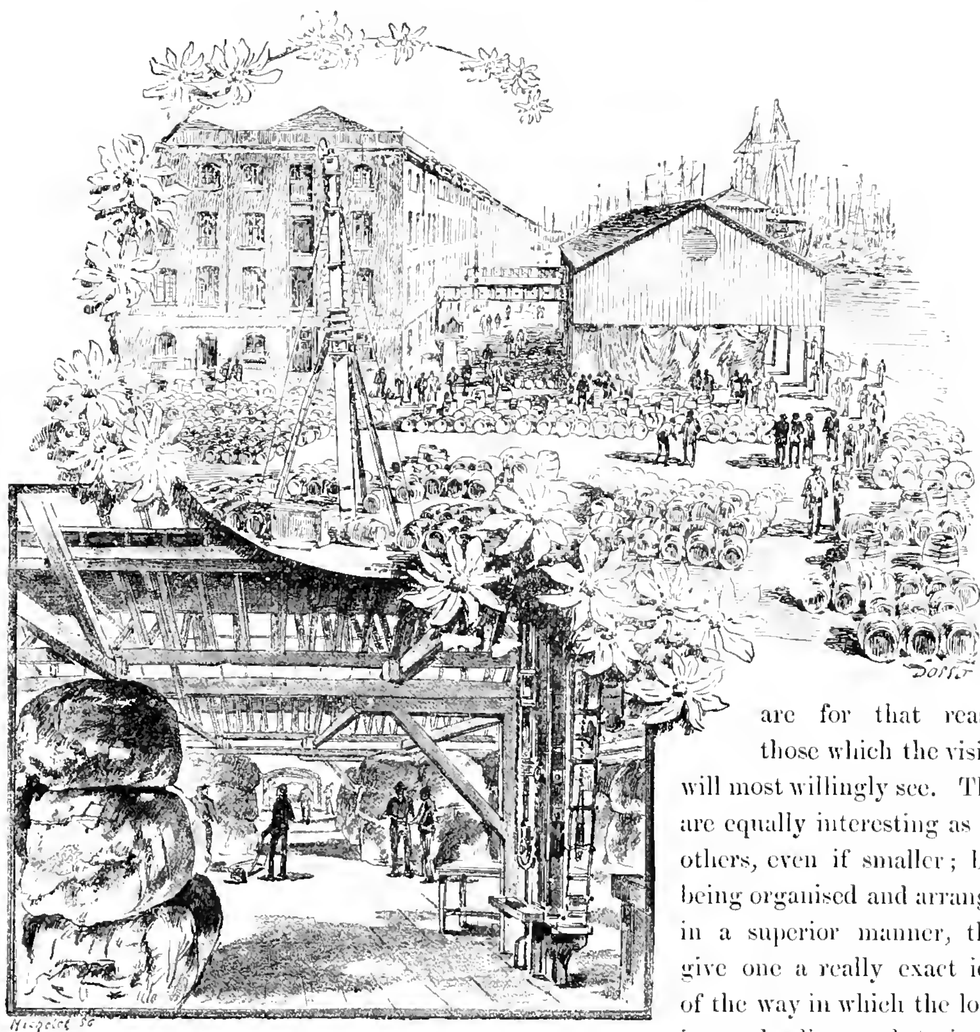


LONDON DOCKS.

but the presence of a few workmen deterred him, and he returned quietly to his lodgings again.

In one of Sardou's comedies, a character in the play, who is supposed to have returned from Liverpool, exclaims, cheerfully, "I never so well understood the greatness of England until I saw so much soap!" There is truth, and a good deal of truth, in this conceit. The Anglo-Saxon people, whom Napoleon spoke of, disdainfully, as "a nation of shopkeepers," are justly proud of this commercial ascendency, which makes them so strong. They are proud of it; they glory in it, and with good reason, since it has enabled them to triumph over their enemies in the past, and will again render them the same services should circumstances call for them. What would this same character in the comedy say if he could see the extensive London Docks, which cover a superficial area of 1,000 acres; and of which docks one, and that by no means the largest, employs nearly 3,000 men daily, occupied in loading and unloading the vessels

in the basins? Six of these docks are situated on the left bank, and two on the right bank of the river; and it is estimated that 6,000 ships are lying in the various London docks every day in the year. The work accomplished daily in these gigantic *entrepôts* is actually prodigious—prodigious, too, is the quantity of goods, of all kinds, which they contain. St. Katherine's Docks, being the nearest to the business centres,



LONDON DOCKS.

are for that reason those which the visitor will most willingly see. They are equally interesting as the others, even if smaller; but, being organised and arranged in a superior manner, they give one a really exact idea of the way in which the loading, unloading, and storing of merchandise is carried on.

A dock is composed of basins communicating with the river (in this case, the Thames), and is entered by sluice-gates, surrounded by quays, on which rise warehouses of many stories, which receive the merchandise destined for export, or which has been imported. In some docks there are no jetties, the vessels being moored close under the warehouses, so the merchandise is raised direct from the ship's hold to the storehouse. Immense cranes, worked by hydraulic pressure, lift the bales and cases to the desired floors, where the labourers seize them and stow them away, under the supervision of the clerks charged with their registration. The whole proceeding is conducted in a very

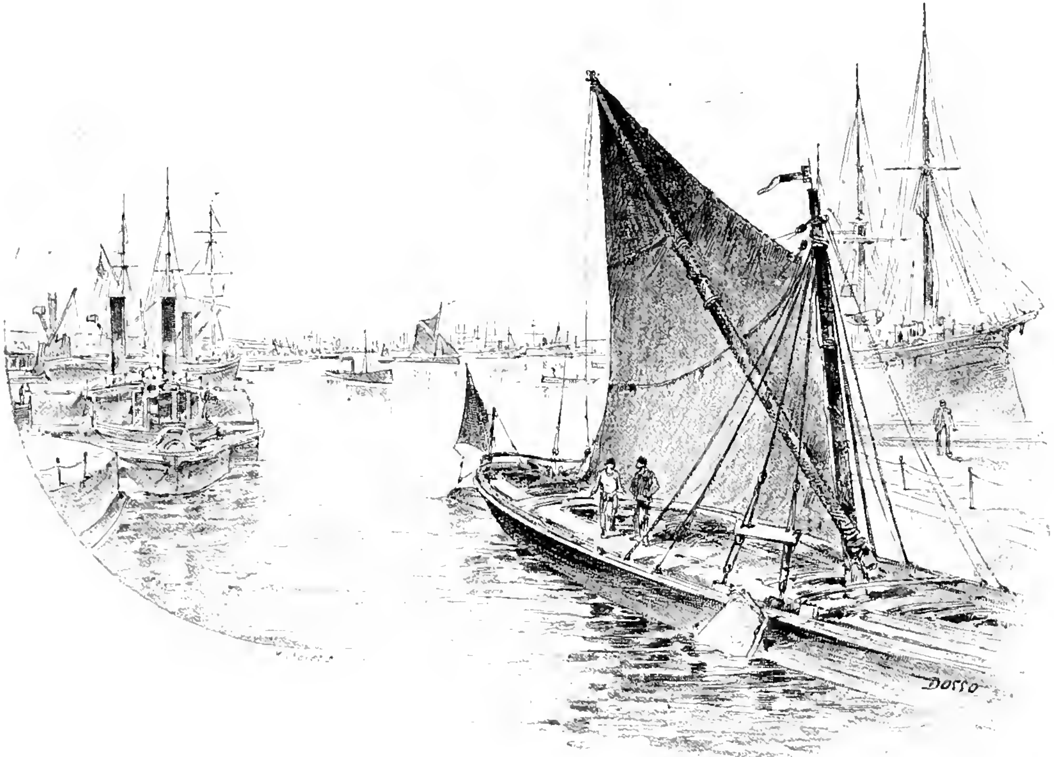
noiseless fashion and almost without speaking. Four or five days are sufficient to unload a vessel of 1,000 tons, and on special occasions, in times of pressure, the work is accomplished even more rapidly. It is on record that 1,100 barrels of tallow, each weighing nine or ten hundredweight, were unloaded in seven hours. As it would be impossible to maintain a staff sufficient to perform this Herculean labour, the dock labourers are engaged by the day, or even for the half day, according to need. So there is a miscellaneous and a strange-looking crowd every morning pressing around the dock-gates. Clerks out of place, workmen out of work, ruined gentlemen, servants, old sailors, soldiers, beggars, pickpockets; in fact, all that rose that morning, without knowing where to turn for food, go to the docks, in the hope of finding some work and bread! This is the only place, perhaps, in the world at which one can present one's self without recommendation, and be admitted. Those who cannot obtain employment in the morning wait in a court until the afternoon, when perhaps a fair wind will bring up a tardy vessel, and enable them to gain the fourpence per hour which is paid to the unhappy wretches who are taken on late. Seated or lying upon the benches, emaciated, ragged, there are a hundred or two hundred men seeking for a problematical morsel of bread. A gate is opened; a man—the foreman—appears. He wants six men. The crowd rushes up; the first push themselves in. The gate is closed. A day without food! And to think that every day there are hundreds, thousands, of human beings who have no other resource than labour at the docks! Yes, it is there, indeed, that one sees the richness of England; but it is there, too, that one sees the fearful misery, this leprosy, this plague-spot, this canker, which is eating into it, and always increasing! What a shadow upon the picture!

It is from the docks also that emigrants proceed to America, and, above all, Australia. Attracted by the announcements in the newspapers of the promises of ship-owners, what suffering do they endure on these floating-boxes called "emigrant ships," the most terrible means of torture ever invented. Legislation on the subject is very wise and paternal, but a number of unscrupulous ship-owners elude with much ingenuity the provisions of the law. Notwithstanding the supervision exercised by Government Inspectors, the regulations are cleverly violated, the cabins are crowded up, the food is insufficient when it is not absolutely unwholesome, and the vessel is in as bad a condition as is compatible with its keeping afloat at all! But, bah! the passage money has been paid; the vessel has been insured; what does it matter whether it founders or whether it arrives at its destination? In either case, there is nothing to fear, for the emigrants who disembark in the antipodes make no more claims than do those who lie at the bottom of the ocean.

All types of humanity are represented in the docks, and one can make the tour of the world there without any trouble, and may hear every language under the sun, from English to Tartar-manchou. All the varying shades which the human skin is capable of displaying, show themselves here as in a kaleidoscope. The white Norwegian elbows the bronzed African; the yellow Chinese, with his small eyes and long pig-tail; the thin and raw-boned Yankee, with his "goatee" ornamenting his chin; the Russian, the Lascar, the Malay, rush about elbowing each other, knocking against each other too; exchanging jests or fisticuffs. Sometimes a sudden gleam is seen, and then as

quickly disappears in the midst of a group of men. A knife has been drawn; an almost sure indication of the presence of an Italian or a Spaniard. At the cries of the wounded man, the stalwart policeman leisurely advances, calm and dignified, collars the man with the knife, and hauls him off to the police station—not without difficulty, sometimes. In case of resistance, it is all the worse for the malcontent, who receives some ugly blows, and finds himself carried face downward to the station by four strong policemen, in a position in which it is impossible to struggle. This mode of conducting a refractory prisoner is known as the "Frog's March." Why?

The warehouses are full of bales, cases, and barrels. In the St. Katherine's Docks,



DOCK-BASIN.

the principal merchandise stored consists of tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, grain, wool, and silk; the total weight stored in these warehouses reaches 140,000 tons. As one passes from warehouse to warehouse, one experiences the whole "gamut of smells," known and unknown, which successively salute the olfactory nerves. The aroma of tea and coffee are mingled disagreeably with the emanations from a pile of freshly-stripped hides. Here pepper and tobacco assail your throat and eyes, and you cough and "sneeze your head off." Further on you slip on something sticky which you take for tar—it is cane-sugar, which is exuding from the barrels yonder. A stalwart porter, carrying a package, sends you flying up against a wall, from which you return blue—not with fear, but with indigo! It is all your own fault, you should have kept a better look out! One has no time to be polite in the docks. Business

is business; and if the sight-seer is admitted, it is on the understanding that he does not interfere with the labourers. You have nothing to complain of; as for the men there, they speak but little, by monosyllables, no cries, oaths, laughter, or singing is heard, unless from the vessels where the sailors are accompanying their work with the chants common to seamen of all nations. Here and there you will observe the watchmen or policemen, wearing the uniform of the Dock Company, which has its special police, walking about, watching carefully all that goes on; they exchange a few words with each other and resume their patrol. Indifferent as they may appear, nothing escapes them. Guardians of another species, but the use of which is evident, are the cats, of which there is quite an army in the St. Katherine's Docks; and the keep of these four-footed auxiliaries costs about £200 a year!

ST. PAUL'S AND THE THAMES ABOVE LONDON BRIDGE.

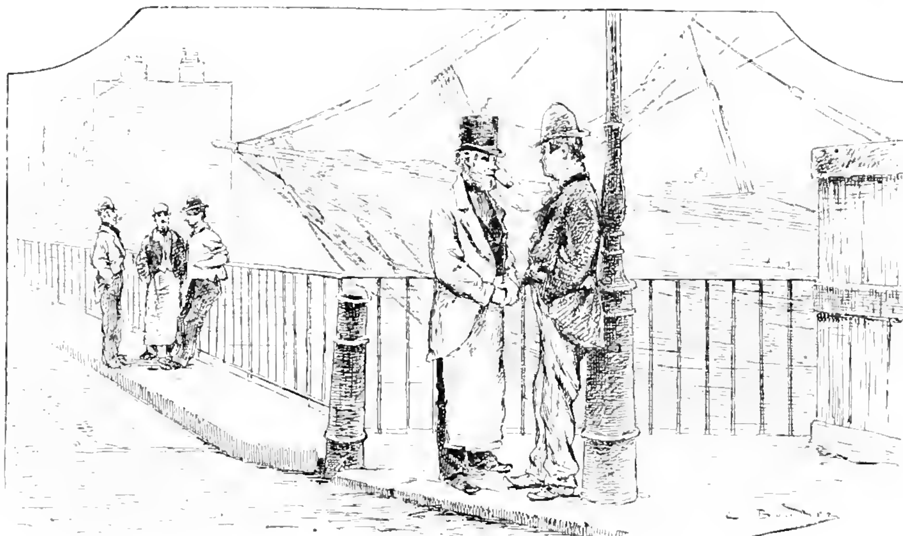
The superficial area of these docks is about 24 acres, including the basins and warehouses. When they were about to be erected (in 1827), it was found necessary to demolish a hospital* and 1300 houses.

The London Docks, separated from St. Katherine's by a narrow lane, are much the more extensive. Their area is four times as great; they are, like the others, enclosed within walls, and include 4 basins, 24 warehouses, 20 sheds, and 21 cellars. There are 3 sluice-gates from the river for the entry and exit of shipping. More than 300 vessels

* St. Katherine's Hospital is now situated in the Regent's Park.

can find room at a time, but it is seldom that so many are found there at once. These docks are the great emporiums for tea, tobacco, and particularly Australian wool; 120,000 chests of tea can be warehoused there, and 180,000 pipes of wine. As for tobacco, the quantity may be estimated from the fact that a whole basin and an immense storehouse, covering nearly 2½ acres of land, are exclusively devoted to the reception of the plant, introduced into France by Nicot, and into England by Sir Walter Raleigh.

To visit the cellars it is necessary to be furnished with a special permit, called a "tasting order," which entitles the visitor to taste the wines stored there. Accompanied by a cellar-man the visitor may, supposing his head and his legs are sufficiently strong,



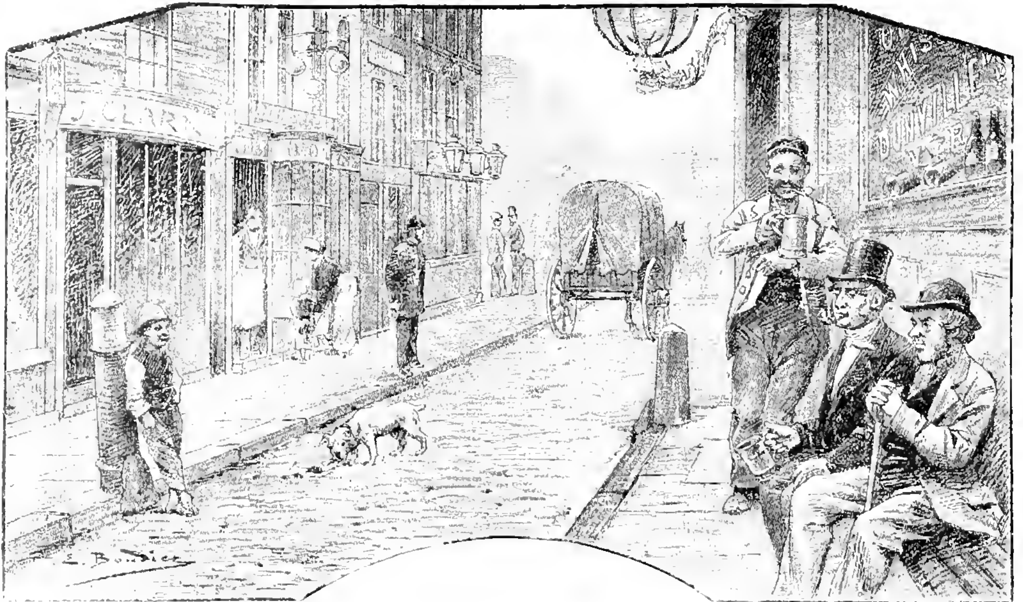
NATIVES OF WAPPING.

pronounce upon all the vintages in the world—from Bordeaux to Australian wines, from those of the Rhine to South Africa. This experiment, from which very few people emerge unscathed, is not within the reach of everybody. Nevertheless, the number of people who are met with staggering about, having evidently considerable difficulty to preserve their equilibrium, proves that it is by no means a difficult matter to procure a "tasting order." The losses generally attributed to the bad condition of the casks are considerable. In the year 1874 the quantity of wine which *evaporated* amounted to 20,000 bottles!

The Wool Warehouses are the most extensive in London. The telephone and the telegraph put them in communication with the market, and with the houses of the principal brokers. These storehouses form a separate portion of the Docks, and are connected with all the lines of railway, and with the Victoria Docks lower down the river. In 1862 there had been put up for sale by these Docks alone 92,000 bales of wool. In 1881 the sales reached nearly 100,000 bales, or one-third of all the wool sold in London.

The length of the landing-quays is about 5,000 yards. In the London Docks we

find the Queen's Pipe, which is an immense furnace of cylindrical form with a high chimney, from which escape clouds of smoke of a very persistent odour. In this "pipe" is consumed all the merchandise which has not paid duty, and which cannot be sold owing to its bad condition. From one year to another the Queen's Pipe smokes away a most heterogeneous collection of articles—tobacco, hams, coffee, tea, gloves (13,000 pairs at one time), all are thrown in and burned; and as nothing is wasted, the ashes are sold by auction to gardeners, who make an excellent manure of it, or to soap-boilers and chemical works. The old iron is put aside for the gun factories, and commands a high price for gun-barrels. It seems that this iron is of extraordinary toughness, and will stand an enormous pressure without bursting.



A STREET IN WAPPING.

The London and the St. Katherine's Docks belong to the same company, and fabulous profits are realized every year.

The streets which surround the Docks, and in which it is scarcely prudent to venture in the evening—or, at times, by day—are some of the most strange and curious in the metropolis.

Narrow and dirty, they are lined with low houses—hovels, the inhabitants of which, especially the females, defy description. The women, unkempt, tipsy, bear upon their countenances the marks of the most horrible debauchery and the most revolting vices. Wearing bonnets picked up in the streets, covered with dirty rags, but rags of staring colours, red shawls, dresses of violet or vivid green, with a bold, insolent air they go about in groups, laughing coarsely at some gross joke, or at some obscene remark cast at a passer-by. Brawls are of frequent occurrence between these females, and leave on their faces ineffaceable traces of the encounter. Of ten of these creatures there will be surely found six who have had an eye blackened, a lip split, or an ear torn off.

As for the men, worthy companions of such harpies, they offer a spectacle of the most repulsive drunkenness and hideous depravity. Callot has never dreamed of any more atrociously cynical, more nakedly horrible, more audaciously criminal, than the hang-dog faces of these "roughs," who, were it not for the wholesome fear of the police and the "cat," would strangle you like a fowl and rob you. It is true that they have no hesitation in robbing you. So it is as well to leave your watch and purse behind you when visiting such places.

TOWER SUBWAY.

The only shops which one meets are those of pawnbrokers and public houses — the alpha and omega of Wapping existence —the place where you can obtain money, and the place where you can spend it. The number of these establishments evidences the flourishing condition of these honest traders

Every sailor who lands after a voyage with well-filled pockets, immediately becomes the prey of one of those terrible women whose seductions are for him irresistible. Dragged first of all into a gin shop, copious "drinks" soon deprive him of his senses; and after a *tête-à-tête* with the syren in tatters, our sailor wakes up in a corner stupefied, rendered incapable by drink and excesses, his pockets and his head alike vacant.

To diminish these occurrences as much as possible, and, at the same time, to protect the sailor himself from the lodging house harpies of the district, a Sailors' Home has been founded, where the men are comfortably lodged and fed at a moderate sum, and protected from the pernicious influences of the "Mollies" and other nymphs of Wapping.

It is in this direction that we find the Thames Tunnel, planned and executed by Brunel. It was commenced in 1825, and finished eighteen years after in 1843; tremendous difficulties had to be encountered and overcome. £12,000,000 sterling were spent in this ruinous enterprise, which never has returned a penny to the unfortunate shareholders. The Thames Tunnel was in a ruinous condition when, in 1865, it was purchased for £200,000 by the East London Railway, which now runs its trains through it and brings them into direct communication with the lines north and south of London, below London Bridge (at New Cross). The Thames Tunnel is 1,200 feet long, and the top of the arch is only 16 feet below the bed of the river.

In 1870 another communication by a sub-fluvial passage (for pedestrians) was opened by the Tower Gates. The Tower Subway is simply an iron tube seven feet in diameter.

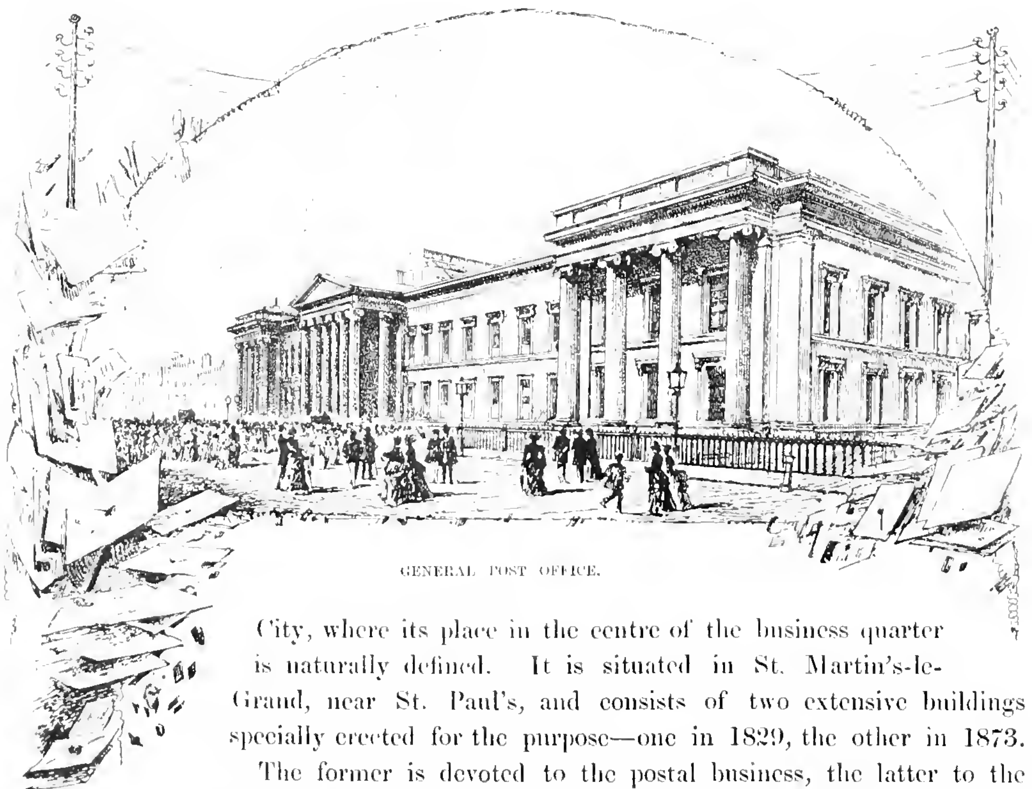
and 1,300 feet in length, lighted by gas, in which two men can just walk abreast. However, as there is no other way of traversing the stream without making a very considerable *détour*, this somewhat inconvenient passage is much used, particularly by working-men who are proceeding to or from their work. It is estimated that about three thousand people pass through the Tower Subway every day.

VII.

THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE POSTAL AND TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENTS.—THE MINT.—THE TRINITY HOUSE.

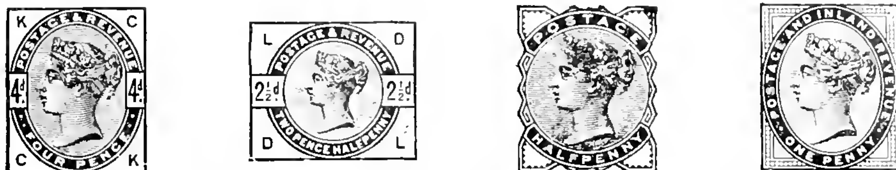
The General Post-office, the head of which—the Postmaster-General—is one of the Ministry, is the only one of the great departments of the State which is located in the



GENERAL POST OFFICE.

City, where its place in the centre of the business quarter is naturally defined. It is situated in St. Martin's-le-Grand, near St. Paul's, and consists of two extensive buildings specially erected for the purpose—one in 1829, the other in 1873. The former is devoted to the postal business, the latter to the telegraph administration. The older building, designed by Sir R. Smirke, presents the eternal Grecian façade with columns, which is found everywhere, whether in Exchange or Bank, Custom House or Church. The interior is perfectly arranged. The public enters a vast hall 80 feet by 60, where are wickets for the various kinds of business. The simplicity of the forms to be gone through, and the

rapidity with which they are attended to, are really admirable. The officials endeavour to expedite business by all means in their power, and they succeed in their aim. The



SPECIMENS OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

clerks, courteous, obliging, correct, and quite "up to the mark," are particularly complaisant, and seem fully alive to the truth, so long in making its way in France

THE MINT.

—that the Post-Office was invented for the public, and not the public for the Post. The work done here is immense. In 1882, the number of letters posted was more than 1,000 millions; while the post-cards reached a total of 144 millions; newspapers and book packets, 318 millions. The transmission of letters and telegrams in London

is achieved with marvellous rapidity. Thus it is possible to write to a friend in the morning, receive an answer, and to send a reply to that answer, which will be delivered the same day—making three letters exchanged between two persons in twelve hours; and this, too, within the radius of twelve miles from the head office. So complete are the postal arrangements, that there is not a house more than two hundred yards from a letter-box, or four hundred from a post-office and money-order office. There are 9,700 pillar-boxes, which are cleared every hour, from ten o'clock in the morning, until five in the evening; there are twelve deliveries in the City, and eleven in other places. On Sundays, London is less well off than some other towns in England—there is no delivery of letters in London that day, while in the provinces there is a morning delivery on Sunday. Why is the Londoner deprived of his correspondence one day in the week, while the provincial receives his? This is one of those unsolvable mysteries with which one is continually meeting in this land of contrasts and anomalies.

SOVEREIGN.

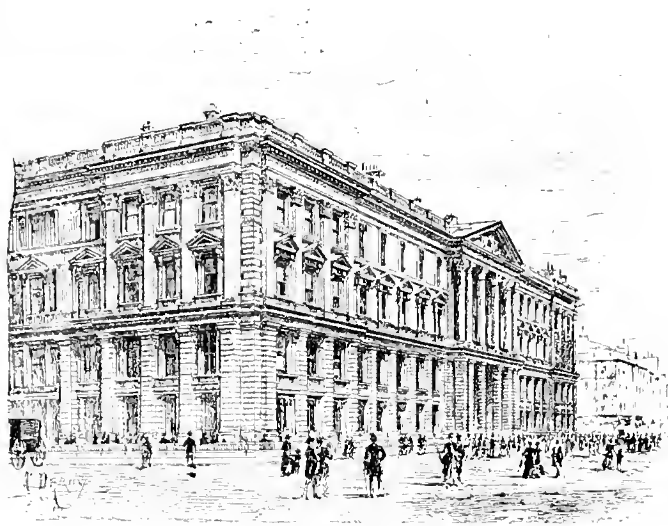
The telegraph administration, situated opposite the postal department, is accommodated in an immense building of four storeys, without any claims to architectural beauty, but arranged in a manner eminently suited to the requirements of business. Underground are the electric "piles" and pneumatic tubes, serving for transmission of telegrams, and the steam engines. The offices are on the first floor, and the upper storeys are exclusively used for the receipt and transmission of telegrams. The journalistic and private wires are on the second floor, the ordinary telegrams on the third. Five hundred instruments are working night and day, and occupy 1,500 *employés*, of whom two-thirds belong to the fair sex. The sterner sex is chiefly entrusted with the night work, and the transmission of foreign telegrams, which are confided to a special staff. The number of wires radiating from the Central office is prodigious. Liverpool alone has twenty. The Ministers, the Houses of Parliament, the Palace, the private residences of the great functionaries of State, and some other grandees have special wires, and an *employé* is always attached to the Queen's *suite* in all her travels. The total length of the telegraphic wires is about 126,000 miles, and the number of telegrams exceed 32 millions a year. The Post-office is also entrusted with the savings bank business, of which the deposits have reached to the enormous total of £30,000,000.

HALF-CROWN PIECE

The revenue of this department, which comprises 13,000 offices for postal and telegraph business throughout the Kingdom, and employs more than 27,000 persons, is £8,640,000 per annum. The profits, according to a recent statement of the Postmaster-General in Parliament, are, in round numbers, £3,000,000 sterling.

The Mint is also in the City near the Tower of London. To visit it one must be furnished with an order from the Master of the Mint, the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

who is very chary of his permits. The Mint was formerly in the Tower; it is only since 1811 that the work-shops have been moved to their present site. Since the discovery of gold in Australia, and the importation of this precious metal, the Mint has issued an enormous quantity of coin. In ten years it has coined 14 millions of sovereigns, 16 millions of half-sovereigns, 14 millions of florins, 43 millions of shillings, and about 48 millions of sixpenny, fourpenny, and threepenny pieces. During the same period, only 80,000 half-crowns have been struck off. The sovereigns and half-sovereigns only are gold—the others are all silver coins. The bronze coinage is not struck in the Mint—it is made in Birmingham by private firms working on Government account. The face of "Britannia" upon the reverse of the penny pieces is the likeness of the celebrated Duchess of Richmond, "the beautiful Stewart" who inspired Charles II. with such a violent passion. That monarch caused a medal to be struck in her honour, and from that medal the die was made for the bronze coinage.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

A.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

For Postage Stamps

Office of Origin and Service Instructions | Words | Sent | At | To

The Name and Address of the Sender, [illegible] must be written at the End of the Message [illegible] not to be telegraphed, they should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

12 [illegible] 6D

TO

$\frac{1}{2}$D

NOTICE.—[illegible] subject to the Regulations made pursuant to [illegible] Section of the Telegraph Act, 1885, and to the Notice printed at the back hereof.

(HARRISON AND SONS PRINTERS LONDON)

TELEGRAPH FORM.

The Trinity House, a most unpretentious building which we come upon in the square of the same name, is the head-quarters of the Board charged with the inspection of the light-houses and light-ships, and the appointment of pilots. The council-room is decorated with busts of the most illustrious English seamen, and a picture by Gainsborough represents the members of the (then) Board on an enormous canvas twenty feet long. The President of the

Board is generally an illustrious personage; the office of Master is, at present, filled by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

VIII.

THE PROVISION SUPPLIES.—STATISTICS.—THE MARKETS.—SMITHFIELD, BILLINGSGATE, COPENHAGEN FIELDS MARKET, DEPTFORD MARKET, COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—OPEN-AIR MARKETS.—THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS AND COLUMBIA MARKET.

London does not possess, as Paris does, central markets where any one may go and purchase his daily supplies of food. In the first place, the difficulty would be to find a space sufficiently large to store the various commodities necessary to the sustenance of such a populous city, and, had it been found, the enormous distances which would have to be traversed in order to reach a central point, would render such "Halles" impossible in London. The system, besides, is repugnant to English notions: the regulations, the official intervention, the "red tape-ism," the officialism, are all objectionable to the Britisher, and the problem how to feed nearly five millions of inhabitants every day—that is to say, a population two-and-a-half times greater than that of Paris—has always been left to the initiative of private individuals, who have solved it in a most satisfactory manner.

The quantity of food that London absorbs is something fabulous; all the world contributes to satisfy the appetite of this gigantic city. Germany, Holland, the United States, and Australia send meat; France supplies wine, poultry, and eggs—of which a prodigious quantity is consumed—and vegetables; Italy and Spain send fruits, wines, and vegetables; China, India, and America, tea, coffee, sugar, exotic fruits, pine-apples, bananas, and so on—which are as common in the streets of London at certain seasons as apples and chestnuts are in Paris, and are sold at "surprisingly low prices," as the linendrapers say in their announcements.

Would the reader like to see what the capital of the United Kingdom consumes annually in the way of food? Well then, here are a few statistics:—400,000 oxen, 2,000,000 sheep, 130,000 calves, 250,000 pigs—and all these, of course, without reckoning salted meats, imported "tinned" or "barrelled" comestibles. And the poultry!—1,000,000 fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys; about as much game, and 7,300,000 rabbits!

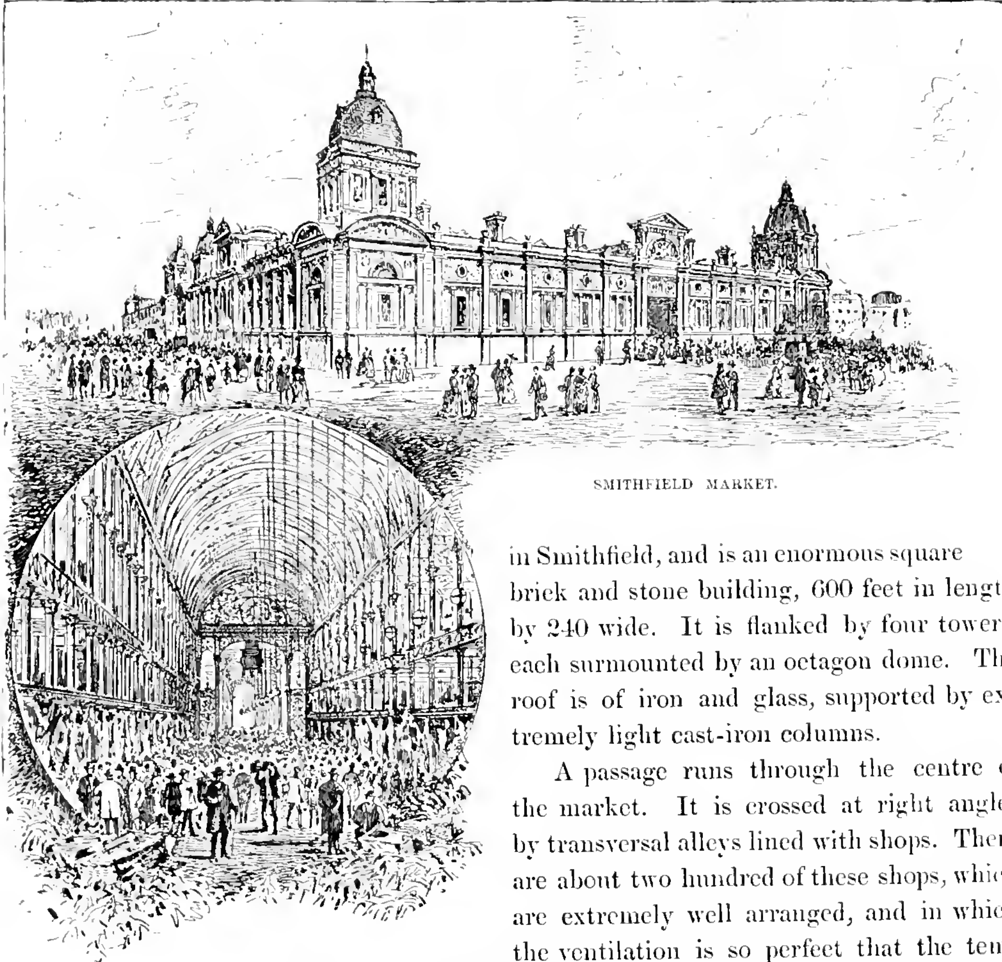
Fish, about which the English are very dainty, plays a considerable part in the alimentation of the capital, which swallows in one year 3,000,000 salmon, 500,000,000 oysters, and 1,200,000 lobsters, with, of course, enormous supplies of soles, turbot, cod, herrings, whitebait, mackerel, and other sorts of fish, salted and dried, with shell fish of various kinds, and crustacea.

What an accumulation of victuals! But also what a robust appetite, and what an all-pervading thirst exist! To wash down this quantity of food London consumes

3,000,000 barrels of beer, 2,200,000 gallons of spirits, 70,000 pipes of wine, and the milk of 20,000 cows. This enormous quantity of liquid is supplied by 12,000 tavern-keepers and wine-merchants, while there are only 2,500 bakers in the whole metropolis.

All the comestibles reach the public through the markets, which are vast depôts situated for the most part in the City, and on the banks of the Thames, whither every morning come the retailers to purchase the supplies which they afterwards sell to their customers.

The market for meat and poultry—the Central London Meat Market—is situated



SMITHFIELD MARKET.

in Smithfield, and is an enormous square brick and stone building, 600 feet in length by 240 wide. It is flanked by four towers, each surmounted by an octagon dome. The roof is of iron and glass, supported by extremely light cast-iron columns.

A passage runs through the centre of the market. It is crossed at right angles by transversal alleys lined with shops. There are about two hundred of these shops, which are extremely well arranged, and in which the ventilation is so perfect that the temperature is always five degrees lower than the atmosphere outside in the shade.

Planned like a theatre, this market is more curious underground than on the surface. The floors under the stage, to continue the comparison, are occupied in their entirety by a railway station, where half-a-dozen different lines unite, and put the market in direct communication with the provinces, with Scotland, which supplies a quantity of beef and mutton, and with the cattle markets of Deptford and Copenhagen Fields. The meat thus brought to the cellars of the market is raised by a dozen

hydraulic lifts, and distributed to the salesmen, who retail it to the butchers. In the early morning, between two and five o'clock, the consignments arrive; at the latter hour the inspectors have finished their examination, and then the sales commence. It is estimated that 200,000 tons weight of food is sold in Smithfield in the year.

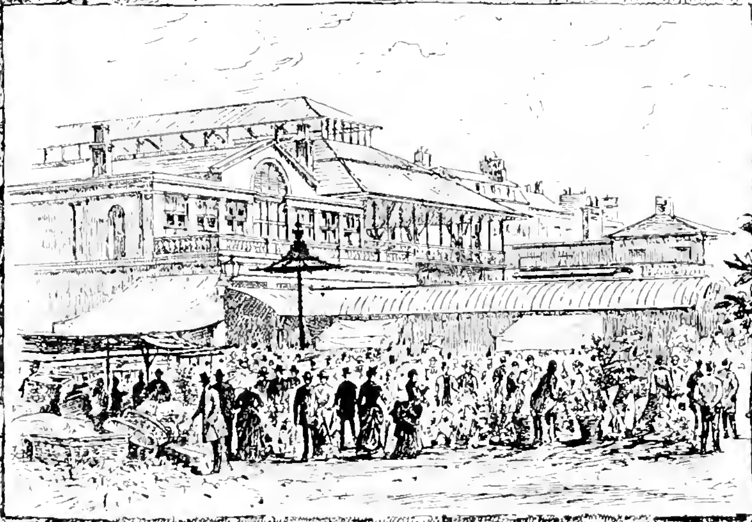
It is at Billingsgate Market, one side of which looks on the Thames, and the other on Thames Street, that the fish consumed in the metropolis is sold. The boats bring the fish right up to the market always at night, a proceeding not without danger, especially in the winter. Immediately the fish is disembarked, it is sold to the retail fishmongers; and, as soon as they have carried away their purchases, the brokers, called "bomarees," arrive, who carry away the remainder, leaving only the refuse. To these "bomarees," who have virtually the monopoly, the small retailers are obliged to address themselves, and are compelled to pay relatively high prices. The consequence is that fish, which ought to be procured at a reasonable rate, is excessively dear.

Quite different, but much more interesting, is the Flower and Fruit Market in Covent Garden, near the theatre of that name and the Strand, outside the limits of the City. The actual market was built in 1830, and belongs to the Duke of Bedford, who draws from it a yearly income of more than £6,000. The central arcade is occupied by florists and fruiterers, who sell rare and early specimens of their wares. From ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, a well-dressed crowd occupies this avenue, for English ladies take great delight in going to Covent Garden to purchase flowers, which they take away with them in their carriages. The scene is then charming, animated, and most picturesque. The bright hues of the spring costumes mingle with the tones of the fresh and brilliant colours of the flowers. The air, perfumed by a thousand scents, resounds with the silvery laughter of young ladies, or the merry chatter of the rosy, "chubby" children, who are carrying a sweet-smelling harvest of flowers.

The common fruits and herbs occupy the other galleries, which are curious to behold in the early morning. At seven o'clock the bustle is over, and the market and surrounding streets are given over to the sweepers. Almost all the fruiterers and florists of London are of the Jewish sect, and this is a peculiarity which strikes one at first sight; for the children of Israel have preserved the national type in all its purity; some of the women are of almost Oriental beauty. Like all their co-religionists, they have an immoderate love for jewellery and diamonds; so it is by no means an uncommon sight, when passing through the neighbouring streets, where the shops are nearly all occupied by wholesale dealers, to see the women in silk dresses, hats and feathers, with diamonds in their ears or on their fingers, weighing out potatoes or wrapping up oranges.

To see the real people's markets, one must not go to Smithfield or to Covent Garden; we must visit certain streets in the poorest quarters. There, under no other canopy but the sky, or rather the clouds, these open-air markets are held by tacit arrangement with the police. All along the side of the pavement stands a file of barrows—small vehicles laden with the most varied and the most unappetising viands. On Saturday night, in winter time, when the streets are enveloped in fog, these movable markets, lighted by petroleum lamps, whose long flames are blown about by the wind, have, to a distant spectator, the effect of a fire. The ruddy glow, indistinct

and vacillating—the cries of the vendors and the murmurs of the crowd—all add to the illusion. Around these barrows press pale and ragged women, whose deep, sunken eyes and emaciated countenances take strange tones under the flaring light of the petroleum. Upon these weary faces Want has left ineffaceable marks, wherein one can read profound misery, the greatest destitution—famine! Their feet in the greasy, slippery mud—the amalgam of unmentionable things which one never finds but in the streets of London—are shod with strips



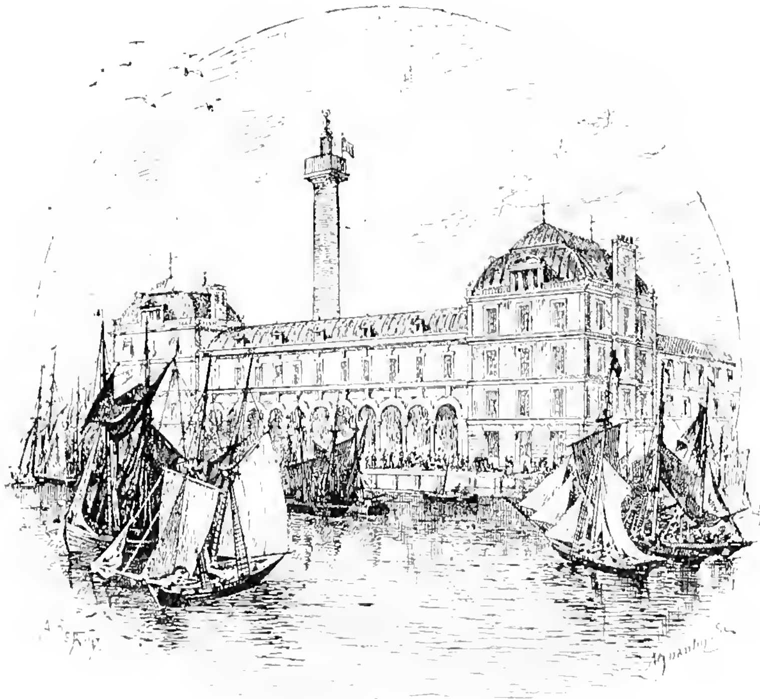
COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

of leather; and they go out thus to purchase the Sunday's dinner, often the only meat meal of the whole week. In the folds of the shawl there is a shapeless bundle, which occasionally emits a cry: it is an infant! The vendors, cunning and crafty, vaunt their merchandise, tout, and allure the customer; they are obsequious if she permits herself to be tempted, insolent in the contrary case, and cruelly abusive to the poorest and the shamefaced. Why be civil to them? They have no money! One may often remark this trait in the English character: the exaggerated respect for anyone who seems to have money in his pocket, the most profound disdain for those whose purses are, or appear to be, empty!

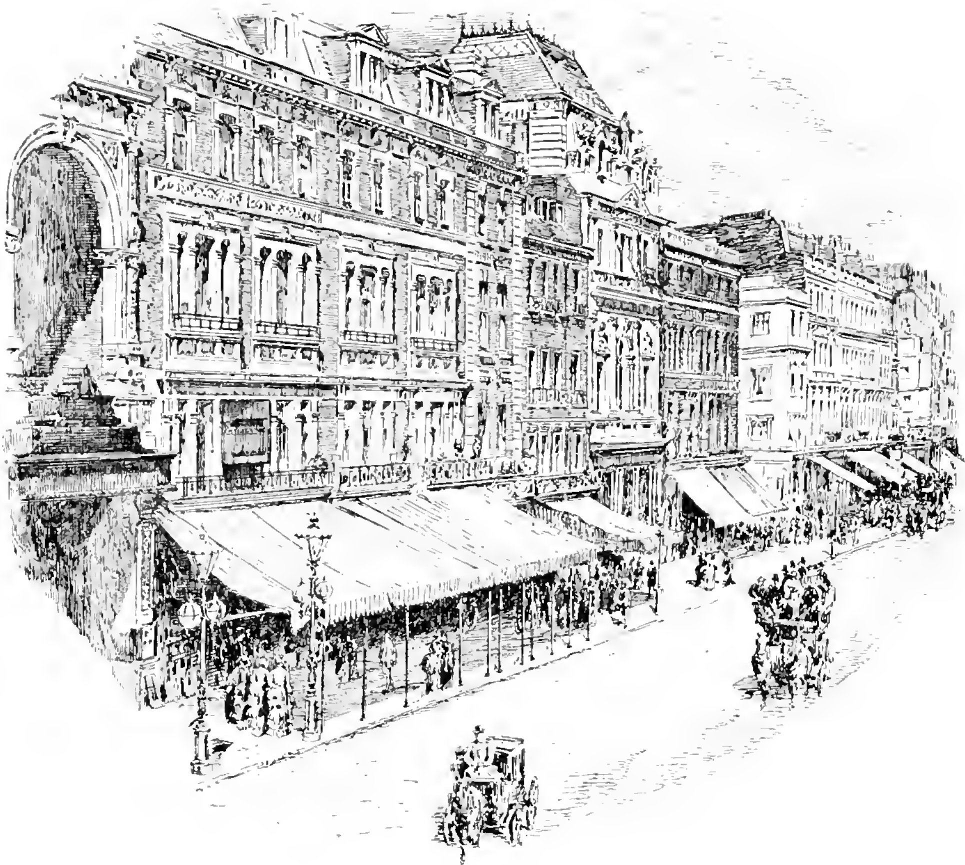
They sell all kinds of things in these open-air markets—meat, cakes—such cakes!—clothing, fruits, boots and shoes, hats, ribbons, flowers. There is a good

business done in these last-named productions, as well as in brass jewellery, in tin or pewter, a penny a set—ear-rings, brooch, and ring. The young workgirl, the third-rate servant, never goes home on Saturday night without having purchased something in the way of ornament. She has no shoes or linen perhaps, but she must have a feather in her hat; her dress is in rags, but she mounts a ribbon of vivid hue and wears gloves.

There is another thing to be remarked. No one has ever succeeded in establishing a proper market—a well-conducted market—in workmen's quarters. Many attempts have been made with this end, but always unsuccessfully. In 1869, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady well known for her inexhaustible wealth, and the noble uses to which she has applied it, caused an excellent market to be established in Bethnal Green, which cost her £200,000. No one ever went into it. The buyers and sellers preferred the street. Thinking to do good, Lady Burdett-Coutts made a gift of Columbia Market to the Corporation of London, who did not turn it to any better account, and, as a last resource, returned the market to its noble proprietor. Columbia Market is always "to let." So the same fact is continually recurring. No new "people's" market can be established in London!



BILLINGSGATE MARKET.



OXFORD STREET

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE WEST-END.

I.

THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS.—THE STRAND, AND THE ACTORS.—LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, AND THE LAWYERS.—THE WEST-END.—INDUSTRIAL LONDON.

THE different quarters of London have each a well-marked individuality, and indicate by their appearance the profession of those who frequent them. To the east of Trafalgar Square, extending as far as the City boundary, is the Strand, dotted on each side with many theatres, which is in the evening an animated and noisy street, and with its perspective of lighted gas, recals, in a measure, the old Boulevard du Temple in Paris. Out of it, hard by, are Covent Garden, and the Opera House; Drury Lane and its celebrated Theatre, where grand spectacular pieces have usurped the legitimate drama: where Garrick, Kean, Macready, and Mrs. Siddons have been succeeded by the third-rate actors, the ballet girls, the supernumeraries, and the clown.

In the neighbouring streets, too, there are scarce any but theatrical hair-dressers, costumiers, and librarians. One jostles with a special class of people. Men with shaven

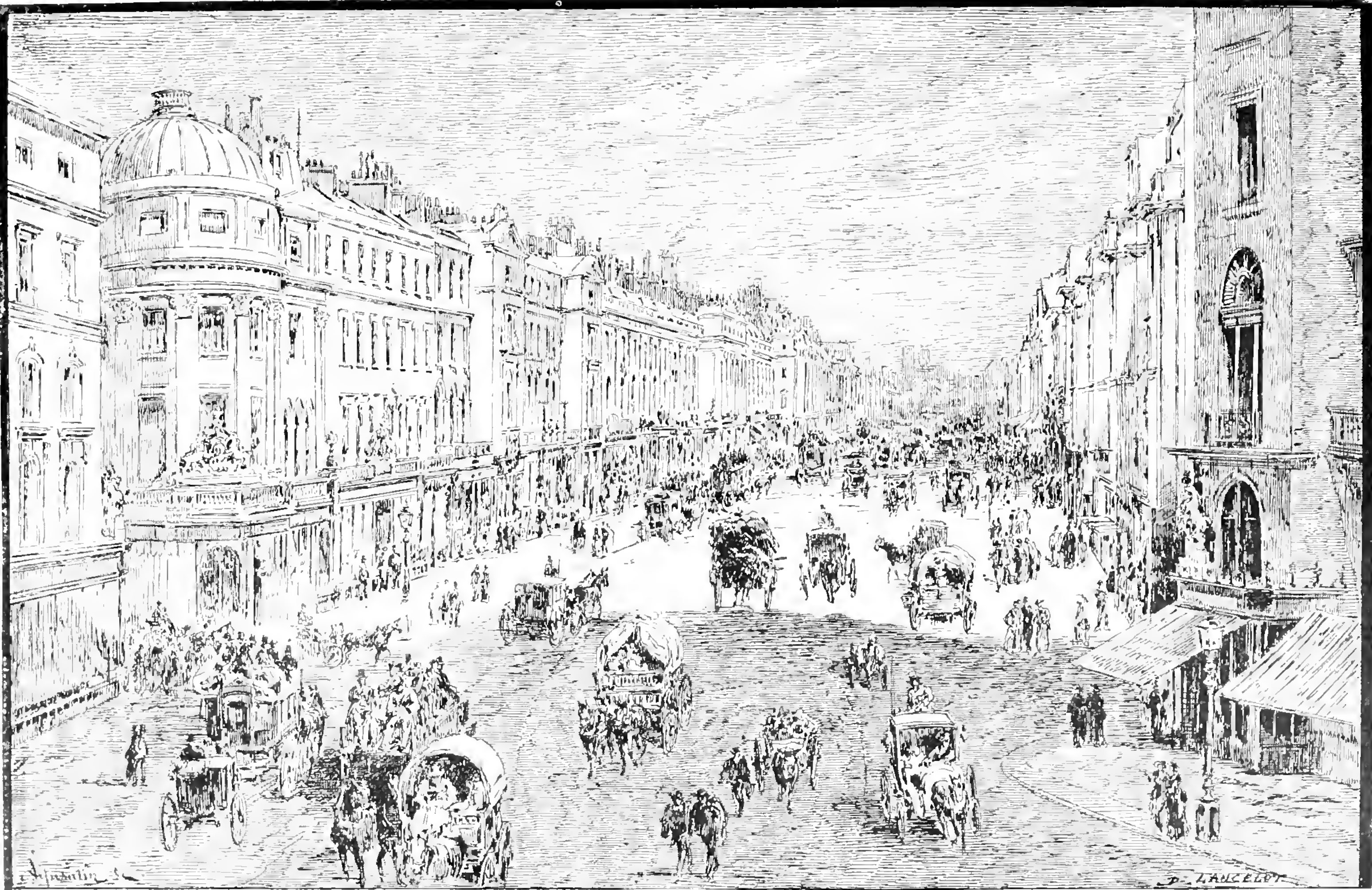
chins, pale and weary faces, chat in groups in the tones and postures peculiar to theatrical people; women daintily tripping along, a roll of paper or book in hand, run to rehearsal, with a saucy air, a bold look, and a suggestive demeanour. Here, recognizable by their costume, their manner of walking, and their high-pitched voices, are the Italian choristers, whose volubility of speech, and vivacity of gesture, contrast with the short speeches and the stiff heavy manner of the Englishmen.

Further west, in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn Fields, are to be seen individuals in

ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN'S INN (CHANCERY LANE).

white wigs (clothed in long black robes which cover, but do not conceal their coats and trousers) carrying briefs through the streets. These gentlemen are "barristers," who have been located in this quarter from time immemorial; they are proceeding from their chambers to the Law Courts adjacent.

On the other side of Holborn is Bloomsbury. Here are few shops and little noise: long streets and spacious squares, in which the passers-by, comparatively few in number, are to be met laden with papers and books; men, and women too, proceeding to the great building enclosed by a high railing—the British Museum. This is the district for



REGENT STREET.

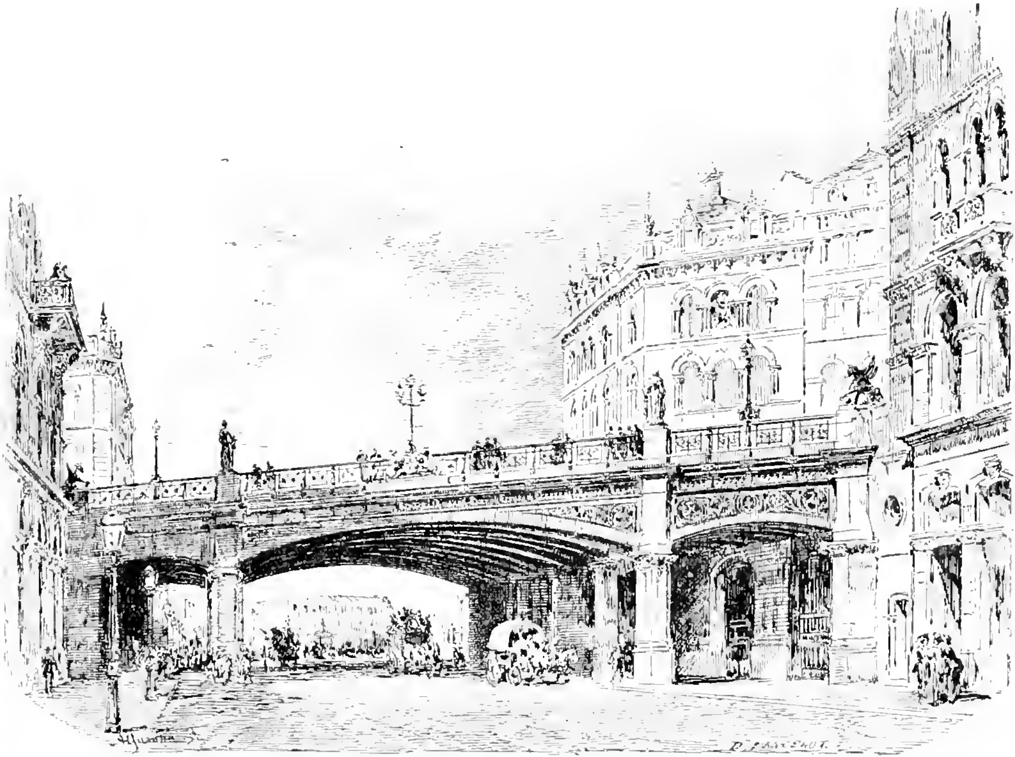
literary and scientific men and students who read at the museum, or go through the *curriculum* of University College, or of the North London Hospital.

Thence, to the West End—that is to say, to the most elegant shops, and to the streets and squares inhabited by the rich—is but a step. All the world knows the names of the two principal thoroughfares in which is centralized all the "luxury of trade" of the British Metropolis—Oxford Street and Regent Street. The former, under different names, extends almost in a straight line from the City to Notting Hill; the latter, which bisects it, has, for its extreme points, Trafalgar Square in the south, and

ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN'S INN (LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS).

the Regent's Park in the north; in the angle they make is found the West End properly so called. Both of them, lined throughout the length with luxurious emporiums, whose windows are rather too crowded for good taste, offer one of the most picturesque sights imaginable. On the wide pavements an elegant and leisurely crowd lounges, stopping every moment before some jeweller's, milliner's, or drapery establishment. The men, somewhat stiff, but of a stiffness devoid of haughtiness, would be models of elegance were it not that the colours of their neck-ties are somewhat too accentuated. The ladies, clad in fur, silk, velvet, or satin, are

dressed in the latest fashion; but there is invariably something which is not in harmony with the general effect: a too pronounced hat, some "loud" colour, or gloves of too bright a shade. Almost all are dressed in the same style like a uniform. One can see that the dressmaker rules them despotically, that they purchase their elegance ready made, without giving it the stamp of personality, or of individual taste, lacking which, a woman is never well dressed. If one may credit the costumes, there are no old women in England; and it is pitiable to see respectable grandmothers and dignified matrons dressed like young girls in bright colours and "poke" bonnets.



HOLBORN VIADUCT.

The streets are crowded with carriages emblazoned with crests and coats of arms, drawn by splendid horses, and driven by coachmen of irreproachable style and "turn out." Where do the English obtain this unique race of servants of all classes which one sees in no other country? As a contrast to all this luxury, all this elegance, and all these liveries, the side-walks are dotted with "sandwich-men," who file along between two placards, one behind, one in front, human waifs and strays who have reached the lowest step on the social ladder, and who, for a shilling a day, walk about for ten hours in rain and sunshine. Some, dressed so as to suggest the title of some theatrical piece, promenade gravely in black cloaks and Spanish *sombreros*—these are the announcements of the "Manteaux Noirs," a comic opera, founded on "Giralda;" others are clothed in prison-garb, and led by a gaoler in uniform—these are the advertisers of "Fourteen Days;" others again are children clad in yellow to represent the "Yellow Dwarf," then

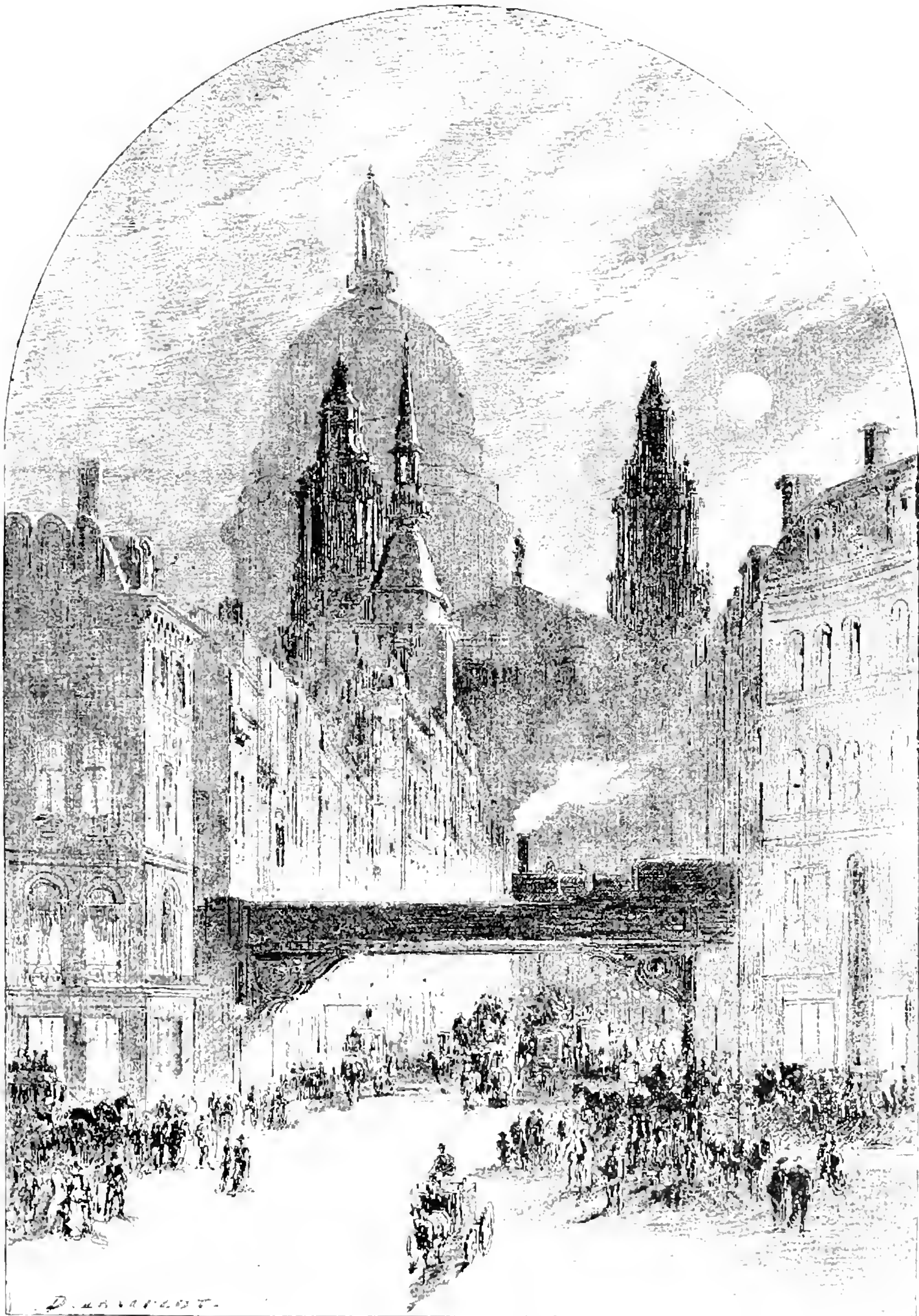
being played at the Alhambra. It is impossible to carry realism further than this! At many street corners, you will encounter a poor wretch, broom in hand, who sweeps a clean space across the roadway, so that passers-by may cross without soiling their boots. Kneeling by the iron street posts are little fellows, clad in red serge tunics, offering their services—brush in hand. These are the boys of the Shoeblack Brigade, otherwise "Shoeblacks."

A chorus of deafening cries resounds on all sides; it is a terrible hubbub, in which the street vendors take their parts; little flower-girls, clad in rags, but wearing hats and feathers; beggars selling matches as an excuse for mendicity, three-parts naked under their filthy rags; newspaper-sellers, crying at the tops of their voices the special edition of the *Globe* or *Echo*, pursue the passers-by; and each vies to be the loudest. Perched upon the footboards of their vehicles, the omnibus conductors, who are endowed with the voices of Stentors, shout out their destinations and the price of the ride. Overbearing all, a "piano-organ," played by two Italians dressed in native costume, throws a note of music into the chorus and a bit of colour into the picture, the prevailing tint of which is a particular shade of cloudy grey. There are very few soldiers in the crowd, but here and there one catches sight of a gigantic Life-Guardsman in his scarlet jacket, mounted on a pair of stilt-like legs, his hair well greased, his forage cap set jauntily on the side of his head, stalking along with the air of a conqueror, swinging the light cane—without which no British soldier would venture to appear in the streets; or again, perhaps we may espy a Highlander in a kilt, with naked knees—a sight which causes nurses and street boys to turn round and stare—who apparently has no fear that some unlucky gust of wind will cause him to offend the modesty of the pretty young promenaders.

SHOEBLACK AND SANDWICH-MEN.

A very curious type is the "masher." The "masher" is a young "swell" of a very pronounced style and of a peculiar species. He wears a cut-away coat, buttoned high up to a coachman's tie, and decorated almost to his chin with a bouquet of bright flowers. His lower limbs are in outrageously tight trousers, his feet in boots pointed like needles and lustrous as the sun in heaven. He carries in his right eye a glass, which troubles him terribly to see through, and causes him to make an ugly grimace. This appearance is topped by a hat with wide and uprising brim. The supreme

happiness of this creature is to walk along with his elbows stuck out like a vase with



ST. PAUL'S (FROM LUDGATE HILL)

two handles, and to hold a cane with the handle downwards. The "masher" is a remarkably clumsy being, and fancies himself a "Phœnix." In the evening he goes

to the theatre where burlesques are played—sports a dress-coat, and makes himself conspicuous by his "bad form" and his air of deplorable affectation.

In holiday time we encounter boys draped in a long blue tunic, which falls to their heels, knee breeches, and bright yellow worsted stockings, white bands, a leathern strap girdle, and shoes with buckles—a costume of the Middle Ages, imposed on the pupils of Christ's Hospital by the founder. The head-dress is so clumsy that no one has dared to force them to wear it; and, as no other has been devised, the simple plan of letting the lads go without any head-covering has been adopted.

LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

As one advances westwards, after passing Bond Street, the shops begin to get fewer, and private houses take their places. The squares and the streets present a cold and severe appearance, which is not without a certain dignity. There are few pedestrians in this neighbourhood, where vehicles abound, and which is not animated except during the three summer months, which include what is termed the "Season" in London. At that period there is a hurrying to and fro, a never-ceasing movement; balls and evening parties succeed each other incessantly for ten weeks and finish suddenly about the 20th to the 25th of July. After the latter date, anyone who claims to be in "the world" must have left London, under penalty of losing the consideration which attaches to those who move in society, if he do not.

This "Society"—that is to say, all those people who have a name, a title, or official position—is located in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, and can be circumscribed within a mile radius, taking the bridge over the Serpentine as a centre. Beyond this inner circle other concentric zones extend, losing their aristocratic character accordingly as they become more distant, just as circles in the water extend and disappear after a stone has been thrown into a pond.

The official world—Parliament, the Ministers—have monopolized the ancient city of Westminster, the portion of the metropolis comprised between St. James's Park and the Thames, on the bank of which river stand the Houses of Parliament, flanked by two lofty towers.

If we now cross to the right bank of the river, we shall find ourselves in a town as different from the two already mentioned as if they were a thousand leagues away. The fine quays are replaced by warehouses, and the heavy craft moored at the basements of

these store-houses await their freights to carry them down stream beyond London Bridge, where they will be trans-shipped into some of the numerous vessels lying in the Pool. No monuments here! no stately mansions!—but high chimneys of work-shops and manufactories. On this side of the river we meet, beginning at the east end, Bermondsey, with its tanneries and hide market; then the Borough; then Southwark, in which we find the famous Barclay and Perkins' Brewery, one of the curiosities of London, and the Hop Exchange; then Lambeth, the great district of workshops, wherein they make machinery as in Leeds, and pottery as in Staffordshire. In the midst of this populous quarter is one palace, that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of England, standing in a large park. On this side of the water, also, we find the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George.

More to the southward, again, are the outlying districts of Camberwell, Brixton, and Wandsworth, inhabited in a great measure by middle-class householders and clerks, as the modest houses which line the almost interminable roads testify.

II.

THE PALACES: BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, KENSINGTON PALACE.

WHITEHALL.—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—WESTMINSTER HALL.—

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—LA REYNE LE VEULT.

LORD CHATHAM.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—THE SPEAKER.—HER MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.—THE CONSTITUTION.—THE MINISTRY.—THE NAVY.—

THE ARMY.—SOMERSET HOUSE.

The word palace implies an idea of luxury, magnificence and splendour—attributes which are absolutely deficient in the three Royal residences in London. For this reason, perhaps, they are deserted by the Queen of England, who only makes short and rare visits to her capital, preferring to live at the beautiful castle of Windsor, or at the more unassuming and agreeable residences at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral, in Scotland.

Buckingham Palace, at the end of St. James's Park, was purchased from the Duke of Buckingham in 1761, by George III., and rebuilt in 1825, after the designs of Nash, by order of William IV., who, however, never lived in it. In 1837, the Queen came there, and finding it too small for her, added a new wing, which looks on to the Park, and forms the principal façade of the edifice. The palace is built in a heavy and ungraceful style, and possesses three large arched gates opening into a quadrangle ornamented with columns of the Doric order, and with statues. The vestibule is surrounded by a series of columns of Carrara marble, each hewn from a single block, the bases and capitals being gilded. The grand staircase—the steps of which are of white marble—is decorated by Gruner and Townsend. The Throne Room, sixty-five

feet long, hung with striped crimson silk, is very magnificent. The throne is placed on a daïs of velvet of the same colour enriched with gilding. The ceiling is embossed with escutcheons and heraldic devices. Round the room is a frieze of white marble with bas reliefs, by Bailey, which represent various incidents in the Wars of the Roses. In the Picture Gallery are a number of paintings of the Dutch School of great value. The

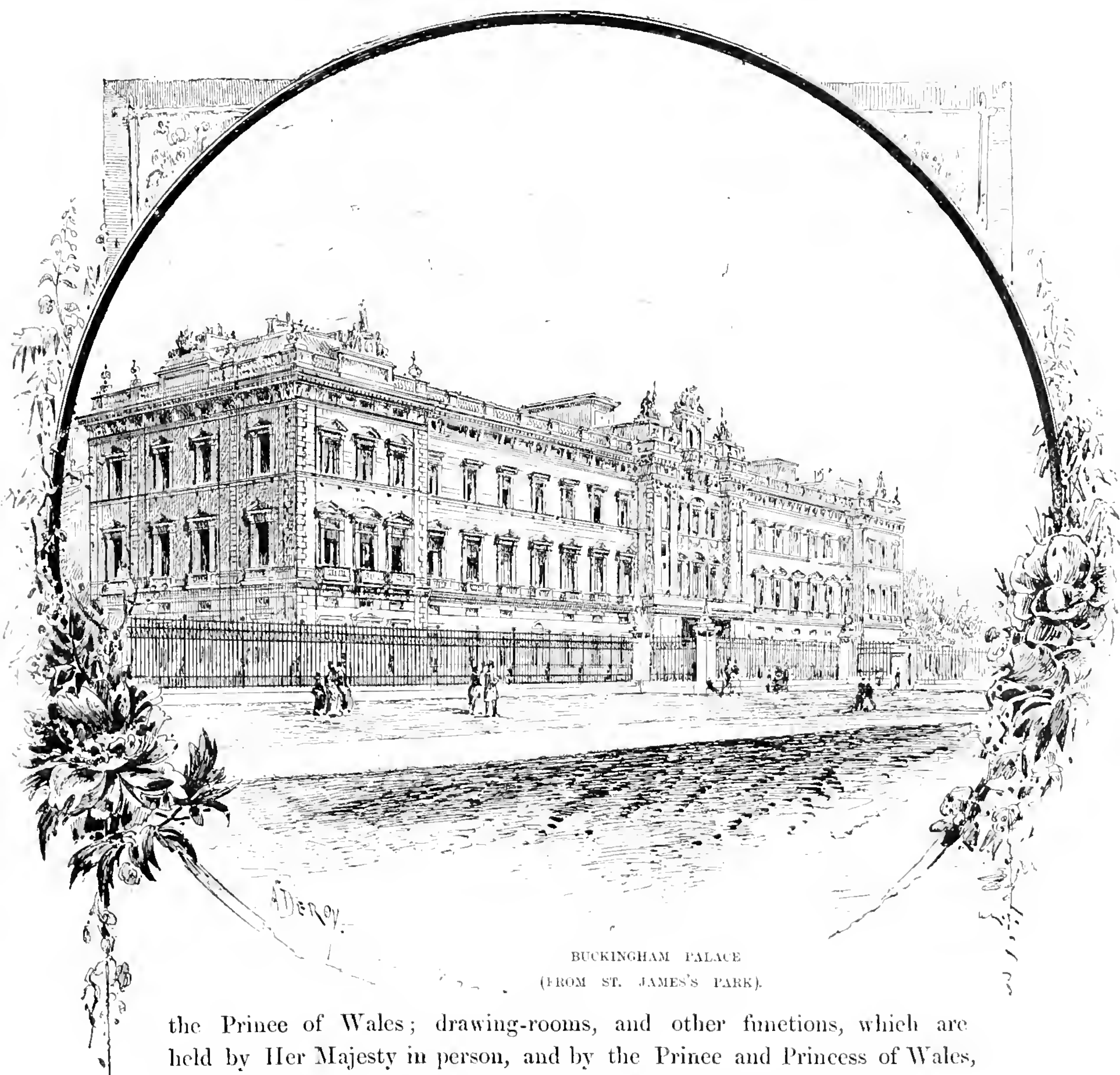
BUCKINGHAM PALACE (FROM THE GARDENS).

most beautiful of the reception rooms is the Yellow Drawing-room, the furniture of which is covered with striped yellow satin, the woodwork being elaborately carved—a marvel of taste and elegance. Attached to the palace is a garden of about forty acres, enclosed by a wall, and remarkably well kept. In it are a lake, a charming summer-house, with minarets, and adorned with frescoes, and a chapel.

St. James's Palace is in Pall Mall, at the bottom of St. James's Street. It is a sombre building formed of irregular blocks of houses, badly joined, with court-yards and narrow passages, and without free access of air.

Of the palace erected by Henry VIII., on the site of a hospital for lepers, there remains scarce anything but the gate-house and turrets which face St. James's Street,

built, it is said, after designs by Holbein. The other portions of the building have been restored so many times that it is not easy to describe the original appearance of the palace. In 1814, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Blucher were lodged in the Palace of St. James. The Queen never stays there, but levées are held there by



BUCKINGHAM PALACE
(FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK).

the Prince of Wales; drawing-rooms, and other functions, which are held by Her Majesty in person, and by the Prince and Princess of Wales, on her behalf, take place at Buckingham Palace.

The apartments do not recommend themselves either by their luxuriousness or by the objects of art contained in them. There is one historical souvenir visible; in the old Presence Chamber a chimney piece bears the interlaced initials H. A. (Henry and Anne Boleyn) surrounded by a "true lover's knot."

Every morning at a quarter to eleven, the guard mounting takes place at the

palace; and while the sentries are relieved the band plays a choice selection of music, to the great delight of the crowd, which is always considerable.

Many of the apartments of St. James's Palace are inhabited by members of the Royal Family.

Marlborough House, at the side, looking into the Park, has been the town residence of the Prince of Wales since his marriage in 1863. A high wall conceals part of this mansion—we cannot call it palace—erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1710 for the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, and purchased by the Crown in 1817 for the Princess Charlotte; and her husband, Leopold—later King of the Belgians—who became a widower after a few months, lived in it alone for many years. Badly situated,

KENSINGTON PALACE.

with a very inconvenient entrance, Marlborough house is scarcely a suitable dwelling for the heir to the throne of Great Britain.

Kensington Palace is a massive brick building, situated at the western extremity of Kensington Gardens; the upper portions of the edifice are after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. In this palace Queen Victoria was born, and here she held her first Council. A few years ago the collection of pictures of the German school, which had been collected by Prince Albert, was moved to other palaces, and there is not much to be seen in the palace, the interior of which contains nothing of interest.

Whitehall Palace is situated in the fine, wide thoroughfare which leads from Trafalgar Square to the Houses of Parliament, and to which it has given its name. There is no trace remaining of the old Palace of Henry VIII., which was destroyed

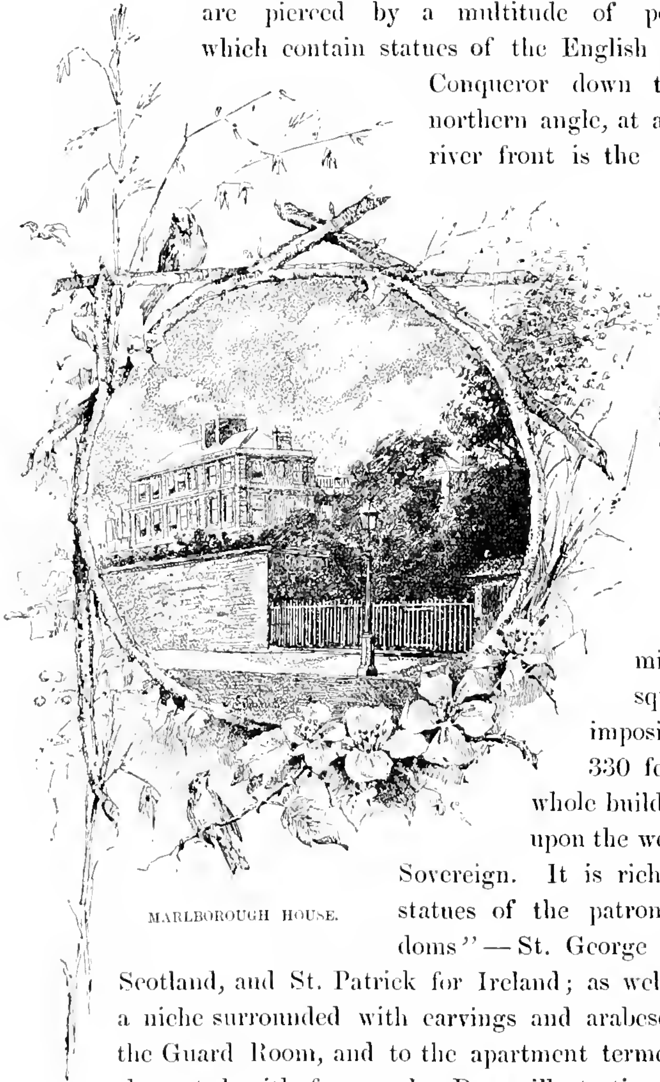
by fire in 1691. James II. wished to build a magnificent building on the site—a palace worthy of the Kings of England; and he caused a design for it to be made by Inigo Jones, of which one portion, the Banqueting House, still standing, was actually finished. This is called Whitehall Palace. The exterior of the building presents a two-storied façade, lighted by windows separated by pillars of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, terminated by a roof which is ornamented by a balustrade. The interior, converted into a chapel by George I., is 111 feet in length and 55 feet in height. The ceiling, painted by Rubens in 1635, represents the apotheosis of James I. It is said that

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Jordaens assisted Rubens, and that Van Dyck executed the frescoes on the walls. Above the entrance gate is a very good statue of James I., in bronze, by Le Seur. From one of the windows of Whitehall Charles I. passed to the scaffold. Cromwell occupied the palace after the King's death, and died there in 1658.

At the southern extremity of the street is a fine open space in which are several monuments: here, also, are the Houses of Parliament. This magnificent edifice, situated upon the left bank of the Thames, a few paces from Westminster Abbey, is the most beautiful structure in London. The old Parliament House was destroyed

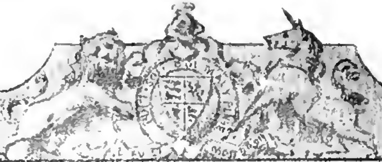
by fire in 1834; and the present building was commenced from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, in 1840. The principal front facing the Thames, from which it is separated by a terrace 36 feet wide, is 300 yards long. It is divided into five unequal portions, of which the two extremes are projecting, and which are separated by pointed turrets. The exterior walls, carved, sculptured, ornamented with arabesques and escutcheons, and devices chiselled in the stone in Gothic style, are pierced by a multitude of pointed windows, and niches which contain statues of the English Sovereigns, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Victoria. At the northern angle, at a little distance in rear of the river front is the Clock Tower, an erection 30 feet square and 300 feet high; it supports a clock, with four dials, 30 feet in diameter; and is surmounted by a lantern of open-work design and gilt, with a somewhat tinselled effect. A graceful spire, 300 feet high, springs from the centre of the building just above the central lobby.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

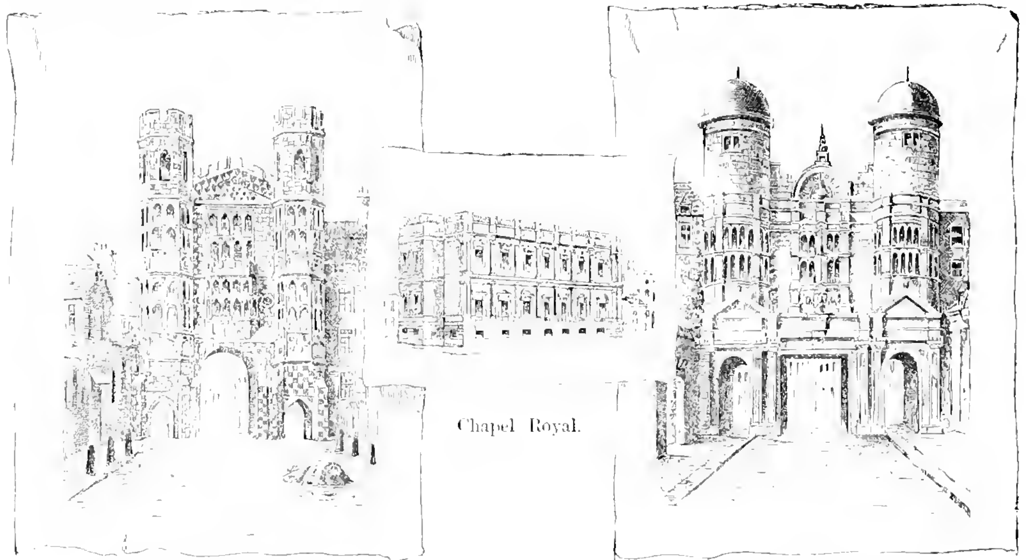
The Victoria Tower, which stands at the southern extremity of the Palace, is the largest square tower in the world. Its imposing mass (80 feet square and 330 feet high) looks down upon the whole building. The Royal Porch, opening upon the western façade, is reserved for the Sovereign. It is richly decorated, and contains the statues of the patron saints of the "three kingdoms" — St. George for England, St. Andrew for Scotland, and St. Patrick for Ireland; as well as a statue of the Queen, in a niche surrounded with carvings and arabesques. A staircase leads us to the Guard Room, and to the apartment termed the Queen's Robing Room, decorated with frescoes by Dyce, illustrating the exploits of King Arthur. This room opens into the Victoria Gallery, which is also decorated with frescoes of historical subjects, and leads into the Prince's Chamber, in which is a beautiful group, by Gibson, representing Queen Victoria between Justice and Mercy. Here we notice, also, a series of portraits of the Sovereigns of the Tudor dynasty and some splendid wood carvings. The ceiling is of surpassing richness of decoration. The Prince's Chamber opens directly into the House of Lords.

The entrance to the House is through Westminster Hall, which was erected by



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (FROM THE THAMES).

William Rufus in 1100, and restored—some authorities say rebuilt—by Richard II., 200 years later. The beautiful Gothic nave is the largest of its kind, in which the roof is of a single span. The oak wood-work which supports the roof springs gracefully from the friezes of the wall, and forms a Gothic curve of surprising lightness. Delicate carvings add to the beauty of this roofing, representing angels bearing escutcheons; and arabesques are twined around the beams. All this series of Gothic ornamentation, of the most inexhaustible fancy of design, is in most exquisite taste. At the end of Westminster Hall a flight of steps leads to St. Stephen's Hall, a long corridor lined with statues of celebrated statesmen and Parliamentary orators—Hampden, Clarendon, Walpole, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Grattan, etc.; and, abutting on the Central Hall, an



Chapel Royal.

Holbein Gate (demolished). King Street Gate (demolished).

WHITEHALL PALACE.

octagon-shaped vestibule ornamented with frescoes by Ward and Pickersgill. Two corridors lead from this lobby; one to the right into the House of Lords, that to the left to the House of Commons.

The Upper Chamber is in the form of a double cube, being exactly twice as long as it is wide. It is lighted by twelve windows, six on each side, the glass in which represents the Sovereigns of England. At dusk these windows are lighted from without. At each extremity of the chamber, in the arched panels, are frescoes by English artists, representing various historical, legendary, or allegorical subjects. The statues which will be observed in the niches are those of the Barons who forced King John to sign the Magna Charta. Beneath the windows extends a light gallery, supported by a cornice ornamented with the coats of arms of sovereigns, lord chancellors, and bishops. The ceiling is sunk, and is ornamented with emblematical designs, devices, and monograms, amongst which, between the lilies of France and the lions of England and Scotland, we perceive the sun of the house of York and the grenade of Castille.

The throne is in the upper end of the chamber; immediately to the right of it is the Prince of Wales's chair. The Woolsack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits, is almost in the centre, and covered with crimson cloth. To the right and left, throughout the length of the chamber, are the benches of the Lords raised in tiers.

The richness and magnificence of the decorations of the House of Lords present one of the most beautiful sights one can see in London; when the Peers are assembled the *coup d'œil* is really splendid.

The sittings commence at five o'clock, and usually continue for two hours, for the Lords do not care for lengthy debates, and, having no constituents to please, only speak when they have something to say. The tone of the Upper Chamber is not the same as that of the Commons; and any such member who has been elevated to the Peerage soon finds himself out of his element if he change it not. For instance, Lord Sherbrooke has no longer the aggressive manner of Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Disraeli effaced himself somewhat behind Lord Beaconsfield. Each Peer speaks from his place, and addresses himself to his colleagues. The Lord Chancellor presides, but the House itself interprets and applies its rules. The votes are expressed by the French words, *content* and *non content*; and the French language is also employed in other ceremonies and formalities in the British Parliament. It is in this way the Royal assent is given to the laws passed by the two chambers by the words, *La reyne le veult.*

CLOCK TOWER (HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT).

As we have said, the debates in the House of Lords are generally without incident. One can, however, recall some memorable sittings. Such was that of the 7th April, 1779. On that day Lord Chatham, who was in a dying state, caused himself to be brought to the House of Lords to speak against the motion of the Duke of Richmond to recognize American independence. After the Duke had replied, Chatham rose a second time to speak, but before he had pronounced another word he fell fainting into the arms of the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Temple. Carried home and attended wth the greatest solicitude, he lingered for a month without ever completely recovering his speech, and succumbed at length to the malady that assailed him. What a stirring scene, and what a glorious ending to the career of a statesman on whom death had already laid his heavy hand, but whom he could not prevent from doing his duty to the very end! The performance of duty as such is the dominating trait in the British character. Chatham died while doing his "duty," and Nelson's last signal to the fleet as he was going into action was, "England expects every man to do his duty!"

The House of Commons, in its arrangement, reminds us of the House of Lords.

It is as wide, but not so long, and the decoration is by no means so lavish. The windows are composed of ordinary glass, and the walls are panelled with carved oak. The benches are arranged as in the other Chamber, but the centre is open, and the Speaker's chair occupies the place of the throne. There are 670 members, and as there are only seats for 476, the remaining 194 members are obliged to accommodate themselves as best they can.

In front of the Speaker is the table of the clerks of the Parliament, on which is laid the Mace—the symbol of the Sovereign's authority, and without which the Chamber cannot proceed to business. When the Commons are sitting the Mace is upon the table, but underneath it when the House is "in Committee." When the Speaker leaves the Chair the Serjeant at Arms precedes him with the emblem which Cromwell disdainfully characterized as "that Bauble."

STATUE OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

The authority of the Speaker is absolute, and his word is law. When a member continues to be out of order, the Speaker "names" him—that is to say, calls him by his name. By a recognized custom, which evades all personality, the representative is designated as the Hon. Member for So-and-so. In the last century a Member of Parliament was interrupted by the Speaker, who threatened to "name" him. "And what will happen then, Mr. Speaker?" inquired the recalcitrant one. "God knows!" replied the Speaker. Such was the respect for the President that no provision had been made for any case in which it would be necessary to employ more energetic measures.

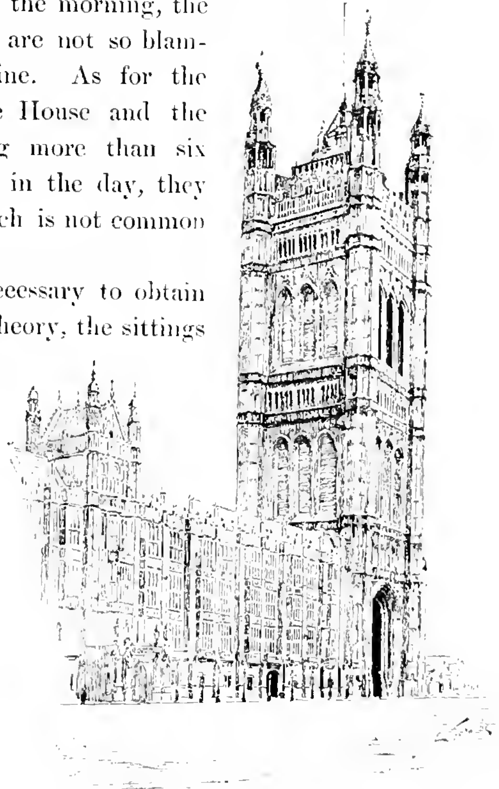
The Ministers and the Ministerialist party sit at the right hand of the Speaker, the Opposition on the left. The Leader of the Opposition has great authority, and one might almost call him the Minister of the Opposition, so important a part does he play in the Parliamentary life of the country. He is known as the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition.

There is no "tribune" in the House, and the Members speak from their places, a fact which does not militate against good speaking. They address the Speaker, not the Members. The other Members sit, hats on brows, in various attitudes, listening or sleeping. That is what Lord North, the Prime Minister of George III., often did,

during the delivery of his opponent's speeches. In the course of one debate, an orator as indefatigable as wearisome, entered into a history of naval construction, commencing with Noah's Ark. Sir Grey Cooper, a colleague of Lord North, accidentally aroused his chief. "Where is he now?" inquired the Prime Minister, rubbing his eyes. "In the reign of Elizabeth," was the reply. "Why did you not let me sleep a century or two longer?" said North, as he disposed himself to continue his interrupted slumber.

As the sittings commence at four in the afternoon, and are often continued far into the night, sometimes until four or five o'clock in the morning, the honourable Members who give way to slumber are not so blamable as one might first be inclined to imagine. As for the Ministers who, having passed the night in the House and the day in their offices, content themselves during more than six months in the year with only a few hours' rest in the day, they must be gifted with a strength and energy which is not common to man.

To attend a sitting of the House, it is necessary to obtain a pass signed by a Member of Parliament. In theory, the sittings are secret; but by a curious fiction, the presence of strangers is supposed not to be known in the House. Quite recently it was regarded as sufficient for a Member to call the attention of the Speaker to the presence of strangers to ensure their withdrawal. The reporters have a gallery to themselves above the Speaker's chair. A species of cage is reserved for ladies, who, since 1738, have been rigorously relegated to the doors of the House; but "accommodations" can be made with Parliament, and this ingenious method has been devised, on the Turkish system, to permit English women to contemplate their lawgivers. This little gallery is packed on occasions of important debates.



VICTORIA TOWER (HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT).

The British House of Commons has certainly not degenerated. Gladstone, Bright, Hartington, Chamberlain, Parnell, are the worthy successors of Pitt, Canning, John Stuart Mill, Peel, Brougham, Disraeli; of Disraeli, that wonderful genius, whose first efforts were so discouraging, and who, by the unaided force of his brain, succeeded in bringing to his feet those who had laughed at him so pitilessly; and to whom, as he accepted the challenge and picked up the gage, he addressed the prophetic words—"I now sit down, but the time will come when you *shall* hear me."

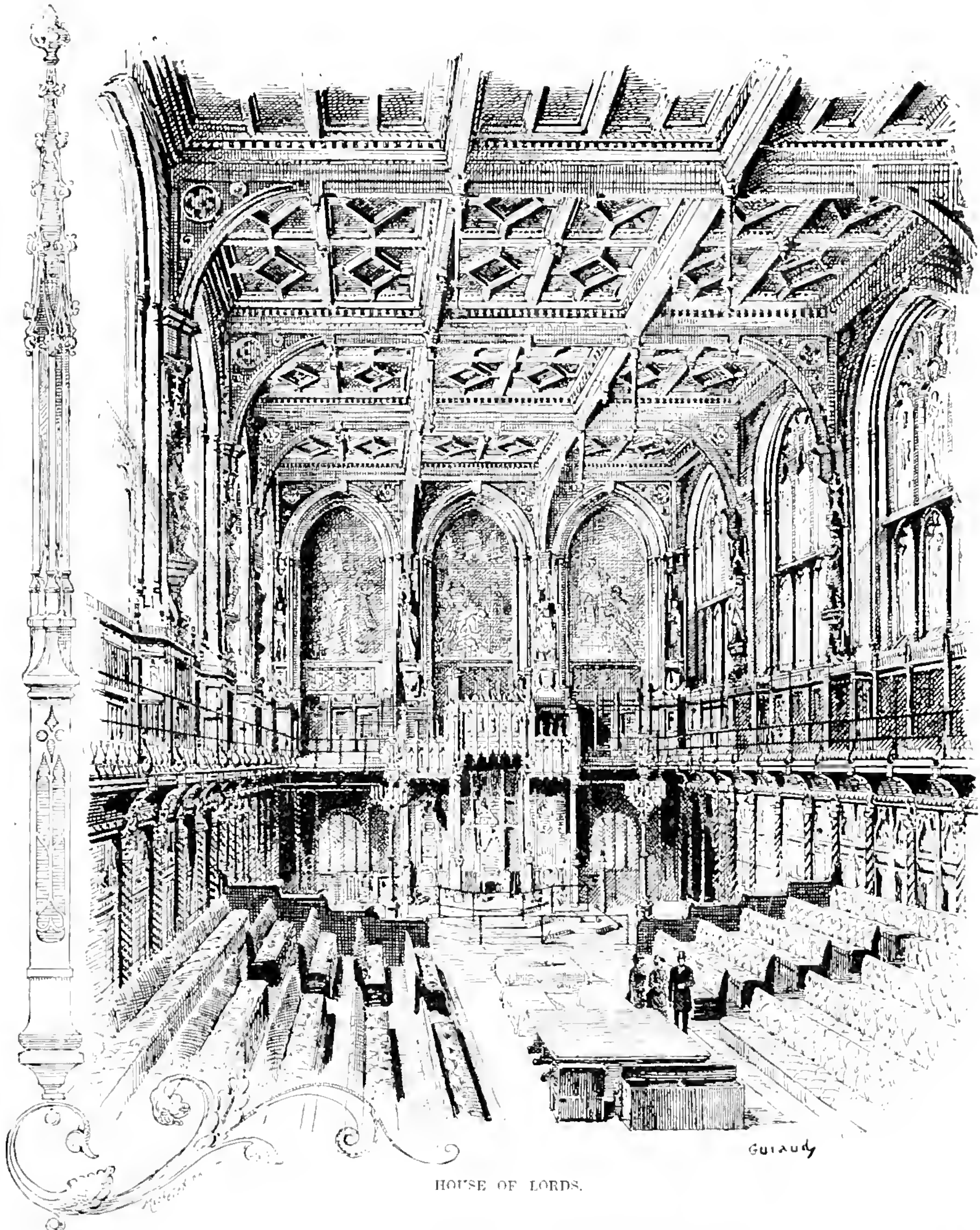
From Parliament to the Ministerial Departments of State is but a step, for nearly all of them are in close proximity to the Houses, in the street called Whitehall—so named from the Palace which is therein situated. Ministers who wish to be present at the debates are thus within easy call, and are enabled during the sittings to obtain any information they may require with great promptitude.

This is an opportune moment to glance at the strange "monument" which is called the British Constitution, simply composed of traditions and precedents, the working of which is so perfect as a whole (notwithstanding the apparent confusion of the various component parts), as to be a continued source of astonishment to strangers. In France, one speaks of the "machinery" (*rouages*) of the administration, and no term can be more applicable, for the French organization is an admirably conducted *machine*, all parts of which are set in motion by a single motor; but, as in all machines, when one portion gets out of order the whole ceases to work. The English administration on

WESTMINSTER HALL.

the contrary is a *mosaic*, made up of numerous pieces of different forms and colouring, some ancient, some modern, which can be changed at will, and replaced by new bits, to meet the exigencies of the moment, without disarranging the completeness of the whole fabric, thanks to the solid framework which sustains it all. This framework is Parliament. If we remember that "the distinctive characteristic of the English people is anomaly," as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, we shall understand better how the English, impatient of systematic restrictions, opposed to constraint and *paperasserie*, have built up of shreds and patches the surprising edifice which is called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. We shall no longer be astonished at this *mélange* of laws ancient and modern, at these customs of a former age, preserved down to the closing years of the 19th Century, and of which the 20th Century will not see the end. All this, from the French point of view, is wanting in logic—in system. But your

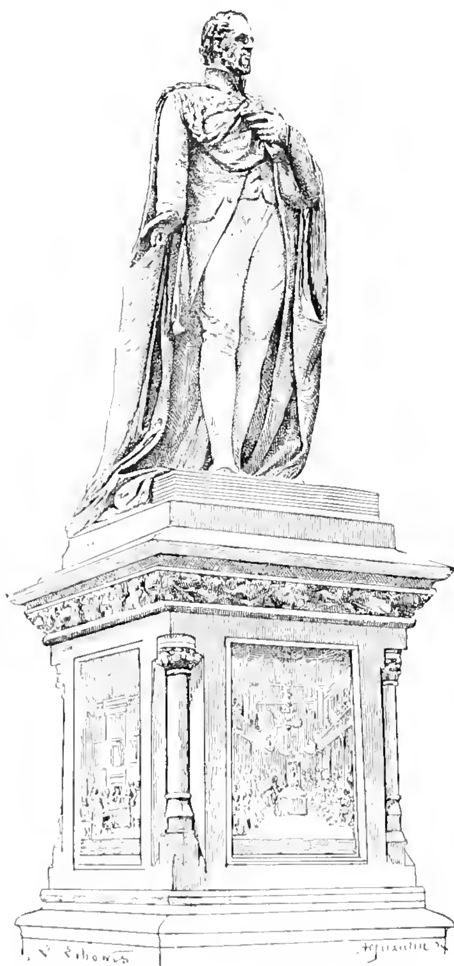
Englishman does not pretend to be logical, he rather avoids it, preferring to preserve the old tree of his traditions, while lopping off all dead branches, and grafting on it the new "cuttings" of which it has need. He knows that a tree requires a long time to grow up, and that when one roots up an old oak the whole garden is disturbed.



HOUSE OF LORDS.

The United Kingdom is under a limited monarchy; that is to say, that, contrary to the Sovereigns of divine right, the English monarchs occupy the throne on certain conditions, the non-performance of which would entail their downfall. The Government is composed of the three estates of the realm, which are the Sovereign, the House of

Lords, and the House of Commons. These three estates co-operate in the making of the laws. The other powers belong exclusively to the Sovereign, who is nevertheless not responsible. The responsibility for his or her acts rests with the Royal advisers. These are the members of the Privy Council, of which the Cabinet forms a portion. By one of those strange anomalies of which England affords so many examples, the Cabinet, which, in reality, rules the country, has no political existence recognized by the Constitution, and no Act of Parliament mentions it! It is composed of at least nine members, but often contains fourteen or fifteen. The head of the Cabinet is called the Premier. The titles of the principal Ministers of the Crown are as follows:—



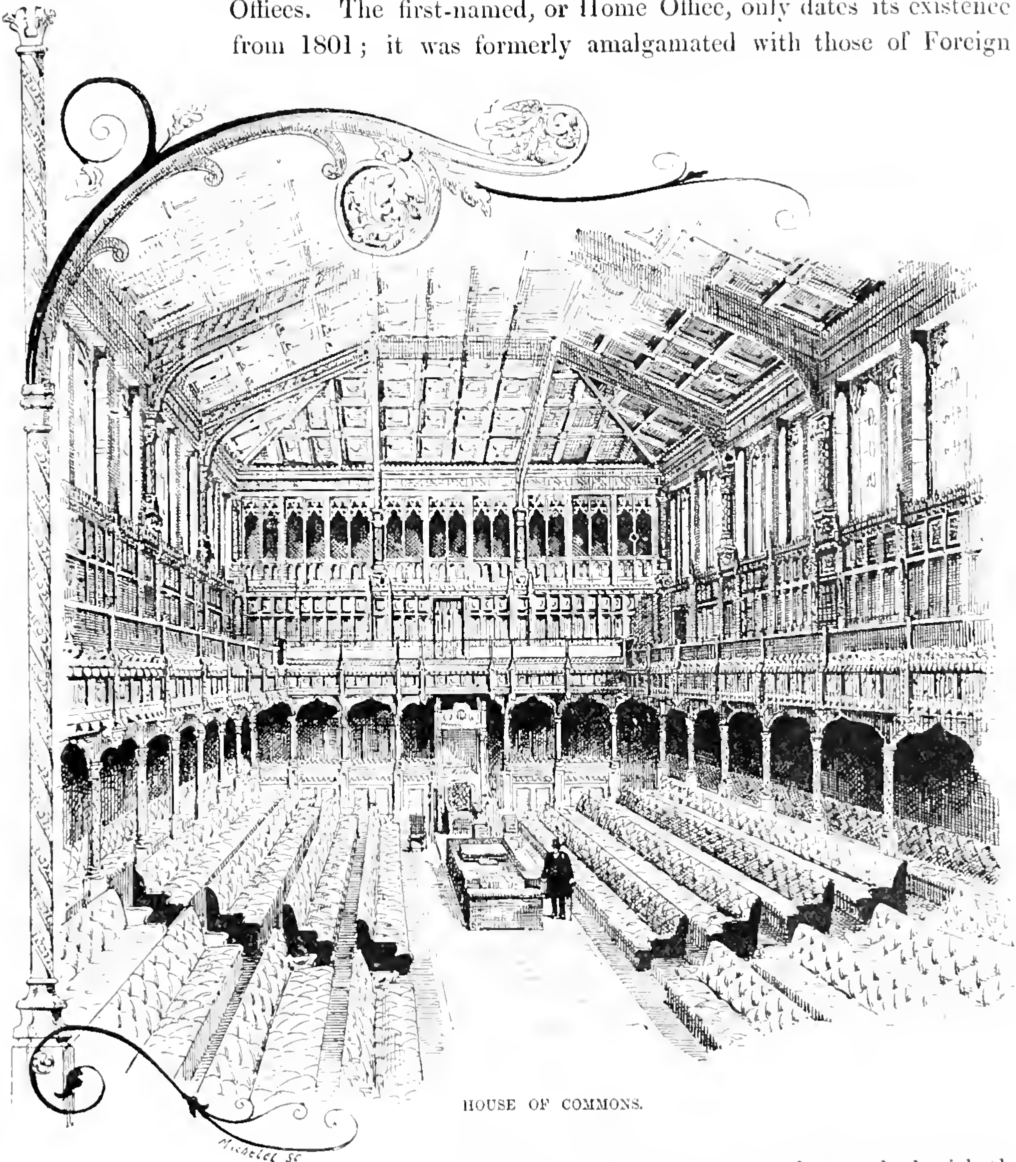
STATUE OF LORD DERBY (PARLIAMENT SQUARE).

The First Lord of the Treasury (whose functions are almost always performed by the Prime Minister), the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then come the Secretaries of State for the various departments, namely, the Home Department, Foreign Affairs, Colonies, War and India. The Navy is administered by the Board of Admiralty, presided over by the First Lord; Commerce is represented by the President of the Board of Trade; the Postal and Telegraph Departments by the Postmaster-General. There are, besides, certain State functionaries, who, though attaining the rank of Ministers, have not seats in the Cabinet; such as the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, and many others. It will be noticed that there is no Minister of Justice in England. The law emanates from the Sovereign, and does not depend upon any departmental power—a priceless guarantee for the independence of the Magistracy.

All the Ministers who must sit in Parliament are assisted by Under-Secretaries, selected from the Lower House if the Minister is in the Upper House, and from the Upper House if the Minister sits in the Commons. Besides, there is in every department, in order to ensure the perfect expedition of business and a uniform system of procedure, a high official called a Permanent Secretary, whose position is not affected by a change of Ministry. The advantages of this system are so evident that it is needless to dwell on them.

Going from the Houses of Parliament to Charing Cross, we pass the chief Govern-

ment Departments, which we will mention in succession, while broadly indicating their respective attributes. We first perceive a building in the Italian style, with a flat roof, embellished by pinnacles, which shelters the Home, Colonial, Indian, and Foreign Offices. The first-named, or Home Office, only dates its existence from 1801; it was formerly amalgamated with those of Foreign



HOUSE OF COMMONS.

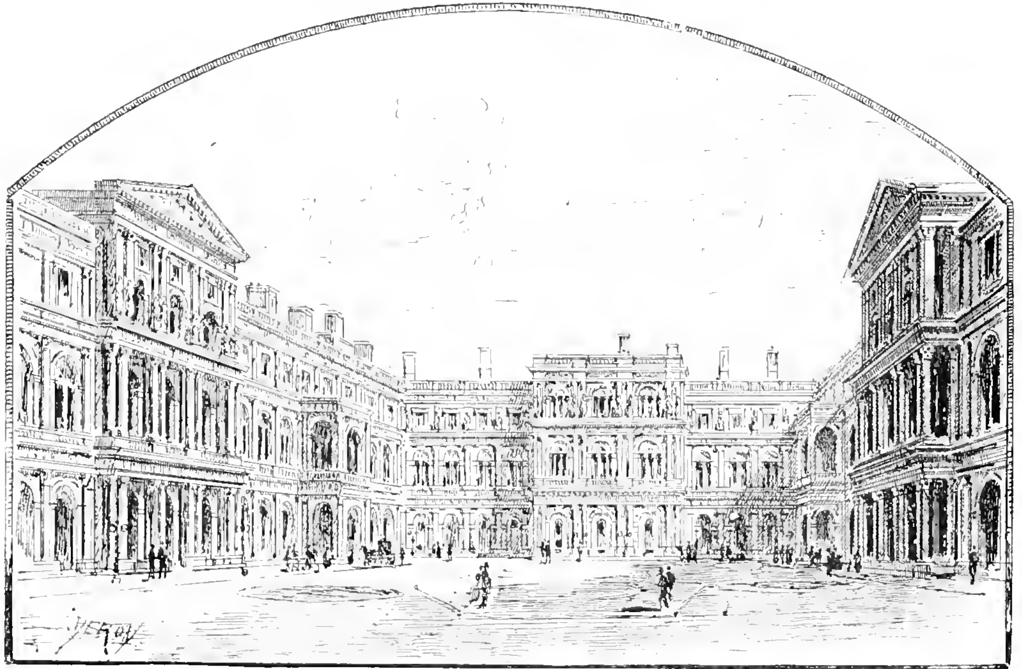
Affairs and the Colonies. It has to deal with the interior administration of the kingdom, the inspection of manufactories, workshops, mines, and fisheries.

As its name indicates, the Colonial Office administers the affairs of the numerous British possessions scattered over the globe, and needs no special description.

The India Office only dates from 1858, when it superseded the celebrated East India Company, which no longer exists. The Minister at the head of this department controls the acts of the Viceroy of India. He is assisted by the Council of India,

which is composed of fifteen Members, nominated for ten years. We may remark that, since the institution of the telegraph and rapid communication, the Viceroy of India has lost much of his former power, and is only, so to speak, the subordinate of the Secretary of State for India.

The Foreign Office performs the same business as the corresponding departments of other nations. It occupies the northern angle of the building, and one side looks into St. James's Park. A large gateway gives admittance to the Grand Court, which is surrounded by buildings of a simple but imposing style. A fine marble staircase leads to the audience and reception rooms, sumptuous apartments magnificently decorated, in which the Minister holds his official receptions, and gives balls and



FOREIGN OFFICE (GRAND COURT).

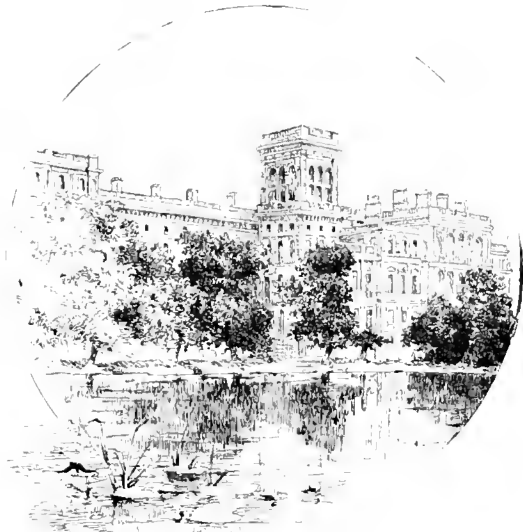
splendid entertainments. It is at the Foreign Office that the Cabinet generally meets. Immediately facing the entrance of the Foreign Office, in Downing Street, is the very unpretending residence of the Prime Minister.

Passing Downing Street we find the Treasury, an old building ornamented by a new façade.

The Treasury was formerly under the direction of the Lord High Treasurer, but since 1612 his functions have been discharged by a commission of five members, amongst whom are the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The First Lord of the Treasury (generally the Prime Minister) controls the nominations made by his colleagues; he appoints the archbishops and the bishops, and occupies a preponderant position in the Ministry.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has the management of the State finances,

prepares the Budget, and generally performs the duties of Finance Minister. From official documents it appears that the receipts of England to the 31st March, 1882—(the accounts are made up on the 31st March, a relic of the "old style," the Gregorian calendar not having been adopted in England until 1751),—amounted to £85,800,000, and the outgoings to £85,470,000. In the receipts the income-tax gave £10,000,000, the customs £19,000,000, and the excise £27,000,000. At the same period the National Debt was £762,000,000 sterling, and the interest paid nearly £30,000,000. In 1817 the debt amounted to £880,000,000 sterling, so the National Debt has been considerably reduced since that time.



FOREIGN OFFICE (FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK).

Not far from the Treasury are two mounted sentries of the Horse Guards or Life Guards at the gate of the building called the "Horse Guards," where were formerly the offices of the Headquarter Staff of the Army. The arched entrance into St. James's Park is available for the use of pedestrians, but only the members of the Royal Family can pass through in carriages. The arch, which possesses no architectural beauty, is surmounted by a heavy lantern.

FOREIGN OFFICE (FROM WHITEHALL).

Thence to the Admiralty is but a step. Were not an anchor sculptured above the entrance, one would hardly think that such a department—the most important of all in England—could be installed in such a very modest building.

The Admiralty, whose chief was formerly the Lord High Admiral, is now ruled by a Commission of five Members, who are entitled Lords of the Admiralty. Of these five, two—the first and fifth—are Civil Lords; the three others are Naval Lords—officers. The First Lord only is a member of the Cabinet.

THE TREASURY.

The British Navy is a permanent institution—that is to say, its legal existence has been recognized and established by various Acts of Parliament, in contradistinction to the Army, which, as we shall see further on, is only "provisionary," and renewable annually. The Navy estimates for 1882-3 reached the sum of £11,155,909 sterling; the effective strength was 35,000 men; and the number of ships in commission in December, 1882, was 244. The British Fleet at this time of writing consists of 52 armoured vessels, to which will soon be added four new ones already launched, and six others still on the stocks. The men enlist voluntarily. The Naval Reserve is composed of Volunteers from the Merchant Marine, who every year pass a certain time in men-o'-war. The Reserve numbers about 20,000 men. Lastly, the corps of Royal Marines forms two divisions—the Marine Infantry and Marine Artillery, the effective strength of which is 14,000 men. For some years the Coast Guard has been incorporated in the naval forces, and forms a corps of 4,300 men, whose business it is to prevent smuggling.

THE ADMIRALTY.

The War Office is in Pall Mall, and with the Horse Guards shares in the administration of the Army. In the court in front of the War Office is a statue of Lord Herbert of Lea, better known as Sidney Herbert, who introduced into the army long-desired reforms, with which his name will always remain associated.

The Secretary of State for War is entrusted with the direction of the organization of the Army; he is assisted by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, whose offices, formerly at the "Horse Guards," are now attached to the War Office in Pall Mall. The Minister for War fixes the annual contingent, prepares the Army estimates, sees to the formation of the troops in war time, and selects the officers who are to command them. Besides, all the nominations have to be submitted to him before they are brought before the Sovereign—the supreme head of the army. He acts as an intermediary between the Government and the army. The recruiting, the technical organization of the army, and all special questions are decided upon by the Commander-in-Chief.

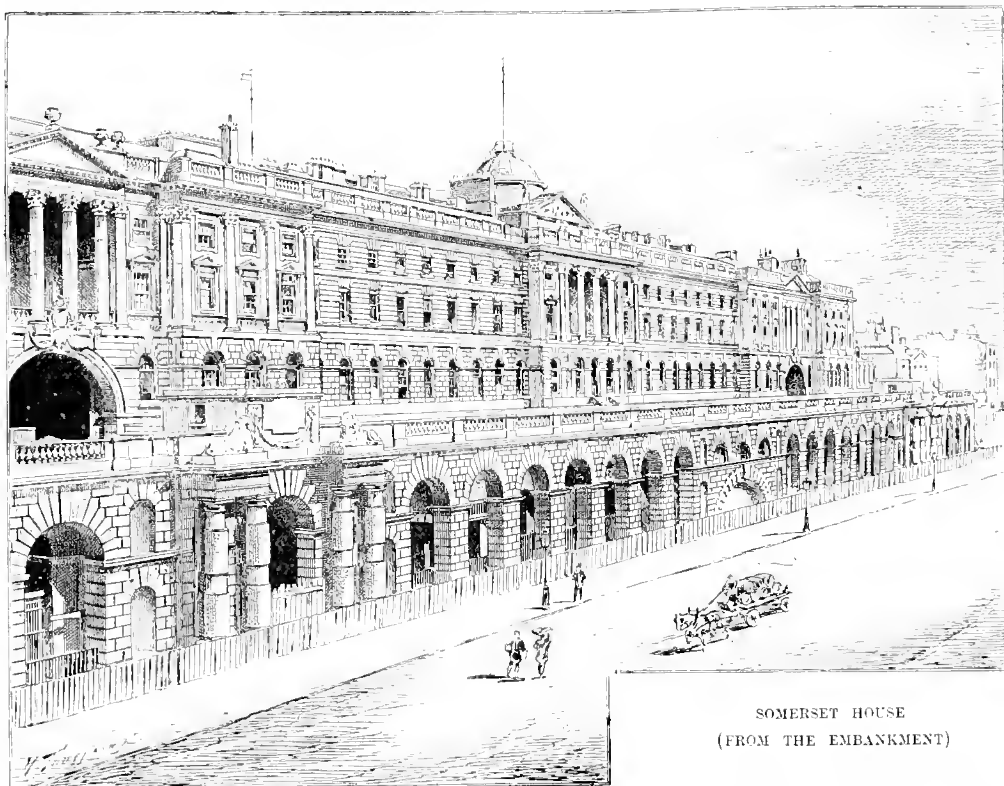
As by the provisions of the *Bill of Rights* the maintenance of an army in time of

THE HORSE GUARDS.

peace is illegal without Parliamentary sanction, each year, at the beginning of the Session, the Army Discipline and Regulation Act, with all the laws relative to the organization of the army, are renewed for a year. In default of this formality, the army would be virtually disbanded.

The standing army numbers 132,905 men, a force for which Parliament voted in 1882-3 something over £16,000,000 sterling. The British army in its normal condition is composed of 6 regiments of Household troops (the Guards), 3 of Cavalry, 3 of Infantry; 31 regiments of Cavalry, 112 of Infantry, the Rifle Brigade, and the Royal regiment of Artillery of 30,000 men, divided into 17 brigades, of which 2 are mounted, 1 field, and the remainder garrison (siege) artillery. These brigades are subdivided into batteries. There are besides a Corps of Royal Engineers, and the auxiliary services, commissariat-transport, ambulance corps, and field telegraph corps, &c.

To the active army must be added, (1) the Reserve (35,600 men), composed of old soldiers who are liable to be recalled to the army in war time, (2) the Militia (138,000 men), a kind of territorial army composed of men who serve 28 days with the colours every year, (3) the Yeomanry (14,000 men), whom we may consider as Militia cavalry, (4) the Volunteers (200,000 men). The last mentioned are a kind of National Guard, formed some 25 years ago when there was a rumour of French invasion. This body of men, at first independent, has, of late years, been placed under the War Office. By



SOMERSET HOUSE (FROM THE EMBANKMENT)

calling out these forces England in time of war, or in case of invasion, could put nearly 520,000 fighting men in the field.

Somerset House, situated in the Strand and on the Thames Embankment near Waterloo Bridge, is occupied by the Audit Office, the Inland Revenue Offices, Stamp Office, &c. It is one of the really fine buildings in London. It was erected, on the site of the old palace of the Protector Somerset, in 1776, after the designs of Sir W. Chambers.

The principal façade looks upon the river and extends for some 250 yards. It is fronted by a fine terrace supported on arches, which are ornamented by allegorical masks, unfortunately half-concealed by the new Embankment, which detracts somewhat from the general effect of the building.

The Strand front, which is not so extensive, is supported by three-quarter Corinthian columns, with an attic, divided into three compartments by allegorical statues representing Justice, Truth, Valor, and Moderation, surmounted by the Royal

Arms, and supported by Fame, and the Genius of England. At each extremity of the roof is a balustrade which completes the architectural effect. The principal entrance consists of three high arches, and access is through them given to the square Courtyard in which is a colossal bronze group by Bacon, the principal figure of which represents "Father Thames," as the English call the Genius of their river. The two side wings were added to the building by Smirke and Pennethorne, the left (east) wing is occupied by King's College.

III.

THE LAW COURTS.—MAGISTRATES AND BARRISTERS.—THE PRISONS.—THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

The Royal Palace of Justice is situated in the Strand, close to the entrance to the City, or, to be more exact, opposite the famous Griffin, which marks the site of Temple Bar. How such a practical people as the English have been able for so many centuries to put up with the strange arrangement of widely separated tribunals in various quarters of the town, from Westminster to the City, is a problem which no one will ever solve. However, everything, even the patience of litigants, has an end; for the lawyers were not likely to complain of a system which, while it caused loss of time to their clients, brought to them munificent fees, so it was at last perceived that it would be more simple to centralize in one and the same building all the Courts of Justice. The Government purchased the ground, architects were invited to submit plans and designs, and the winner in the competition, Mr. Street, was entrusted with the erection of the Courts of Justice. A fervent apostle of the Gothic style of architecture, this skilled designer of religious buildings was somewhat out of his element when he had to build a Palace of Justice—that is to say, a building, the uses of which being entirely practical, demanded well-ventilated and well-lighted rooms, corridors into which daylight could freely penetrate, commodious means of ingress and egress, and large, wide, straight staircases.

The exterior of the Law Courts presents a façade composed of a central building of wings of unequal dimensions, the whole embellished with pointed gables, pinnacles, arcades, and vaulted porches, flanked by a tower 150 feet high. The interior, which recalls a convent or a monastery, is dark and badly lighted; from the very first the judges, with an unanimity which is often wanted in their opinions, complained of the bad arrangement of their courts, and ever since it has been sought to remedy, as far as may be, the numerous inconveniences of the New Law Courts, of which the narrow corridors and tortuous staircases resemble the English law—a labyrinth of which the oldest judges and the most cunning lawyers do not know the "ins and outs." As a matter of fact, England has no Code except as regards criminal procedure, and, as a law is not repealed unless an Act of Parliament formally declares it to be so, the result is a confusion more easy to imagine than depict, a condition of things which the English themselves describe as "the glorious uncertainty of the law." Nevertheless, the

judicial organization has recently been reformed in many essential particulars. The old Courts of Chancery, the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer, as well as those of the Admiralty and Divorce, have been united in one Supreme Court of Justice, composed of two sections, namely, the High Court of Justice and the High Court of Appeal. The former includes three divisions: Chancery, Queen's Bench, and Admiralty and Divorce. The functions of the last-named are self-evident; the other two have diverse businesses, and can hear civil or criminal cases, according to circumstances. The Chancery division is presided over by the Lord Chancellor, who is assisted by six judges. The Queen's Bench division has fourteen judges and a president, who is the Lord Chief Justice of England. The Admiralty and Divorce Division has a president and a judge. Each of these functionaries receives £5,000 a year, the Lord Chancellor £10,000 a year.

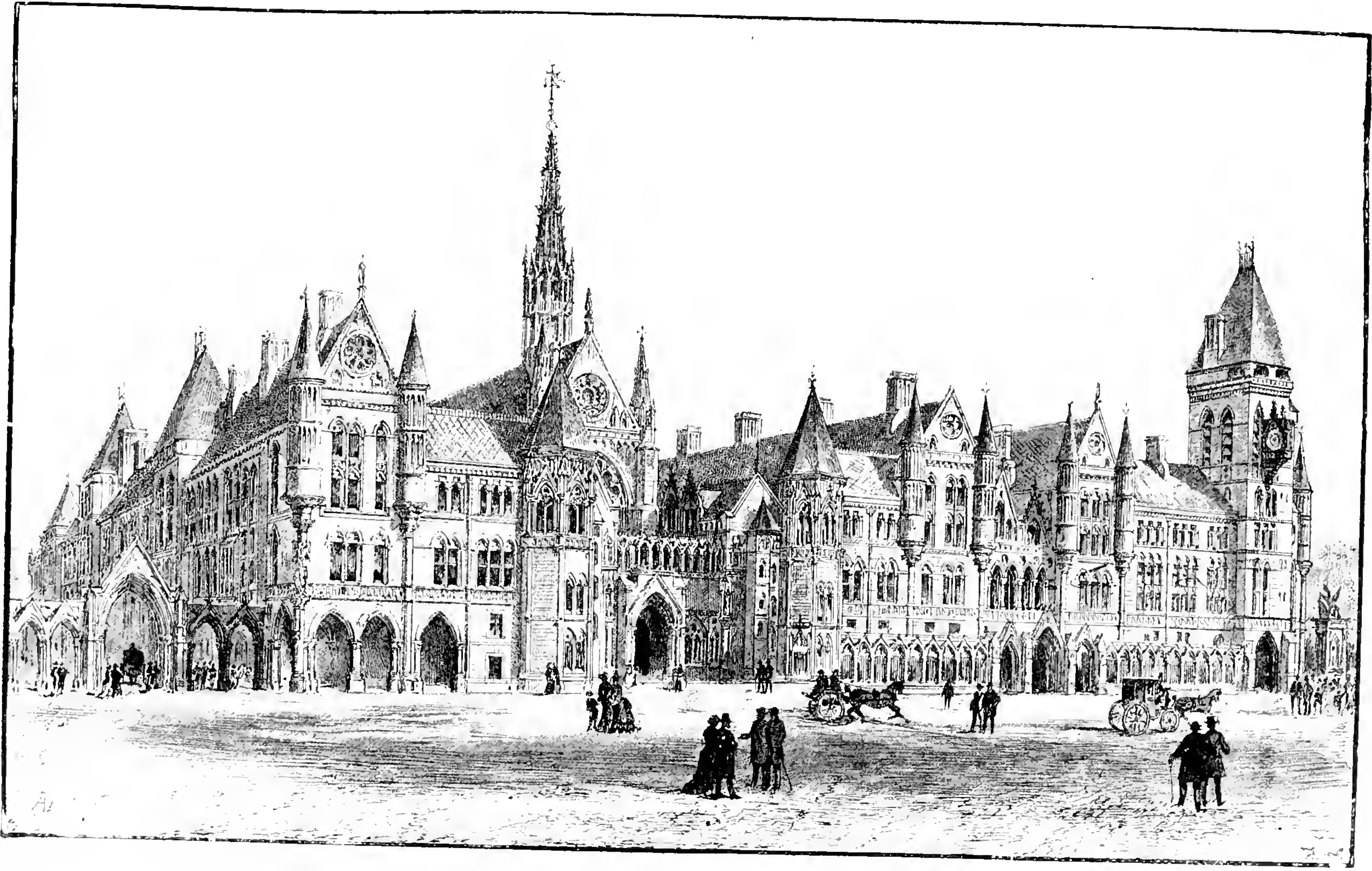
The High Court of Appeal, of which the Lord Chancellor is, *ex officio*, president, is composed of five special judges and of the presidents of the three great divisions of the High Court of Justice, who are *ex officio* members of the Appeal Court.

As a last resource, the House of Lords forms a court of ultimate appeal, and the knowledge of justice not being hereditary, like the peerage, the judicial functions of the Upper House are exclusively reserved for those members of it who occupy, or have occupied, high positions in the legal world, and to three special judges, upon whom the Queen has bestowed life peerages—that is to say, whose titles expire with them.

The most important criminal tribunal is the Central Criminal Court, which sits at the Old Bailey, near Newgate, in the City. During the sessions two of the Judges of the High Court sit at this tribunal, of which the Lord Mayor is the President, in right of his office.

As, with the exception of some towns—Liverpool and Manchester amongst others—the provinces have only inferior tribunals, whose powers are limited, England is divided into eight judicial districts, called "Circuits," which are visited four times a year by the Judges of the High Court, to investigate the civil and criminal cases which do not come within the powers of the local tribunals—the County Courts and the Courts of Quarter Sessions. Finally, there are the Police Courts, simply called in the provinces "Courts of Petty Sessions," and in large towns "Police Courts," which investigate unimportant cases; but it is nevertheless necessary that all criminal proceedings should be first carried on in these Courts, for the law lays down the rule that every individual arrested shall be, with the least possible delay, carried before a magistrate, who commits the accused for trial or sets him free at once, as the case may be.

The Magistracy is not, as in France, a special career. All the English judges, from the magistrate in the police court to the Lord Chancellor, are drawn from the Bar; and any barrister may be called to sit in the High Court of Justice. It is, therefore, interesting to be acquainted with the organization of the Bar. The right to confer the title of barrister is vested in four ancient bodies—the Inns of Court, which form a Corporation. To be admitted as a student, it is necessary to pass an examination (from which, however, members of the Universities are exempt); and, before they obtain the title of barrister, the students must submit to a definite test, and display sufficient knowledge of the law. After having practised for a certain time, the most



THE NEW LAW COURTS.

distinguished barristers obtain the honorary title of "Queen's Counsel;" and from these the magistrates are selected.

The Lord Chancellor is, in the judicial hierarchy, the highest functionary in the kingdom. He is the custodian of the Great Seal, a member of the Cabinet and of the Privy Council, and President of the House of Lords. He is nominated, by the Prime Minister, from amongst the most eminent lawyers, and is changed with the Ministry.

The judges of the Supreme Court are nominated as follows: the presidents of the various divisions by the Prime Minister, and the other judges by the Lord Chancellor, who also nominates those of the lower tribunals and the police-courts. These appointments are absolutely certain, and for life.

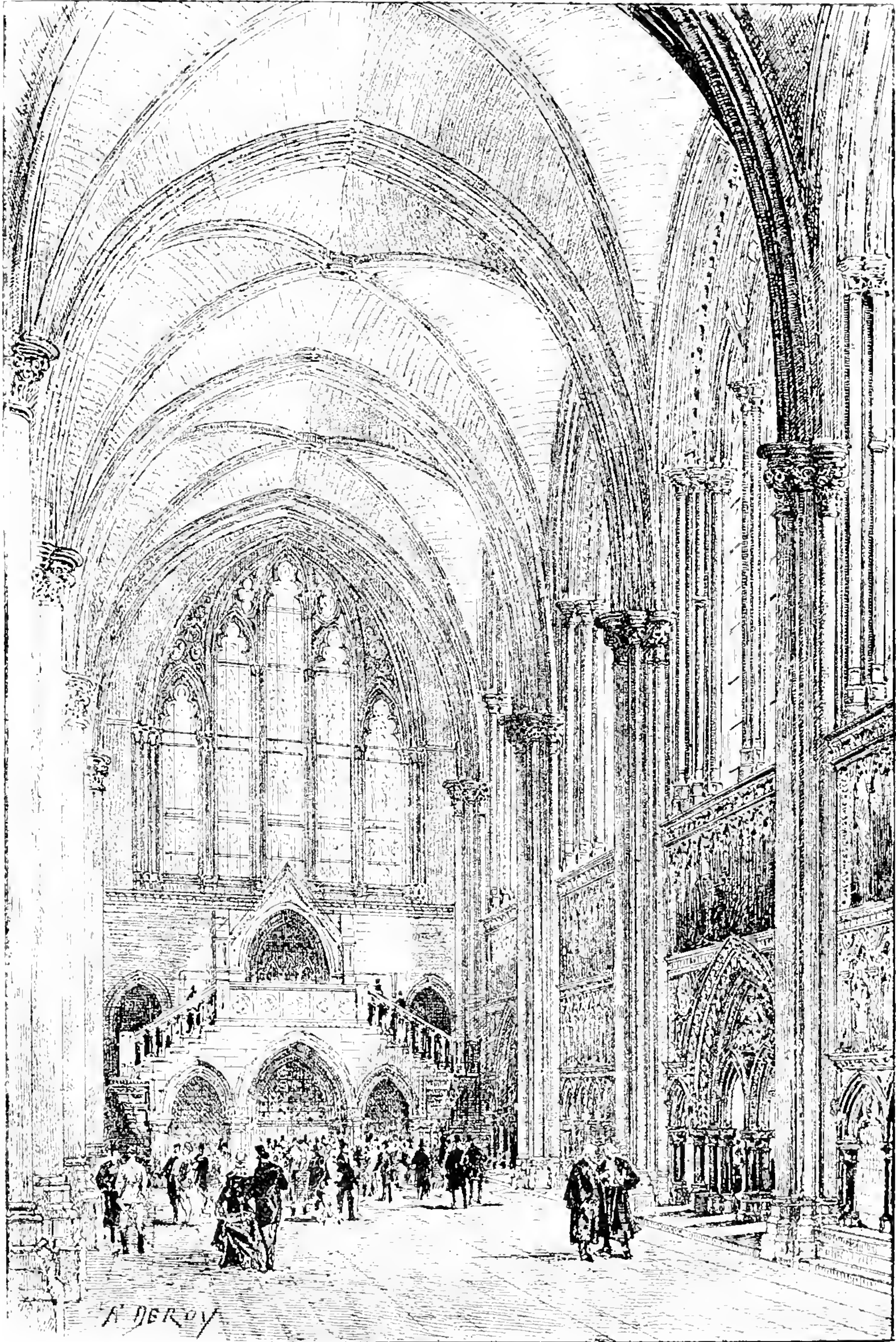
When hearing cases the judges wear red robes and a wig. The barristers wear less voluminous wigs and black silk robes when Queen's Counsel, simple serge when barristers.

From the Law Courts to the Prisons the transition is easy; and although these establishments, useful as they are, do not afford any but a relative interest to the tourist, we must not pass on without saying a few words concerning Newgate, which is situated near the eastern end of Holborn Viaduct, at the corner of Newgate Street. The sombre and lugubrious edifice which we now see was built little more than one hundred years ago (1783), on the site of the former prison, which was burned in 1780, during the Gordon Riots. It would be difficult to imagine any building of a more dismal aspect and more repugnant than Newgate, which is about to be demolished, to the infinite satisfaction of the inhabitants of the district. Executions were formerly conducted in front of the prison; but the scandalous scenes which occurred on these occasions decided the Government to alter the procedure, and since 1868 those sentenced to death are hanged within the precincts of the prison, in the presence only of the authorities and representatives of the Press. A black flag, hoisted on the building, announces to the idlers that justice has been done.

NEWGATE.

Two other large prisons situated in London are Pentonville (the Model Prison) and Clerkenwell. There are, besides, other gaols and "houses of correction."

Notwithstanding the spread of education, the amount of crime is very great; and, although the number of criminals seems to be diminishing, the offences seem to increase in a marked degree. Statistics inform us that there are sixty-seven prisons in England and Wales, which contain 17,800 criminals. In 1881 there were brought before the various tribunals 690,000 persons, of whom 138,000 were acquitted. Of the 669,000 condemned to various terms of punishment by the Courts of first instance, police, etc., 174,481 were sentenced for drunkenness, 84,000 for assaults, and 50,000 for robberies.



NEW LAW COURTS (GREAT HALL).

Criminal statistics give a grand total of 51,193 crimes committed, but the number of criminals arrested only reached 20,989. Of these 20,989 accused, 4,546 were released because of insufficient proof against them; 1,090 because no one appeared to prosecute, and the remaining 15,000 were sentenced. Twenty-three capital sentences were recorded in that year, but only eleven of the condemned were executed; the others had their sentences commuted to penal servitude.

The civil cases heard before the Chancellor and Queen's Bench Divisions are very numerous. In 1881 the latter tribunal alone had 24,000 cases. The Divorce Court heard 470 demands for decrees *nisi*, and 119 demands for separation, of which 53 separations and 311 divorces were granted. As to the Bankruptcy Court, it had to deal with 4,835 bankrupts, whose collective liabilities amounted to £17,000,000 sterling, and whose assets were scarcely £5,000,000.

Besides the criminals in the prisons, the police have under surveillance 40,000 thieves, burglars, and pickpockets, who enjoy complete liberty. Eight thousand of these "birds of prey" belong to the weaker sex, and 5,000 are under sixteen years of age!

IV.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE PANTHEON OF ENGLAND.—ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH.—ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.—ST. GEORGE'S.—ST. JAMES'S, &c.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY is, after the Tower of London, the most interesting edifice, both from its antiquity and from its historical associations. From the Saxon King, Harold, to Queen Victoria, all the Sovereigns of England have been crowned there, and within it many of them sleep their last sleep. By the side of her Kings, England has found space for many of her illustrious children. Poets, artists, men of letters, statesmen, all the phases of National glory are represented there. In a word, Westminster Abbey is Reims and St. Denis with the Pantheon besides.

The Abbey of Westminster (the monastery of the west), so named to distinguish it from St. Paul's, which was formerly known as East Minster, is situated on the site of a church, built by Edward the Confessor, of which no traces remain. Begun in the reign of Henry III., the Abbey was enlarged and embellished by his successors. Henry VII. built the elegant chapel which bears his name, and in the last century Sir Christopher Wren removed the two unfinished towers, and replaced them by those now in existence, which are scarcely in harmony with the other portions of the building.

The history of the Abbey is the epitome of the history of the English people for eight centuries: it need only be indicated here in outline. In 1066, Edward the Confessor was buried in the church he had built; and at the end of the same year—on Christmas day—William the Conqueror was consecrated King of England, by the Bishop of Coutances, in the presence of the Norman and English nobles, amid the acclamations of the spectators. Their cheers were mistaken by the Normans for cries of distress, and a bloody massacre ensued. The ceremony was interrupted,

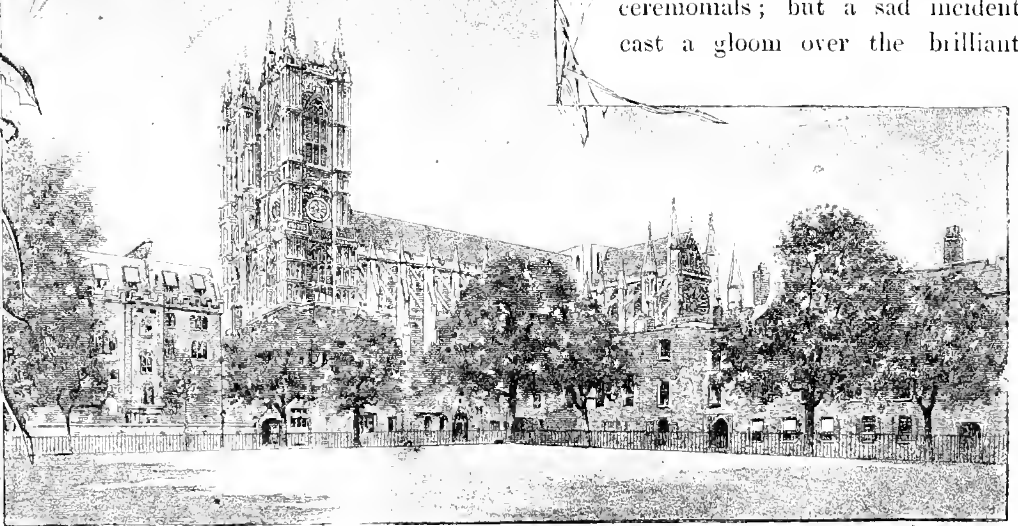
but William insisted that it should be finished, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Another sanguinary scene marked the coronation of Richard Cœur de Lion (1189), when the crowd attacked the Jews who had penetrated into the sanctuary, although members of the Jewish faith were precluded from entering a Christian fane, and the unhappy Israelites were massacred with revolting cruelty. Later still, Henry VIII., the Blue Beard of history, caused Anne Boleyn to be crowned in

Westminster Abbey, which then was a Protestant place of worship. But under the reign of "Bloody Mary," the Abbey was restored to Roman Catholicism. Six years after, Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen,"—a zealous Protestant — founded the Deanery, and the school which still exists. On the death of James I., such magnificence was displayed at his funeral, that his successor Charles was obliged to request money from the Commons, as "the Royal Treasury had been exhausted by the funeral ceremonies of the late King." Under him and his successors, the Abbey was greatly neglected, and fell into a very dilapidated state. Parliament, it is true, voted from time to time funds for the repair of Westminster, but the sums allotted were insufficient, and it was not until 1806 that proper measures were taken for the preservation of the fane, the decay of which is a veritable public scandal.

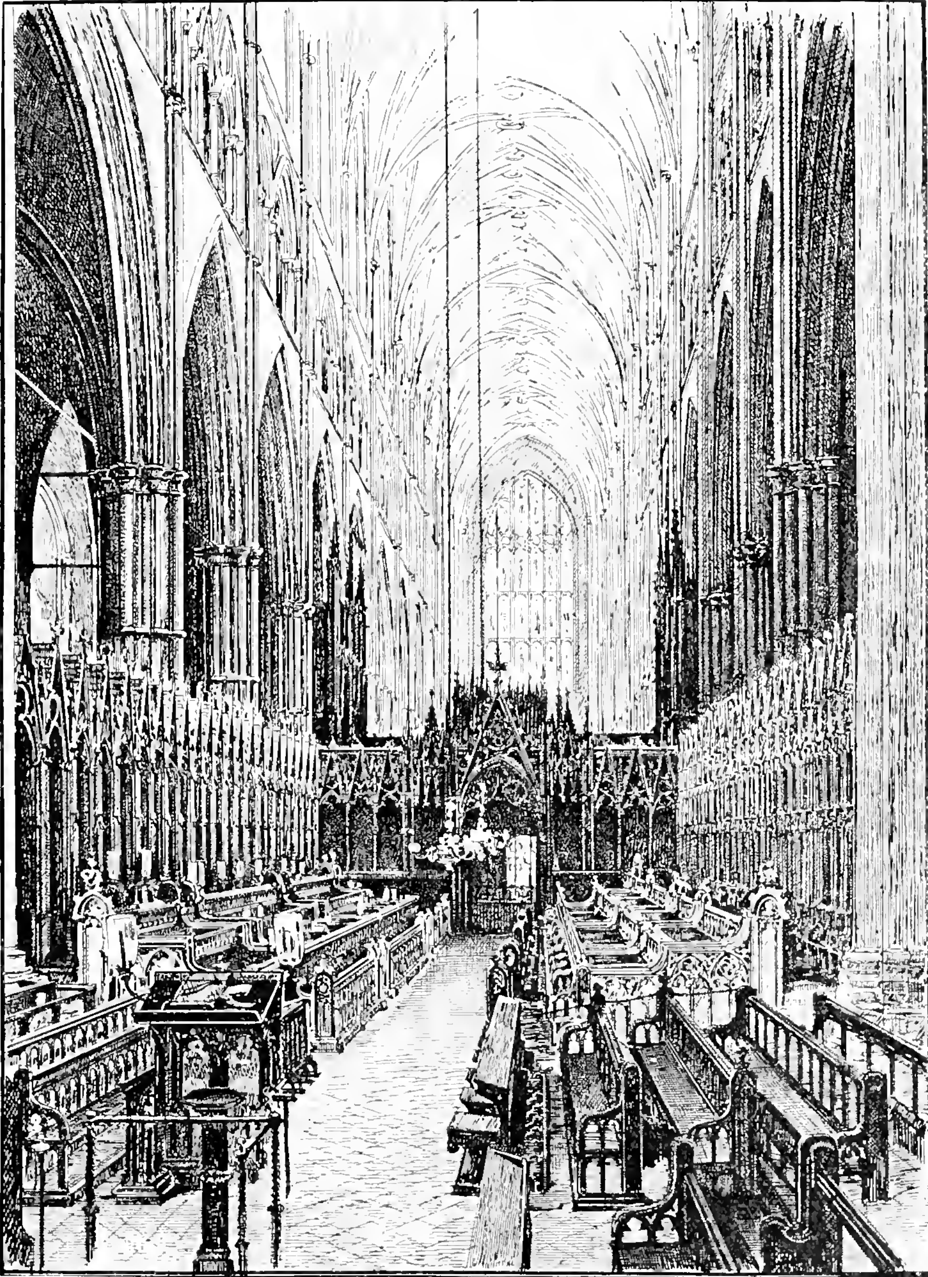
In 1821, the coronation of George IV. was celebrated with great pomp and most imposing ceremonials; but a sad incident cast a gloom over the brilliant ceremony. Queen Caroline, who came to be crowned as Queen Consort, was brutally repulsed by the King's orders; broken-hearted she retired to Brandenburg House, where she expired a few days afterwards. It is a curious fact that the crown with which George IV. was crowned did not belong to him, it had been borrowed from a jeweller, Rundell, who demanded £16,000 for the loan of this indispensable ornament. William IV., who succeeded him, was more economical, and only spent £37,000 on his coronation, which was a very tidy sum.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY (LATERAL FAÇADE).

More simple still, but not less imposing, was the coronation of Queen Victoria

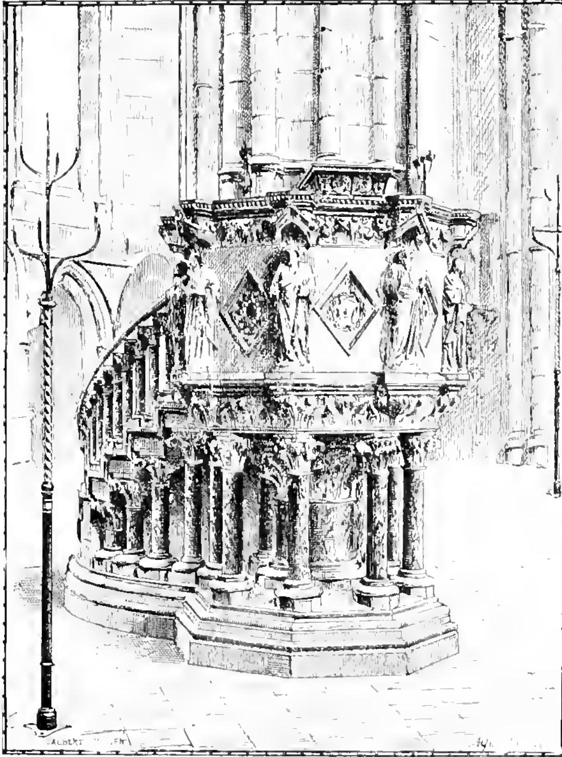
(28th June, 1838), whose grace, beauty, and youthfulness, gave a special attraction to the ceremony. The young Queen, in royal robes, received the crown from the Arch-



NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

bishop of Canterbury, who placed it on her head. At the same moment, the Peers of the Realm put on their coronets, the Bishops their mitres; the drums and trumpets resounded through the aisles, while the salvoes of artillery, and the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude, shook the building to its foundations.

For a long time, Westminster possessed the rights of sanctuary. The wife of Edward IV. took refuge there, when Warwick, the kingmaker, had put Edward in prison; and there abandoned by everyone, she gave birth to Edward V. Later on, when Gloucester wished to possess himself of the crown, she had a second time to "gain of Westminster the inviolable sanctuary."


PULPIT (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

The precincts of Westminster have lately been made a parish, of which the official designation is St. Peter's, Westminster.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross, and consists of a fine nave, transept, and an apsis surrounded by little chapels.

Henry VII.'s Chapel is a prolongation of the apsis, and gives to the two portions of the Abbey, divided by the transept, an equal length. The two sides of the Cross are not the same width—an arrangement which detracts somewhat from the interior aspect of the fabric: the northern arm contains a beautiful rose window 30 feet in diameter. "Poets' Corner" is at the southern branch or arm.

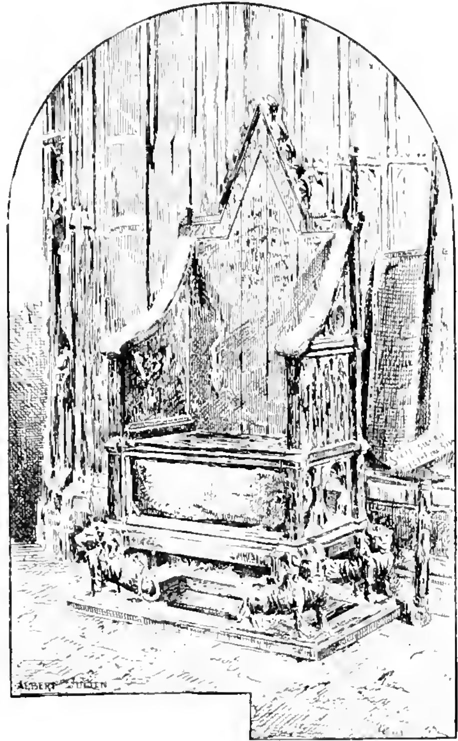
The interior dimensions are as follows:— the length from one extremity to the other is about 510 feet, and the height about 102 feet.

The visitor is struck by the height of the nave, which is supported by high clustered columns, above which is the triforium and a range of windows, some of stained glass. The wood-carvings of the choir are modern, as well as the altar and the organ.

All parts of the edifice are embellished with statues, and a large number of monumental tablets, of which some are worthy of notice, and the greater part mediocre, so that the fane has rather the appearance of a museum than a church. Thus a very peculiar and very strange effect is produced.

The chapels are interesting. The most remarkable is that of Henry VII., a masterpiece of Gothic architecture, the entrance to which is barred by a brass railing of curious workmanship. The nave presents a double range of twisted columns, the bases of which are hidden behind the stalls of the Knights of the Bath, who formerly held their meetings here, and whose banners are suspended from the walls. The roof, embellished with pendentives and ornamented with carvings, is of a richness of ornamentation rarely seen. It is a delicious intermingling of stone lace-work, an abundance of ingenious motives, a fecundity of invention, which one can never be weary of admiring. The whole is

wonderfully conceived, and carried out with a carefulness of execution, of which it is impossible to give an idea. It is the goldsmith's art in stone-work. Thirty-three windows light the chapel which contains the tomb of Henry VII., by Torrigiano, and that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Here we may also notice a statue of the Duke of Montpensier, the brother of Louis Philippe, by Westmacott; the tomb of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the sumptuous monument erected by James I., to the memory of Elizabeth.

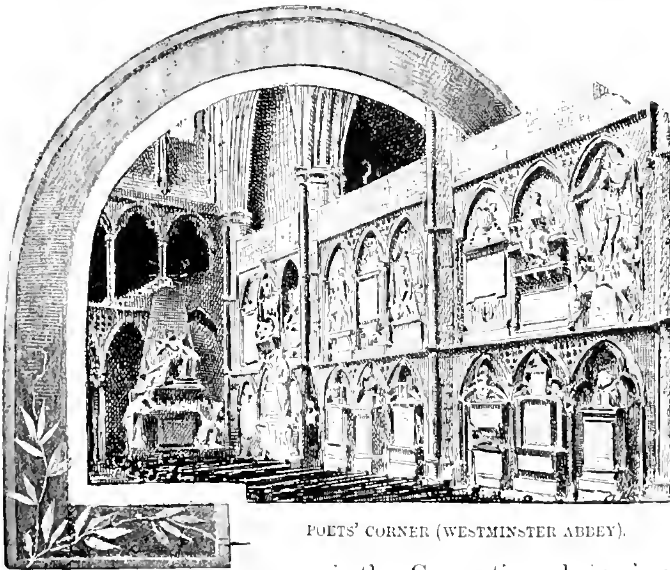


CORONATION CHAIR (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

The Chapel of St. Edmund contains some monuments very interesting by reason of their antiquity. One of the most curious is that of William de Valence; it is embellished with enamels on brass, and in former days was surrounded by thirty statuettes.

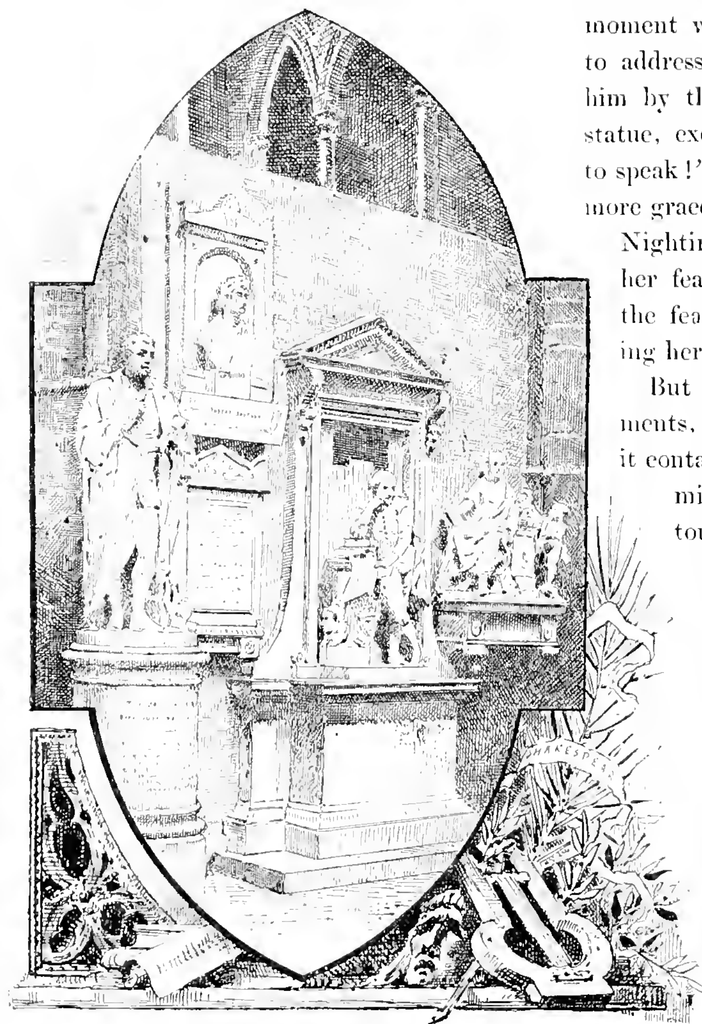
The Chapel of St. Nicholas shelters the tombs of the Duchess of Somerset, wife of the Protector; of Lady Burghley, and of Katherine de Valois, wife of Henry V.

St. Edward the Confessor's Chapel, or the Chapel of the Kings, is situated immediately behind the altar, from which it is separated by a screen, decorated with 14 bas-reliefs, representing incidents in the life of Edward. The tomb of this Prince is in the centre of the chapel; it was formerly covered with mosaics and slabs of marble. Around this tomb are those of Henry III., Edward I. and his wife Eleanor, of Queen Philippa, of Richard II. and his wife, of Henry V. and other sovereigns. It is from this assemblage of the royal dead that the chapel takes its second title. Here also is the Coronation chair, in which is embedded the black stone which, according to tradition, served Jacob for a pillow. The pavement, in mosaic, which dates from the reign of Henry III., is in a melancholy state of dilapidation.



POETS' CORNER (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

The chapels of St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew, now are formed into one, as the partitions which existed have been removed. Here we find two remarkable monuments, works of the sculptor Roubiliac: the first is that in memory of Sir Francis Vere; the second that of Lady Nightingale. It is related that a friend of Roubiliac found him one day deep in thought before one of the four statues of the knights which adorn the tomb of De Vere. At the moment when the friend was about to address the artist, the latter seized him by the arm, and pointing to the statue, exclaimed, "Hush, he is about to speak!" . . . Nothing can be more graceful than the figure of Lady Nightingale, or more expressive than her features, in which can be read the fear of Death, who is threatening her with his dart.



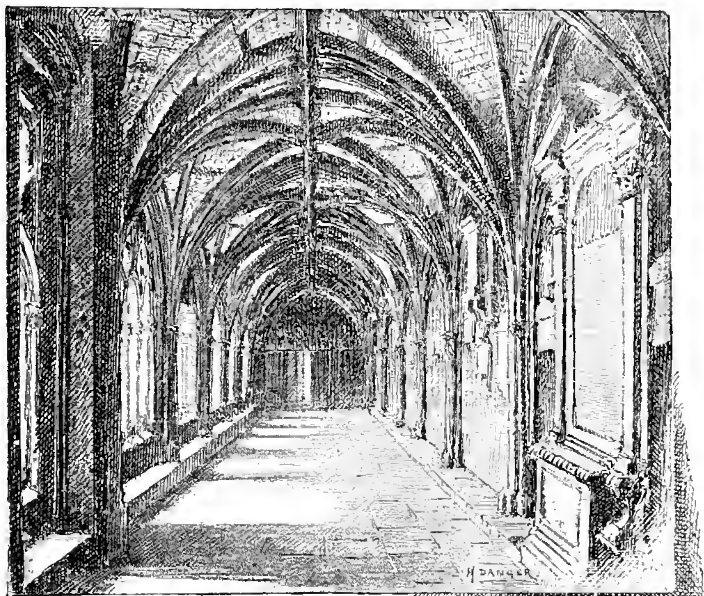
POETS' CORNER (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

But it is chiefly for the monuments, statues, and tablets, which it contains, that the Abbey of Westminster is so interesting to the tourist, the artist, and the sight-seer; there are few impressions so moving as those which we experience when we visit this PANTHEON OF ENGLAND.

If St. Paul's is almost exclusively devoted to the records of military glory, Westminster is *par excellence* the resting-place of men illustrious in science, art, letters, and politics, which have done more than warriors to build up the greatness of Great Britain. All are here united in death, oblivious, no doubt, in the peaceful regions which they have reached, of the divisions which separated them in this life, and remembering only their common devotion to their country, which they loved and served so well.

Poets, actors, statesmen, men of science, authors, historians, repose side by side without order, in a medley which sometimes causes singular meetings. Thus, in the northern aisle, Pitt and Fox, the two rivals, are buried close to each other, not far from the actor Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, his sister, the *tragedienne*. A tablet bears the

name of Davy, the illustrious chemist, and close at hand is the monument to Sir John Franklin, who met his death in search of the North-west Passage. Then comes a group of politicians—Grattan, Canning, Castlereagh, Palmerston, Chatham, and Sir Robert Peel, the great debaters; Warren Hastings, the Governor-General of India; Lord Mansfield, the illustrious judge, whose beautiful monument is due to the chisel of Flaxman; and many others.



CLOISTERS (WESTMINSTER ABBEY)

Returning towards the nave we pass the tablets commemorative of Purcell and Blow, the celebrated musicians who lived in the end of the 17th century.

In the nave, Herschel, the astronomer; Ben Jonson, the competitor of Shakespeare; Killigrew, the wit; and Lord Holland, the English Mecænas, face Wordsworth and Congreve, the poets; Lord Clyde and Sir Henry Havelock, the heroes of the Indian Mutiny; and Newton, the immortal genius. But take care in traversing the nave not to tread upon the tombs of Livingstone, Telford, and Lyell. *Sta, viator; heroem calcas.*

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL (ROMAN CATHOLIC).

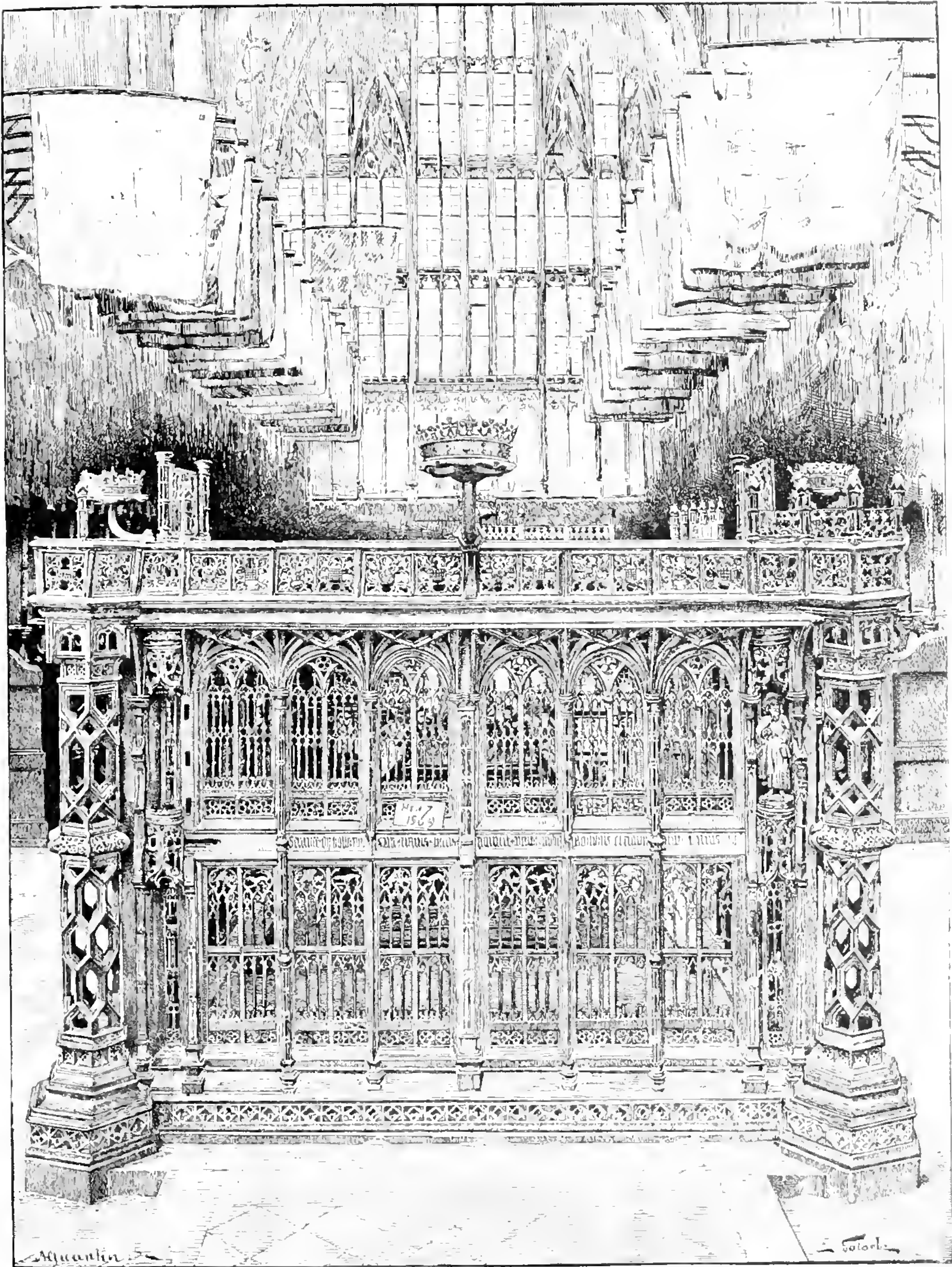
Passing the memorial of Thomas Thynne, remembered for his tragic end—he was assassinated in 1682, in the street, by three bravos hired by his rival, the Count of Koningsmark, a scene which is represented in bas-relief upon his monument—we at length reach Poets' Corner, so called from the records it contains: monuments erected to the memory of illustrious poets and literary men. First comes Garrick, actor and author, whose statue by Webber is only second-rate, and was sharply criticized by Charles

Lamb; then Macpherson, the translator, or rather, the author of "Ossian;" Casaubon, the Genevese Controversialist, to whom we owe the excellent versions of "Perseus" and "Polybius;" Davenant, the friend of Milton; Old Parr, who died in 1635 at, it is said, the age of 152 years, after having lived in the reigns of ten sovereigns, from Edward II. to Charles I., and whose presence in the Poets' Corner is scarcely explicable by the side of Addison and Macaulay. On the left, three tablets bear the names of Samuel Johnson, the famous lexicographer, celebrated for his roughness and whimsicalities; of

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

Sheridan, the author of the immortal "School for Scandal;" and of Garrick. The tablet commemorative of Oliver Goldsmith, who has left us one of the most exquisite works in the English language, "The Vicar of Wakefield," bears a Latin inscription by Samuel Johnson, who peremptorily refused *to dishonour the walls of Westminster* by an inscription in English.

Then, in the angle, we have Gay, the author of the "Fables;" Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons;" Campbell, who sang the "Pleasures of Hope;" and Southey. Near by rises the monument erected by George II. to William Shakespeare, whose remains rest at Stratford-on-Avon, his birthplace. The poet is represented standing, his



HENRY VII.'S TOMB (WESTMINSTER ABBEY).

legs crossed, in an attitude which is scarcely characteristic of the greatest dramatic poet that ever lived.

St. Evremond rests near Prior, and not far off we find a bust of Milton, put up by

one Benson, who in the inscription on it, found means, as Doctor Johnson said to Ceston, to say "more words upon himself than upon Milton." Gray, Spencer, and Chaucer—the father of English poetry—are also in Poets' Corner, as well as Dryden and his rival Shadwell.

Near Handel's monument, a bust and a tomb attract the attention of all visitors, the least literary as well as the most refined. The bust represents the features of Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair;" the tomb is that of Charles Dickens, the creator of the immortal "Pickwick," the stirring writer, all whose works are equally master-pieces, and whose name, celebrated everywhere, is surrounded by an imperishable glory.

This rapid glance at some of the principal monuments of Westminster Abbey, which would require a volume to describe in detail, suffices to justify the name of the Pantheon of England, which we have bestowed upon the old Abbey, and that is one of the most worthy titles, if not the most worthy, which could be bestowed upon it.

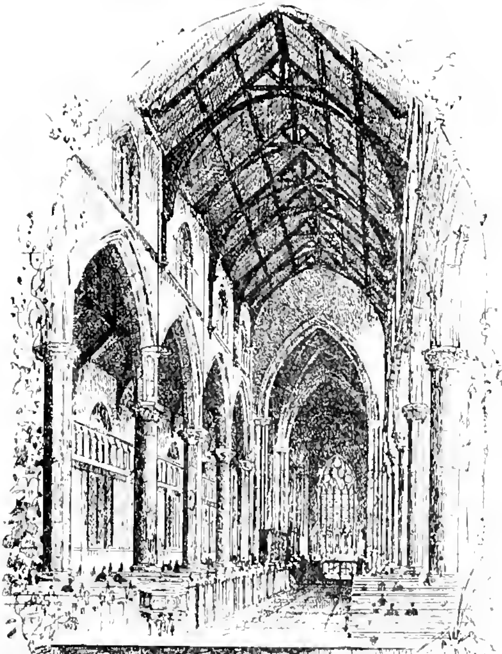
The Chapter House, one of the curiosities of the Abbey, communicates by a passage with the nave of the cathedral. It is an octagon building, the roof of which is supported by a central marble column, to which the monks condemned to the scourge were fastened. Here we perceive an ancient mural painting of the fourteenth century in a good state of preservation, and many old relics, armour, seals, old charts, etc., preserved in cases. The Chapter House was restored in 1866, by Sir G. Scott. Divine service is celebrated at the Abbey every morning. On Sundays the attendance is very numerous, for the music and the choir of Westminster are celebrated. Many people are drawn thither by the excellent sermons which are preached. Westminster, formerly an episcopate, is now only a deanery; but the Dean of Westminster, nominated by the Crown, enjoys complete independence, and is only responsible to the Sovereign.

Close to the Abbey is the church of St. Margaret, which is periodically threatened with destruction, because it spoils the view, and does not harmonize with its surroundings. It contains the tomb of Caxton, the introducer of the art of printing into England, and that of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The other religious edifices scattered broadcast throughout the metropolis are less interesting. We must, however, make an exception in favour of the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, on the right bank of the Thames, of which the choir, the Lady Chapel, and a transept dating from the 14th century, are considered excellent specimens of English architecture of the Middle Ages. The other parts of the edifice, added at various periods, are the despair of archæologists—a race who are very difficult to please, as we all know.

St. Saviour's contains some curious tombs. We find that of the poet Gower, who lived in the 15th century; that of Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1626; and a wooden figure representing a knight. In the churchyard were buried Edmund Shakespeare, brother of the poet; Fletcher and Massinger, the dramatic authors; and Henslowe, the actor; but their tombs have not been discovered.

The church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, dates from the 18th century, and possesses a handsome portico. The edifice occupies the site of an ancient church, in which the famous Chancellor Bacon was christened. In the vaults are the

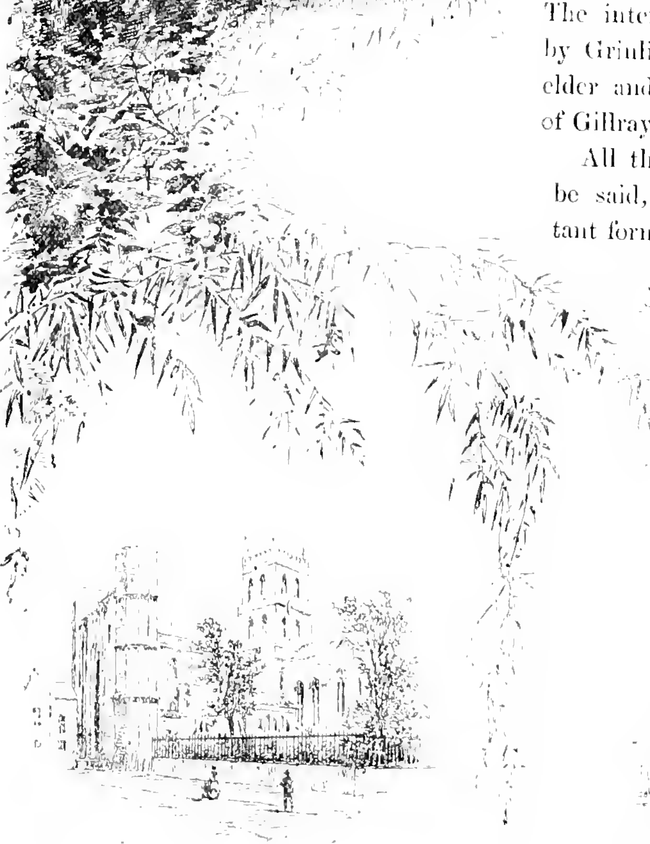


tombs of Nell Gwynne; Hunter, the famous surgeon; Jack Sheppard, the celebrated thief, who could scarcely have expected to find himself in such good company; the painter, Laguerre; the sculptor, Roubiliac; Farquhar, the dramatist; and others. Buckingham Palace is in this parish, and the registers mention the births of many of the Royal children.

St. George's, Hanover Square, is the fashionable church for weddings. Is it because there were celebrated the nuptials of Emma Harte, or Lyons, the too notorious Lady Hamilton?

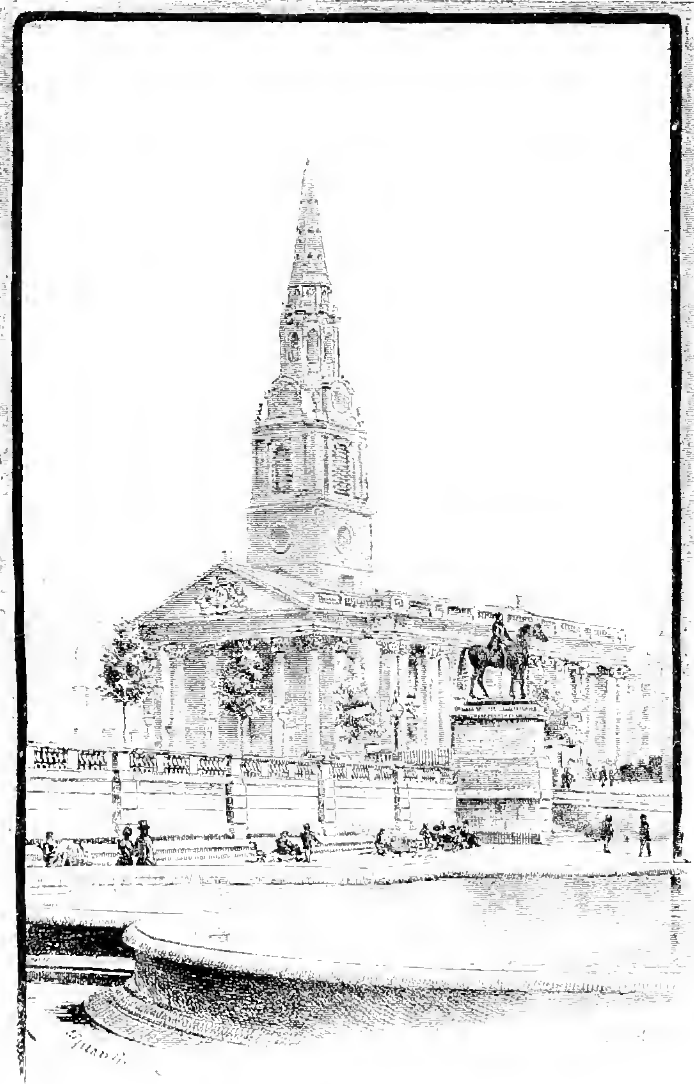
St. James's, Piccadilly, is a heavy brick building, guarded by a walled court; it was erected after the designs of Wren. The interior possesses some sculptures by Grinling Gibbons; the tombs of the elder and younger Van de Velde, and of Gillray, the caricaturist.

All these churches, it need scarcely be said, are dedicated to the Protestant forms of worship. Some churches belonging to the other creeds are worth atten-



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH (SOUTHWARK). ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH (BLOOMSBURY).
INTERIOR OF ST. GILES' CHURCH (CAMBERWELL).

tion. Amongst these we may cite the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. George



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH (TRAFALGAR SQUARE).

(Lambeth); the Greek Church (Bayswater), which is richly decorated in the Byzantine style, and the synagogue in Great Portland Street—a curious Moorish construction.

V.

THE MUSEUMS AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.—THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ETC.

THE British Museum is situated in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, on the site of Montague House. It is separated from the street by a gilded iron railing, the gates giving access to the well-kept courtyard with grass-plots. The principal front shows us a central building and two projecting wings; it is surrounded by a stylobate five feet high, which supports forty-four columns, 45 feet in height. The great portico, to which we ascend by a wide flight of steps, is composed of a double colonnade, on which rests a pediment, the tympanum of which is decorated with allegorical sculptures by Sir R. Westmacott, representing the progress of Civilization. The general plan is a rectangle formed of four blocks of buildings surrounding a vast interior court, in which was built (in 1857) the great Reading Room.

This Museum, one of the richest in Europe, has existed for little more than a century. In fact, it was not opened until January, 1759, by virtue of an Act of Parliament of 1753, authorizing the purchase of the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, and the Library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and confiding the administration of the Museum to fifty Trustees, including the Lord Chancellor, the Primate, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. This was the origin of the British Museum, the rapid increase of which is well-nigh prodigious. Acquisitions and donations increased and multiplied to such an extent, that new galleries had to be erected, and all the Natural History collections had to be transferred to a specially-constructed Museum at South Kensington. In the near future, it will be necessary to erect other special museums, for the collections now in Great Russell Street are pinched for room, and the British Museum will, unfortunately, lose the distinctive mark which is conferred on it by the grouping in one building of artistic, ethnographical, zoological, mineral, and botanical curiosities; as well as the magnificent national library, which numbers 1,300,000 printed volumes. The Library is being extended greatly—thanks to the sum of £10,000 which is annually set aside for approved acquisitions, estimated at 20,000 volumes.

It is much to be desired that other National Libraries would take example by the Reading Room of the British Museum, the arrangements of which are absolutely perfect. Let the reader picture to himself an immense domed, circular hall, 140 feet in diameter, lighted by twenty high windows by day, and by electric lamps, suspended from the ceiling, at dusk; brightly painted and gilded.

In the centre a species of round desk ("tribune"), occupied by the superintendent and his assistants, is surrounded by concentric shelves, which contain the 300 folio volumes of the manuscript catalogue—the printed catalogue is not yet finished—and these form a

kind of nave of a gigantic wheel, of which the thirty-five rows of desks for the readers are the spokes. These desks (and tables), of which two rows are reserved for ladies exclusively, are furnished with folding bookstands, ink bottles, blotting pads, &c., for the workers. No trouble has been spared to make the reading-room as commodious as possible. The system of ventilation is perfect, and means are provided by which hot or cold air can be introduced, according to the seasons. For some years the introduction of the electric light has enabled the authorities to prolong the hours during which the readers, who are always increasing in numbers, may work; for there is scarcely a *savant*, a novelist, or a journalist, who does not use the Museum Library.

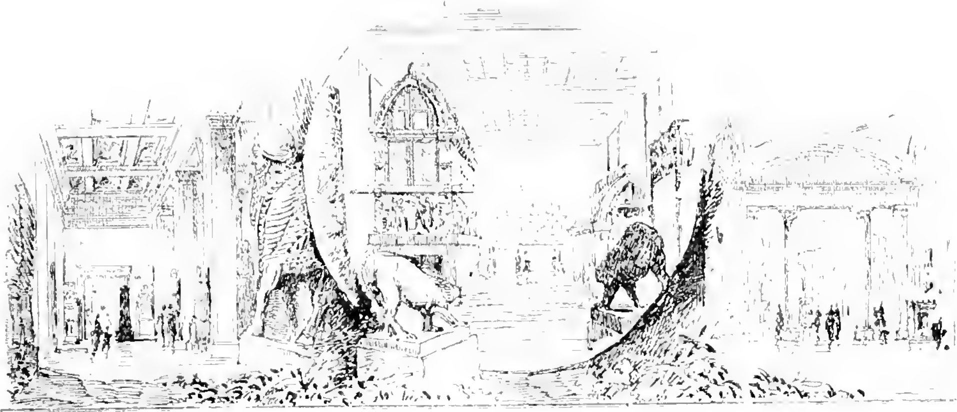
Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, Charles Lamb, Washington Irving, Hallam, Grote, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, have all passed many hours there; so have M. Guizot, M. Thiers, Louis Philippe, and more recently still, Cavour, Garibaldi, Louis Blanc, and many others whom the changes and chances of political life have forced to take advantage of the hospitality which England accords to all with impartial generosity.

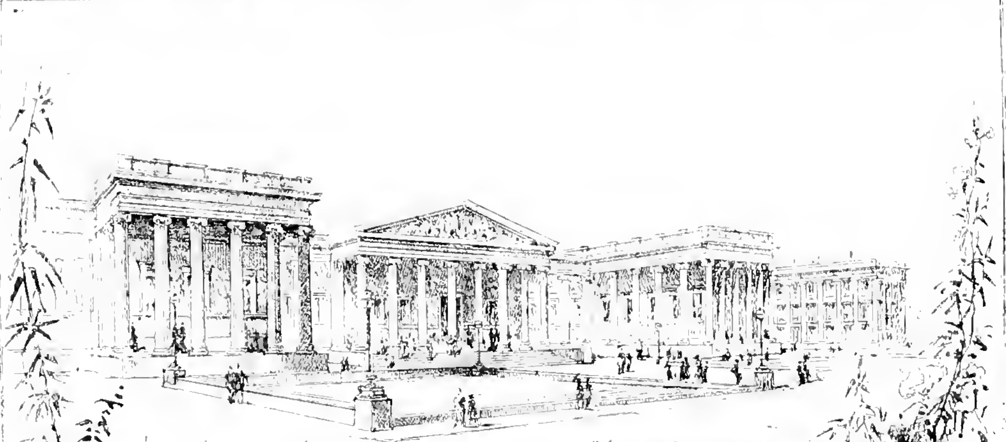
Admission to the British Museum is absolutely gratuitous. The Grenville and the King's Libraries are open to the public, but no one can enter the reading-room without a ticket of admission. The sculpture galleries, which are perhaps the richest in the world in Grecian and Roman antiquities, include the famous Parthenon frieze, fragments of the Erectheum and of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, as well as an immense number of admirable antique marbles. Amongst the Egyptian antiquities will be found the celebrated Rosetta Stone, and a beautiful collection of papyrus of the greatest value. The bronzes of Roman, Greek, and Etruscan art came partly from the collections of Payne Knight, Hamilton, Pourtalès, De Blacas, and Castellani. It is in the British Museum, in the Jewel Gallery, that the priceless Portland Vase will be found. It was one day broken into fragments by some idiot who struck it with his cane. The Coin and Medal Department, rich in Greek and Roman antiquities, offers to the spectator a superb collection of Eastern moneys; and the gallery of engravings and drawings includes splendid specimens of all schools, and particularly of the English, Dutch, and French masters.

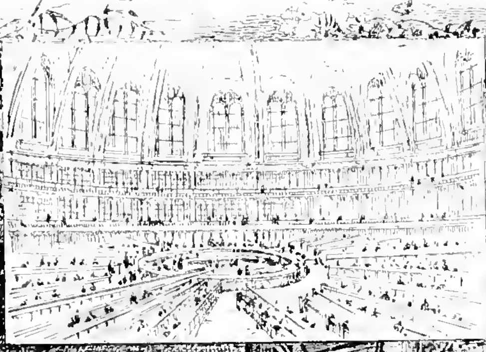
The "Budget" of the British Museum is considerable—about £100,000, of which £24,000 are appropriated to acquisitions of all kinds, and the remainder to the payment of the officials, the repairs, and general expenses.

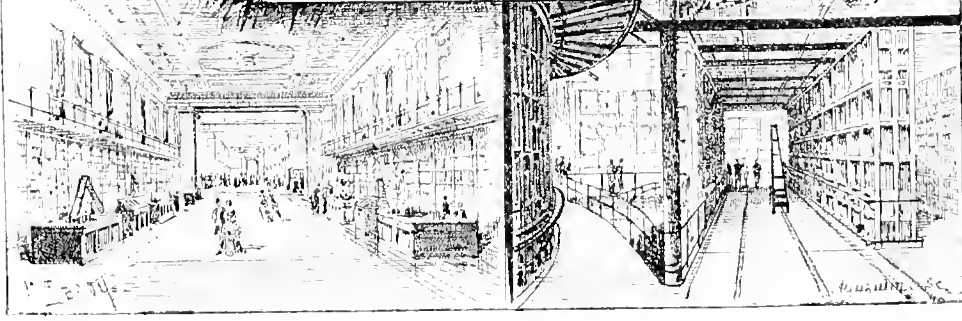
The National Gallery occupies the north side of Trafalgar Square, and the building in which the pictures are located, consists of a portico flanked by two wings, with a villainous leaden cap, which is dignified by the name of a dome, of no architectural worth. Founded in 1824, this Gallery of Paintings consists of more than 1,000 choice pictures, and is enriched every year by a number of valuable works. It is estimated that £100,000 have been spent in adding to the collection since the National Gallery was opened; but this sum is very far short of the value of the collection, of which the most precious specimens have been given to the nation by private individuals or artists. The richest donations thus made were bequeathed by Lord Farnborough, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Wynn Ellis.

In the entrance hall is a statue of David Wilkie, whose palette is encased on the



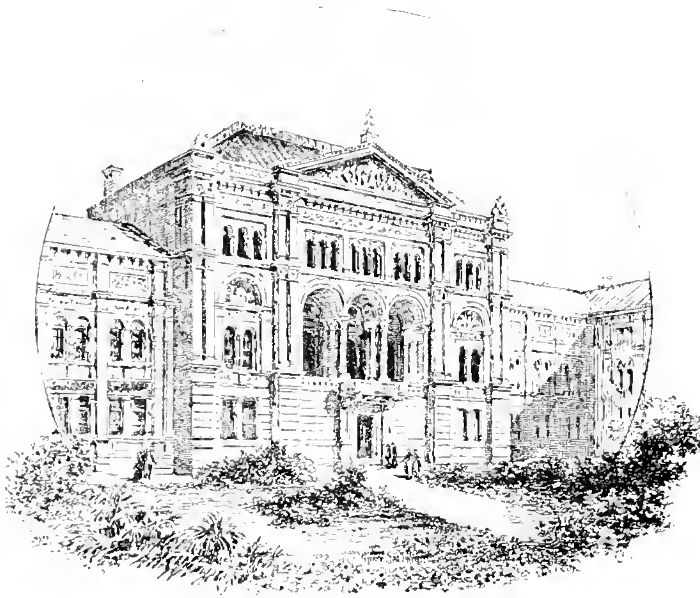






BRITISH MUSEUM.

pedestal, and a bas-relief by Banks, representing Thetis and her nymphs consoling Achilles. The galleries are lighted from above, and each picture bears a tablet, giving the name of the painter and the subject of it—an excellent idea—very simple and very useful, which ought to be adopted in all galleries. Of the eighteen rooms in the National Gallery, eight are devoted to the English school of painting, four to the Italian, one to the French, and one to the Dutch. The others are occupied by special collections, one of them named the Select Cabinet, contains the gems of the collection—the pearls of the museum. In this apartment we find the "Holy Family," and the "Catherine of Alexandria," by Raphael; the "Entombment" and the "Madonna," by Michael Angelo; the celebrated "Vierge au panier," by Correggio; "Bacchus and Ariadne;" and "Christ" and the portrait of "Ariosto," by Titian, as well as many other magnificent canvases signed by the most illustrious artists of the Italian school.



COURT OF SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The French school is represented by Claude Lorrain, Nicolas Poussin, Philippe de Champagne, Rigaud, and Joseph Vernet; the Spanish masters by Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran; the Dutch by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Eyck, Ruysdael, Teniers, Van Dyck.

Amongst the pictures of the English school, we notice the "Marriage à la mode" by Hogarth; the "Cornfield," by Constable; the landscapes of Crome and Cooper; portraits by Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, and Reynolds; the sea-pieces of Stanfield; the animals of Landseer; and, above all, the twenty-five pictures by Turner, of which "Dido building Carthage," and "Sunrise in Fog," are, by the expressed wish of the artist, placed in the rooms devoted to the French school, beside the two paintings of Claude—the "Marriage of Rebecca" and the "Queen of Sheba."

According to English custom, many of these paintings are under glass, a very necessary precaution in such an atmosphere as that of London.

The South Kensington Museum, surrounded by buildings which have nothing remarkable about their appearance, inasmuch as they are incomplete, has, so to speak, no façade. The two doors which give entrance to the galleries are narrow and inconvenient, and, like all that is provisional, threaten to endure for ever.

To the initiative of the late Prince Consort, seconded by Sir Henry Cole, we are

indebted for this Museum of industrial art, which has served as a model for all institutions of a similar character recently established in all European countries, under the influence of the great artistic movement, the tendency of which is to raise the level of art as applied to industry, so long and so unjustly neglected.

The Museum contains collections of objects of decorative art, paintings, sculpture, goldsmiths' work, jewellery, enamels, ivory, pottery, glass, metal, tapestry, &c.; a gallery of English paintings, a museum of constructive materials, a museum of education, an art library, and a museum of patents, in which models of all important inventions are exhibited.

The Indian Museum, or rather the Indian Section, occupies a building on the other side of the street. Therein the collection brought from India by the Prince of Wales has been united

NATIONAL GALLERY

with those which were formerly in the Museum. The latter, once the property of the East India Company, were carried to the India Office, and finally deposited at South Kensington, where they will probably remain. There are a number of articles in gold and silver, arms and jewels, to be admired; shawls and stuffs of vivid colours, ivory articles, and wood carved with a patience and skill only possessed by the Orientals; as well as the throne of Runjeet Singh, idols covered with jewels, and admirably-executed models of the principal Indian monuments. It is a veritable dream — a chapter in "The Thousand and One Nights" — a vision of the Orient.

The system of classification is difficult to define; we cannot say what idea presided over the arrangement of the collections. With the exception of the Italian art objects—which are placed in a gallery by themselves—the specimens seem to be distributed at random, and it is not easy to find them out. The jewels and terra cotta, the apparel and the forged iron, the pottery and the musical instruments, are placed pell-mell in the same gallery, without any regard to their production, or the countries whence they

have come. Notwithstanding—perhaps in consequence of—this confusion, the South Kensington Museum is one of the most interesting places in London; everyone who goes there finds something to interest him—the artist and the "working man," the archæologist, and the mere gazer, the studious and the idle. In certain sections a more severe taste might have been exercised in the choice of objects exhibited; but the *ensemble* is as varied and as rich as possible, and many of the exhibits are of great rarity and value. On the first floor are the Raphael cartoons, seven in number, lately at Hampton Court, the Sheepshanks' gallery of pictures, the Jones' collection, and the British Water-Colour collection.

The Bethnal Green Museum, situated in the east of London, in a populous quarter, is affiliated to South Kensington. It contains an economic exhibition, in which are shown all animal or vegetable products which are used for food, or capable of industrial application; as well as all modern objects of industrial art which have not been placed in the parent Museum.

At Bethnal Green, as at Kensington, the exhibits are furnished with tickets clearly explaining all details connected with them, even to giving their prices. The South Kensington Museum is illuminated with the electric light; it is open until 10 P.M. three times a week—Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays.

London possesses a great number of museums of a special nature, of which the principal are the Museum of Natural History, transferred from the British Museum to Kensington, and the National Portrait Gallery, at Kensington; the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; the last-named contains, amongst other valuable exhibits, twelve pictures by Hogarth, namely, eight of "The Rake's Progress," and four of "The Election." The Museum of Practical Geology is attached to the Royal School of Mines in Piccadilly (Jermyn Street).

The learned societies of London are very numerous, and some of them have acquired a just renown, owing to the works of their members. Thus the Royal Academy of Arts, the Royal Society, and the Royal Institution, not to mention others, have arrived at a position equivalent to the various sections of the French Institute. As is always the case, private enterprise has been the origin of their existence, and almost all of them have uprisen from very small beginnings.

Many of these societies are sheltered under one roof in Burlington House, Piccadilly. The façade, in the Italian style, consists of two wings and a central "pavilion," somewhat higher, and is enclosed by a handsome iron railing. Through the arch entrance is gained to the court-yard. At the end of the court is the former residence of the Earl of Burlington, which has been raised a storey, to make it harmonize with its new surroundings, and is occupied by the Royal Academy of Arts. Founded in 1768, this society is composed of forty-two Academicians, twenty Associates, and six Associate engravers. At the head is a president, who is nominated for life, assisted by a council of ten, elected by the Academicians, whose appointments, like that of the president, must be approved by the Sovereign. By the terms of its charter of constitution, the Academy has the direction of a school of design, and must, every year, give, in May, an exhibition, open to all artists of merit. This exhibition is the London *Salon*. Since 1869 the committee of the Royal Academy have organized, in January,

an exhibition of "old masters," the success of which is great. These canvases are lent by private individuals, and, to judge by the number of the works exhibited, the private collections of England must be of inestimable value. There is a custom of the Academy, which ordains that every member, on his election, shall offer to the society one of his works, be it painting or sculpture. All these, known as "diploma works," are collected in a gallery open to the public, and form a most interesting collection. Amongst the most remarkable of the pictures is a portrait of George the Third by Reynolds, that of Gainsborough painted by himself, a peasant girl by Lawrence; and, amongst the sculpture, Cupid and Psyche, the bust of Flaxman, by Nollekens, and that of West, by Chantrey. The palettes of Hogarth and Reynolds are preserved in the same gallery.

The President of the Royal Academy is Sir Frederick Leighton, who succeeded Sir Francis Grant, a most distinguished portrait painter who had a *specialité* for aristocratic portraits.

The first, and the most illustrious, President of the Royal Academy was Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of its founders. Amongst his colleagues we find the names of Gainsborough, West, Zuccarelli, Zoffani, Chambers, Bartelozzi, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffmann. The Royal Academy has reckoned amongst its numbers, Turner, Mulready, Wilkie, Landseer, Flaxman, Chantrey, Constable, Lawrence, Etty, Westmacott, Stanfield, &c.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

All the world is now acquainted with the names of Millais, Alma Tadema, Frith, Sir John Gilbert, Long, Hook, Richmond, and Poynter, whose works are as well known to foreigners as to Englishmen.

Six other Societies are located in Burlington House: the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Astronomical Society, the Chemical Society, the Geological Society, and the Linnean Society.

The most important of all is the Royal Society—one of the oldest, moreover, and dates from 1663. It is the Academy of Sciences of England. Originally, it was established in the City: afterwards, it migrated to Somerset House, and thence to Burlington House.

Amongst its most illustrious members we find Bayle, Newton, Faraday, Cook, Herschel, Davy, Franklin (who made the experiments with the lightning conductor),

Cavendish, Sloane, Woodward, and Arbuthnot. On the list of honorary members are the names of D'Alembert, Bernouilli, Linné, Euler, Buffon, Jussieu, and Voltaire.

The Royal Society has often been the subject of ridicule more or less lively on the part of writers whom one would have credited with more wisdom. Butler, in his poem of the "Elephant in the Moon," and Swift, in his description of Laputa, have ridiculed the English Scientists in a way which fully justifies the words of Montesquieu:—"They run after wit and catch folly." Nothing could have been more unjust than these attacks, for the Royal Society, by its works on vaccination and electricity, its investigations of the courses of the stars, and its experiments concerning light, has rendered the greatest services to humanity.

The Royal Society possesses a library rich in works of an exclusively scientific character, and some remarkable portraits of its illustrious members. The reports of the society, dating from 1665, have been printed, and form a series of 160 quarto volumes. There is still preserved the sun-dial which the youthful Newton constructed upon the wall of his father's house, a telescope which he made for himself, and his mask in plaster, moulded by Roubiliac.

The Society of Antiquaries, founded in 1572, dissolved by James I., no one knows why, could not obtain its charter until 1751. It has, nevertheless, rendered great services which have been somewhat tardily acknowledged, but which are none the less brilliant. To this society is due the restoration of the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, which would have tumbled to pieces but for the exertions of the President, Earl Stanhope.

The Astronomical Society only dates from 1820, and in its short career has proved its utility by its works, enshrined in thirty-eight volumes, which form its reports.

The Linnean Society was, at first, a section of the Royal Society, from which it seceded in 1802. It is now very prosperous, and its important labours have placed it in the foremost rank of those societies which are more especially devoted to Botany and Zoology. The library and its contents are celebrated. In 1829, the society purchased for £25,000 the collection that Linné had formed; and in 1832, the East India Company made the Linneans a present of a complete collection of Indian flora.

Lastly, the Chemical Society, founded in 1841, for the encouragement of the study of chemistry, and the Geological Society, founded in 1807, though not of the importance of the societies we have mentioned above, occupy a very honourable position in the scientific world.

Of relatively recent foundation, but very celebrated for the services it has rendered, and every day renders, is the Royal Institution, established in 1799 chiefly by the efforts of Count Rumford. The Royal Institution occupies spacious premises in Albemarle Street, a building designed by Vulliamy, presenting an imposing colonnade of the Corinthian order, resting on a stylobate, and rising to the whole height of the three storeyed edifice. Established with a view to promote the application of science to industry, the Royal Institution, whose motto is "*Illustrans commoda vitæ*," gives a series of lectures, which are attended not only by persons connected with industry and trade, but also and chiefly by a select public. The success of these lectures will be easily understood when we mention the names of the lecturers, Owen, Huxley, and Tyndall.

It was in the laboratory of this Society that Davy discovered what he called the "metallic bases of earths," and where Faraday made his remarkable discoveries in electrical science.

The Royal Institution possesses a splendid library, a theatre in which the lectures are delivered, a laboratory, and a museum of mineralogy.

At the corner of Trafalgar Square, in Pall Mall (East), we notice an elegant building, with a portico sustained by six Doric columns. This is the Royal College of

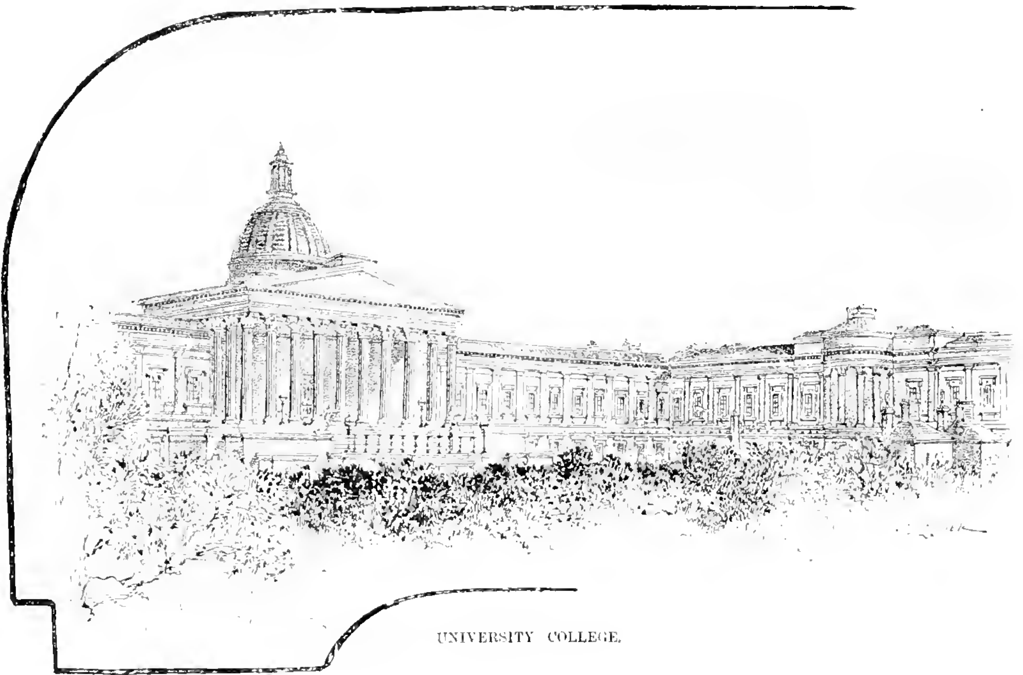
BURLINGTON HOUSE.

Physicians, founded in 1523, under Henry VIII., one of the nineteen educational or university bodies which possessed the right to bestow medical diplomas in England. The library of the College is most remarkable. In the Council Hall ("Censors' Room") are many busts and portraits of celebrated doctors: — Mayerne, King, Sydenham, Radcliffe, Sir Hans Sloane, Mead, Harvey — who discovered the circulation of the blood — Hunter, and others. Here also are preserved the anatomical preparations with which Harvey used to illustrate his course of lectures.

To visit the College of Physicians it is necessary to be introduced by a member of the Society, to which belong most of the doctors in London.

The Royal Horticultural Society is justly celebrated for the splendid gardens which it possesses at Chiswick. Those at Kensington have been, since 1883, occupied by temporary constructions where annual exhibitions are held, the success of which is so great that they threaten to continue to infinity. The first was the "Fisheries" Exhibition, followed in 1884 by a "Health" Exhibition, to which, in 1885, succeeded an "Inventions" Exhibition. In 1886 there was an "Indian and Colonial" Exhibition.

Two other Societies are located in the Regent's Park; these are the Zoological and Botanical Societies. The latter, whose name clearly indicates its aims, has been



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

established since 1839, and its gardens occupy the space on which the Prince Regent designed to erect a palace—a project which was never realized. The gardens, admirably laid out, are surrounded by a palisade and thick hedges, which entirely defy the eyes of the curious; this is an arrangement which meets with much favour in England, where every one likes privacy. The Conservatory, or Winter Garden, is large enough to contain 2,000 people. It is of iron and glass, very light, and ingeniously warmed and ventilated; it contains a collection of rare and remarkable plants. Open to the public by tickets issued by Fellows during the week, the gardens on Sundays are only frequented by the members of the Society and their friends. During the season the *fêtes* are attended by the *élite* of English society.

Not far off are the Gardens of the Zoological Society, which is constituted in the same manner as the two last-mentioned. There is the same intolerance and the same exclusiveness; the public is never admitted without payment, and as for the Sundays, the members and their friends only are admitted to see the lions devour their sanguinary

repast of gory flesh, and the serpents torture and swallow, after crushing the bones of, inoffensive rabbits and guinea-pigs—of which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals takes no account whatever.

VI.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—THE BOARD SCHOOLS.—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

It is only within the last few years that the English Government has devoted its attention to public instruction, and even now there is no Minister charged with this duty. There is a section of the Privy Council, called the Committee of Council on Education, which undertakes the inspection of the primary schools only; for the Act of 1870, the first and only one dealing with the subject, accepts the burthen of elementary instruction only. All that concerns higher grades is left to private enterprise—that is to say, to schools and colleges, and to the Universities.

Since 1870 there have been established, in every parish or borough, forming what is termed a "school district," one or several schools large enough to accommodate all the children. These are the Board Schools.

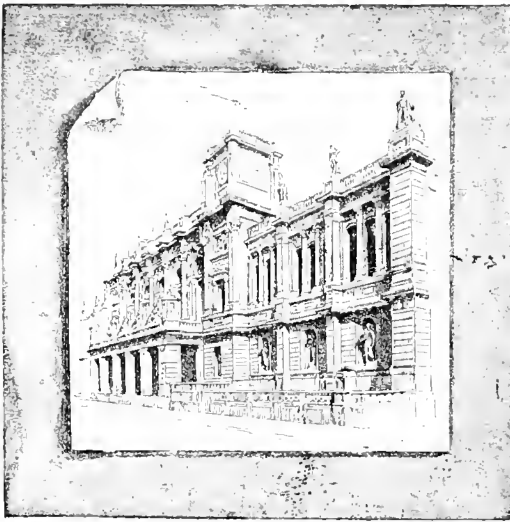
Education is compulsory for all children over five years of age up to thirteen, and the parents who are guilty of any infraction of the law are liable to a fine. Gratuitous instruction is not given unless there is actual inability to pay; their education is then chargeable to the rates by a special impost. These schools are placed under a committee named the School Board, elected by the ratepayers (tri-annually), and inspected by the officials appointed by the Committee of Council on Education.

In 1881 there were 21,136 schools, attended by 3,850,000 scholars, and it has been calculated that the education of each pupil in the Board School costs about two pounds sterling annually. For fifteen years now the new system has been working, and has given excellent results; the number of pupils, which has doubled since 1871, is increasing from year to year, in an ever advancing progression.

The "secondary instruction" and higher education are quite free, and the State does not trouble itself in the matter. This question, like many others, has been left to private initiative, which performs wonders, it is true; but the drawback is the high terms required at public schools, where instruction is very dear. In the beginning these schools, founded by rich private individuals or by Corporations, were absolutely gratuitous; but by degrees they have been warped from their original direction. In almost all schools the pupils, with the exception of the foundation scholars, pay; and instruction is dearer than in France.

The system of lodging lads all in one building (*casernement*) is unknown in England; they are accommodated at the houses of masters authorized to receive them. Generally there are ten or twelve in each house. There they take their meals together,

and prepare their tasks. The classes are taken in the school-house itself. Out of school hours the boys enjoy very great liberty, going and coming as they please, without being under the eyes of an usher—a *pion*, as the French call him. The advantages of this system are that the young Britons, when at school, are apprenticed to life; and at an age when the French youth would scarcely dare to venture into the streets by himself, the English boys know how to behave themselves, and assume, so to speak, responsibility for their acts. The inconvenience is that when the youths have left Eton or Harrow, where they have learned little or nothing, they proceed to the Universities, where, to pass certain stipulated examinations—no matter what career they intend to adopt, except commerce—they are constrained to follow, for six months, or a year, or more, the course of those professors whose speciality it is to prepare pupils for the examinations, and who are called "crammers"—a very expressive name indeed!



LONDON UNIVERSITY.

This is a contingency for which every one is prepared. The "crammer" is now—particularly since the institution of examinations for Government posts, and for admission to the military and naval colleges—regarded as the necessary complement of a college education.

The respective advantages of the French and the English systems have often been discussed, and no one has come nearer the solution of the question. The truth is that each nation has adopted the course which is best suited to its needs, and the spirit of the race; and to import the English method into France, or the French system into England, might produce deplorable results.

As a matter of course, the greater part of the schools and colleges are in the provinces. The most celebrated public schools are those at Eton, near Windsor; Harrow, in the county of Middlesex, near London; Rugby, in Warwickshire; and Winchester, in Hampshire.

London includes some schools which it is in contemplation to move to the outskirts of the metropolis—an excellent plan in the interests of the scholars. It is difficult to imagine a locality less suitable for a school than the centre of the city, where St. Paul's School so long flourished (it is now situated in Kensington), and where Christ's Hospital and the Merchant Tailors' Schools still exist—for the present. The last-mentioned derives its name from the Corporation which instituted it.

The University of London is not, like the University of Oxford and Cambridge, a scholastic institution. It is a simple committee of examiners, nominated and salaried by the Government, and established only since 1837. It consists of a chancellor, a

senate—that is to say, of the Examinations Committee—and an administrative body. There are two sessions each year, at the termination of which the candidates who have satisfied the examiners obtain degrees and honours.

The Examination Hall of the University, behind Burlington House, has a frontage in Burlington Gardens—an elegant façade, embellished by statues and flanked by two square turrets.

VII.

THE PARKS.—THE SQUARES.—THE EMBANKMENTS.—THE BRIDGES.

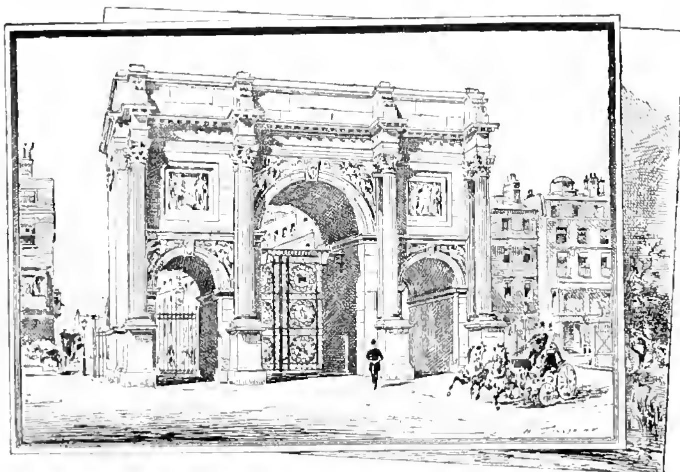
Nothing strikes the stranger more than the extensive parks situated in various districts, even in the centre of London, by which the air is purified and renewed. It is to the number of its open spaces, parks, squares, and promenades, that London partly owes its salubrity; the English are aware of this, so they do not grudge the funds necessary for the maintenance of these gardens, which are admirably kept, and on which the significant name of "the Lungs of London" has been bestowed. See with what jealous care the people protect the unoccupied spaces, planted with trees, against the encroachments of the speculative builder, who would, with pleasure, convert Hyde Park into streets of houses, if the vigilance of the citizens and the authorities did not prevent him.

There are in London itself nine large parks, of which the most beautiful—Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Green Park, St. James's Park, and Regent's Park—are situated in the aristocratic quarters of the metropolis, in the West End; the others are scattered in the various populous districts lying to the east, north, and south.

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, although separated by a railing and ditch, are virtually one park, and have a superficial area of about 610 acres. The entrance gates are ten in number, of which the chief are Hyde Park Corner (Piccadilly), and the Marble Arch (Oxford Street). The former is an elegant colonnade, embellished with bas-reliefs, copied from the Parthenon, and affords three carriage ways, with two entrances for pedestrians; the latter, as its name indicates, consists of a triumphal arch of white marble, which was formerly the entrance to Buckingham Palace, but which was removed to Hyde Park in 1851, when the new portion of the Palace was built.

Entering the Park at the "Corner," we find ourselves approaching a colossal statue in bronze, "erected by the ladies of England, to Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms." This statue, on which is bestowed the name of Achilles, is a copy of one of those two at Monte Cavallo, in Rome, known as Castor and Pollux. The attitude of the figure, which is protecting itself with its shield, in no way reminds us of the impetuous Achilles; but a circumstance which has always given rise to hostile criticism, is the light clothing of the hero, for English modesty does not accommodate itself to clothing which consists only of a "figleaf" and a buckler! And to say that "the ladies of England" put up such a very lightly-clad statue!

At the right of this Achilles, and on the other side of the drive, a statue of Lord Byron, by Mr. Belt, has recently been erected. This not very remarkable work is, however, celebrated in consequence of the lengthened law proceedings which the sculptor instituted against one of his fellows, who accused him of not having executed the works which he nevertheless signed.



MARBLE ARCH.

Private carriages only have the right to enter Hyde Park, which is interdicted to all "hackney coaches." The vulgar are permitted to promenade therein, but they cannot enter in cabs. *Halte là.*

And kindly - natured John Bull permits himself to be put down at the gate of the Park which he keeps up with his taxes, to the great satisfaction of his lords and masters.

It is above all times during the "season," which lasts from the beginning of May to the end of July, that Hyde Park presents the most entrancing appearance. The trees in full leaf, the flower-beds, admirably kept with that skilfulness and artistic taste of which the English gardeners seem to possess the secret, perfume the air, which is almost always stirred by a gentle breeze; for even in the hottest weather there are sufficiently formidable puffs of cool wind.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the Ride—"Rotten Row"—begins to look animated. At this hour there are few ladies on horseback, the men whom we meet are generally merchants, bankers, and lawyers, who take a ride before going to business. Between mid-day and two o'clock — the lunch hour — Rotten Row is filled with a crowd of cavaliers and ladies who are of the *élite* of society. For two hours there is a perpetual stream of equestrians passing and repassing, exchanging a few words with the pedestrians—ladies and gentlemen—who are leaning on the railings. The women in bright costumes, the men in morning-dress, flower in button-hole, and wearing single eye-glasses. Everybody comes and goes, stops, proceeds, sits down in the chairs which line the promenade; sometimes there is a general excitement, all heads are turned in the same direction, the men remove their hats, the ladies, generally young and pretty,

with that somewhat haughty English beauty, assume their most winning smiles; the Prince is passing on horseback, smiling, affable. Occasionally, but rarely, the Queen, who alone has the right to traverse the ride in a carriage, passes. The equestrians of both sexes then form up behind her carriage, and compose an escort most imposing in its simplicity, which strikingly testifies to the profound respect with which the English people regard their Sovereign.

Deserted in the middle of the day, the Park, or rather one avenue of the Park,

THE SERPENTINE, HYDE PARK.

begins to fill again about five o'clock. Then there is an interminable procession of carriages, luxurious equipages with armorial bearings on the panels, beautifully horsed, which pass and repass up and down the drive in four lines. As in the morning, in the Row, the side walks are filled with an elegantly dressed crowd; it is the rendezvous of high-life, the *fine fleur* of the aristocracy. The brilliant toilettes, the colours of the liveries, the panels of the carriages flashing back the sun-light, the gay hues of the flowers, which contrast brightly with the more sombre verdure of the trees, all form a spectacle unique of its kind, and which has no equal in any other capital in Europe.

One feels one's self in the midst of a special class of people. This luxury, which is displayed on all sides, the exclusiveness of this "society," which, even in a public garden, manages to isolate itself—and, on the other hand, the respectful timidity, perhaps; but, certainly, the sullenly hostile feeling of the crowd, which, posted in the opposite alleys, gives its opinion, not always flattering, upon the appearance of someone who is more favoured by fortune than by nature, are for the foreigner as a peep into a new world, or,

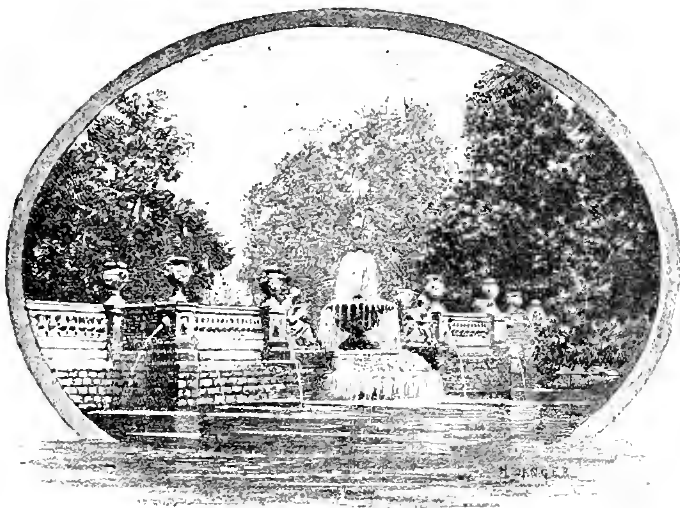
THE SERPENTINE, KENSINGTON GARDENS.

better still, like a vision of the past, as of the time of Louis the XIV. *en redingote*, and with the *chapeau Rembrandt*.

A fine piece of water, the Serpentine, spanned by a pretty stone bridge, is covered with pleasure boats, and resounds with the joyous cries of a number of swans and ducks. With that love of nature, innate with the Anglo-Saxon, the English have managed to preserve in Hyde Park the country characteristics which are the great attractions of the London Parks. The sheep, the farm, and the cows complete the illusion. One might fancy one's self a hundred miles from the Metropolis.

By-the-way, the presence of a powder magazine in the very centre of the Park, seems a measure of doubtful utility, and may cause a catastrophe the very idea of

which makes one shudder. It is by the magazine that the "meets" of the Four-in-Hand Club, and the Coaching Club are held during the season.

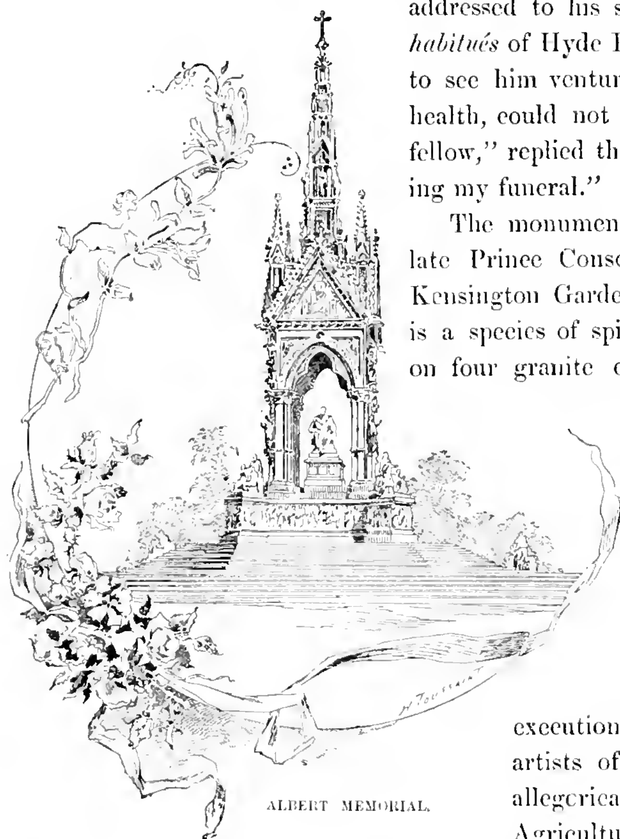


CASCADE, KENSINGTON GARDENS.

On these occasions, it is by no means unusual to see twenty-five or thirty "drags" whose splendid teams could not be matched in Europe. As for the skill of the drivers, it is simply marvellous!

Hyde Park has always been the favourite promenade of the English aristocracy, and owes its popularity to its beauty, and its admirable situation in the centre of the Metropolis.

In the last century, Lord Chesterfield, celebrated by the famous letters he addressed to his son, was one of the most regular *habitués* of Hyde Park. One of his friends, surprised to see him venturing out in his then bad state of health, could not help telling him so. "My dear fellow," replied the witty nobleman, "I am rehearsing my funeral."



ALBERT MEMORIAL.

The monument erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort, the Albert Memorial, is in Kensington Gardens, opposite the Albert Hall. It is a species of spire, about 160 feet high, reposing on four granite columns, and covering a colossal gilded statue of Prince Albert. This statue, which possesses no artistic value, spoils the monument, and one instinctively looks for a dial in this enormous gilt mass, which resembles a clock-figure. The statue is placed on a base of 130 feet, ornamented with bas-reliefs of remarkable execution, representing scientists, poets, and artists of all nations and periods, and four allegcrical groups — Commerce, Industry, Agriculture, and Engineering. Finally, at the bottom of the steps which lead to the monument, we find four other groups in

marble, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The mosaics, the gilding, the onyx, with which the Memorial is decorated, make it one of the most beautiful objects in London, as much by the richness of ornamentation as by the taste and elegance which distinguish it. The statue only is out of harmony with the rest, and destroys the *ensemble*. Perhaps some day one more in keeping with the present style of the monument may be substituted.

Besides, London does not shine in statuary. There are few statues in public places which are not ridiculed by the English themselves, and which do not cause the stranger

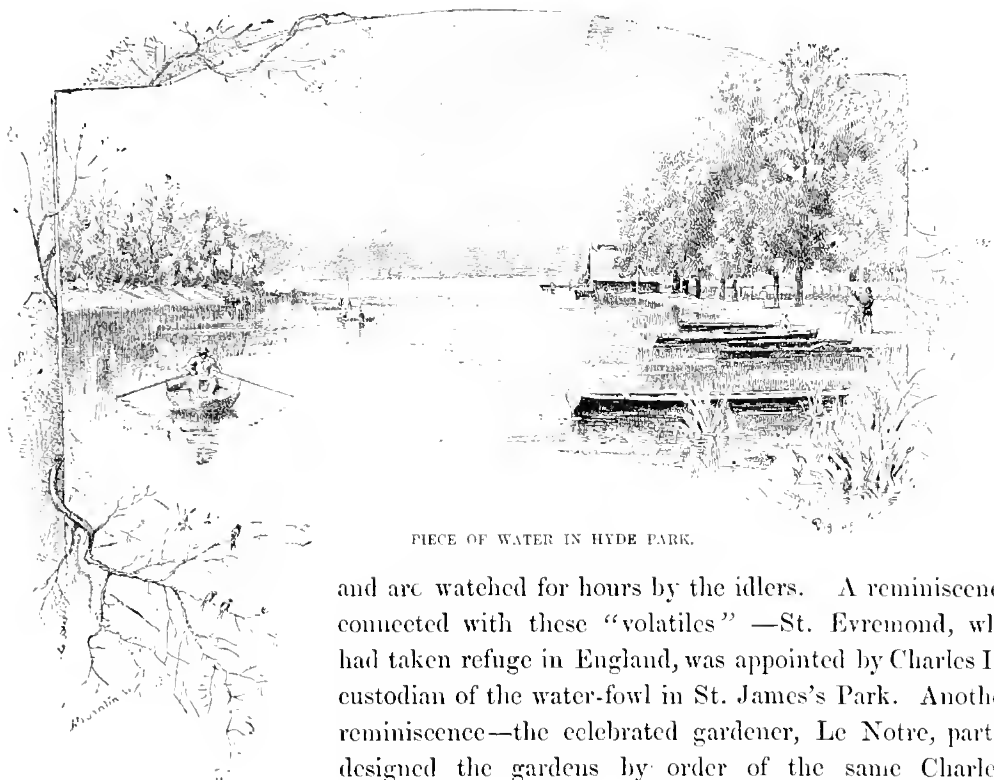
ST. JAMES'S PARK.

astonishment. The most terrible of all, without exception, was the stupendous statue of the great Duke of Wellington, with his triangular hat, draped in a cloak of similar triangular form, bestriding a horse cut out with a hatchet. This statue has now been removed from the triumphal arch of the entrance of the Green Park, which served as the pedestal, and has been transported to the camp at Aldershot. A smaller one might be made more worthy of London and Wellington.

The Green Park, at the south of Piccadilly, which it borders for more than half a mile, offers nothing particular to our notice. It is chiefly frequented by workmen out of work, and idlers, who come thither and picnic with their children.

It was in the Green Park that Charles II., accompanied by two gentlemen of his household, met his brother, the Duke of York, attended by a numerous escort. The Duke inquired of the King whether he were not afraid to walk about almost unattended. "Did not he incur any danger?" "None," replied Charles, "for where is the Englishman who would kill me to make *you* king?"

St. James's Park, which is next to the Green Park, from which it is separated by a wide avenue called the Mall, extends from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards. St. James's Palace, and Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, as well as the greater number of the public offices, overlook this park. Herein are some beautiful trees and an extensive lake, in which numbers of ducks disport themselves,



PIECE OF WATER IN HYDE PARK.

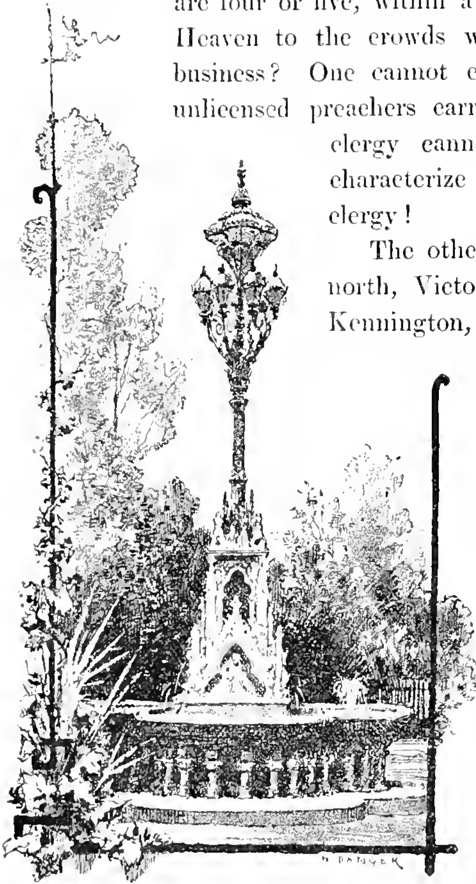
and are watched for hours by the idlers. A reminiscence connected with these "volatiles" —St. Evremond, who had taken refuge in England, was appointed by Charles II. custodian of the water-fowl in St. James's Park. Another reminiscence—the celebrated gardener, Le Notre, partly designed the gardens by order of the same Charles, who took pleasure in planting and cultivating the trees and flowers himself.

Much more extensive than either of the parks just named is Regent's Park, situated in the northern side of the metropolis at the top of Portland Place, which is a continuation of Regent Street. It was laid out by Nash, under the orders of George IV., who contemplated erecting a palace there, and it was not opened to the public until 1838. After Hyde Park, it is the largest and prettiest in London; it encloses the Botanical and the Zoological Gardens, as well as many private residences.

A few years hence, when the trees have grown bigger, Regent's Park will be perhaps as beautiful as its celebrated rival, Hyde Park. The south-western portion, where the fine Y-shaped lake is, is the prettiest and the most wooded, and gives an idea of

what this park, now so unjustly neglected by the upper classes, will in time become. On the other hand, open-air preachers are not wanting, and they are surrounded every Sunday by a considerable crowd, which sings psalms and religious chants in chorus. There is something shocking in the sight of these men, who have no recognised position, installing themselves under a tree and pouring forth an inexhaustible torrent of language, interspersed with quotations from Scripture, to the amazement of the vulgar. Here are four or five, within a little distance of each other, talking of Hell and Heaven to the crowds which encircle them. Is this religion? or is it business? One cannot exactly say. English people tell you that these unlicensed preachers carry the Divine words to people whom the regular clergy cannot reach. It is impossible to more strongly characterize the supineness or powerlessness of the said clergy!

The other parks of London are — Finsbury Park in the north, Victoria Park in the east, and, south of the Thames, Kennington, Southwark, and Battersea Parks. The last-named, which was not completed till 1858, is one of the most remarkable ornamental features effected in London during the last thirty years, and encloses a sub-tropical garden, the aspect of which during August and September is one of great beauty. To succeed in acclimatizing tropical plants under a London sky is surely the triumph of horticultural art.



FOUNTAIN, REGENT'S PARK.

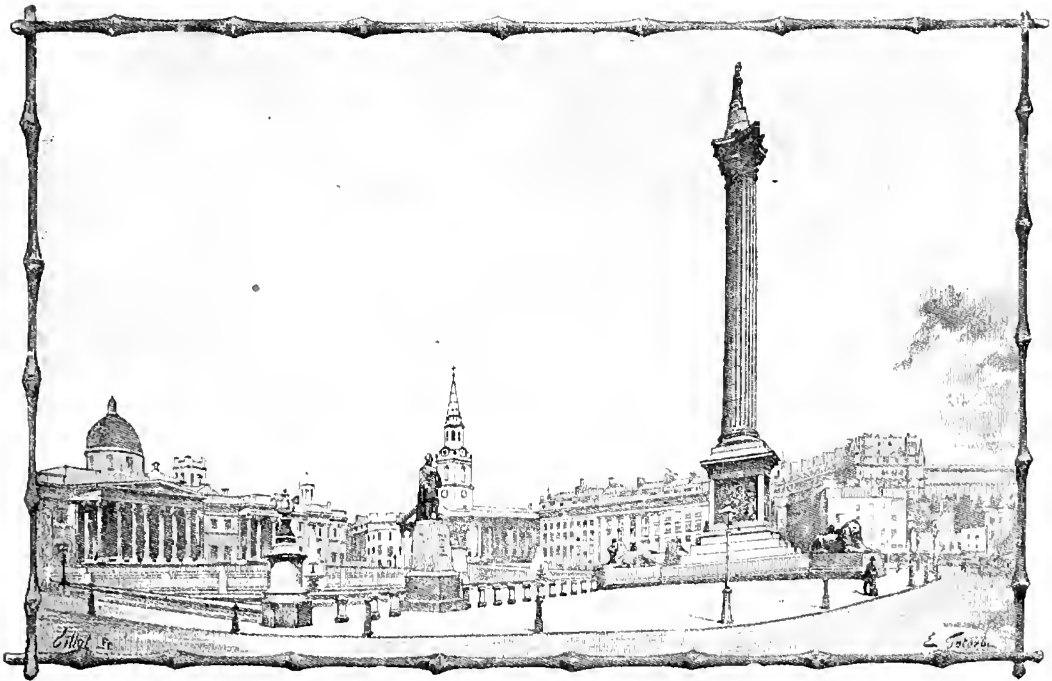
The word "square" is not appropriate to the open spaces ("places") of London, which, for the most part, have diverse forms. Whether it be trapezoid, like Trafalgar Square; circular, like Trinity Square; oval, like Tolmer's Square; or triangular, like Ampthill Square — every open space in London is a "square"!

Most of these "squares" are planted with trees, and form nice gardens, very well kept, veritable oases of verdure in a desert of bricks; only—there is always an "only" —the public are rigorously excluded, and none but the occupiers of the houses in the square are permitted to enter. With the sole exception of Leicester Square, all the London open spaces are, so far as the public is concerned, a kind of Promised Land, which one may walk round and look at, but cannot enter.

The best known square, and the one which more nearly approaches what the French call a "place," is Trafalgar Square. Sir Robert Peel, who probably had not been abroad, declared that it was the finest "place" in Europe; but the houses which surround it, the statues it contains, the fountains and their miserable jets, with the stone-work by which they are embellished, are all of a ghastly mediocrity.

It is bounded on the north by the National Gallery, on the east by an hotel which

includes four or five houses, on the west by a club-house, and is open on the south side, where several streets converge; amongst others, Whitehall, at the end of which are the Houses of Parliament. Trafalgar Square is particularly remarkable for its position, almost in the mathematical centre of the town, and a few paces from Charing Cross. In the middle of the square rises the Nelson Column, on the top of which the too sensitive friend of Lady Hamilton, is impaled upon a coil of rope, the effect of which from behind is as singular as unexpected. At the base of the monument are four lions in bronze, the work of Landseer; and four bas-reliefs, representing the battles of the Nile, St. Vincent, and Copenhagen, and the death of Nelson, atone for the insufficiency of the



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

rest. At each corner of the square is a pedestal: three of these are occupied, one by an equestrian statue of George IV., the other two by General Havelock and Sir Charles Napier; the fourth pedestal, deprived of its statue, looks quite forlorn, while waiting for an occupant. The conqueror of Tel-el-Kébir has perhaps a chance! Who can tell? Lastly, we need only mention the statue of Charles I., by Le Seur, which occupies a place by itself at the end of Whitehall, and two fountains placed behind the Nelson Column.

Not far from here is Leicester Square, in which the Alhambra is situated—a reconstruction since the fire in 1882. This square, which for a long time was the Montfaucon of all the dogs and cats of the metropolis, has for the last twelve years been transformed into an elegant garden—open to the public this time—with statues and flower-beds. Mr. Albert Grant, a naturalized German, at his own cost, executed all

the work, and generously and unconditionally made a present to the metropolis of the ground which he had purchased.

DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

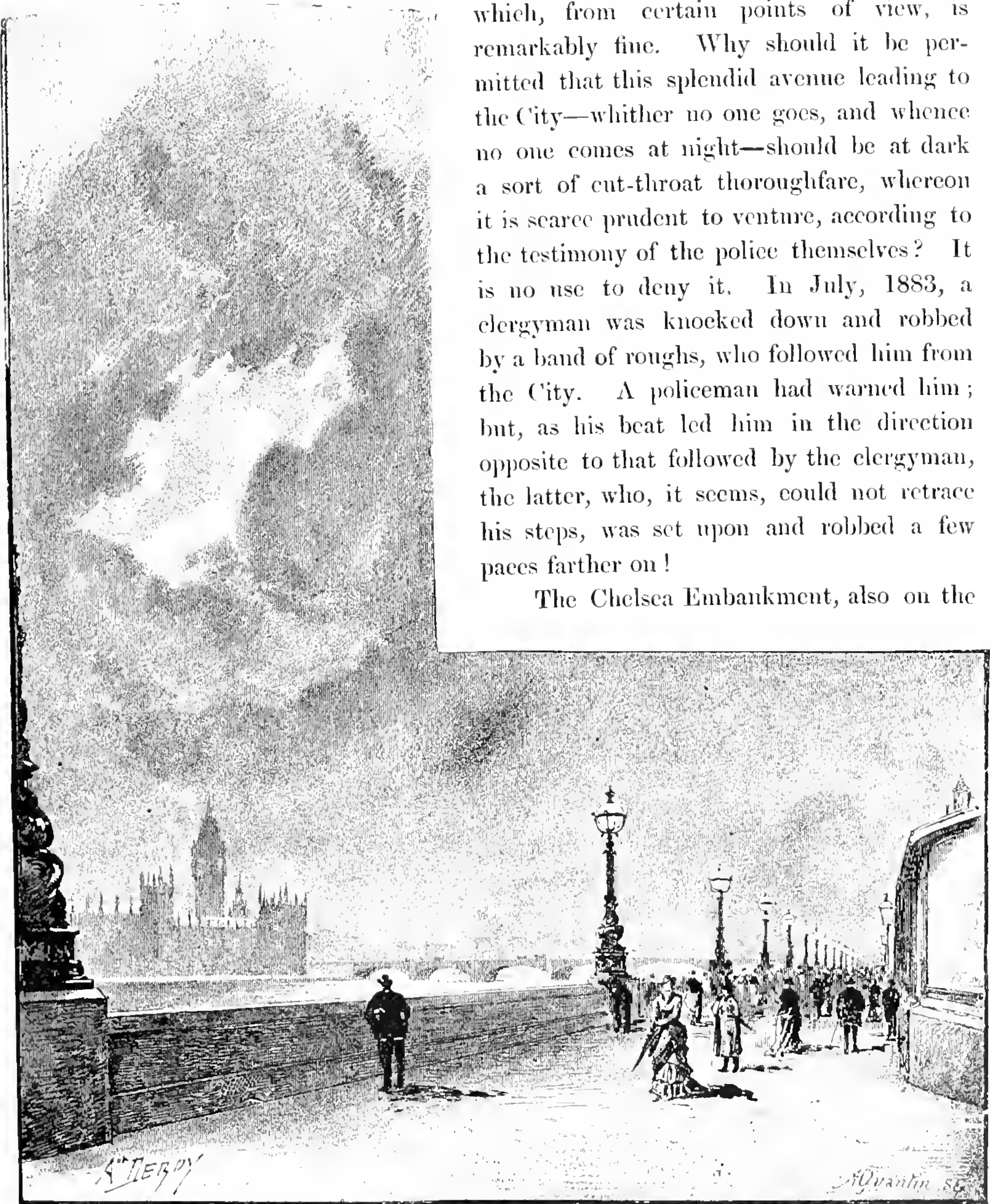
The other squares, distributed pretty equally in all districts, belong to the genus *fermé*. The principal are Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square, St. James's Square, Belgrave Square, and Cavendish Square, which are inhabited by the upper classes of the aristocracy. There are in the Bloomsbury district a number of fine squares, which would occupy too much space to detail; the largest of all is perhaps the space known as Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, situated in the legal district, between Holborn and the Strand.

After the parks and the few squares open to the public, the most agreeable promenades are the Embankments, which now skirt the Thames. To obtain an idea of what the Thames shore was formerly, we have only to stand on any of the bridges between Charing Cross Viaduct and London Bridge, and glance at the right bank of the river. There used to be on both sides of the Thames nameless buildings, depôts of merchandise, and wharves, built on piles, so as to permit the lighters and barges to load or unload direct—an operation which can now be only performed at one side, above Blackfriars. To these wharves we descended by narrow, dirty and winding ways, wherein from the smell of the filth which then swept down the river were exhaled pestilential odours. Thanks to the efforts of the Board of Works and its engineer, Sir Joseph Bazalgette, the three superb quays which now border the river have been constructed within twenty years, and are certainly worth the £6,500,000 sterling, which they cost.

BATTERSEA PARK.

The Victoria Embankment, on the left bank, extends from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, and is about a mile and a quarter in length. It is a splendid road, thirty yards wide, adorned with gardens to which the public are admitted, and bordered in certain places by some fine houses. Somerset House, near Waterloo Bridge, displays its river frontage on the Embankment. Some statues and the Cleopatra Needle add to the beauty of this drive, which the English justly consider the most beautiful thoroughfare in the metropolis, and the appearance of which, from certain points of view, is remarkably fine. Why should it be permitted that this splendid avenue leading to the City—whither no one goes, and whence no one comes at night—should be at dark a sort of cut-throat thoroughfare, whereon it is scarce prudent to venture, according to the testimony of the police themselves? It is no use to deny it. In July, 1883, a clergyman was knocked down and robbed by a band of roughs, who followed him from the City. A policeman had warned him; but, as his beat led him in the direction opposite to that followed by the clergyman, the latter, who, it seems, could not retrace his steps, was set upon and robbed a few paces farther on!

The Chelsea Embankment, also on the

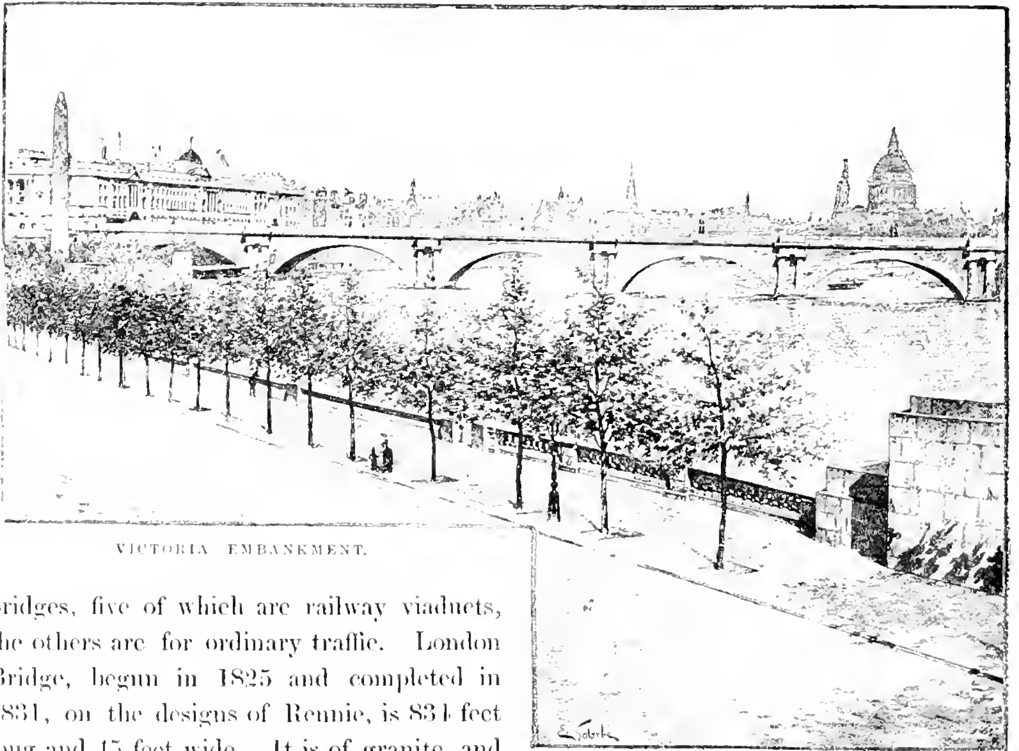


ALBERT EMBANKMENT.

left bank, extends from the Albert Suspension Bridge to Chelsea Suspension Bridge, past Chelsea Hospital. It is the shortest and least important of the Embankments. It is continued, by the Grosvenor Road, along the river to Westminster.

The Albert Embankment is on the right bank of the Thames. It commences at Westminster Bridge and is continued to Vauxhall Bridge. St. Thomas's Hospital and the Lambeth Archiepiscopal Palace, the residence of the Primate, overlook this embankment, which borders one of the most populous quarters of London. From the Albert Embankment a splendid view of the Houses of Parliament is obtained.

Between London Bridge and Hammersmith the Thames is spanned by eighteen

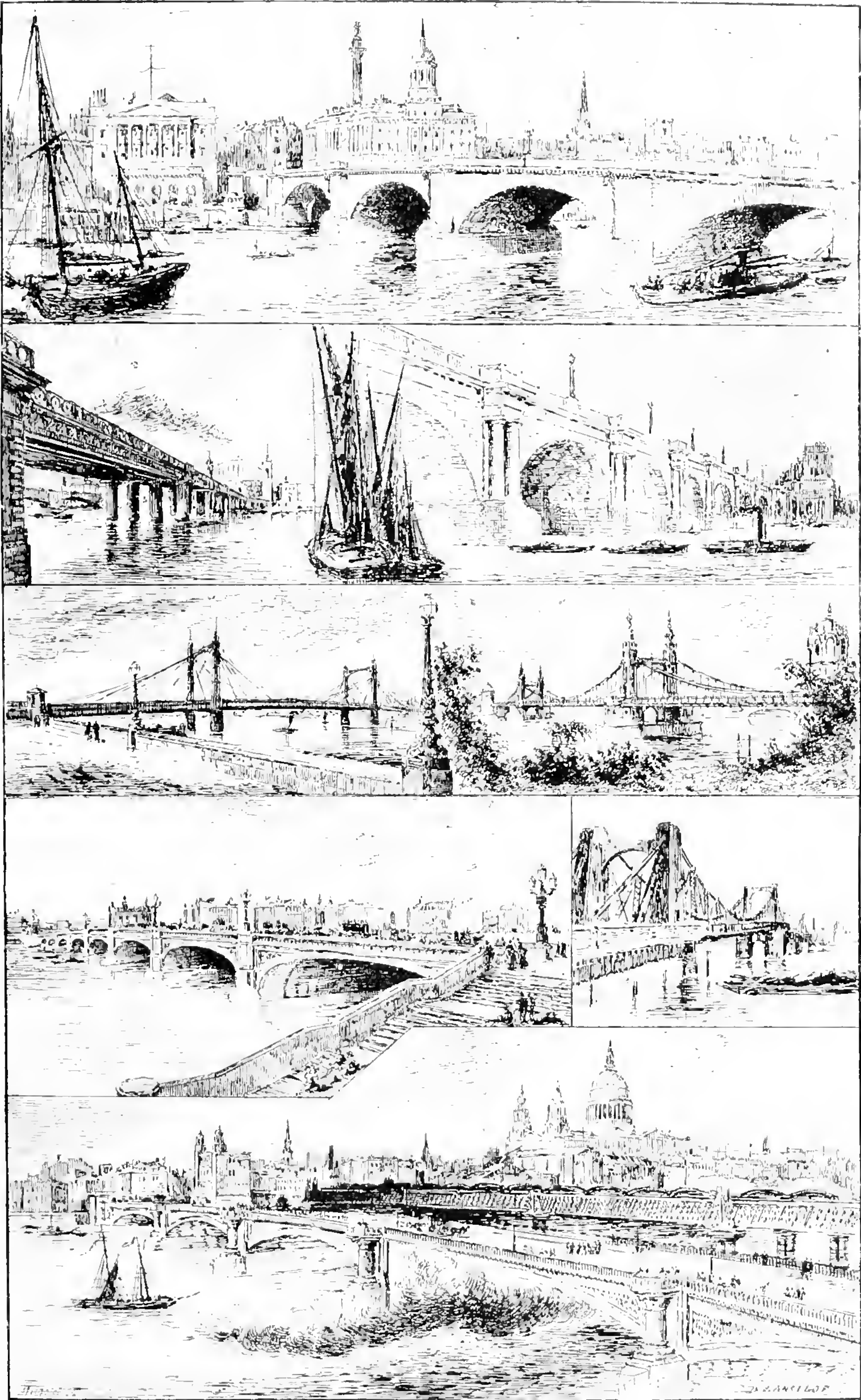


VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

bridges, five of which are railway viaducts, the others are for ordinary traffic. London Bridge, begun in 1825 and completed in 1831, on the designs of Rennie, is 834 feet long and 15 feet wide. It is of granite, and has five semi-elliptical arches, of which the centre one has a span of 137 feet. This is the most frequented bridge in the metropolis; it has been estimated that in the twenty-four hours more than 20,000 vehicles and about 110,000 pedestrians cross it. At certain times—particularly between nine and ten A.M., and between four and six P.M., it is almost impossible to cross it, so crowded is it.

Close by is the Cannon Street Railway Bridge, which is about the same length as London Bridge. Built entirely of iron, this viaduct rests on sixteen cylindrical pillars, forming five spans, of which the longest is 50 yards, and the shortest 40 yards. Five lines are laid across it.

Then comes Southwark Bridge—a very remarkable one—consisting of three iron arches of wonderful boldness; the opening of the centre one being 216 feet span, and the others 189 feet each. The Vendôme Column in Paris is only 129 feet

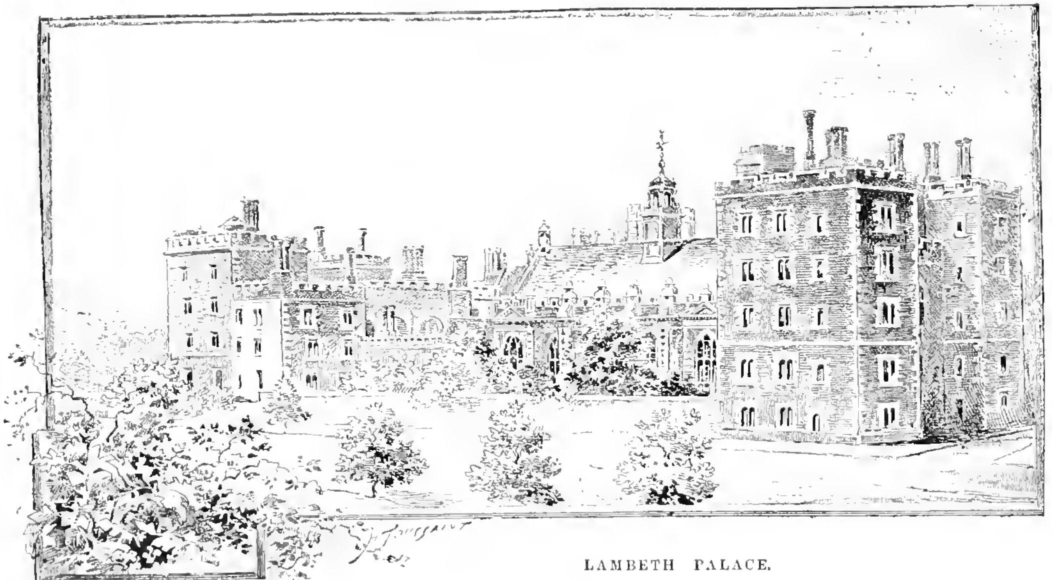


THE BRIDGES.

1. London Bridge. 2. Cannon Street Bridge.—3. Waterloo Bridge.—4. Chelsea Bridge.—5. Battersea Bridge.
6. Westminster Bridge.—7. Lambeth Bridge.—8. Blackfriars Bridge.

high, and could therefore easily lie across the smallest of the arches of this bridge, which, at the time of its erection (1815-19) was justly regarded as a marvel of engineering skill.

Blackfriars Bridge, which comes next (with the Railway Bridge of the Chatham and Dover Line on the east side of it), dates from 1869. It is 1144½ feet long and 67½ feet wide, supported by five iron arches sustained by granite buttresses. From the centre of the bridge a superb view of St. Paul's is obtained: the enormous mass of the cathedral and its proportions have a fine effect. The immediate proximity of the horrible



LAMBETH PALACE.

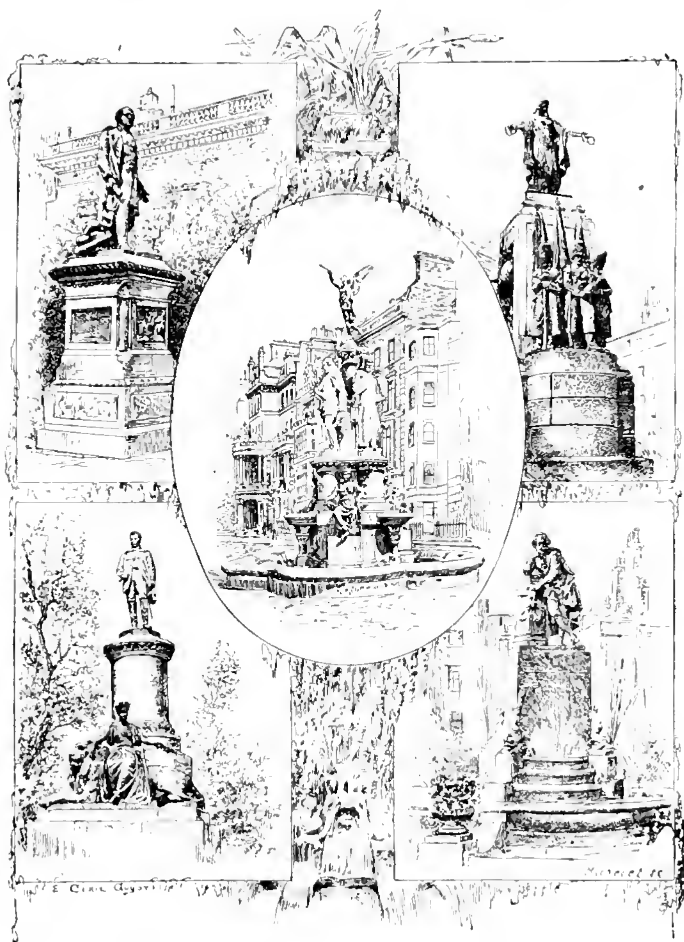
railway bridge—now supplemented with another—spoils the view and destroys the appearance of Blackfriars Bridge, the elegance of which is remarkable.

Waterloo Bridge is the handsomest in London. Though less wide than London Bridge, it is nearly twice as long (1,242 feet), supported by nine semi-elliptical arches of 108 feet span and 31 feet high. It is built of Scotch granite, and the piers are each ornamented by two Doric columns, supporting an entablature of Grecian design, above which is a balustrade. John Rennie, the designer and builder of the London and Southwark bridges, constructed Waterloo Bridge, the erection of which occupied from October 11th, 1811, to June, 1817. It was opened on the 18th of that month, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, by the Prince Regent—afterwards George IV.

If from the centre of this bridge we turn towards the Strand, we have one of the most beautiful views of London that it is possible to imagine. On the right is the City, dominated by St. Paul's. In front is Somerset House; on the left the pinnacles of the Houses of Parliament, and the towers of Westminster Abbey, stand out clearly; while the river, which here describes a curve, runs rapidly between the Embankment—trim and decked with gardens—on one side, and the sombre warehouses and factories on the

other, the high chimneys vomiting black clouds of smoke, presenting a violent contrast to the monuments of the opposite bank.

A little higher up we find still another railway viaduct—the Charing Cross Bridge, which resembles that at Cannon Street, for both bridges belong to the same Company. This bridge is wide enough for four lines of rails, and there is room enough for



STATUES OF FRANKLIN, LORD CLYDE, AND SHAKESPEARE. GUARDS' MEMORIAL, AND FOUNTAIN IN PARK LANE.

pedestrians on the side walks. An addition to this bridge is now being made on the west side.

Westminster Bridge crosses from the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament and unites Westminster with Lambeth. It is a pretty structure, 75 feet wide, and 1,044 feet long, but the elegance is obtained by the sacrifice of solidity: it is supported by seven iron arches, perfectly elliptical, and most graceful in their effect. The other bridges above Westminster are less noteworthy, with the exception of the Albert Suspension Bridge, which unites Chelsea with Battersea. We may also mention the Battersea (Railway) Bridge, which is said to be the widest in the world; and the Chelsea (Suspension) or Victoria Bridge close to it.

VIII.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.—PRIVATE MANSIONS.—THE "HOME."—FAMILY LIFE.

As everyone knows, the Englishman likes to isolate himself. So life in apartments —"flats"—is almost unknown in London, where every family has its own house. This accounts for the tremendous extent of this metropolis, which is not, like Paris, confined within a girdle of fortifications, and obliged to pile storey on storey to make room for its ever-increasing population. The middle-class English house generally includes a basement, a ground-floor, and two, sometimes three, rarely four, storeys. It is surrounded by a little fosse, which permits light to enter the basement, and which serves as the servant's entrance: a railing protects this area. The coal-cellars are placed beneath the pavement, which is pierced by round openings, by which the coal is shot into the cellars, and closed by a plate of iron, very slippery and very dangerous in frosty weather: sometimes the plate is not properly adjusted, and gives way beneath the tread, a very excellent method of breaking one's legs!

As regards the exterior of English houses, the architects have not troubled themselves with much novelty of design; a cube of masonry pierced by rectangular holes without mouldings or ornament of any description—that is, *par excellence*, the house which every Englishman, by reason of some mild, inoffensive kind of madness or mania, calls his castle! Besides, as these houses are built by the dozen—even by the gross—it is not uncommon to traverse some miles between two ranges of houses built upon the same plan without anything to distinguish them from the others. If *ennui* was one day born of uniformity it is evident that in London it must have first seen the light. With a view to break the monotony of the appearance of the houses, some people initiated an idea which was speedily imitated, which consisted in painting the fronts of their dwellings red, yellow, brown, or even a delicate blue. When the houses are detached the result is inoffensive; but when they are close together, as in Regent Street for instance, where they form an unbroken frontage or colonnade in architectural unison, nothing can be funnier than to see half the front white, and the other half —which is inhabited by an individual of different tastes from his neighbour—covered with a most staring red tint. In newly-built districts some attempt has been made to improve the aspect of the houses; and the fashions of these various buildings may serve to fix the date of each by the styles adopted. Waterloo Place, Regent Street, Portland Place, and the districts near the Regent's Park, recall the first years of this century by their Greco-Roman colonnades, after the styles of Nash and Decimus Burton. This mode after lasting for fifty years disappeared in favour of the Gothic, which in its turn has been dethroned by the Queen Anne style, which is at present all the rage in the districts inhabited by the "upper middle" classes. In these localities we see nothing but red-brick houses with pointed roofs and gables, the narrow and inconvenient entry being a vaulted porch at right angles to the frontage. Kensington offers many examples of these whimsical constructions, whose windows glazed with tiny panes of glass, set in

deep wooden frames, only permit the entry of a small quantity of light, as if the fogs did not already sufficiently intercept the pale rays of the sun which reach England.

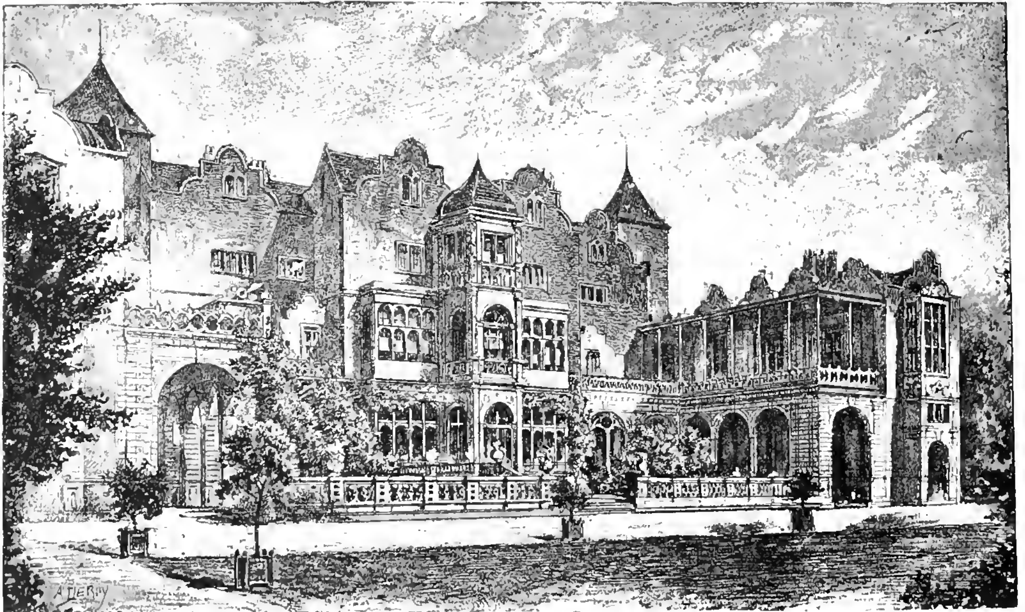
Some princely habitations, the mansions of the nobility or financiers, are exceptions to the general rule, and deserve special mention. The majority of these are situated at the West-End, and chiefly in the vicinity of the Parks. There are in Piccadilly, Devonshire House, the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire—much more deserving of

HANOVER TERRACE.

notice for its fine gardens than for its own aspect; Bath House (No. 82) belongs to Lord Ashburnham, one of the members of the great Baring family, the celebrated bankers of world-wide celebrity; the mansion of the Rothschilds (No. 146), looking upon Hyde Park, and, finally, Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, at the Park Gate. In Park Lane, the thoroughfare which borders Hyde Park on the East—of which one side only is occupied by houses—we remark Dorchester House, a very elegant building in the Italian style, and one of the most beautiful in London; and a little higher up is the mansion of the Duke of Westminster, the entrance to which, beneath a handsome colonnade, is in Grosvenor Street.

Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square; Stafford House, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, in one of the Courts of St. James's Palace; and Bridgewater House, whose beautiful façade faces the Green Park, are remarkable for their appearance, their galleries of paintings, and collections of "objects of art" of priceless value.

Amongst the historical mansions there are two which can by no means be passed in silence. The first, situated in South Audley Street, is the mansion of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, whose rooms have been preserved in the same state as he described them, but which can only be visited with a special order from the present owner. The second is Holland House, picturesquely situated in a beautiful park to the West of Kensington. There died Addison, who had married the widowed Countess of Warwick. The house was

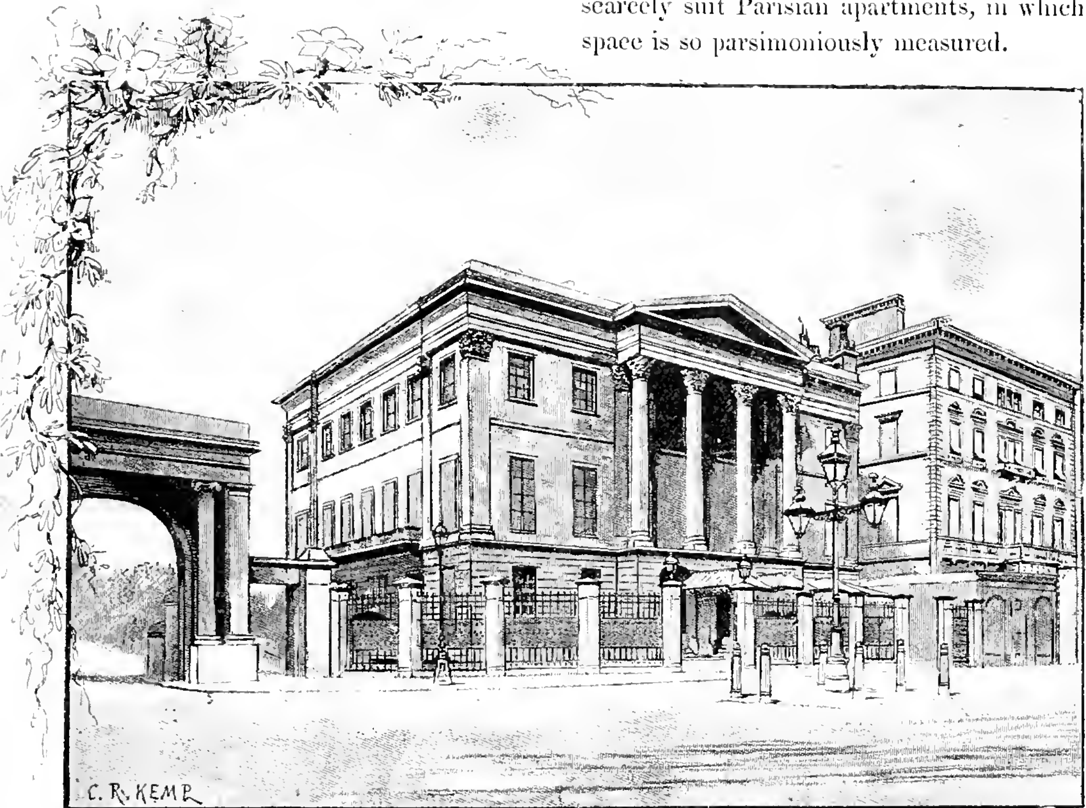


HOLLAND HOUSE.

purchased afterwards by Henry Fox, father of the celebrated Charles James Fox, who subsequently became Lord Holland. From 1820 to 1840 the literary assemblies of Lady Holland acquired universal celebrity, and Macaulay, one of the intimates there, mentions amongst those who frequented it, Talleyrand, Lord Melbourne, Byron, Campbell, Lord John Russell, Hallam, Sydney Smith, and many other persons illustrious in the world of art and letters. Holland House is now shorn of its splendour, the park has already been cut up, and in the near future nothing but a memory of Holland House will remain.

Let us now enter into an English house and see the "home." To judge dispassionately of it, we must not penetrate either into the mansion of the millionaire, or into the cottage of the poor; the house of the doctor, the barrister, or the City merchant, will either of them suffice for us. Such we may find everywhere, in the centre of London as in the suburbs inhabited by the upper middle class, at Hampstead, Kilburn, Maida Vale in the North, and Blackheath, Sydenham, and Norwood in the south. The interior

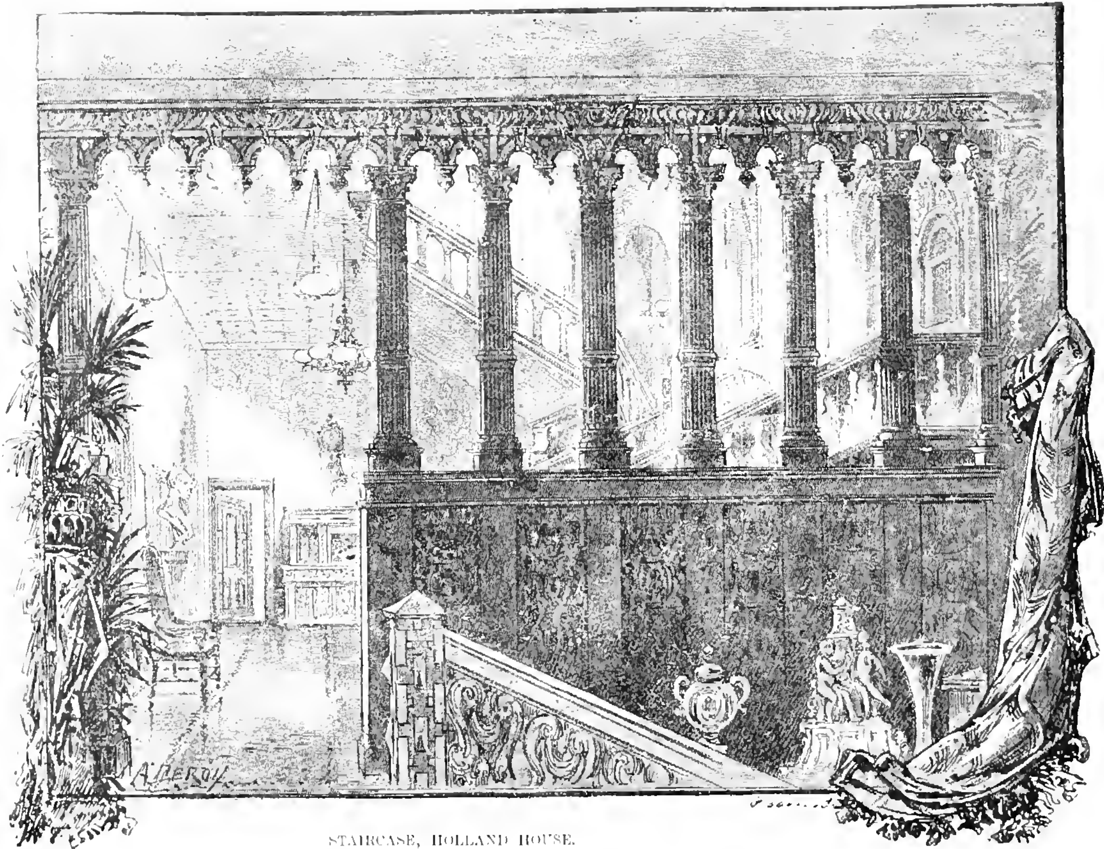
arrangements vary but little—a hall with the staircase beyond, a dining-room and one or two other rooms opening from this entrance hall. That is the ground floor. The dining-room, usually hung with pictures, is of good size, and simply furnished with a side-board supporting a glass; a table, chairs, and easy chairs of mahogany, and nearly always covered with leather. The massive and heavy pieces of furniture have an appearance of solidity, in harmony with the somewhat severe aspect of the house; they are large and comfortable, but they would scarcely suit Parisian apartments, in which space is so parsimoniously measured.



APSLEY HOUSE

Are you fond of carpets? They are laid everywhere. From the staircase to the drawing-room; from the kitchen to the nursery — the flooring disappears under the oil-cloth, the Turkey or Persian carpet, or the simple drugget, according to the taste and means of the proprietor. On the other hand, the hangings, curtains, and *portières* are not numerous even in the sitting rooms, which are invariably situated on the first floor. The drawing-room is divided into two rooms, the smaller of which is the boudoir of the lady of the house. By opening or shutting the large folding doors, one can have two rooms, or one at pleasure. The furniture of this—the most carefully kept apartment of all—is often of walnut-wood, the most favoured in England, and covered with silk, damask, or rep. For some years, now, the fashion has existed for subdued colours—green tones or old gold, flowered papers, plush frames. The walls are hung with pictures, or embellished with old or imitation *faïence*, water-colour

sketches, plates, and vases, painted by the mistress of the house and her daughters. The English woman can decorate her house better than she can manage it. On all sides, on little tables or *étagères*, disposed with premeditated disorder—articles past which it is sometimes difficult to make one's way—are statuettes in porcelain, bronzes, nicknacks, English, French, and German books and reviews, for the English are tremendous readers! They also cultivate music, and the grand piano, which extends across the corner of the room, encumbered with musical scores, sentimental romances, and ballads,



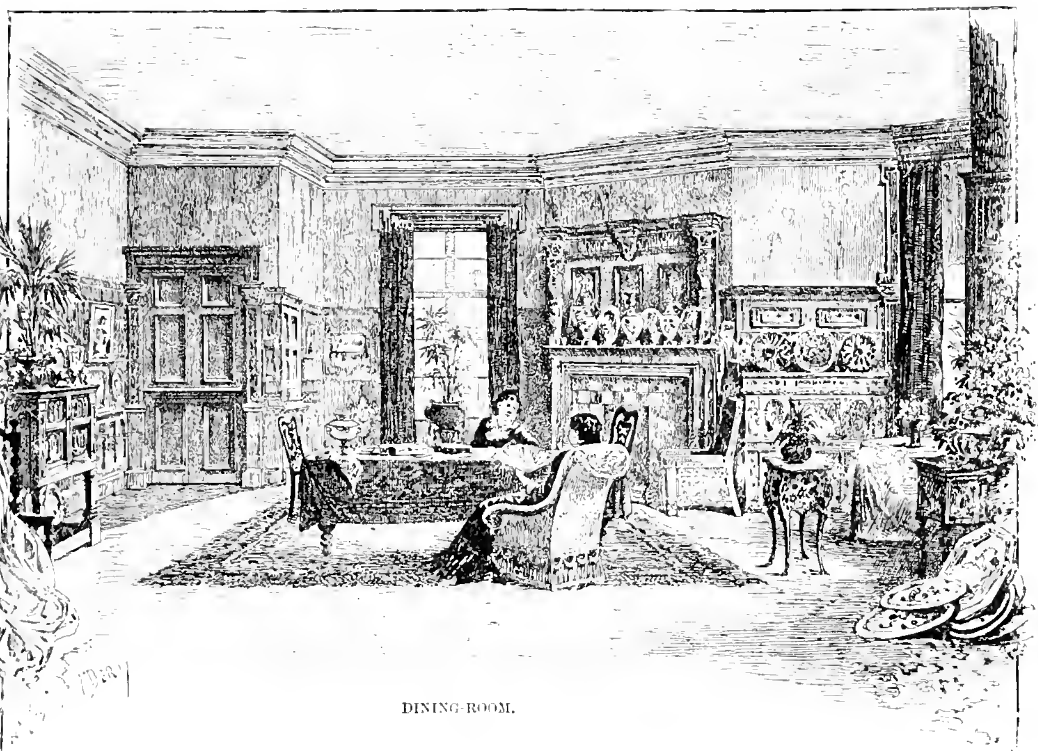
STAIRCASE, HOLLAND HOUSE.

such as our fathers loved, testifies to the fondness of the English for music and singing. A great many young ladies, now-a-days, relinquish the piano for the violin, which has lately become the fashionable instrument. On Sundays, sacred music, vocal and instrumental, replaces, in most English houses, the operatic melodies and the "profane" ballads, which are only permitted on week-days.

The bed-rooms occupy the second storey. They are simply and even sparsely furnished. An iron bedstead, a wardrobe with three doors, and a complete and extensive washing-stand, accompany a few chairs, a carpet, a table, and that is all. The bed-room in England is a necessity; it is not, as in France, a soft-lined nest, a delicious place of retreat in the long winter evenings; and where, with curtains drawn, the feet on the andirons, reclining in a luxurious chair, one may resign one's self to sweet confidences or

delightful reveries. In a word, the English apartment is, as its name indicates, a bedroom; one sleeps, but one does not live there.

Finally, in the upper storeys are situated the servants' rooms and the nursery. There is, in the latter apartment, the least possible amount of furniture, but rocking-horse, chamber gymnasium, toys, and chairs of well-proved solidity, which serve, in turns, for "castles" or "railways" for the joyous children who, up there, enjoy full liberty under the watchful eyes of the nursery-maid. When the children grow a little older, she gives place to the nursery governess, who commences to educate them, and teaches them to read, until the time when she is herself succeeded by the governess. From that time the

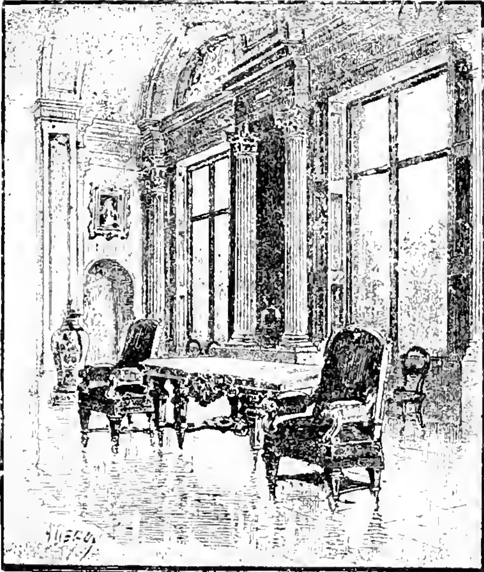


DINING-ROOM.

nursery is transformed into the schoolroom, and the wooden horse is replaced by lesson-books. It, of course, often happens that nursery and schoolroom exist simultaneously in the same house.

The kitchen and "offices" occupy the basement, in which the butler or the cook reigns supreme. There is in the English domestic arrangements a hierarchy, which is strictly observed. The functions of each servant are clearly defined; and the cook would rather cut herself limb from limb than open the street door to a visitor—a duty which appertains to the housemaid. The latter, on her part, would not boil an egg, although the whole household were starving! In noblemen's establishments, this amounts almost to a regular etiquette, and, to get an idea of it, one must read English novels or study the comic papers, whose witticisms on the subject are inexhaustible. In families where there is no butler, the housemaid waits at table—by no means a sinecure, for meals are

frequent; and the English are more difficult to please in the way in which their meals are served than in the preparation of them. Without repeating Talleyrand's joke respecting the one sauce, and the many religions of the English, we may nevertheless affirm that the English cooking entirely lacks variety. But it possesses the advantage of being wholesome, and the transformations which Continental cooks effect in one and the same dish, by disguising it under more or less curious names, is rendered impossible. Soup, roast or boiled meat, fish, vegetables, puddings, pies, and fruit tarts, are the Alpha and Omega of the national cookery, which is not complicated, and yet which it is difficult to find well performed — so little taste have the English housekeepers for the art of Vatel. From what, by the way, arises the fixed French idea that the English like their meat raw? Nothing can be less accurate; for it is they, on the contrary, who are always complaining, when on the Continent, that the meat is not sufficiently cooked. Certainly it is a grave error to offer an Englishman very underdone meat with the idea that thereby you are pleasing him; and Frenchmen would do well to ponder this, before inviting their friends across the Channel to dinner.



DRAWING-ROOM,
DORCHESTER HOUSE.

Revenons aux repas. The first is breakfast, which takes place between eight and ten in the morning, at which all the members of the family, except the very young children, assemble, before the departure of their father for his business. At one or two o'clock is luncheon, which is the children's dinner. At this meal the mother of the family presides in those middle-class families which we have selected as our type of modern English life. Tea is served at five o'clock—a friendly repast at which visitors frequently assist.

But it is for the dinner at seven or eight o'clock that all the luxuriance and show is reserved. *Paterfamilias,* on his return from the City, from his chambers, or from

the official world, puts on his evening dress; his wife and elder children being all in regulation toilettes. They proceed to the dining-room, where the napery is bewilderingly white, the glasses scintillating, the silver polished to a pitch of brightness unparalleled; the flowers on the table give it a festive appearance, an air of prosperity, of comfort, under the bright light of the lamps or the gas. Conversation proceeds in calm tones, the voices are always at the same diapason; no loudness, no bursts of laughter, no quick repartees are launched across the table from one to another. Every one listens to whomsoever is speaking, and answers are made in measured tones, without any noisy declamation. English people have no idea of the little pleasant "touch and go" butterfly chit-chat which flutters about every subject, but rests on none, as the French have. This kind of conversation is too much for the Britisher; it worries him; but when the conversation becomes fixed upon a subject—no matter whether it be literature, art, or politics, he proves himself a person of original thought, well-informed, and possessed of that kind of cool wit, of a somewhat pungent nature, which is not without its charm, and is called "humour"!

After dinner the men proceed to the smoking-room, and afterwards rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room, where the evening is spent.

Etiquette, concerning which the English are very punctilious, and the long distances which they have to traverse, render evening visits rare except amongst intimate friends. The ladies pay their calls during the day, between four and six o'clock upon week days. Sunday has a tendency to become, amongst certain classes of Society—artistic and literary circles—a day for unceremonious *réunions*. On that day each individual calls, chats a little, goes away, or remains to dinner, according to the degree of intimacy he enjoys. In the evening there may be music—not sacred music—to the great scandal of the Philistines, as the Puritans of the lower middle-class are called, who are rigid observers of the Sabbath, and look upon the opening of Museums on the Lord's Day as a sacrilege. In fine, the English middle-class life is, as one sees it, calm and smooth—even monotonous. The unforeseen has no share, or very little share, in it. Parties to the theatre and dinners are affairs meditated and prepared a long time in advance. Once he returns home, the Englishman never goes out again till morning, unless he is absolutely obliged to do so; as for the promenade pure and simple, it is very much like the "chit-chat"—he has no idea of it; he goes out or he walks, he does not "promenade." There is no exact equivalent in English for the verb *promener*.

IX.

THE THEATRES: COVENT GARDEN.—DRURY LANE.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE LYCEUM.—THE ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.—FRENCH PIECES.—THE MUSIC HALLS.—MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORKS.

Forty theatres contend every night for the favours of the London public, which is very fond of theatrical and other performances, and quite an amateur in respect of the

great melodramas wherein Virtue triumphs and Vice is punished, according to the good old-fashioned rule.

These theatres are generally of good size, and the best places—the stalls and dress-circle—everywhere excellent, but rather dear. The price of an orchestra stall varies from seven-and-sixpence to half-a-guinea in fashionable theatres (comedy or drama): the boxes vary in price, from one to eight guineas. The inferior places—balcony, upper circle, pit, amphitheatre, and gallery—are suited to all purses; the dearest are seven-and-sixpence or six shillings, and so down to one shilling, or even sixpence. The opera is exorbitant—one guinea and twenty-five shillings being the price for a stall. As for the private boxes, they are from two to twelve guineas; a box on the grand tier costs for the season £240.

At all the theatres ladies are admitted to the orchestra stalls, and at the opera and in the best theatres evening dress is essential. The private boxes are not open as in the French theatres, but shut in and furnished with curtains. Even in public the Englishman likes to be private, and to feel "at home." When the curtain rises the gas in the house is turned down, which is not a bad plan, as the stage appears better lighted; nevertheless, the semi-obscurity which prevails in the English theatres is not pleasant, and gives them a sombre and gloomy appearance.

The ventilation of the English theatres is pretty good; the seats are spacious, and the passages less encumbered than in France. Some managers have abolished "fees," and put an end absolutely to gratuities. In place of an old grumbling female, a young attendant supplies the perfumed programmes to the spectators gratis. Think of that, O ye Parisian managers!

The principal theatres are in the Strand and neighbouring streets. In the first rank we must place Covent Garden, the third of the name—the two former ones having been burned in 1808 and 1856. The present building, reconstructed in 1858 upon the plans of Barry, has the same dimensions as La Scala at Milan. The façade, 114 feet long, consists of a portico supported by columns, 60 feet high, ornamented by statues and bas-reliefs by Flaxman, which were fortunately recovered from the flames. Carriages take up and set down under the portico, which gives access to a splendid crush room, from which rises the wide staircase leading to the boxes. The theatre, which is simple, and capable of containing 2,000 people, is painted a pale blue and white, with mouldings and gilded ornamentation. The seats are wide and comfortable, while there is space sufficient between the rows of chairs to admit of moving without bruising one's knees.

In Covent Garden the Opera, always sung in Italian, is housed during the ten or twelve weeks of the season. To the Opera succeed the Promenade Concerts, and at Christmas they are replaced by the traditional Pantomime, or more lately by a circus-company. *A propos* of the Opera, why are the English the only people in Europe who do not sing in their native language? It is said that the English tongue does not lend itself to singing. This is a mistake; in any case, it is quite as harmonious as German! There is, it is true, a troupe of English Opera-singers, but it is directed by a German, and the majority of the artists are foreigners. Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, has also for some years produced Italian Opera at the same time as Covent Garden, but, like

practical people, and after considerable losses had been sustained by both sides, the managers united forces, and London has now only one Italian Opera.

Drury Lane Theatre, situated close to Covent Garden, is—so 'tis said—the oldest theatre in London, although it only dates from 1812; and as all statisticians tell us that the average life of a theatre is only twenty-four and a-half years—exactness, as well as statistics, is a beautiful thing—and that at the expiration of that period it must expect

THE STRAND.

to be burned down, Drury Lane has lived beyond its allotted span. It is one of the most beautiful, and one of the finest stages in the metropolis; as it is now the only one which unites the present with the past, by the immortal memories of actors and actresses who have performed on it: in fact, it was at Drury Lane that the Kembles, Kean, Braham, Farren, Macready, Madame Vestris, Helen Faucit, and Ellen Tree became renowned by their incomparable talent, and threw around the English stage a halo, the memory of which only remains. It is only fair to add, that, during the last few years, there has occurred in England a sort of *renaissance* of dramatic art, on which the example of French dramatic artists has had some influence.

Successively a theatre, a hippodrome, and a concert hall, and after having served as a menagerie for Van Amburgh's lions, the success of which exceeded that of Macready, Drury Lane was transformed into an opera house in 1867. After twelve years or so, the Italian Opera performances ceased; and now melodrama and military spectacles, like those of the old cirque in the Boulevard du Temple, are performed. As one may judge, Drury Lane has had a somewhat chequered existence, and the number of managers it has ruined is considerable. However, the present lessee seems to have conquered the bad fortune which formerly attached to the theatre, the future of which seems assured.

The architecture of Drury Lane is absolutely insignificant.

For some time, opera was played at Her Majesty's Theatre, which is in the Haymarket. Since its reconstruction, in 1869, the career of this theatre has been as short as unfortunate. It has attempted everything. Italian Opera, English Opera, Religious Meetings, Comic Singers, American Minstrels, and Comic Opera, have succeeded each other with equal non-success.

The foremost theatre of the drama is the Lyceum, which is in Wellington Street, Strand, near Covent Garden. Rebuilt in 1834, after a fire, this theatre had Balfe, the composer, for its occupant; he played English Opera, to which succeeded a circus, and to that Mrs. Keeley's company. Mrs. Keeley was one of the best of modern actresses, and her company gave excellent representations, which reaped great success. After vicissitudes, which it is needless to recapitulate here, the Lyceum fell into the hands of a great actor, who is also a manager of rare ability, Mr. Henry Irving. Under the intelligent guidance of this talented gentleman, to whom is due, in great part, the progress which British Dramatic Art has made within the last few years, the Lyceum started on a fresh career of prosperity, the success of which is brilliant and profitable to the manager. He has succeeded in forming a company of recognized merit, whose performances are followed and appreciated by a discriminating public. The dramas, and, above all, the tragedies of Shakespeare are represented at the Lyceum with a "go" and *ensemble* which no other English theatre can reach. They are mounted with a luxuriousness and a care for detail, an exactitude of costume, and a completeness which denote a remarkable knowledge of the resources of the theatre placed at the services of conscientious artists careful of their reputations, and devoted to their profession. So the efforts of Mr. Irving have received the most flattering recognition from the public, and it was rumoured that he was offered a knighthood, a dignity which he had the good taste to decline. This offer, if it was ever made, is very significant, and shows plainly that the prejudices, which so long militated against an honourable profession, have now completely been swept away.

The Haymarket and St. James's Theatres, situated, the former in the thoroughfare whose name it bears, and the latter in King Street, St. James's, are near Her Majesty's Theatre. These two houses—one lately under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, the second under that of Messrs. Hare and Kendal—are dedicated to the performance of modern English comedies, and particularly to adaptations of French pieces translated, and sometimes mutilated, by English playwrights, who make a speciality of this class of literature. Actors of talent as well as intelligent managers,

Messrs. Bancroft, Hare and Kendal, have, like Mr. Irving, largely contributed to raise the level of English Dramatic Art. By the judicious selection of plays, the care with which they are produced, and the personal share which these gentlemen take in the performances, they richly deserve the favour they enjoy, and the success which, for twenty years, has never failed them.

Amongst the other theatres, the most important are the Adelphi and the Princess's, and in less fashionable quarters the Britannia and Marylebone Theatres, where melodrama is performed. The smaller theatres are numerous.

The modern English theatre is dependent on the foreign, and almost entirely on the French stage. Dramas, comedies, operettas—all the repertory of the last fifty years are translations, adaptations, and often mutilated French pieces. In tragedy England has a master—Shakespeare, but except at the Lyceum, what theatre ventures to produce the works of this sublime genius? Not one! Still it is only lately that the taste for Shakespeare has revived, and in the opinion of many people, the modern actors are still far behind their illustrious predecessors.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

England, so fertile in poets and novelists, has also her dramatic authors, but they only occupy a secondary position in her literature. No doubt she has produced the greatest of all—Shakespeare; but what, beside this giant, are Beaumont and Fletcher, or even Ben Jonson, his contemporaries? and after all, what of their works remains to this day? The memory! Later, Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Southerne, and after them, Cibber, and Mrs. Centlivre, produced agreeable comedies, which are faithful pictures of the manners of the periods; but in the greater part of them, there is a licentious tone which makes their production impossible nowadays. This is to be regretted, for their pieces, written with spirit, originality, and with qualities of observation by no means common, deserve a better fate than to be forgotten.

During the 18th century, a group of dramatic authors wrote and produced a great number of works not devoid of merit, but they were soon eclipsed by the comedies of

Goldsmith, the two Colmans, and Sheridan, the illustrious author of "The School for Scandal," that master-piece of wit, satire, and animation. But with these great names, the last scintillation of a brilliant period, the dramatic literature of England seems to have expired, for in the 19th century, we do not appear to have seen a single dramatic author, except Robertson (the writer of some comedies, the excellent interpretation of which did more to render them successful than their intrinsic value warranted), and Bulwer Lytton.

French pieces, adapted or translated, have always to be subjected to alterations necessitated by the demands of the British public, which does not like to see certain passions depicted on the stage. In order to disembarrass them of their "essentially French" character, the adapters excise, and introduce changes not always happy, and entirely alter the construction of the pieces, which often appear but of average merit, and which are unrecognisable by their authors.

The critic bitterly bewails this low standard of dramatic art, and lays the blame on the managers, reproaching them for only playing foreign pieces. This is all very well, but dramatists cannot be improvised, still less a National Theatre, and in art matters the State holds itself quite aloof—so the managers between bankruptcy and foreign plays do not hesitate for a moment. One cannot really blame them.

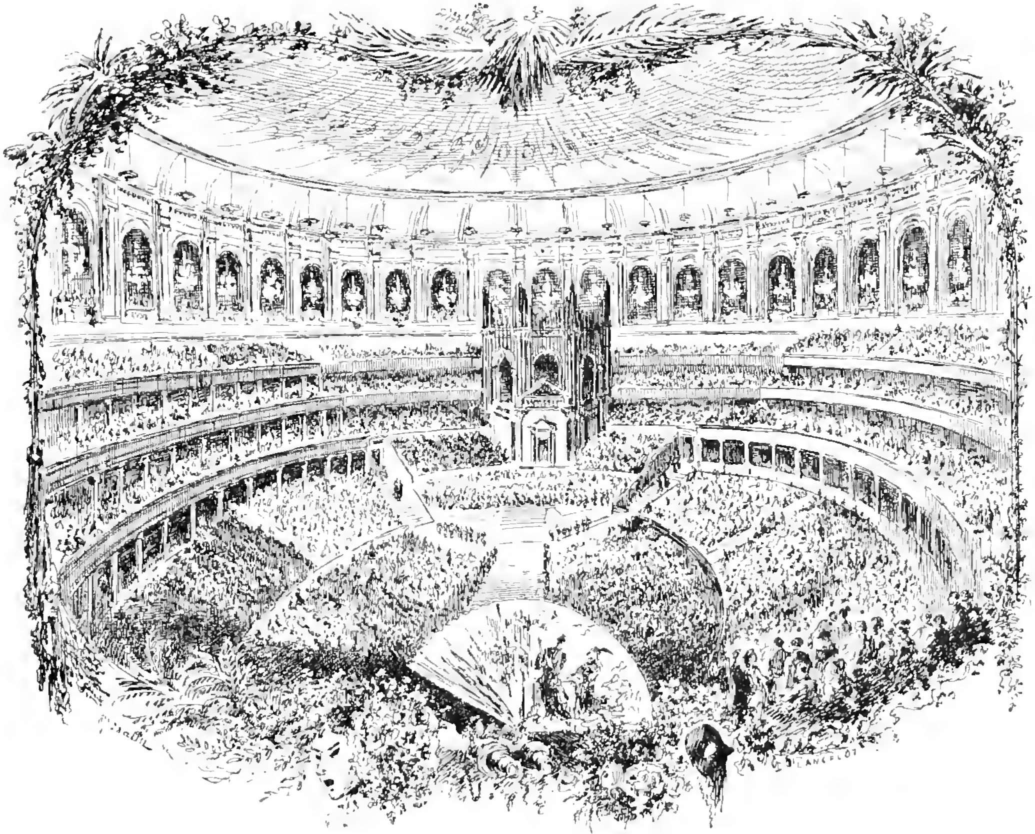
As it is estimated that more than 300,000 persons frequent the various places of amusement in London every evening, it is evident that the theatres can accommodate only a small proportion of these pleasure-seekers. So the concert rooms, music-halls, and entertainments of kindred nature are very numerous; and it is very difficult to ascertain exactly their number. Some people say there are 400 or more. However, that may be there are in every district some of these establishments designated "Halls" or "Rooms," in which, all the year round, are given varied amusements, concerts, conjuring, displays of magnetism, &c., known in England under the general name of "entertainments."

The most extensive of all these buildings is the Royal Albert Hall in South Kensington, facing Kensington Gardens. It is an immense oval-shaped building of red brick, around which runs a terra-cotta frieze, a style of decoration which is reproduced on the façade; the architecture of the "Hall" is not imposing, and were it not for its mass it would not attract any particular attention. The interior is 219 feet in diameter in its extreme measurement, and 185 feet in the smallest. The gigantic proportions of the Albert Hall have been partly the cause of its non-success, for under no circumstances can it be filled. It is calculated to contain 8,000 people, and as public ceremonials, which alone attract the multitude, are rare in London, the Albert Hall has always the appearance of being empty. A fine organ, which cost £10,000, is placed above the orchestra, in which there is room for 1,000 instrumentalists.

Much better situated than the Albert Hall, and of more reasonable dimensions, is St. James's Hall, with entrances in Piccadilly and Regent Street. It was built in 1857, after the designs of Owen Jones, and at once attained a popularity which has never since waned. We may also mention St. George's Hall, Exeter Hall, and particularly Willis's Rooms, wherein were formerly held the Almack Balls, which were exclusively

limited to the "upper ten" of English society, under the direction of a committee of ladies of the highest rank. At present Willis's Rooms are let for balls, *soirées*, concerts, and assaults of arms.

The Music Halls are curious: the principal are the Oxford, the London Pavilion, the Canterbury, the Metropolitan, and the Alhambra. As in similar establishments on



INTERIOR OF ALBERT HALL.

the Continent, the visitors drink and smoke while they listen to songs more or less comic or sentimental, delivered by men clothed in eccentric costumes, and by ladies in ballet skirts. A very curious individual in the music hall is the Chairman, or president, who, armed with a hammer like an auctioneer, and correctly attired in evening suit and white tie, is seated facing the audience, with his back to the stage. It is he who plays the part of an animated programme in announcing the *artistes*, who gives the signal for applause, or for its moderation, by striking the table with his hammer, and who maintains order in the hall. The true British dignity with which the Chairman pronounces the solemn words, "Order, please, ladies and gentlemen!" is most refreshing.

Finally, amongst the places of amusement open every evening is the Aquarium, a glass-roofed building in which numerous entertainments succeed each other—acrobats, singers, conjurors—all to the strains of a fair orchestra. The large space reserved for

promenaders serves as a place of meeting for the class which the suppression of public balls has driven to the Aquarium.

We must not omit from our list of London amusements the wax-works of Madame Tussaud, whose reputation is European. Founded in Paris in 1780, the museum was transported to London in 1802 by its proprietor, who did not locate herself there definitely until 1833, after having travelled through England and Ireland. Since then the success of the exhibition has never wavered. It contains, amongst other curiosities, the counterfeit presentments in wax of Wellington and the first Napoleon, Henry VIII., and his six wives, as well as very excellent portraitures of Queen Victoria, and all the members of the Royal Family. All the Sovereigns of England are assembled in one particular gallery, termed the "Hall of Kings." The Napoleon Chamber contains an interesting collection of objects which formerly belonged to the Emperor, as well as portraits of the Imperial family.

The popularity of the Tussaud exhibition is in a great measure due to the rapidity with which the important personages of the day—the latest Sovereign, the coming politician, the fashionable artist, or the most horrible murderer — find themselves figured in wax. Frequently the image is clothed in the very garments of the living person—a great attraction this for numbers of visitors.

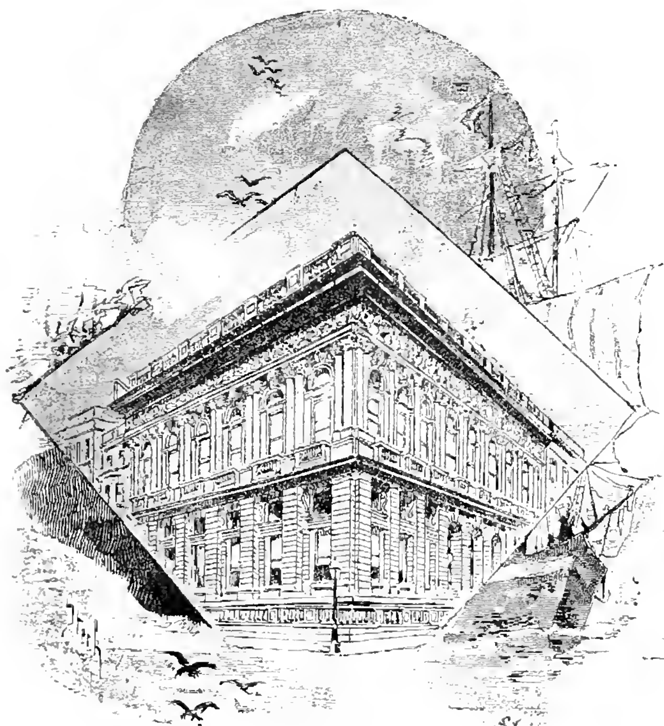
X.

THE CLUBS: THEIR ORIGIN.—CLUBS ANCIENT AND MODERN.—LITERARY CLUBS.—DISRAELI, BULWER LYTTON, THACKERAY, DICKENS.

There are Clubs almost everywhere, it is true; Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg have theirs, but there is no city in the world in which they are so numerous, or play such an important part, as in London. Nowhere else does Club-life occupy such a considerable place in the customs of a people; and this fact is not surprising when we consider that this profoundly egotistical institution is essentially of British origin.

Whoever is "anyone," and anyone who wishes to become "somebody," must belong to a Club. To belong to such and such a club is equivalent, according to circumstances, to a badge of merit—political, literary, or artistic—and always a certificate of perfectly honourable principles. The man who is "black-balled" in a high-class club will find attached to his name a sort of moral reprobation, and feel himself touched on a point of honour. Have we not lately seen a candidate, whose brother occupies a prominent position in politics, bring an action against a member to whose influence he attributed his rejection at a certain club? It was a conspicuous *maladresse*. The judges displayed much tact and cleverness on that occasion. They declared themselves unable to pronounce an opinion. They could do nothing else. This shows the importance of clubs whose political and social *rôle* is not one of the least of the curiosities of modern English life.

The origin of these establishments is of considerable antiquity. In the 15th century there existed a club called "La Court de bone Compagnie," but it was not until towards the end of the 17th century that the first real club was established in the City under the name of the Civil Club. Formerly people used to meet together at the taverns and coffee-houses, some of which are still celebrated; but the English hankering for solitude accorded ill with these establishments, which were open to every new comer, and the friends soon proceeded to hire a room, and afterwards a house, in which they could meet privately: and at last to erect those immense stately buildings which at the present day occupy two of the most beautiful streets in London — Pall Mall and St. James's Street —and are amongst the most imposing edifices of the metropolis.



ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

In Queen Anne's time men spent in the clubs most of the day, or rather of the night, talking, eating, and drinking. The club was then a *vivâ voce* newspaper, and there jokes, anecdotes, and scandals passed from lip to lip.

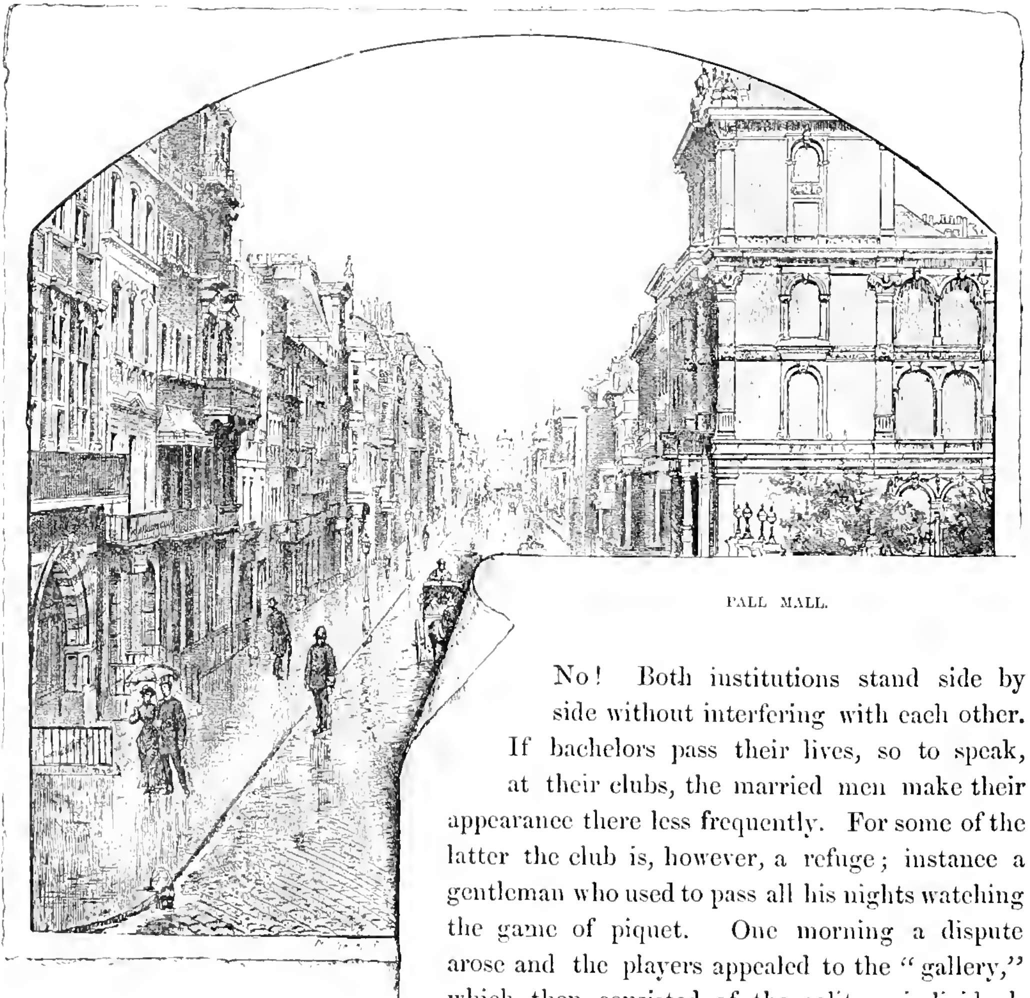
Under the Regency the clubs were exclusively aristocratic. In them people played, betted, and quarrelled, and were "paraded" for a mere trifle. One day at Brooks', Adams took offence because Fox declared the Government powder was bad. Adams, who was in charge of this supply, was annoyed, and challenged Fox; the result was a duel. Adams fired first, and Fox being wounded, refused to return the fire. The seconds interfered, and the principals shook hands. "Adams," said Fox, "if that had not been Government powder I should have been a dead man!"

In the prosaic and utilitarian age in which we live the clubs have changed their manners. There are no longer duels, quarrels, or extravagant bets.

In place of those traditional rubbers at which one was ruined in a single night, some whist tables are set out, where the players risk moderate stakes—except in one or two clubs where the stakes are very considerable. The modern club is before all else a place of meeting, either for politicians or—and there are a great number—for gentlemen of small means, who there find incalculable advantages. For the bachelor, the officer of slender income, the club is a *home*, a mansion furnished in princely style, in which one

can live luxuriously without spending more than one can afford. Mr. Walker, an English author, has put the case concisely:—"Every member is master, without any of the trouble of a master; he can come when he pleases, and stay away when he pleases, without anything going wrong; he has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or manage them . . . having no interest to think of but his own."

What, then, becomes of the family life? Is not the home deserted for the club?



PALL MALL.

No! Both institutions stand side by side without interfering with each other. If bachelors pass their lives, so to speak, at their clubs, the married men make their appearance there less frequently. For some of the latter the club is, however, a refuge; instance a gentleman who used to pass all his nights watching the game of piquet. One morning a dispute arose and the players appealed to the "gallery," which then consisted of the solitary individual, an attentive spectator, who declared he did not know one card from another. "What the deuce are you doing here then at such an hour as this?" asked one player.

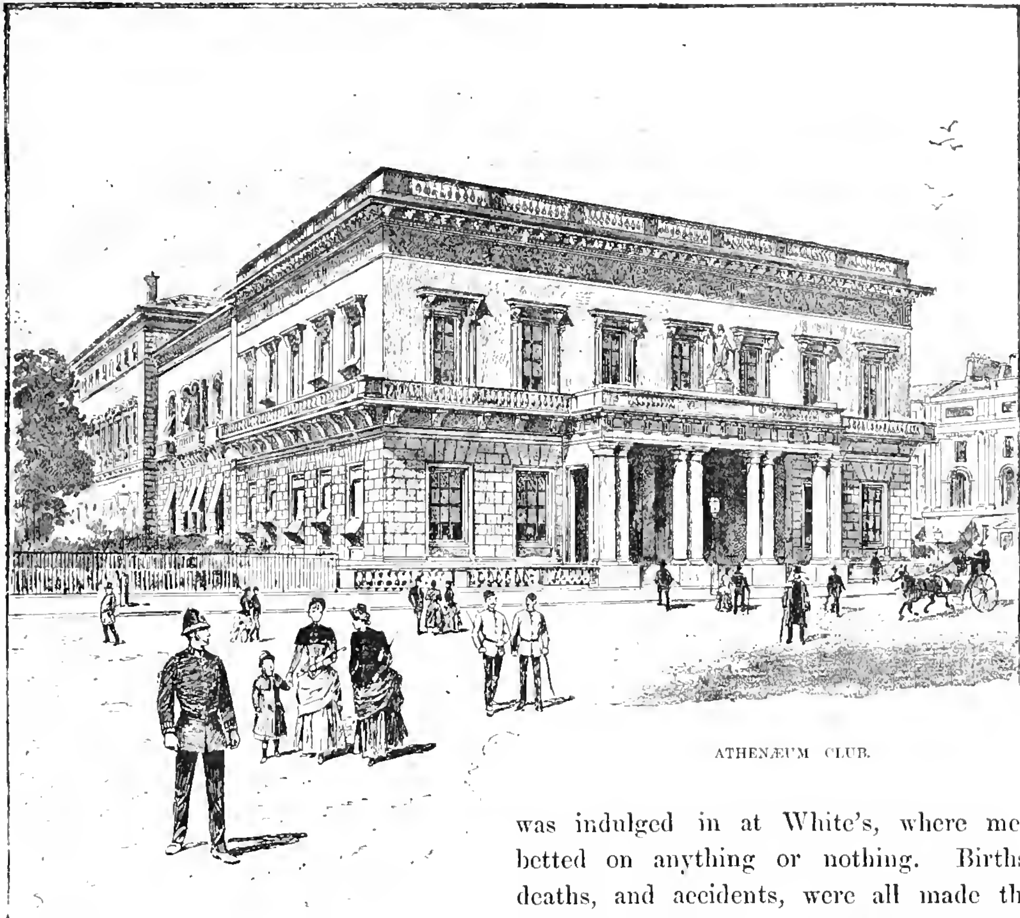
"Gentlemen," replied the spectator, "*I am a married man.*"

For the most part, the club is a pleasant place, where one hears the news and is placed *au courant* with the scandals of society. What one hears in these little conversations would suffice to fill a newspaper and make the fortune of a reporter. It is the general opinion that from the military clubs emanate most of the "stories" which go

the rounds of society; and that it is in the manufacture of "tittle-tattle" that the officers devote themselves in the intervals of studying the service journals!

There are clubs political, aristocratic, military, university, professional. Amongst the first are the Carlton, the Reform, and Brooks'. The two first-named, recalling "the palatial homes" of Italy, are in Pall Mall; the last in St. James's Street.

Arthur's, White's, and the Turf Club have no political character; their object is but to bring idle and lounging men of the world together. In past days high play was indulged in at White's, where men betted on anything or nothing. Births, deaths, and accidents, were all made the subjects of wagers. It is related that one day a man fell down dead at the door, and his decease was immediately made the subject of bets. Fortunately for him, he *was* dead, for those who had betted on his death declined to permit him to be bled, on the ground that their chances of winning would be thereby diminished.



ATHENÆUM CLUB.

The officers of the Army and Navy have a great number of clubs pertaining to the services; the chief of which are the Army and Navy, the Naval and Military, the United Service, and the Guards' Club; the members of the last-named club are exclusively officers of the Household troops. There are many others. The Army and Navy Club is one of the finest and most luxurious in London.

St. James's Club, in Piccadilly, is almost exclusively frequented by members of the Diplomatic Corps and Foreign Office functionaries. It is renowned for its excellent cookery, which is greatly appreciated by the fastidious *gourmets* who use the club. They are not of the class who, like the diners at Crockford's, would complain to the committee that the cook had put onions in the Soubise sauce.

The United University Club, the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and one or two others, are meeting places for former students of the two Universities.

The actors have the Garrick Club situated conveniently at a short distance from Covent Garden and the theatres. This club contains a collection of portraits of the principal English actors—a collection formed by the celebrated Charles Mathews, who bequeathed it to the club.

Some clubs—the Albemarle and the Lotus, for example—are "mixed," and include both men and women amongst their members. This experiment, frequently tried, has never succeeded. On the contrary, clubs exclusively for ladies seem to prosper, although they have only a very diminished importance.

Every year new clubs are formed; but these enjoy but an ephemeral existence. This is fortunate, for the greater number of these are disguised gambling-houses, whose disappearance is a benefit to the community.

The History of the Literary Clubs has never been written in a complete form, which is a pity, for such a work would be of great interest, from all points of view. It may be, without exaggeration, asserted that the history of these institutions is intimately connected with that of English literature; and even that it is impossible to speak of one without speaking of the other.

It "goes without saying" that literary clubs originated with meetings at the taverns. The most ancient of these societies is that which assembled at the Mermaid Tavern, in the City. Founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, the favourite of Elizabeth, it was the rendezvous of all the wits of the period. There Beaumont and Ben Jonson wittily encountered each other. Shakespeare, if tradition is to be credited, formed one of the coterie, as well as Fletcher, the *collaborateur* of Beaumont. Carew, Selden, Cotton, Donne, and a considerable number of the literary men of that period, assiduously frequented the Mermaid Tavern, which was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666; but its memory is imperishable, thanks to the verse which Beaumont addressed to Ben Jonson:—

. . . . "What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid!" . . . . .

At the commencement of the 18th century, Swift, the illustrious author of "Gulliver's Travels," established a club which he called the Scriblerus Club. The object of this society of men of letters was to criticise and turn into ridicule contemporary *savants*; and it must be confessed that the members were quite equal to their mission. One may judge by this: by the side of the Dean of St. Patrick's were Oxford, Arbuthnot, St. John (afterwards Bolingbroke); and Pope, the author of the "Dunciad," that scathing satire upon the literary Bohemia of his time, which he has depicted with as much realism as Hogarth displayed in painting it with the precision and crudeness so characteristic of the English pictures of the period. Gay, who wrote some charming

fables and the celebrated "Beggar's Opera," was also a member of the Scriblerus Club. But, before long, under the influence of political passions, this little band of literary men dispersed, and, as Sir Walter Scott said, "talents so various, so extended, and so brilliant, can never again be united."

The Kit-Kat Club was more prosperous. Without being absolutely literary, it was frequented by too many celebrated writers to be passed by in silence. There the brilliant staff of the *Spectator* was united; Addison at the head. Congreve, the dramatic author, posed there as a gentleman. There Dryden extolled Milton to the clouds; Vanburgh, architect, poet, and dramatic author, joked with Kneller the painter; and in listening to them Garth, the doctor, forgot his patients, and Steele—his wife.

BULWER LYTTON.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President of the Royal Academy, who was in the habit of assembling at his house a circle of literary men, statesmen, and artists, one day conceived the idea of forming a society to bring these varied talents together. He confided it to his friend Dr. Johnson, who assisted him in the realization of his project. Thus the Literary Club was founded, which was originally composed of nine members only. Goldsmith and Edmund Burke were amongst these, but Johnson objected to the admission of Garrick—his friend, too!—on the plea that he would disturb the meetings by his buffooneries. Later on Johnson gave way, and Garrick, to his great joy, was admitted as a member of the Literary Club, as well as Colman the elder. This club, whose existence has been prolonged to our day, has reckoned amongst its members Gibbon, whose "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has been translated by M. Guizot; Hallam, Sheridan, Canning, Reynolds, Chambers, the architect of Somerset House; Sir Charles Eastlake, who was also President of the Royal Academy; Lord Brougham, and Macaulay.

The establishments of which we have been speaking, and many others of less importance, were not clubs in the modern sense of the term. They were *réunions* held on appointed days in certain places, generally in taverns or coffee-houses. When officers of the army, men about town, and members of the Universities already had their own clubs, the literary men and artists, who had in some sort invented them, were still at the commencement of this century, and even as late as 1824, reduced to meet in taverns. Struck by this inferiority, and by the inconveniences which resulted from it, a certain number of learned and literary men founded a club exclusively for the use of the

literary and artistic, which was first named the Society Club, a name soon afterwards changed to that now celebrated—the Athenæum Club. The Committee was composed of Sir Humphrey Davy, the celebrated chemist; Wilson Croker; Lawrence, the artist; Chantrey, the sculptor; Lord Aberdeen; the "bibliomaniac" Heber; Sir Walter Scott; Thomas Moore, the poet; and the secretary was the illustrious Faraday.

What a golden record is that of the Athenæum! All the literary and artistic glory of England during the first part of the 19th Century is contained in it. We have already mentioned Moore, the anacreontic poet, whose verses have all the vivacity and ardour of the Irish genius, united with the sarcastic spirit of Dryden, and the delicate taste of Pope. Let us again mention Sir Walter Scott, the singer of Marmion, the creator of the historical romance, who by an effort of genius carried this class of literature to perfection, and at the first flight raised himself above all rivals. Who has not read those Waverley Novels, so powerful in interest, so poetic and so perfect, which gained for the author the title of the "Wizard of the North"—Scott, the Magician? A strange contradiction of genius; for this man, who has resuscitated for us feudal Scotland with a marvellous fidelity, was only a sorry archæologist, for whom Rome was "a fine city, but in ruins;" and who, on returning to Abbotsford, said, "I have seen many things, but nothing to equal my own house!"

DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD).

The historians were represented at the Athenæum by Grote, whose History of Greece is a "monument of science and erudition"; and by Macaulay, who has left us such a faithful and so interesting a picture of England in the 17th Century, and his remarkable essays, masterpieces of criticism, style, and good taste, of which M. Guizot has given us a translation as pleasant to read as the original—and one can assign to it no greater praise.

Besides Faraday, whom Sir Humphrey Davy considered "his greatest discovery," Wheatstone and Darwin were included in the constellation of scientists who illuminated the club. Amongst the artists, Maclise, the famous painter, whose frescoes embellish the House of Lords, and Sir Edwin Landseer, the most celebrated animal painter whom England has ever had, were the most worthy successors of Lawrence and Chantrey.

The novelists were numerous. Disraeli, the elder, author of the "Curiosities of Literature," preceded his son, the author of "Vivian Grey," the appearance of which was a master-stroke. Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton, a talented writer of novels, a middling poet, a successful dramatic author, and a politician in his leisure hours, must figure in this gallery of illustration. Of a nervous temperament, of a suspicious mind, and obstinate, it is, above all, as a novelist that he excels, and has given proofs of an original talent and prodigious activity. His first novels — "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Paul Clifford," violent satires upon the aristocracy — indicated a profound knowledge of men, and of the world, and placed him at once in the front rank of the novelists of his time. Nevertheless, he did not represent the English spirit in the same degree as Thackeray and Dickens, who embodied all that is most characteristic of the national genius.

THACKERAY.

Thackeray began life under favourable auspices. Brought up as a gentleman destined to enjoy a handsome fortune, he successively travelled through Germany, Italy, and France, where he applied himself to art, which he cultivated with fervour. At the age of twenty-three, when ruin came upon him and forced him to choose a career, he threw down his palette and pencils to grasp the pen which he continued to wield till his death. His first appearance as an author was beset by difficulties. He began by satirising English society, which somewhat resented his raillery, particularly when it emanated from an unknown man, as he then was; and the "Book of Snobs" rubbed

the British fur the wrong way. To this is attributable the cynical reputation which has unjustly been fastened on him, and the trouble which he had to make himself known. It was not until he had published "Vanity Fair"—that is to say, after thirteen years of stubborn work—that his reputation was definitively established. From that time he was considered a master of his craft, and the "Society," which he had depicted with so

CHARLES DICKENS.

much exactness and audacity—for he had dared to tell the truth to its face—bore him no ill-will. It would have been bad taste had it done so, for Thackeray wrote like a gentleman, and possessed the art of saying what he had to say with pleasing gracefulness.

His style, vigorous, warm, and highly-coloured, has a piquant flavour, a particular savour of its own. His fine raillery, full of humour, is that of good society, and never descends to vulgarity. With what art in "Vanity Fair" he has depicted that adventuress, Becky Sharp, that demon of feminine perversity, and how he follows her in

her descent down the slope on which she slips, without permitting a word to escape his pen, which the most delicate-minded lady reader could object to. God knows it was easy to lose himself on the way!

What real living characters are Becky the *intrigante* and Rawdon Crawley her husband! But we come in contact with the types daily—"Vanity Fair" is true for ever. And that curious figure—the old *débauché*, Lord Steyne, do not we meet him in our daily walks, buttoned tightly in his frock-coat, with his airs of the old beau, his painted complexion, and his ferret eyes which intimidate women?

Thackeray was also a speaker of considerable merit, and a draughtsman of talent. In the illustrations to some of his works, and in the designs which he has furnished to the pictorial journals, he has shown us that he could wield the pencil almost as well as the pen.

FARADAY

Dickens, more fortunate than his friend Thackeray, met with success at his first step into literary life. He was only twenty-four when his "Sketches by Boz" drew attention to him. What Thackeray did for the aristocracy, Dickens did for the lower classes and the "people." No one has ever seized upon and depicted so well as he the eccentricities and the qualities of the lower middle-classes; their humility before the great, and their hardness towards the little people — with all that, charitable and surly, hard-working and extravagant — perverted under the veneer of affected austerity.

His most characteristic work—that which contains the germ of and sums up all the others—is "Pickwick," a series of pictures of manners rather than a novel. But what pictures! Pickwick is the synonym for John Bull. Follow this fat man through all his adventures, and you have a striking photograph of the English character. He causes to pass successively before the charmed, absorbed, it may be startled, reader—the soldier, the lawyer, the journalist, the politician, the actor; everyone passes as in a kaleidoscope. In the harrowing scenes of the debtors' prison, where laughter is mingled with tears, the author puts his finger on English misery — that hideous plague spot which eats into the vigorous British society, as some maladies attack sound, healthy bodies.

An attorney's clerk in early life, he draws for us, with rare skill, a picture of that other plague-spot, so much the more formidable, as it reaches everyone under cover of a tardy legislation: the dishonest band of lawyers of a low class, who are always on the look-

out for a scandal—master-swindlers who make use of the law to practise their honest calling—is as numerous as ever. Only, the Dodsons and Foggs of to-day are much more formidable than their predecessors; they have advanced with the age, and are too clever to permit themselves to be caught.

Unfortunately, "Pickwick" is untranslatable into French. It loses, in the process of translation, three-fourths of its charm and truth to nature. Like the state of things which it represents, it cannot be understood without preliminary study, which is not within the reach of everybody.

The style of Dickens is unequal; sometimes rising to the height of poetry, to descend afterwards to triviality; slang is mingled with academic phraseology. With unequalled skill the author adapted his style to the class to which he introduces us, and thus gives to his scenes a truthfulness, a colour, a life, a verisimilitude, which are marvellous.

Dickens, like Thackeray, was pitiless for the weaknesses of his countrymen; but what made one feared, the other popular, was this: in Thackeray each one is recognised by himself; in Dickens every one has recognised his neighbour.

Both authors have left an imperishable work—not only the most perfect representations of English society as it was in the first half of the 19th century, but, more than that, a faithful picture of the national character. So long as the English language is spoken their works will be as true as they are now, as they were yesterday. When that New Zealander, of whom Macaulay has spoken, sits pensively regarding the ruins of London, the immortal works of Dickens and Thackeray will revive for him the memory of a vanished race!

XI.

SPORT.—RACE-COURSES.—THE DERBY.—CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.—LAWN TENNIS.—BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.

The term "Sport"—a very elastic one—embraces all sorts of open-air amusements: riding, hunting, fishing, gymnastics, swimming—in a word, all the exercises which bring the physical faculties into play, come under the denomination of "Sport."

To enumerate the British sports would require a volume, for the list is indeed a long one. From the schoolboy who plays cricket and football, to the great lord or land-owner who hunts, or shoots grouse on his Scottish moors—all Englishmen interest themselves in these eminently national pastimes. Without counting special newspapers, Sport occupies an important place in all journals, under the heading of "Sporting Intelligence." The races which take place from one end of the year to the other are for the masses excuses for betting and speculation. The English are a gambling nation; if they have not a passion for cards they certainly have for *play*, for in all amusements they find means to gratify their taste for speculation. An Englishman loves to risk his

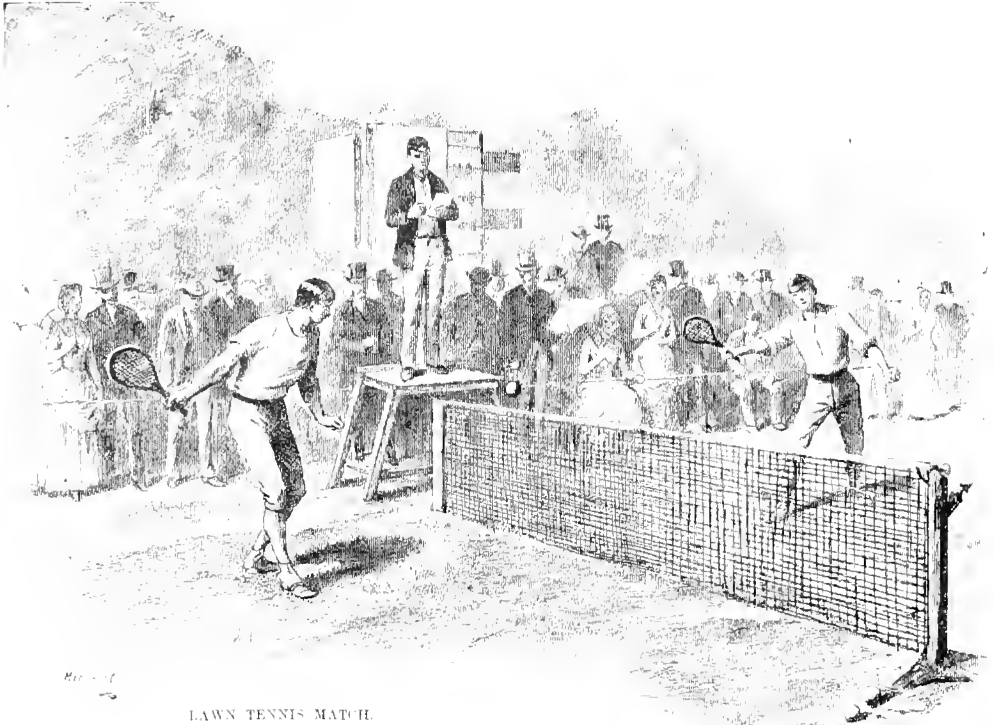
money on a horse or a foot-race, on a cricket or a football team, or on a swimmer, a sculler, or a bicyclist—even on a boxing-match!

Lord Palmerston called the Epsom Races, where the famous "Derby" race is run, the Isthmian games of England. In fact, the Derby Day is the national *fête* of the English. On that day Parliament does not sit, and, though the warehouses and shops are open, the City is deserted. "All the World and his Wife," as the English say, go to Epsom, either by railway, or in carriages, or in spring vans, or "hansoms." It is an unique sight, this procession of 100,000 persons passing, one fine day in May, along the dusty

THAMES REGATTA

road which leads to the race-course. From the costermonger, seated in his "barrow," drawn by a donkey, to the duke and the peer, who value their teams at a thousand pounds sterling, all classes of society, all professions, all costumes, are represented there. On the course itself is a veritable Saturnalia, a Carnival without the name. The motley crowd, noisy, gross, and brutal, permits itself every excess in language and liquor. The pickpockets, the betting men, the "negro" minstrels, descend like a swarm of flies upon their food; those who have not been ruined by betting are pretty sure to be robbed by the light-fingered gentry, who reap a harvest on Derby Day, when heads and legs are not very trustworthy after copious libations. An English crowd, when it is let loose, loses all restraint, it becomes wild, its bursts of excitement are characterised by an amount of recklessness which makes one shudder to think what such a populace would become in a riot. These men and their companions have the appearance of brutes, their eyes, illumined by the gleams of intoxication, flash ferociously. Animal life is overflowing in them, and it seems that an explosion of anger in such creatures would be produced by the slightest concussion. Beside such people, over-excited by enjoyment

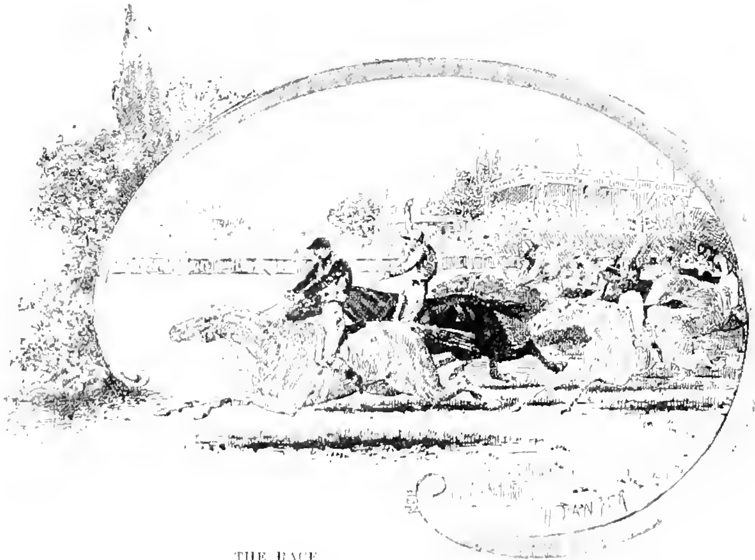
and drinking, the ladies and gentlemen who contemplate them from the vantage-ground



LAWN TENNIS MATCH.

of their carriages, cool and disdainful, have somewhat the air of "tamers" in a cage of wild beasts.

And the race? But the race is the least interesting part

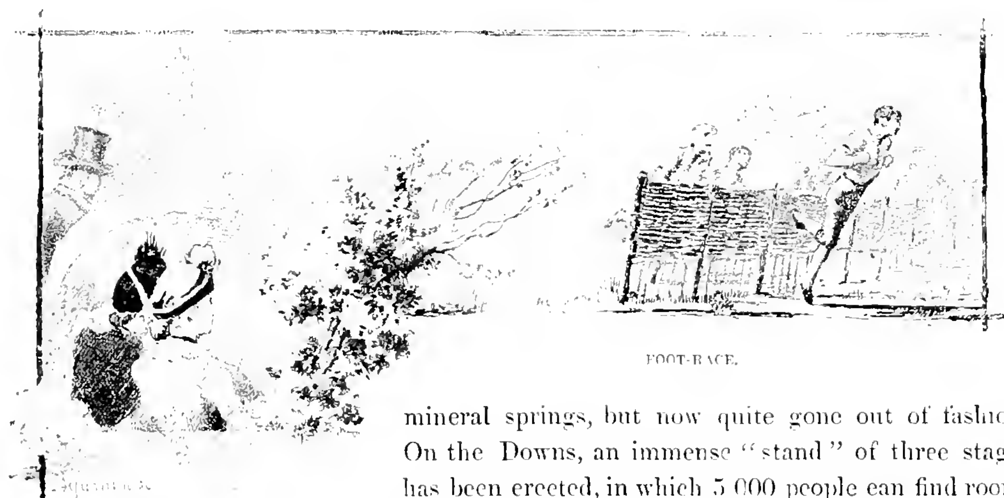


THE RACE

of the Derby Day. To the foreigner, this file of horses, the varied parti-coloured shirts

of the jockeys, who pass by like a whirlwind, are far from presenting the same interest as the popular and curious scenes, so novel withal, which one can only witness in England—and then only once a year!

The Derby, which was established in 1780, is run invariably on a Wednesday at the end of May or the beginning of June; and two days after is the Oaks, which has not the same popular characteristics as the Derby. The race-course is beautifully situated some fifteen miles from London, near Epsom, a small town once celebrated for its



FOOT-RACE.

mineral springs, but now quite gone out of fashion. On the Downs, an immense "stand" of three stages has been erected, in which 5,000 people can find room, and obtain an admirable view. Epsom is served by the South Western and the London and Brighton Railway Companies. On days there are special trains about every ten minutes.

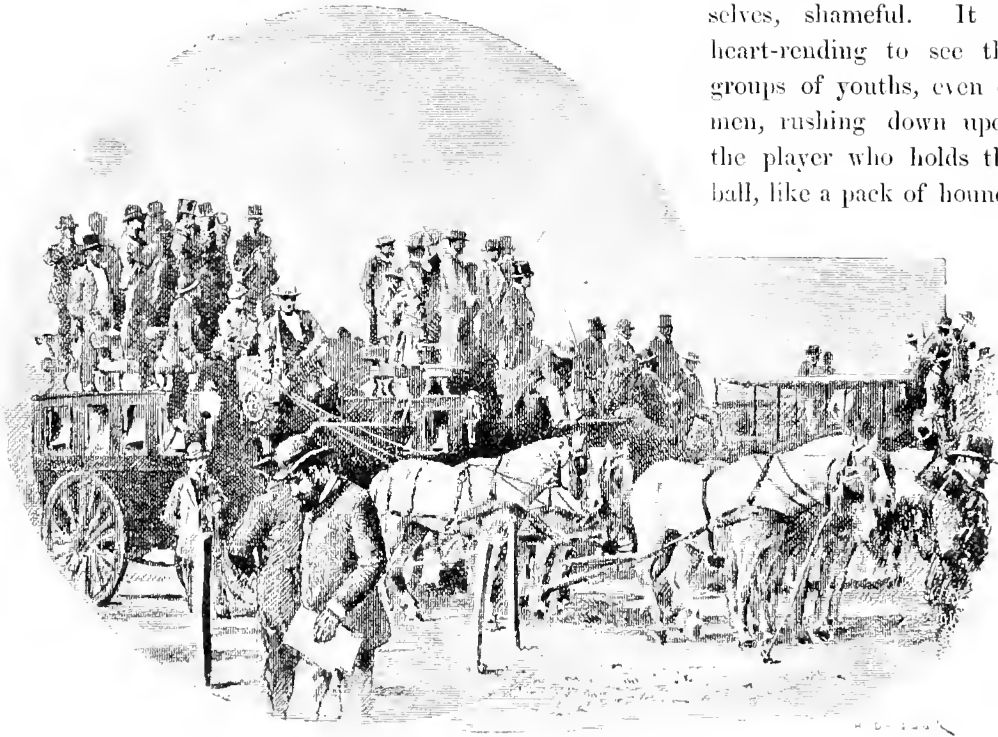
As, with the exception of the Derby, the horse-races in England bear a family resemblance to these in other countries, it is really only the former which is worth the trouble of seeing. But, if one wishes to see something novel, one must go and witness a match of cricket or football.

Cricket and football matches—both essentially national games—have an irresistible attraction for everyone. The principal London matches take place at Lord's Cricket Ground—so called from the name of the original proprietor, Mr. Lord—and at Kennington Oval. It is in July that the most interesting matches take place between the elevens of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and between Eton and Harrow Schools. The latter match is much the most popular, and attracts the largest crowd. For many weeks beforehand people discuss the relative chances of both "teams." The illness of one of the eleven gives rise to the greatest anxiety. The most "steady-going" journals devote leading articles to matches past or to come. "Old boys" crowd to "Lord's" on the occasion of the match; and the day is generally wound up with a liberal distribution of amenities between the partisans of the rival schools.

The game of cricket is a modification of the old game of crosse. It is played with

a ball, wickets, and a wooden bat with which the player must stop or strike the ball delivered by his opponent, whose object is to disarrange the wicket of the batsman. The balls used are very hard, and the contusions received on heads and limbs are too numerous to mention.

But, if cricket has its dangers, football is absolutely barbarous. The violence, the savagery, which are displayed by the opponents in this British sport are, according to the English themselves, shameful. It is heart-rending to see the groups of youths, even of men, rushing down upon the player who holds the ball, like a pack of hounds



CARRIAGES AT THE DERBY.

upon a wild boar. This is a struggle in which kicks and blows play a conspicuous part. Every year this game claims a relatively large number of victims. It has been sought to render it less dangerous by establishing new rules; but the young Englishmen, who like to make a parade of their powers of endurance, that is to say, of their astonishing faculty for enduring blows, prefer the game in all its savagery. Scratch the Englishman and you will find the barbarian, who loves to fight, and delights in giving to his amusement a smack of danger.

Boxing is still a favourite pastime with Englishmen, and is now, as a rule, practised only with gloves. But even with these restrictions, considerable punishment may be inflicted. The athletic clubs occasionally give displays of boxing; the heavy, middle, and light-weights being all well represented. There are few Englishmen who do not know how to use their fists: their first weapon of defence is the clenched hand—a formidable one, too, if the person is acquainted with the "noble art of self-defence," as the English call the science of pugilism. The brutal prize-fight has almost entirely

disappeared from England; but boxing with gloves, and school encounters, are common to all classes of Englishmen and boys.

For some years two new pastimes have been added to the already long list of these amusements. These are lawn tennis and velocipeding.

Like cricket, lawn tennis is of French origin; it is *le jeu de paume*, revised and corrected. It is a graceful game, which developes the muscles, and has the advantage of bringing together young people of both sexes. It really deserves its popularity. Moreover, it is an aristocratic game, for the populace do not appear to have taken it up.

THE WINNER.

As for the bicycle, it has become a perfect nuisance. The streets are filled with these machines, which come running along at a high rate of speed, to the great danger of pedestrians and vehicles, for the horses are alarmed at the machines; and, as if this were not enough, the tricycle has been invented. This is a kind of seat supported by three wheels, which are set in motion by treadles. There are tricycles with one or two seats—a new danger to add to those, already so great, of the London streets.

Gymnastics, foot races, and bicycle races are very popular sports. In the spring the principal meetings are held, the most interesting of which are those at Lillie Bridge Grounds—a kind of race-course and cricket-ground, belonging to the Amateur Athletic Club, and at the Stamford Bridge Grounds, the property of the London Athletic Club.

XII.

THE RAILWAYS: STATISTICS—ACCIDENTS.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—THE TERMINI.—THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—OMNIBUSES.—TRAMWAYS.—CABS.—STEAMBOATS.

England enjoys a most perfect system of railways, as anyone may convince himself by a glance at a map. There are nearly 20,000 miles of lines opened, and the number of passengers conveyed annually by the various companies is estimated at more than 715,000,000. As usual, the State does not interfere, save in the inspection of the railways, particularly with a view to the safety of travellers. According to the report of the Board of Trade, the number of persons who suffered from accidents on the railroads in 1881 reached a total of 1,096 killed and 4,564 wounded; that is, 1 killed out of every 5,760,710 passengers carried, and 1 wounded in 335,577.

These figures include not only the individuals killed or wounded in the trains, but also those employed on the lines, and the travellers, victims of their own imprudence, as well as suicides, and would-be suicides, etc. The number of travellers who were the victims of accidents, properly so called, during the same year, was 23; the wounded numbered 993. The total number of railway servants killed reached 585, the number of wounded 2,116.

As will be seen by the foregoing, railway accidents are uncommon, and, considering the enormous number of passengers carried, and the speed of the trains, comparatively slight.

The total receipts of the various companies were, in 1881, £66,557,000; and they distributed in dividends more than £12,000,000, or about 4½ per cent. on their subscribed capital. As to the nominal capital, it amounts to more than £750,000,000 sterling.

The receipts show a constant increase, which is due to the very great facilities offered to travellers by the companies, who continue to improve their rolling stock, and to watch over the convenience and comfort of their passengers with remarkable care. There are very few English lines on which the third-class carriages—roomy, well ventilated and lighted—are not furnished with cushioned seats and backs. The miserable "cattle-trucks," still in use on the French lines, are, happily, unknown in England to the present generation. To these conveniences, no doubt, the number of third class passengers is due—a number which has doubled itself in ten years, while those of the second-class diminished sensibly; the number of first-class passengers remained about the same.

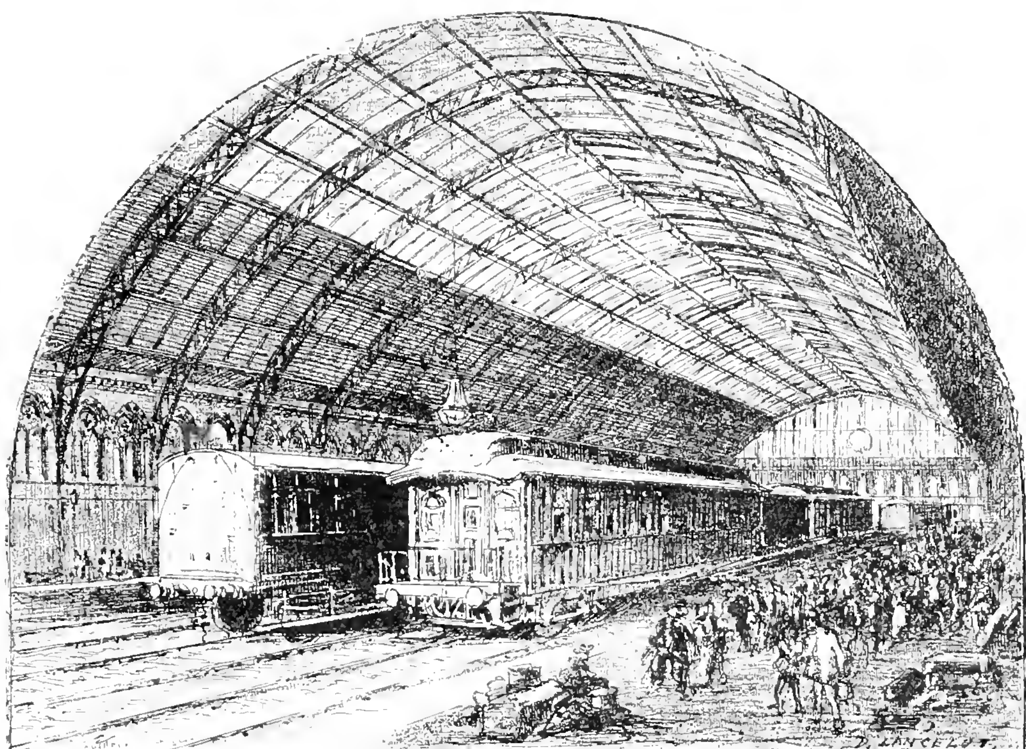
The Midland Railway has removed its second-class carriages entirely, and runs only vehicles of first and third class. It is probable that this example will ultimately be followed by all the other lines.

The journeys are accomplished more rapidly than in France, and the express trains are not exclusively devoted to first-class passengers. Trains are frequent on all the

lines, and always made up of sufficient carriages; so that it is not necessary to pack into each compartment the greatest number of human beings in the least possible space.

Nine trunk lines have their starting-points in London. These are—the Great Western; London and North-Western; Midland; Great Northern; Great Eastern; London, Chatham, and Dover; South Eastern; London and South Western; and London, Brighton, and South Coast.

Each of these companies possesses a suburban network of lines, which cross and



SAINT PANCRAS STATION.

recross each other; running overhead, diving underground, or passing over viaducts of extraordinary elevation, and converging upon two junctions—Willesden Junction on the north, and Clapham Junction on the south; and their appearance is striking. As far as the eye can reach, and in all directions, there are nothing but long lines of rails, crossing and recrossing, forming an immense net of steel meshes. In the evening the parti-coloured lamps of the signals present a most picturesque sight, and one would fancy one's self in a town illuminated for a *fête*.

What a continual movement there is at these junctions! More than 1,200 trains pass Clapham Junction daily, of which about 1,000 stop to take up and set down passengers; the remainder run through without stopping. It is impossible to arrive there at any time without seeing many trains either stopping or rushing past. For nervous persons this cross-road of iron-ways is a formidable locality; nevertheless, the precautions are so well taken, the system of signalling so ingenious and so perfect, that

accidents seldom occur. In their manner of working railways the English display unparalleled skill.

A few years ago, an American, charged with the management of one of the largest lines in the United States, came over to study the English railway system, and was invited to enter one of the signal-boxes at Clapham Junction, to make himself acquainted with the working of it. After an experience of two hours he came out again, declaring that he would go mad if he remained there longer.

For some years past the majority of the companies have caused vast termini to be built; some of these are veritable monuments. Almost all the lines have several stations in different parts of London. As, by a very ingenious arrangement, the same station serves for several lines, travellers have the inestimable advantage of entering the train almost at their own doors, no matter where their destination may be.

The English termini bear little resemblance to the French; they are, for the most part, immense glazed galleries, into which the lines run, separated from each other by wide platforms for arrival and departure. On the right or left, or at the end, we find the booking-offices and waiting-rooms. Everyone enters and goes out as he pleases, and seats himself in a compartment as soon as he arrives. By this means one avoids the confusion and disorder which are caused in France on the departure of every train, thanks to the system still followed on many lines, which consists in shutting up the passengers like dangerous animals, and only releasing them at the last moment. On arrival, the cabs and carriages are ranged alongside the platform parallel to the train. The travellers then have only to step from their compartments into their cabs, without the least trouble.

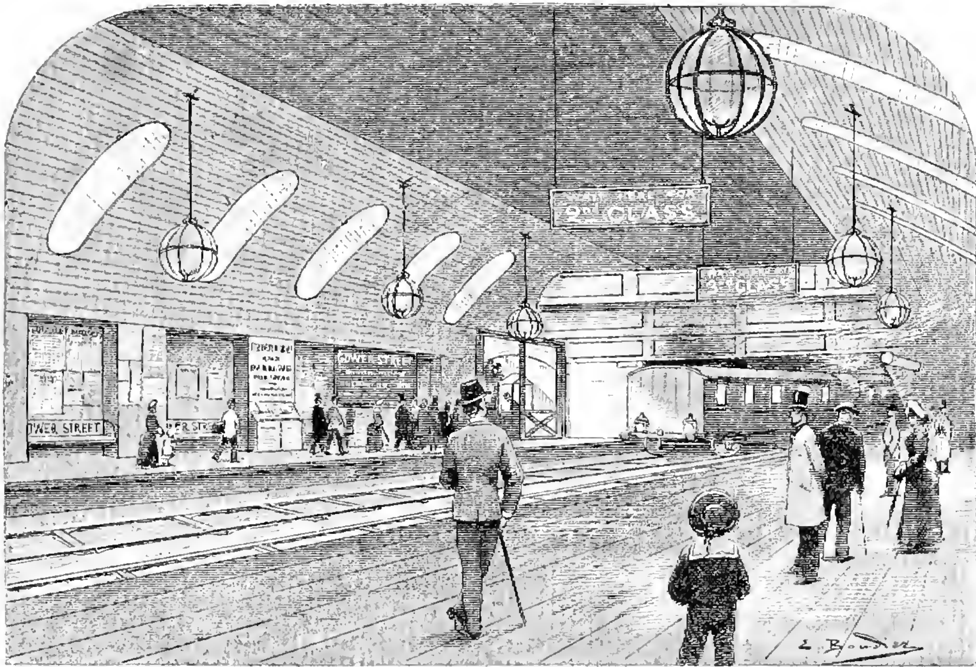
For the last twenty years it has been customary to erect a monster hotel at each terminus, to which it thus forms a façade. These hotels are very useful to travellers who only pass through London. They are very comfortable, and, as one finds one's self on the spot whence the trains start, there is no necessity to rise at unholy hours to catch the morning express. Many English people who live in London sleep the night before their departure at these hotels, so that they may be sure to catch their train in the morning.

Amongst the most remarkable railway termini, we must mention Charing Cross and Cannon Street stations, which are, however, outdone by that at St. Pancras, belonging to the Midland Railway. This deserves a special description. When we have passed under the hotel of Gothic design which forms the façade, we find ourselves in an immense nave of iron and glass, the proportions of which appear worthy of the architects of the time of Sesostris. The terminus, of pointed design, is 210 yards long, 72 wide, and 30 high. It is supported only by iron girders of single spans, without one column or intermediary pillar. Under this colossal glass roof are eleven lines of rails, with platforms, and a cabstand eight yards wide. To maintain that this terminus is pleasing to the eye would be too much to say, but, as a *tour de force* of construction and boldness of design, it is incontestably one of the most astonishing things that the art of the engineer has produced.

The Liverpool Street terminus, which pertains to the Great Eastern Railway, is larger and more elegant. However, that of the Great Western, at Paddington, is still,

of all the large termini in London, that which presents the best proportions, and the best arranged from all points of view. The other railway stations have no particular characteristics; they all resemble each other in their interior arrangements, which have already been indicated above.

The Metropolitan Railway was commenced about twenty-three years ago. At that time the means of communication between the City and the West-End had become quite insufficient, and the necessity for new ways was imperative. To cut new streets

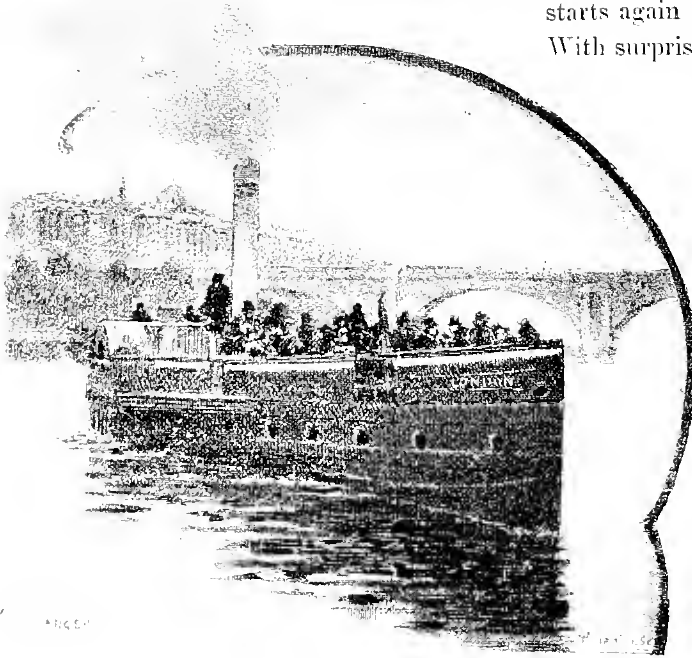


STATION (METROPOLITAN RAILWAY).

was not to be thought of; that would be too costly a remedy; and then the idea of a subterranean railway, which had been vaguely discussed, was adopted.

The Metropolitan Railway now forms the smaller of the two circles of which the Metropolitan system, properly so called, is composed; these are named, respectively, the Inner and Outer Circles, both upon the left bank of the Thames. The former is an underground line, which lately started from Aldgate, in the City, and ended at the Tower of London; but the Circle is now complete. It runs through the regions of King's Cross, Regent's Park, Paddington, Kensington, Chelsea, Westminster, the Strand, and the City. Some figures will give an idea of the extraordinary utility of this underground line, which carries more than 50,000,000 of passengers annually, or about twice the number of the whole population of England. From 5.15 A.M. until midnight—that is to say, in about nineteen hours—there circle round the Metropolitan Railway more than 350 trains, or about one train in every four minutes. This is bewildering! However, notwithstanding the innumerable difficulties of the traffic, so great is the care observed, and so well is everything organized, that it is very seldom an accident occurs.

The stations generally consist of a small building, in which there is a booking-office; a staircase leads to the platform, which is lighted by gas, and receives daylight from the street by ventilating shafts lined with white glazed bricks. At each end of the platform is a tunnel, black and yawning. This is the railway. Movable signboards indicate to the traveller the destination of the expected train, and three large notice-boards, bearing respectively the inscriptions, "Wait here for first class," or, as the case may be, second or third class, determine the spot where the carriages of the classes named will be found when the train stops. The train runs in at a rate of speed which one does not usually associate with a stopping train; but the powerful brakes soon bring it to a standstill. Then everyone rushes in or out, for stops are here counted by seconds, and the train starts again with all the doors open. With surprising dexterity, a porter and the guard from the platform shut them all as the carriages pass by without missing one; and then the guard slings himself into his van when the train has already attained its maximum speed, thanks to the special construction of the engines in use.



RIVER STEAMER.

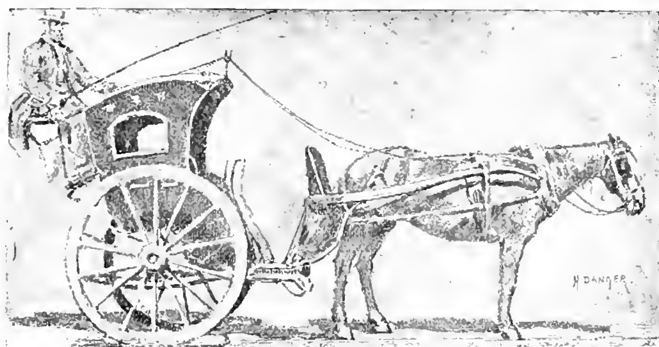
The difficulties which presented themselves in the making of this underground line were all surmounted by Mr. (now Sir John) Fowler, the able engineer of the company, with rare good fortune. So all these subterranean lines are legitimate objects of admiration for the foreigner, who is surprised at the energy and tenacity of the English, who triumph with the greatest ease over material obstacles reputed unsurmountable. However, they have not yet been able to render the air pure in the Underground Railway, and the passengers complain of it with reason; it is, in fact, charged with fumes of sulphur and steam, which are very deleterious. Notwithstanding the ventilators and the blow-holes, the atmosphere of the Metropolitan Railway, in certain portions of the line, is positively intolerable. A remedy is being sought, and, let us hope, will soon be found.

After the railways, the omnibuses and tramways are the chief popular means of

locomotion. The London omnibuses were, and still are, for the most part, very inconvenient vehicles, in which twelve persons, packed like herrings in a barrel, are suffocated for want of air, thanks to the ingenious precaution which the company has taken to fix the windows, probably with a view to prevent discussion amongst the passengers. The fares, which are generally the same for inside or outside places, vary, according to distance, from one penny to sixpence; but the system of correspondence is unknown.

The London tramways resemble those north of Paris, with outside seats in addition. As in the omnibuses, the fares vary according to the distances, and are the same outside or inside. At present the tramways are not permitted to penetrate into the heart of London.

The drivers and conductors of omnibuses and tramway-cars do not wear uniform, but they carry, as the cabmen do, badges, with their numbers inscribed thereon, suspended by a leather thong. Some drivers are dressed quite like gentlemen, wearing good hats, light overcoats, and flowers in their button-holes. They all wear gloves.



HANSOM CAB.

London is the worst furnished city in Europe with respect to public vehicles. There are no victorias in summer, no little *coupés* in winter, but villainous and uncomfortable things, called cabs, an abbreviation of the word "cabriolets," as 'bus is short for omnibus. The English like to economise syllables. There are the two-wheeled cab and the four-wheeled cab. The former is the most extraordinary vehicle which the human brain ever conceived. To an architect, named Hansom —whence the name Hansom cab—this inconvenient machine is owing; its disadvantages are many, and its merits are still to be discovered. The cab goes fast, they say. Granted. But it will not go fast unless the horse be a good one. Harness him to a more commodious vehicle, and he will go at least as fast. As for the four-wheeled cab, it is simply detestable; add to this the risk of contracting some serious illness (for these cabs are used to carry patients to the hospitals at times, in defiance of the laws and police regulations), and you have, perhaps, the secret of the popularity of the Hansom cab, with which one is obliged to content one's self, for want of a better.

The fares vary according to distance, and the number of passengers in the four-wheeled cabs. The proper fare is sixpence a mile, or part of a mile, for two persons; but under two miles we cannot give the cabman less than a shilling, even if we have only driven a few yards in his cab.

To all these means of locomotion we must add the small river steamers which pass to and fro on the Thames between Chelsea and London Bridge; and those which, starting from the latter point, go down the river to Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend.

XIII.

THE MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION.—THE MAIN DRAINAGE.—THE WATER AND GAS SUPPLY.—THE POLICE.—THE FIRE BRIGADE.—THE COMMISSIONAIRES.

London, as we have said, was originally that portion of the existing metropolis now called the City. The City of London had its own municipal organization, as represented by the Corporation, whose attributes and privileges still remain almost intact. As the population increased, the small towns and villages surrounding the City were fused together; and though all of them formed a compact agglomeration of houses and streets, each had, nevertheless, its own municipal organization. This confusion of powers has survived to the present day, although an effort was made to remedy the state of things by constituting vestries and the Metropolitan Board of Works by Act of Parliament in 1855. This was a step in advance, but of such little practical utility that the Government has had under consideration a project for municipal reform with the object of bestowing on London a Central Administration.

The vestries, forty in number, are local committees, the members of which, called vestrymen, are elected by the ratepayers of the different parishes. To these vestries appertain the duties of paving, lighting, and cleansing the streets, or the portions of streets, within their jurisdiction; also the inspection of houses, the removal of nuisances, etc., within their respective boundaries.

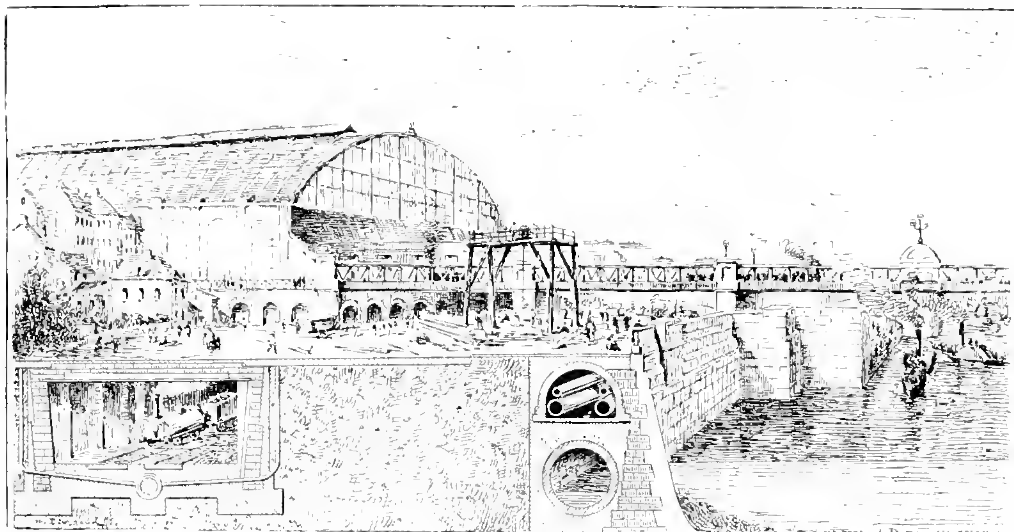
The Metropolitan Board of Works is composed of forty-five members, elected by the vestrymen. It is charged with the management of the drainage, the bridges, and the parks, the control of the operations of vestries, the opening up of new streets, the improvement of the metropolis, and, finally, with the direction of the Fire Brigade. But as this Board has not the same authority in the City as in Vestrydom, it finds itself at every turn checked by the Corporation, and the conflicts of opinion which arise daily render its task very difficult.

The first business of the Board of Works was to undertake the establishment of the gigantic system of drainage, destined to obviate the poisoning of the population by the pestilential exhalations of the Thames, into which formerly all the sewers discharged themselves. Twice in every twenty-four hours the tide stirred up this mass of putrefying matter, to the great danger of the inhabitants, and the rising waters drove back into the sewers the filth, which remained there until the next tide. Such a state of things could not be prolonged without grave danger, and the engineers were called upon to remedy it. After an examination of the various plans proposed, that of Sir Joseph Bazalgette was adopted.

Here, in a few words, is the project which is now in operation. Beneath the old sewers vast collectors or tunnels have been established, which receive the contents of the existing conduits. Upon the left bank of the river there are three parallel lines of these collectors, situated at different levels, which debouch into a single outlet in

Barking Creek. There, at high water, the sluices are opened, and the tide carries off the sewage into the deep sea. On the right bank the pipes discharge their contents at Erith. At the point of convergence the collectors are 9½ feet high, and 12 in diameter, of dimensions sufficient, it would seem, to meet the daily increasing necessities and the outcome of the overflow rainfall. As there are many levels, and some collectors are too low to permit of the natural outfall of the sewage, it has been found necessary to establish pumps to force it from the lower to the higher level, after the disinfection has been accomplished. One of these pumping stations is in Chelsea, the other is at West Ham on the east of London.

The length of these collectors is 85 miles, and the total cost of the system was a



SECTION OF EMBANKMENT (CHARING CROSS).
SHOWING METROPOLITAN RAILWAY, ALSO OLD AND NEW SEWERS.

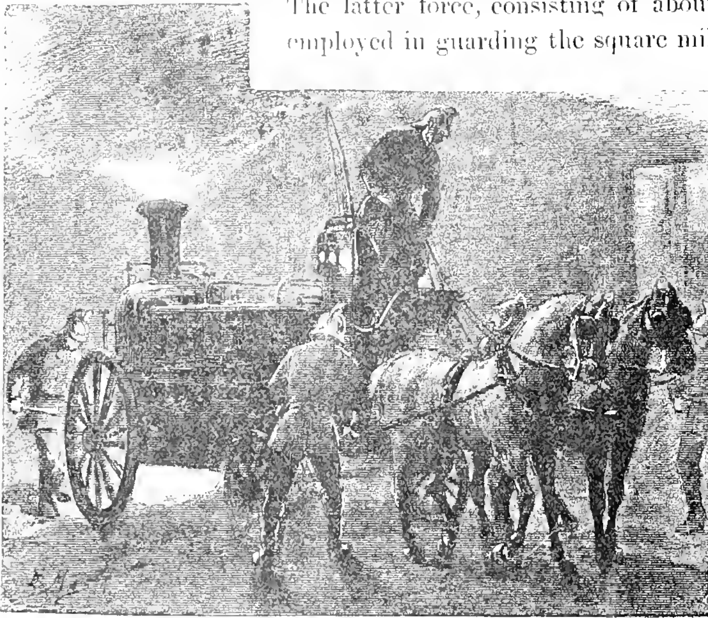
little more than £4,000,000 sterling. To recoup this expense, a tax of threepence in the pound on the rateable property of the metropolis was imposed.

Water is supplied to London by eight companies. The supply for each house is on the average 32 gallons. This water, without being absolutely pure, is nevertheless potable and wholesome enough. Of the 150,000,000 of gallons daily supplied, 67 millions are drawn from the Thames, 59 from the Lea, and the New River, an artificial water-course, whose source is 38 miles from London, and the remainder from Artesian Wells, sunk by the companies. There was lately a scheme proposed for buying up the Water Companies, but a counter project, which has a good chance of being adopted—inasmuch as it would be less costly, and secure for London absolutely pure water—consists in procuring water from one of the Welsh lakes.

As early as 1803, a German, named Winsor, employed gas as a mode of lighting the Lyceum Theatre, but it was not until 1807 that this new method was adapted to the lighting of the streets. As a commencement, one side of Pall Mall was first illuminated; seven years after, in 1814, gas was in general use.

There are in London four companies which possess the monopoly of lighting the metropolis with gas. Thanks to the climate, the English consume an enormous quantity for lighting, heating, and cooking. The price is about three shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet. Like the Water Companies, the Gas Companies are compelled to permit their clients to share in the profits by reducing the price of gas when the dividends exceed a certain limit. It is estimated that 38,000,000 of cubic feet is the quantity consumed daily by the 1,200,000 lamps which line the metropolitan thoroughfares.

There are two bodies of police in London—the Metropolitan and the City Police. The latter force, consisting of about 800 men, is exclusively employed in guarding the square mile of territory which owns the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.



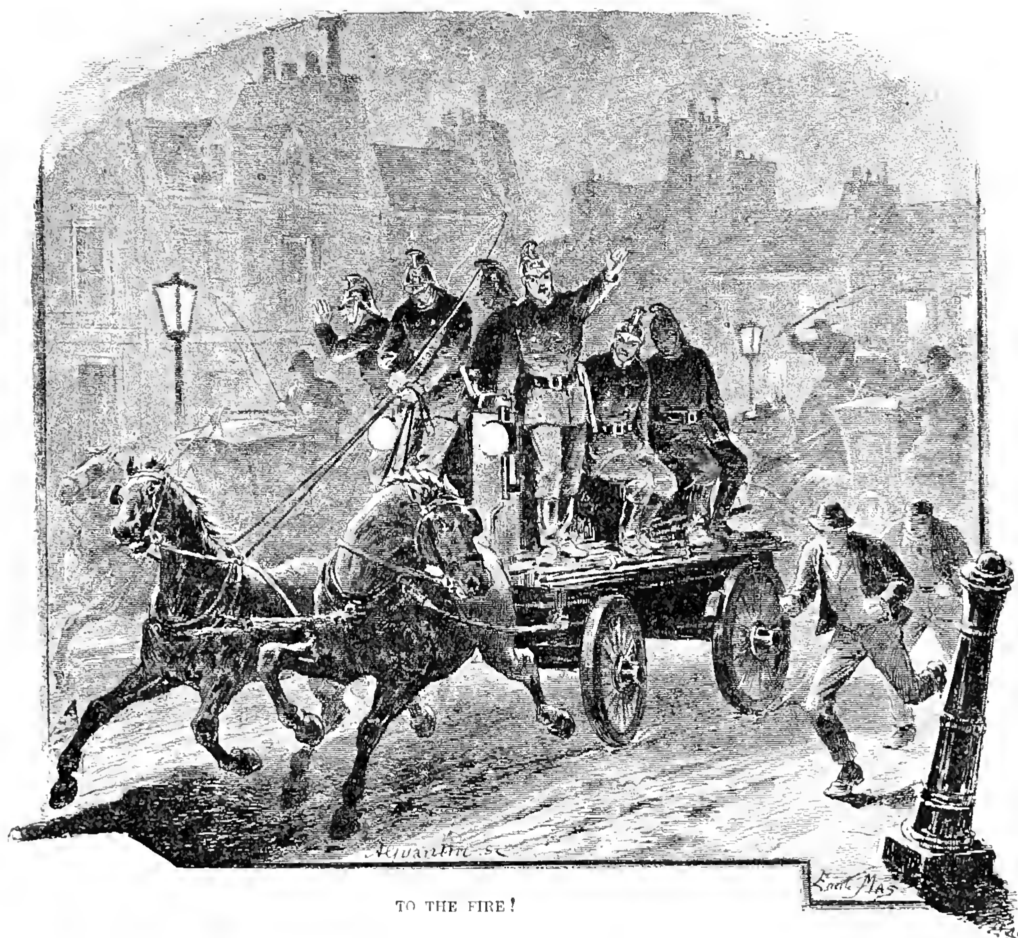
FIRE ENGINE.

The Metropolitan Police, who are charged with the security of nearly 5,000,000 of persons, number 12,000 effectives, of whom 200 are mounted. The force is directed by a functionary — almost always a retired military officer — who is called the First Commissioner of Police. The head-quarters of the Force in London are in Scotland Yard, Whitehall. This little army is composed of 20 divisions, designated by letters of the alphabet; and a special division charged with river inspection, called the Thames Division.

The policeman is clothed in deep blue garments, and a helmet covered with cloth of the same colour: he is armed with a staff which is carried in a leathern case suspended from his belt. He is, moreover, possessed of a "bull's-eye" lantern; a waterproof cape; and a whistle, by means of which he can summon his companions to his assistance in case of attack, or give the alarm in the event of fire, &c. The policeman's duty is far from being a sinecure, particularly at the East-End of town, where the docks are—a region inhabited generally by a very mixed population. He is unrivalled in the management of the street traffic, very obliging, particularly to women and children, whom he assists over the dangerous crossings, and is always ready to impart all the information in his power.

We will close this subject with a few statistics. In 1881, the Metropolitan Police arrested 77,030 individuals, of whom 3,700 were sent to the Assizes, and the other

73,300 were brought before the police magistrates, who sentenced 51,000 and discharged the remainder. The number of drunken persons arrested by the police during the same year amounted to 18,721, and as the police only charge those who are incapable of taking care of themselves, it is evident that the national vice is not sensibly diminishing, notwithstanding all the efforts of Temperance Societies and others. The number of disappearances was 177; of dead bodies found, whose identity could not be ascertained,



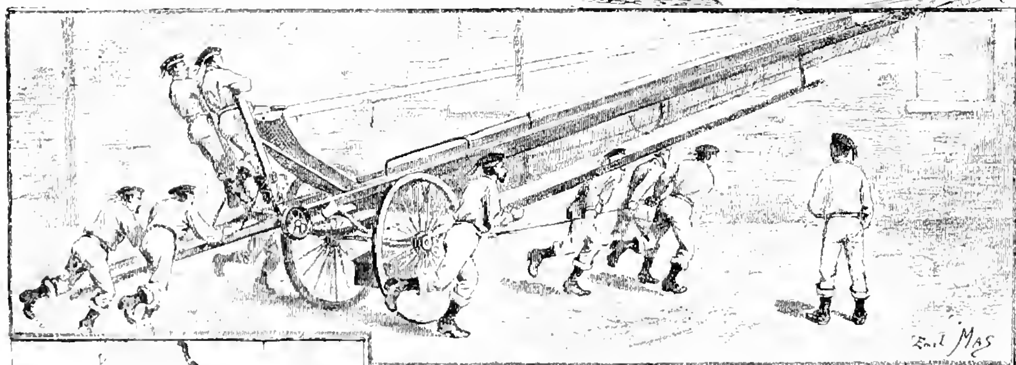
TO THE FIRE!

there were 54; of persons accidentally killed in the streets, 127; and the number of lost dogs "run in" by the police was 17,545.

In this city, where every year there are at least 2,000 fires, without reckoning chimney-fires, which are twice as numerous, it is only natural that the equipment of the Fire Brigade should attract the special attention of the authorities. So nothing has been left undone to perfect its organization, which only totals—one will scarcely credit it—550 men, recruited, for the most part, from the seafaring class. It is an essentially civil body. Notwithstanding their small numbers, the firemen, whose devotion and skill are above all praise, are sufficient, thanks to the perfection of their equipage and organization, to protect against the most terrible of scourges, the city in the world

most notorious for the ravages of fire. There are in London 53 stations, amongst which the following equipment is divided, viz., 153 fire engines, of which 38 are steam engines, besides three floating steamers for river service in the docks, and for the warehouses bordering the Thames; 137 fire escapes mounted on two wheels, and placed every evening in position at various points throughout the metropolis, each under the care of a fireman; 44 waggons and two tug-boats, as well as a large number of horses. To keep up the communication between the different stations, there are about 160 miles of telegraph wire in use, and a dozen special telephones; finally, there are now in all districts fire alarms, in which the pressure of a button will warn the neighbouring stations in the event of fire. The expenses of the Brigade amount to £53,400, of which £16,000 are furnished by the Insurance Companies, whose interest it is to prevent conflagrations; £10,000 by the Government, and the remainder by the ratepayers. To give an idea of the rapidity with which the Fire Engines arrive at the scene of a fire, it will be sufficient to recall to mind the burning of the Alhambra, in December, 1882, when 28 steam fire engines came from all parts of the town, and were at work in Leicester Square in less than an hour. The head station of the Fire Brigade is in Southwark Bridge Road.

COMMISSIONAIRE.



FIRE BRIGADE HEAD-QUARTERS.—FIRE ESCAPE.

In concluding this review of the public servitors, let us sketch the London Com-

missionaire, who bears no resemblance to his *confrère* on the other side of the channel. An old soldier or sailor, decorated with a medal, and often mutilated, the English Commissionaire only carries letters and light parcels; he is dressed in a dark uniform, and is in attendance at certain specified places. He is an honest and faithful servant, who deserves every confidence, and whom many merchants and public companies hire by the day to act as messenger or door-keeper. One has the advantage of having a man upon whom one can reckon, and dressed in uniform, which in the eyes of many people, is an advantage.

XIV.

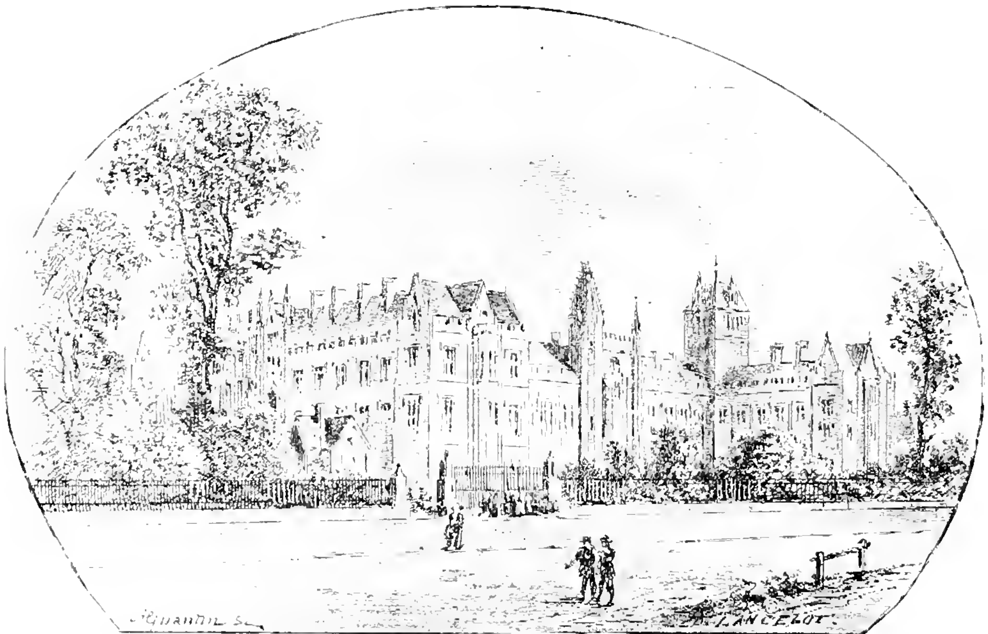
THE PUBLIC CHARITIES: THE POOR-RATE—THE WORKHOUSES—PRIVATE CHARITY. THE HOSPITALS: THE FOUNDLING—CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Before the dissolution of the religious orders, the Monasteries received the poor and indigent, but when the suppression of the Convents deprived these unfortunate beings of their places of refuge, the authorities of the period could find no other remedies than scourging, imprisonment and death for mendicants and the poor. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. 38,000 persons were put to death for the crime of mendicity! In the reign of Elizabeth, a law obliged each parish to levy a tax in aid of the destitute, while making those work who were capable of it, and giving house-room to the infirm and aged. From this the name of Workhouses was bestowed on these establishments. The tax for the poor is called the Poor-Rate; it is paid by householders on the value of the premises they occupy. In towns the poorest quarters are the most heavily taxed, because they have the greatest number of poor to assist. Thus an inhabitant of St. Giles' pays more in proportion for the support of the poor of his parish than the Duke of Westminster; the former pays three shillings and sixpence in the pound sterling, the latter scarcely two shillings and sixpence. In the provinces there

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL (BEDLAM).

are a large number of parishes too small to provide for the expenses of a Workhouse, in such a case several parishes unite and form what is called a Union. The Poor-Rate produces every year, for England and Wales alone, about £15,400,000, or about ten shillings and threepence per head of the population. The number of paupers to whom assistance was extended, in 1881, rose to 803,381. London has about 85,000 paupers to relieve every week, of whom 50,000 are in the Workhouses, and the others receive out-door relief. This number does not include the insane, whose maintenance is charged on the parishes, or rather on the counties; nor the vagrants, whose numbers are considerable.

That is to what English administrative charity confines itself. The Government



CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.

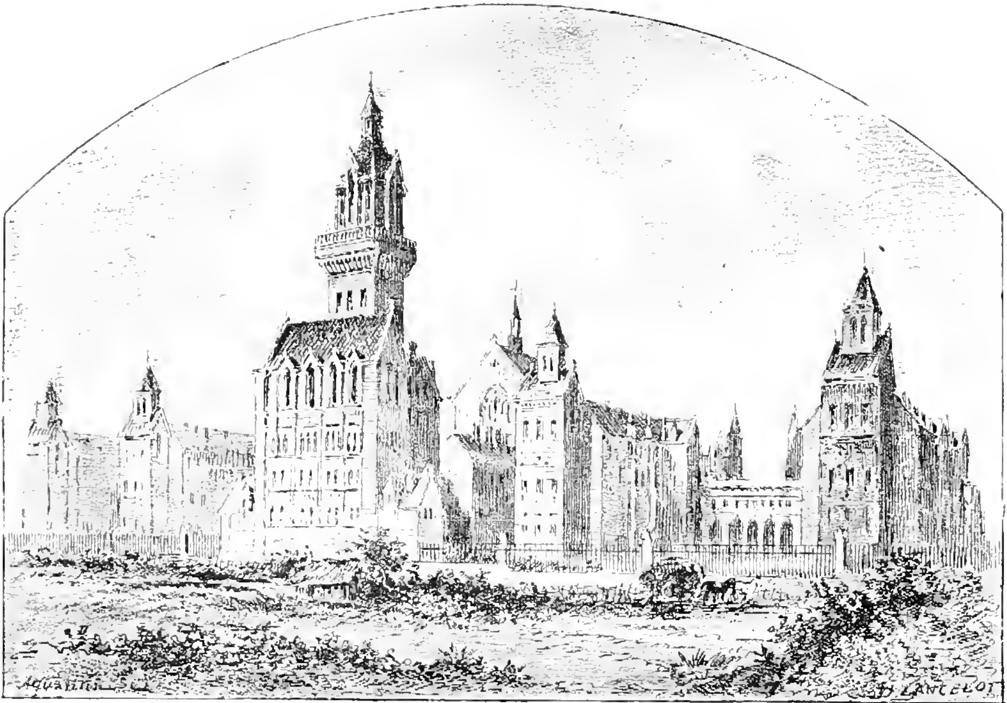
leaves all the responsibility of it to the parochial authorities, and contents itself by watching—rather carelessly at times—the execution of the laws. From time to time the revelations made concerning the treatment to which the unfortunate occupants of the workhouses are subject are enough to make one's hair stand on end. The press gives them publicity, and does its best to remedy the abuses: but when, after an enquiry more or less searching, the Commissioners make their report, the affair has been long forgotten in the midst of daily business pre-occupations.

It is evident that the workhouse system is insufficient, particularly in London, where, notwithstanding the innumerable (private) charitable institutions, people actually die of hunger every week. Is it not a disgrace that the richest city in the world should be at the same time the only one whose newspapers periodically contain the appalling heading, "Death from Starvation"?

If public charity is insufficient, private aid is truly inexhaustible, and does all it

can to rescue all the distressed in a country where misery appears blacker and more fearful than elsewhere.

In fact, more than a thousand charitable institutions of all kinds may be reckoned in London, and these distribute, or employ annually in good works, a sum of about £4,000,000. Besides this, for the last twelve years a "Hospital" Saturday and Sunday have been instituted, and collections are made in the streets and in the churches. These doles produce about £30,000, which are distributed *pro rata* amongst the hospitals, according to their expenses.



MARYLEBONE HOSPITAL.

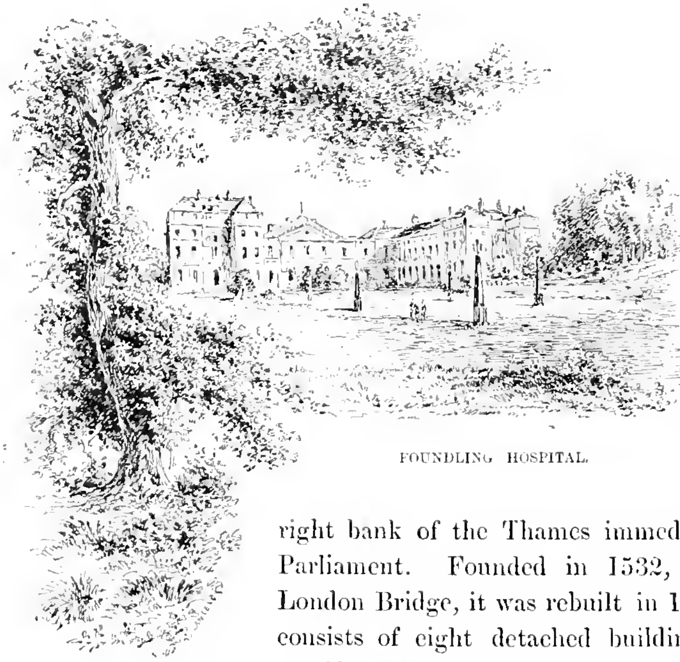
Hospitals, Refuges, Dispensaries, Asylums, Orphanages, Crèches, Night Refuges—all these institutions are kept up solely by the liberality of private individuals, by legacies, donations, &c. Not a week passes without the announcement in the newspapers of one of these acts of munificence, which are, so to speak, unnoticed, so common are they. Independently of these visible manifestations, private charity finds a thousand ingenious methods of relieving unseen misery, and the number of those who, with the outward semblance of prosperity, are living as the "pensioners" of relatives—and more often of charitable friends—is very large.

The hospitals are numerous and admirably managed. The twelve principal institutions contain in the aggregate 3,700 beds, and assist about 500,000 patients annually.

Let us first look at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which is the oldest in London. Founded by Henry VIII. in 1547 (but originally instituted by Rahere in the beginning of the 12th century), and intended for 100 patients, it has been at successive periods

enlarged and altered. The present building, situated on the site of the old Priory of St. Bartholomew, dates from the last century, and contains 676 beds. The Medical Staff is composed of eighty persons; four physicians and four surgeons are on duty day and night in the hospital; they are assisted by 120 nurses. The School of Medicine attached to this hospital enjoys a high reputation. Pitcairn, Abernethy, and Harvey have in turn practised there. St. Bartholomew's Hospital receives every year 5,000 or 6,000 in-patients, and 120,000 out-patients. It enjoys an annual fixed revenue of £40,000.

Another very celebrated hospital is Guy's. Founded in 1722 by the bookseller, Thomas Guy, who endowed it with a sum of £240,000, this hospital enjoys an annual income of £40,000. It contains 1,000 beds, which accommodate 5,000 persons annually; and the number of out-patients is about 85,000. The School of Medicine is one of the best attended, and numbers 350 students.

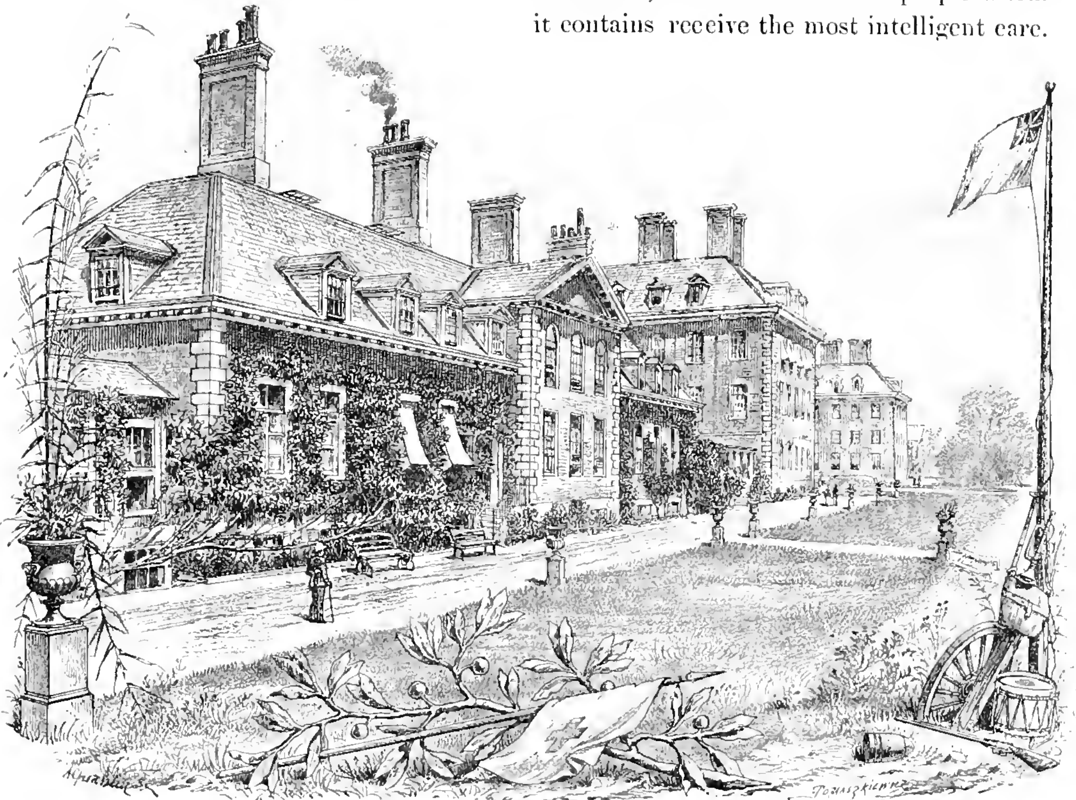

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

It would be impossible to name all the hospitals here, but we must not pass St. Thomas's Hospital in silence. This institution is situated upon the right bank of the Thames immediately opposite the Houses of Parliament. Founded in 1532, and at first situated near London Bridge, it was rebuilt in 1872 on its present site. It consists of eight detached buildings, connected by a double corridor, which overlooks a terrace that serves as an exercise ground for convalescents, and is enclosed by gardens. The detached buildings have four storeys, and are thirty yards apart. This system of isolation gives excellent results, above all as regards the ventilation, which is perfect; but the dampness and fogs of the Thames must be serious drawbacks, and it would not have been difficult, since there was a large sum at the disposal of the Governors (£500,000), to have selected a better site. The average number of patients is 6,000 annually; those who seek advice number about 65,000. The fixed income of the hospital is £48,000 a year.

Let us not forget the French Hospital, founded in 1867 for the assistance of our fellow-countrymen. The excellent little institution renders important services to the unfortunate members of the French colony when struck down by illness. It received, in 1881, 313 in-patients, and 7,600 persons presented themselves for advice. Having no other resources but the liberality of charitable persons, the French Hospital of London has a very limited income. It is much to be wished that the French Government would grant it a higher subsidy than the £48 which the French Embassy bestows on it every

year. It is an act of charity to call the attention of the French tourists who pass through London to this excellent institution, which owes its existence to the constant and disinterested co-operation of a few charitable men, at the head of whom we may mention Dr. Vintras, who devotes to it both his skill and time indefatigably.

Everyone has heard of Bedlam, as the celebrated Bethlehem Hospital devoted to maniacs is popularly designated. Founded in 1746, it has been rebuilt several times. The present building dates from 1812, and cost £120,000. The 400 mad people whom it contains receive the most intelligent care.



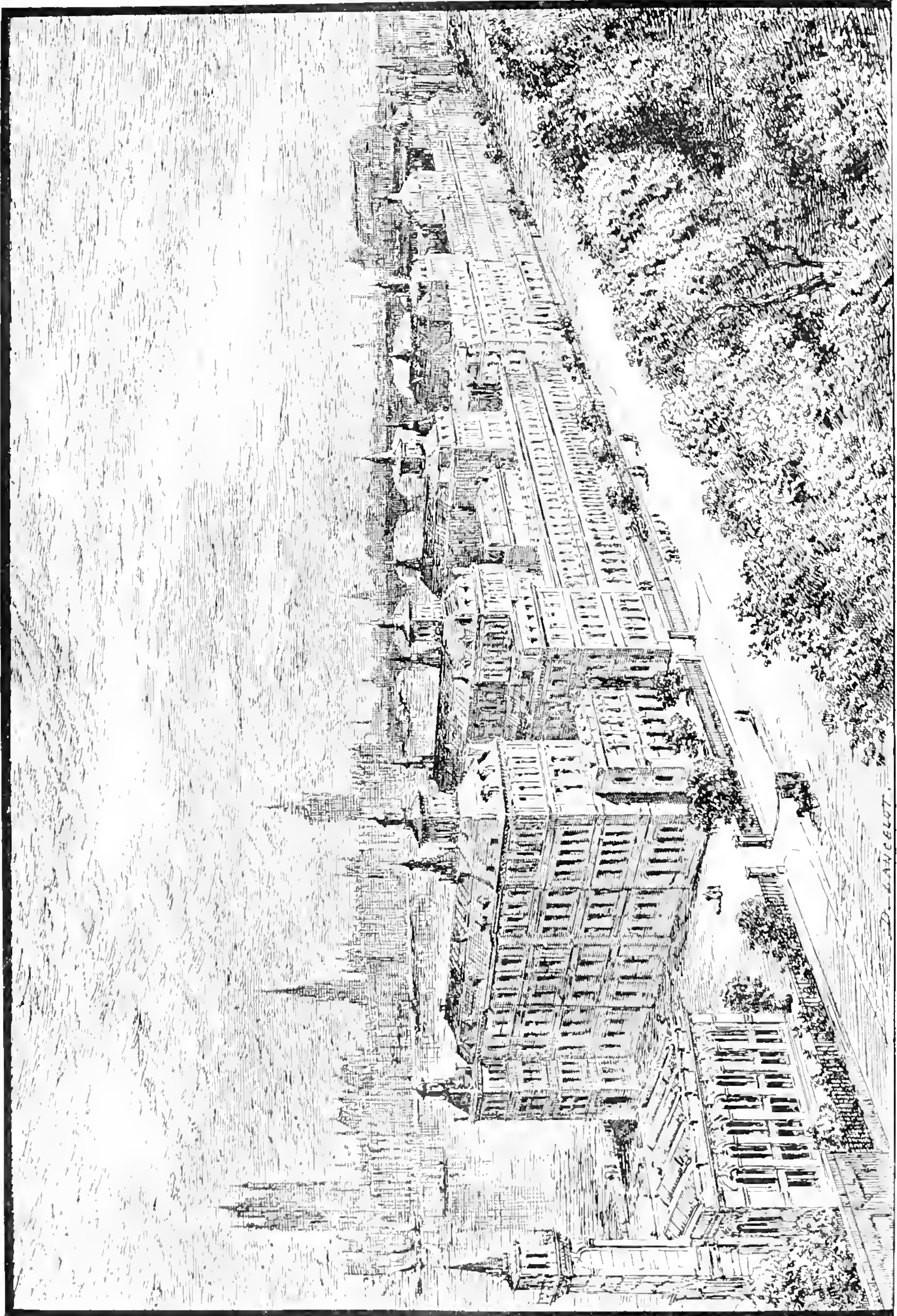
CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

To brutality and ill-treatment have succeeded kindness, and the greatest liberty consistent with the necessities of such an establishment.

In one of the wards of Bedlam criminal lunatics are confined. Margaret Nicholson, who attempted to assassinate George III., died there in 1828, after an incarceration of forty-two years. We know that individuals who attempt the lives of their sovereigns are generally considered as not in possession of all their faculties, and are confined as lunatics for life. Would not death be preferable?

The Foundling Hospital, intended, as its name implies, for the reception of foundlings, has for a hundred years past changed its object. So great were the abuses of its privileges, that the law was obliged to interfere. It now receives the illegitimate children of women who are known. Every woman who wishes to place a child there must make application in writing. This somewhat extraordinary regulation does not allow of the

reception of the children of domestic servants, nor of infants who are more than a year



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

old. The child, once admitted, is baptised, and receives a name, which the mother may

always ignore. Notwithstanding the pitiless severity of these regulations, there are always about 500 children in the Foundling Hospital.

Chelsea Hospital is the *Hôtel des Invalides* of London. It is situated on the bank of the Thames, and was built in 1690, in the reign of Charles II., after the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. The hospital consists of a central building, surmounted by a turret, and two wings, forming three sides of a quadrangle, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Charles II. by Grinling Gibbons. Entering by the principal gate under the portico, embellished by four very simple columns, we reach a lobby, which leads us to the chapel and dining-hall. The chapel, paved with black and white marble, is furnished with seats. Those in the centre are reserved for the rank and file, the officers' being placed at the sides of the nave. The walls are embellished with flags and trophies. Above the altar is a painting of the "Ascension," by Sebastian Ricci. The refectory is at the opposite side of the lobby, and of the same dimensions as the chapel. It is decorated with several pictures, amongst which is a fine painting by Verrio, finished by Cooke, representing Charles II. on horseback, surrounded by allegorical personages; a large canvas of the battle of Waterloo, and an allegorical picture, by James Ward, commemorate the victories of the Duke of Wellington.

The 500 pensioners in the hospital wear uniform, which consists of a long red overcoat, dark trousers, and three-cornered hat. They are divided into six companies, each commanded by an officer.

Visitors are admitted to Chelsea Hospital every day between the hours of ten and four.

XV.

FUNERALS AND CEMETERIES.

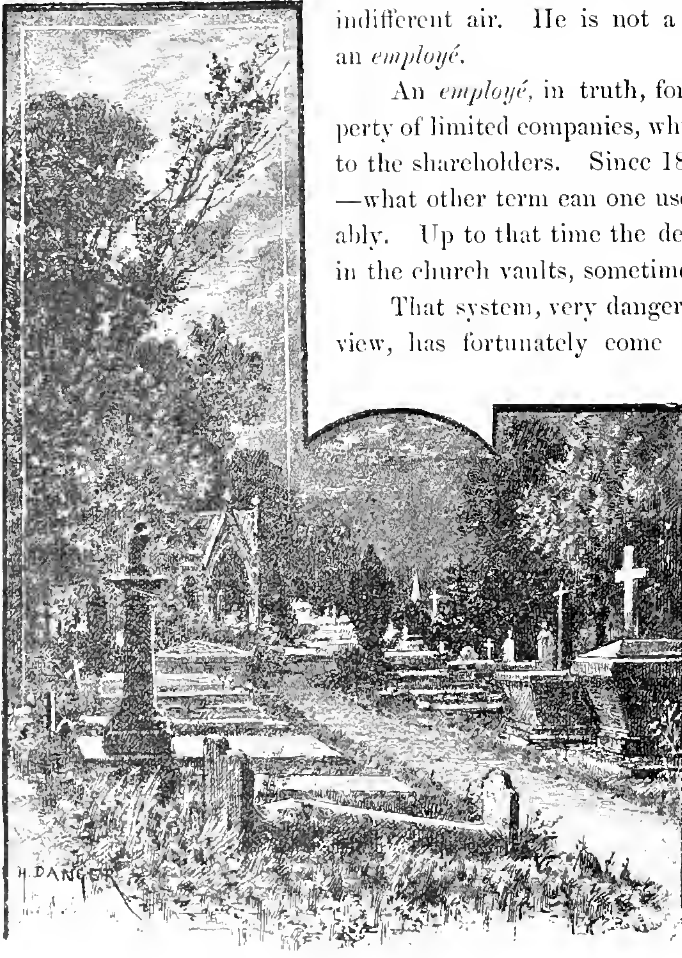
The English are far from possessing the sense of veneration for the dead in the same degree as the French. For them death is an irresistible occurrence which must come sooner or later, and which should be kept at a distance as long as possible; but, once the "grim serjeant" has done his work, his victim is best quickly forgotten. It is not, properly speaking, indifference, but it is the result of this practical turn of mind which impels English people to look at things upon their best, or least bad, side, and to resume the interrupted current of their business.

After having guarded their dead for eight days—a barbarous and unhealthy custom—they proceed with almost indecent haste to transport them to their long home. A black van, on which the undertaker's men perch themselves: when, having turned the corner of the street and removed the hammer-cloths from the horses, they begin to trot; and some mourning coaches: that is the whole arrangement of an English funeral. In the street not a hat is raised, not a carriage is stopped; the funeral falls in with the other vehicles. At length the cemetery is reached, where, in a cold and unfurnished chapel, a clergyman—the dried fruit of the ecclesiastical tree—gabbles through the

service for the "Burial of the Dead" in a few minutes. The body is replaced in the van and carried to the deep grave; there the reverend gentleman murmurs some words, the coffin is lowered, a few handfuls of earth are thrown upon it—and all is over. There is nothing imposing about this; it partakes of a poignant and cruel melancholy; everyone is glad when it is over, including the clergyman, who is expected by other people, whom he will dispatch with the same weary and indifferent air. He is not a minister of religion; he is an *employé*.

An *employé*, in truth, for the cemeteries are the property of limited companies, which distribute good dividends to the shareholders. Since 1855, this lugubrious industry—what other term can one use?—has developed considerably. Up to that time the dead were interred sometimes in the church vaults, sometimes in the churchyards.

That system, very dangerous from a sanitary point of view, has fortunately come to an end; and there are round London a considerable number of cemeteries, of which the most important are those at Kensal Green and Brompton.



KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

Kensal Green Cemetery, the most renowned of London cemeteries, belongs to a company formed in 1832, and covers about 218 acres of ground. It is estimated that it contains the remains of about 150,000 persons: and under the circumstances, it is not surprising to hear that this "flourishing concern," as it has been described by the officials of the company, yields a very good dividend to the shareholders.

It was laid out on a plan similar to that of the celebrated Père la Chaise Cemetery, in Paris, and is divided into two distinct portions, one of which is destined for members of the Church of England, and the other for Dissenters.

Kensal Green Cemetery is the resting-place of a number of celebrities—artistic, literary, political, and even royal, for the Duke of Sussex and his sister, Princess Sophia (children of George III.), are buried there.

Among the most remarkable personages who are buried in Kensal Green may be mentioned Anne Scott and Sophia Lockhart, daughters of Sir Walter Scott; Sydney

Smith, Allan Cunningham, Tom Hood, the poet; Thomas Barnes, for many years editor of the *Times;* Mulready, the painter; Madame Vestris, John Liston, the actor; John Murray, the publisher and friend of Lord Byron; William Makepeace Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, editor of *Punch;* John Leech, the celebrated caricaturist; Sir Mark Isambard Brunel, engineer of the Thames Tunnel; Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.; Leigh Hunt, George Robins, the auctioneer; and many others.

In Brompton Cemetery are interred amongst other known persons, Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, Keeley the actor, and the humorist, Albert Smith.

BROMPTON CEMETERY.

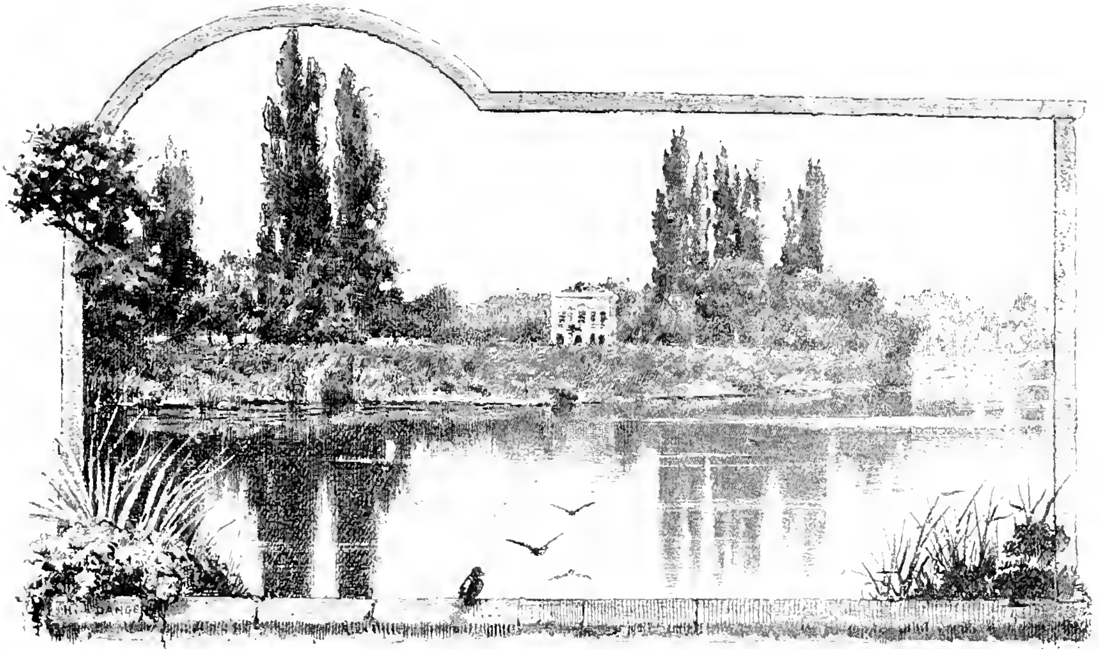
Another cemetery—a very important one, which is not situated in London, although it is used exclusively as a place of sepulture for Londonians, is that at Brookwood, near Woking, in Surrey, about 28 miles from the metropolis, on the South Western Railway. It is reached by railway; and the company despatches special trains, and has made a station purposely for this service.

In the foregoing pages we have indicated in broad lines the curious, complex, and ever-changing features of the gigantic town which Herschel considered the centre of the universe. London, which contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than there are in all Palestine, more Germans, more Italians, and more Frenchmen than are contained in many important German, Italian, and French towns, has preserved, notwithstanding the divers elements which mingle in it, an essentially national character. It is the unique town—*par excellence.* It is, certainly, the only one in which a stranger may pass all his life amongst his compatriots, and live his national existence without being obliged to learn the language of the country he is living in. There are Frenchmen

who, after having lived thirty years in London, have retired with an honest competence to their native land without having learnt a word of English. So with Italians, Germans, and Belgians.

What London will have become in a hundred years, the most audacious cannot hazard an opinion, remembering the prodigious development of the metropolis; but if the rate of progression, which has been continued for a hundred years, be maintained, we can conceive a human hive of nine millions of people living in 680,000 houses spread over a surface of 200 square miles.

Lastly, the improvements, the gigantic works accomplished within the last ten years, and those which are in course of execution or projection, tend to make London the most beautiful city in Europe, as it is already the largest and most healthy. Municipal reform, so long waited for, is on the eve of its appearance, and will give a new impulse to the transformation of the metropolis of the United Kingdom, of which the English are so justly proud when they compare their formerly dark and smoky city with the London of the Victorian Era.



MONKEY ISLAND.

CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON.

I.

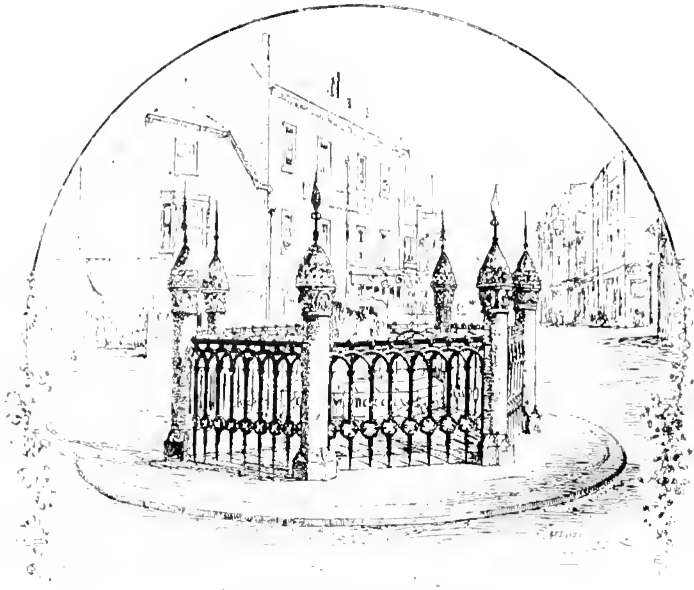
THE BANKS OF THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND TO GREAT MARLOW.

LONDON, like Paris, is surrounded by charming localities easily accessible, where the smiling verdure, in picturesque and pleasing places, forms a contrast as agreeable as unexpected with the province covered with houses which one has so lately quitted.

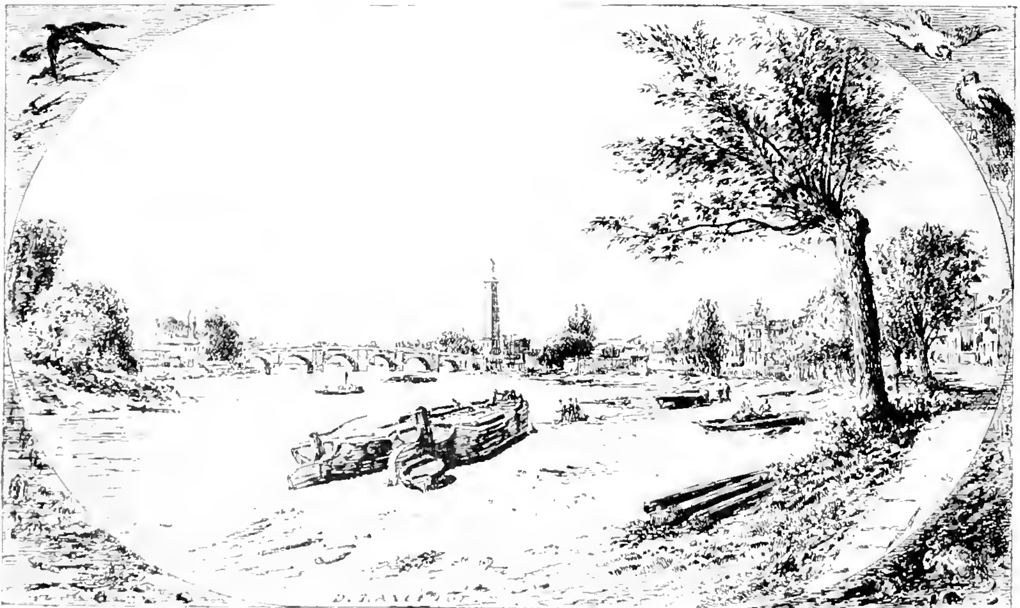
We can scarcely believe that a few miles from Charing Cross the dirty Thames changes into a clear river, lined with elegant houses, with parks fresh and shady, and charming villages where we may breathe the pure and balmy air, and where fogs are unknown. In these localities, at a distance from their business or their desks, live a number of merchants and their clerks—the former as a matter of choice; the latter from necessity, for living is cheaper there than in London. Nevertheless, the true country has not yet been reached—we find it some nine or ten miles from the centre of the City.

Although very fond of the country, the London middle-class individual does not rush on Sundays to the railway stations to reach the green fields, as the Parisian does. And what is he do there? Unless he goes to the classic localities — such as Richmond, for instance—he finds neither restaurants nor hotels; and even then these

restaurants are for the most part excessively dear, and quite out of the reach of small purses. The means of transport, too, are reduced on Sundays by one-half. For the lower, middle, and the working classes, the Lord's day is, above all, a day of imposed rest, and profoundly wearisome. But when the month of August comes, the small tradespeople and clerks go and pass some days on the shores of the Channel—the Londonian is extremely fond of the sea—and in two or three weeks lay up a stock of health for the rest of the year. But the richer classes do not behave in the same manner. For many years, excursions into the country



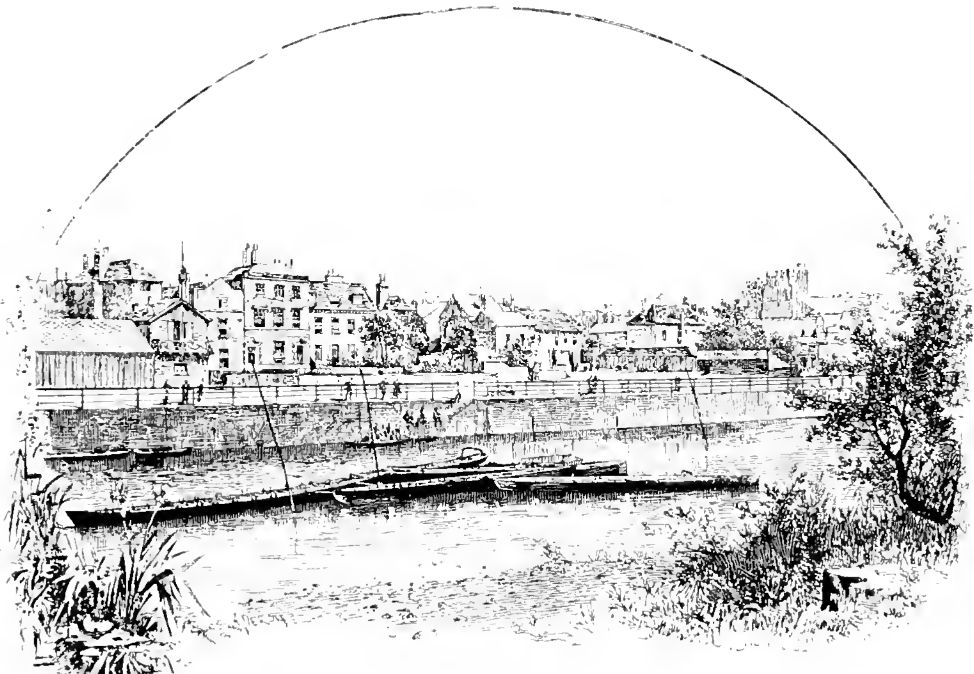
CORONATION STONE, KINGSTON



THE THAMES AT KEW.

have become quite the fashion. Society has broken with the old Sunday traditions, to the great scandal of virtuous people. People of the world have arrived at the con-

clusion that a run in a steam-launch on the Thames, a dinner at Richmond, a lawn tennis party in a pretty park, present nothing glaringly immoral; and in some houses even



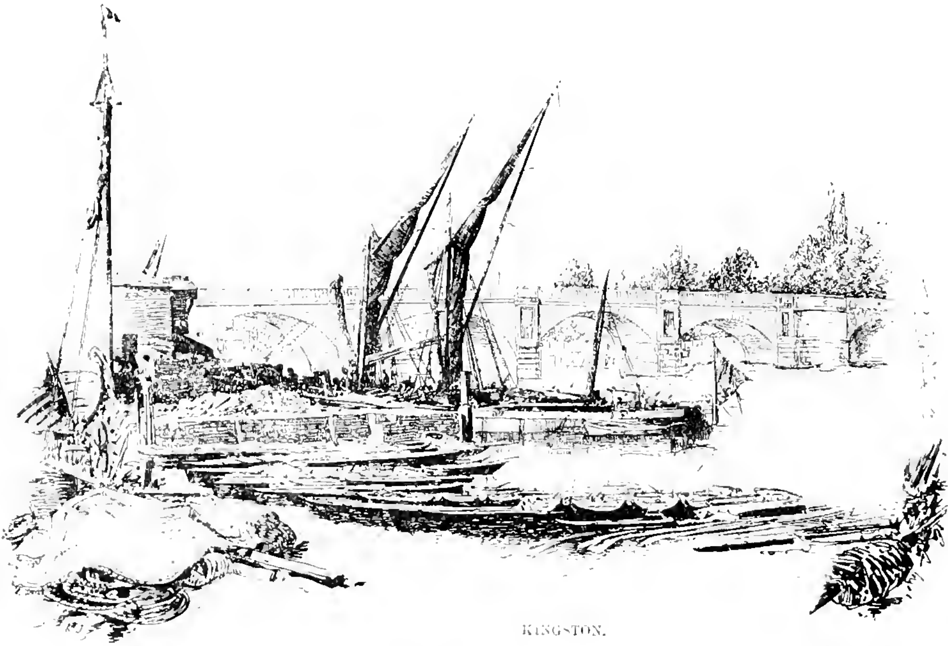
TWICKENHAM.

quiet little dances are got up. Yes; but what a chorus of reprobation ensued! For eight days the newspapers were full of letters from good people, who indignantly protested, in the name of morality, against the introduction into a Christian country of Continental customs; and then—

BRAY

the whole thing became part of a recognized order of things, and nothing was effected one way or the other—as is always the case under such circumstances.

At present the Sunday boating or carriage excursions are quite a part of Society customs, and the charming banks of the Thames between Richmond and Great Marlow are the favourite localities. This selection is a proof of good taste, for nothing is more picturesquely beautiful than the sinuous course of the Thames between these two points. Going up stream, we first arrive at Twickenham, where, beautifully situated in well wooded parks, we find Orleans House, York House, and Mount Lebanon, occupied by the Princes of Orleans from 1852 to 1871; and Strawberry Hill, the celebrated residence of Horace Walpole, built on an eminence and surrounded by magnificent gardens. Like Holland House, in London, this historic residence is only a memory, a relic of the



KINGSTON.

past. During the summer of 1883, the furniture and objects of art, with which the house was filled, were sold by auction, and the ground parcelled out into building lots, which are being rapidly covered with villas erected by the speculative builder.

After passing Teddington, the head-quarters of fishermen—the English are fanatics in fishing—we reach Kingston, where the Saxon kings were formerly crowned. The stone on which the coronations took place is to be seen in the market place.

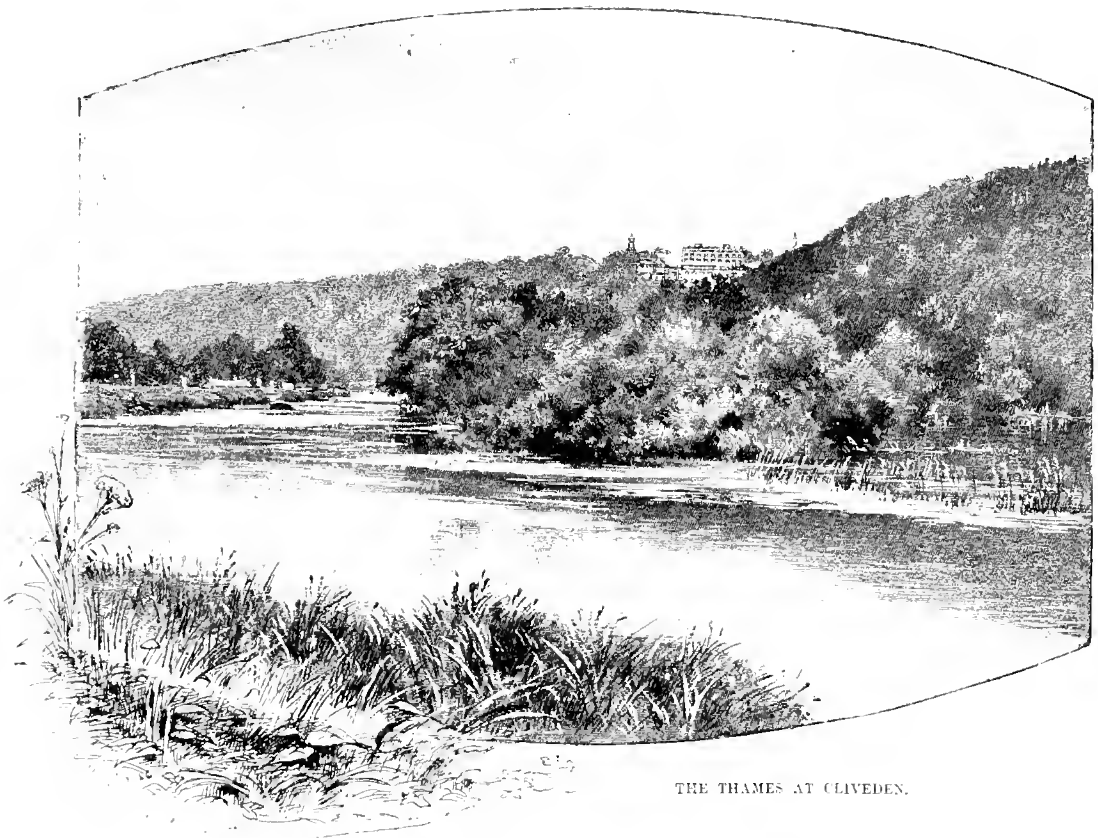
Hampton Court, and the village of Hampton, on the left bank—Thames Ditton and Moulsey on the right—present themselves, and, though very pretty, are far from equalling in beauty the picturesque Walton-on-Thames. From Walton Bridge we obtain an admirable view of the river. Turner chose this bridge—or, rather, the former structure—for one of his most effective pictures.

Walton Church, flanked by a picturesque square tower, dates from Saxon times. It contains the remarkable tomb of Lord Shannon, sculptured by Roubiliac.

In the mayor's house is preserved the "Scold's Gag," a kind of iron mask, fitted

with a piece of wood, which entered the mouth and kept the tongue fixed, for the benefit of too loquacious wives. This ingenious instrument dates from 1632. The beautiful park of Oatlands, which belonged to the Duke of York, has recently been divided into lots, and sold to speculators: as for the house, it has been transformed into a hotel. There is a grotto in the park, the construction of which cost the Duke of Newcastle £40,000. There never has been a more remarkable instance of the useless expenditure of money.

From Weybridge to Staines the Thames presents no very interesting features, the

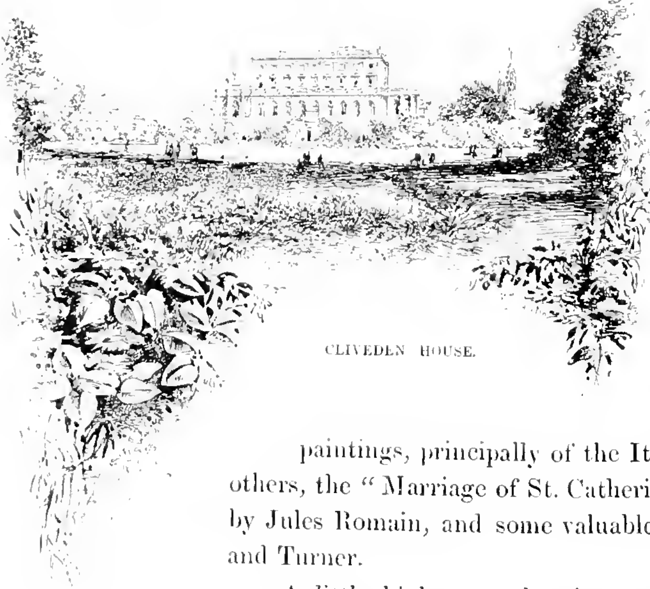


THE THAMES AT CLIVEDEN.

banks being somewhat flat and monotonous in character: neither Chertsey nor Staines offers any attractions. But as we approach Windsor the scene changes, the river resumes its picturesque appearance. On the right bank the venerable trees of Windsor Home Park form an impenetrable curtain of verdure, through which here and there are gaps, revealing the imposing mass of the Castle, dominated by its enormous Round Tower. As soon as we have passed the Castle we arrive at Eton, the site of the celebrated public school. Almost opposite Eton is Clewer, and Windsor racecourse is a little higher up. On the right bank of the river upwards are several elegant country houses, and in the centre of the stream is Monkey Island, which owes its name to the frescoes which embellish a room in a fishing pavilion, that formerly belonged to the Duke of

Marlborough, and is now a hotel. We next reach Bray, a charming little village situated on the right bank.

About a mile higher up we find Maidenhead, where the beautiful viaduct of the Great Western Railway surprises us by the boldness of the span of its two spacious arches, and the echoes which they return us. The town has no monuments, and the sole charm of the place consists in the beauty of the surroundings which are revealed at every step, so to speak. A stone bridge unites Maidenhead and Taplow, where is Taplow Court, a beautiful mansion of modern erection, containing a rich gallery of old paintings, principally of the Italian school. We remark, amongst others, the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by Titian; "A Holy Family," by Jules Romain, and some valuable pictures by G. Poussin, Canaletto, and Turner.



CLIVEDEN HOUSE.

A little higher up the river we perceive the princely mansion of Cliveden, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, situated upon an eminence, shrouded by magnificent trees, and surrounded by a park of surpassing beauty, which can be seen when the Duke is absent from the house. This district is dotted with lordly residences, which give us an idea of what the country seats of aristocratic families are—such as Dropmore, the residence of the Hon. G. Fortescue, celebrated for its coniferæ, which can be seen in the park; and Hedsor Park, the magnificent property belonging to Lord Boston.

COOKHAM.

Cookham is opposite, upon the right bank. This is one of the best known places on the Thames, and one of the most frequented. The scenery is beautiful, and sufficiently explains the popularity of the place. Two miles higher up we reach Great Marlow, just beyond which is Bisham Abbey, situated in one of those beautiful parks only found in England. The Abbey, which in the 11th Century

belonged to the Templars, was subsequently bestowed upon Ann of Cleves by Henry VIII., after her divorce. The house, of the Tudor style of architecture, is very remarkable, as well as the old Norman church, which is attached to it. It is now in the possession of Mr. Vansittart.

The banks of the Thames, unfortunately but too little known to foreigners, offer a series of the most picturesque and delightful scenes which it is possible to imagine. One cannot too strongly insist upon the exquisite charm of these beautiful places, buried in verdure—of these parks and gardens, kept up with that care and love of nature peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race. There is a series of surprises—an unknown England—which we discover, and which is worth a thousand times the crowd of classical and well-known localities which tire one so soon, and which, being always dinned into our

BISHAM ABBEY

ears, appear inferior to the ideas we have conceived concerning them. On the Thames, on the contrary, the reality surpasses the idea, and no description can do justice to the freshness of the impressions we receive, and the astonishment and pleasure which we experience while proceeding up the Thames from London to Great Marlow, or, better still, to Oxford.

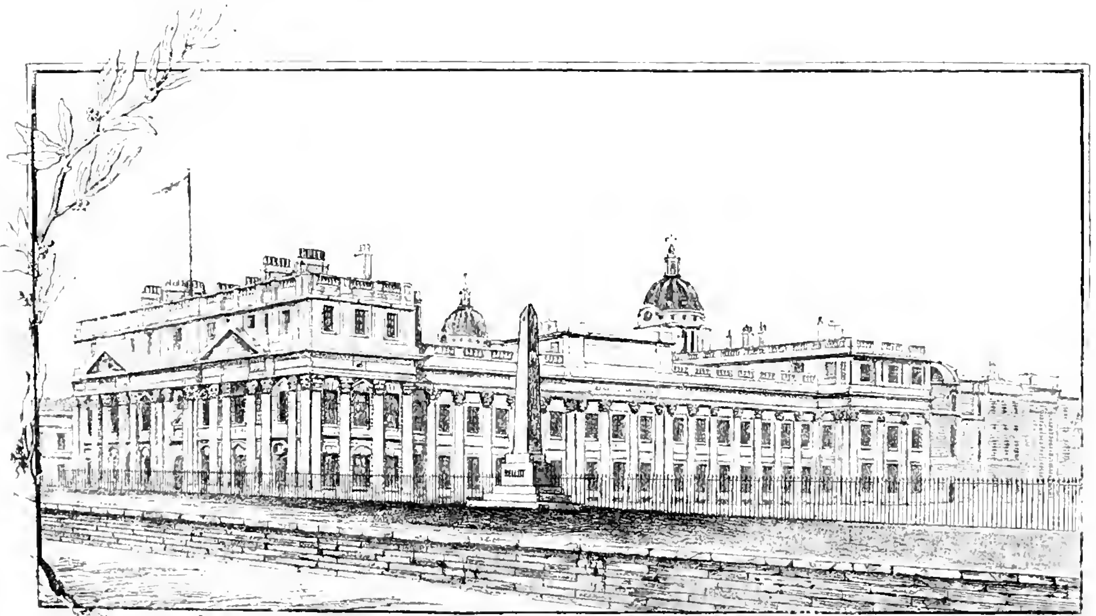
Nevertheless, this excursion by water can only be made in fine weather, and only at certain times is there an organized service of boats. But, as the greater number of the places we have mentioned are served by the various suburban railway lines which surround London, it is easy to visit the banks of the Thames at any time of year, if one has a few days at one's disposal, and if the weather be favourable.

II.

GREENWICH AND WOOLWICH.

Just as every Englishman believes himself obliged to go and pass a day at Versailles, so every French tourist in England will not fail to visit Greenwich, Windsor, and the Crystal Palace, which it is customary to look upon as parts of London. Therefore, in a volume such as this, it is incumbent upon us to devote a special chapter to them.

Greenwich, which is generally visited first of all the places in the environs of



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

London, is officially a town by itself, enjoying a municipal and political organization of its own. In reality, it is a portion of London—that all-devouring town which every year absorbs more suburbs and some thousands of inhabitants, and which will one day include Gravesend in the east, and Windsor in the west.

Besides the cab there are three different means of transport available between London and Greenwich—the railroad from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and London Bridge; the tramway from Westminster or Blackfriars (Surrey side), or by the steam-boats which start from Westminster every half-hour, stopping and taking up passengers at all intermediate piers. The last-named route, though longer than the others, is much the most interesting and picturesque.

Leaving Westminster, we have on the left the Thames Embankment, a magnificent promenade planted with trees and extending to Blackfriars Bridge. If the tide is

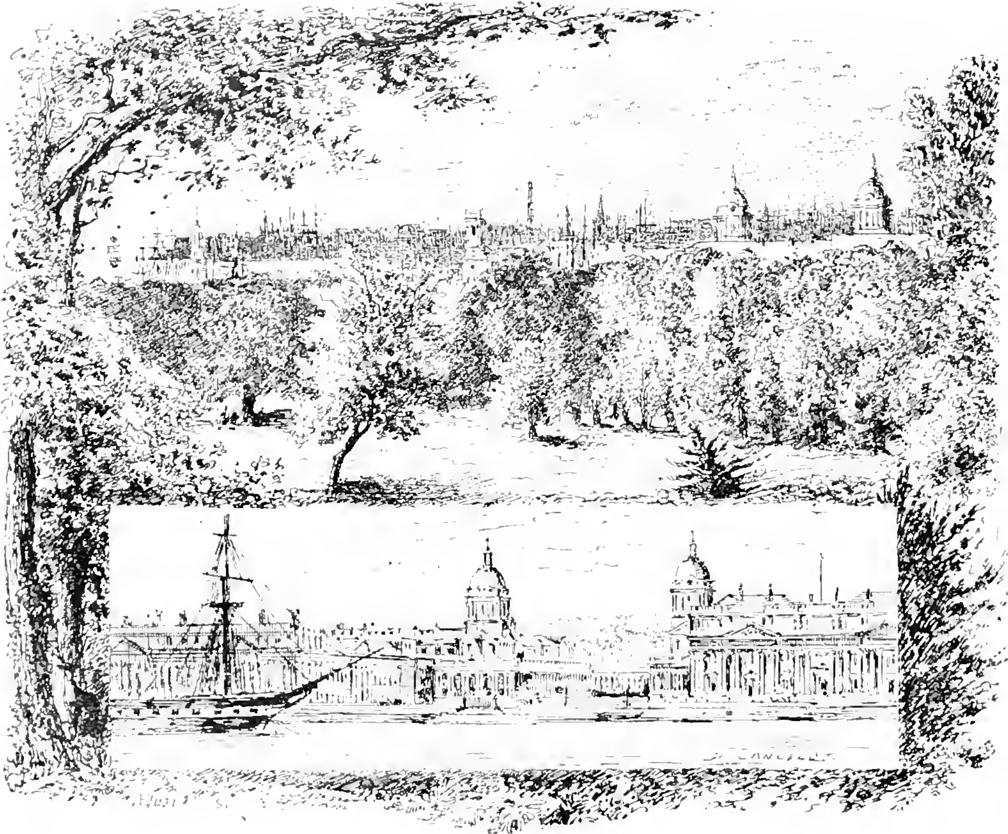
running down, the steamer glides quickly onward, passing in succession Charing Cross Railway Station, the old "Water Gate" of York House, in the midst of the gardens which embellish this portion of the embankment; and the obelisk guarded by two bronze sphinxes. After passing beneath the arches of Waterloo Bridge, which spans the Thames at its widest part within the metropolitan limits, we perceive the beautiful frontage of Somerset House, and subsequently the Temple Gardens. We are now within the confines of the city, as the numerous church spires, above which towers the imposing mass of St. Paul's, plainly indicate. Then we glide under a second edition of Charing Cross

THE THAMES AND THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Bridge—this is the Cannon Street Viaduct, beyond which is London Bridge, the last roadway over the river Thames.

As soon as we have passed it, the scene changes: to the penny steamers succeed large vessels moored in the stream, between which the small Greenwich boat makes her rapid way. We have scarcely time to cast a rapid glance at Billingsgate fish market, behind which is the spire of the Coal Exchange, ere we find ourselves at the Custom House and the Tower of London, whose massive walls and lofty turrets stand out plainly against the grey sky. The steamer then passes St. Katherine's Docks, which are enclosed by warehouses overtopped by the masts of the ships, and the London Docks, the entrance to which is immediately above the Thames Tunnel. Opposite are the extensive basins of the Commercial Docks. Here the river describes a sharp curve, the tongue of land which it sweeps round is called the Isle of Dogs; the enormous building facing it is the Foreign Cattle Market. A little further on the steamer stops in front of an extensive building with a majestic façade which stands out clear and white from the dark background of the hill, covered with thick trees, on whose summit is an observatory. This is Greenwich.

As we disembark we find ourselves facing Greenwich Hospital, now a Naval College. The word Hospital is not here used in the generally accepted sense of the term, for Greenwich Hospital was the *Hôtel des Invalides* of the Navy, and not a Hospital for the sick. Since 1871 the Pensioners, instead of being lodged and boarded in the Hospital, have received a pension which amply suffices for their wants. Greenwich Hospital is composed of four blocks of buildings, united by colonnades, and separated from the river by a fine terrace. At one extremity of this terrace, a granite obelisk has

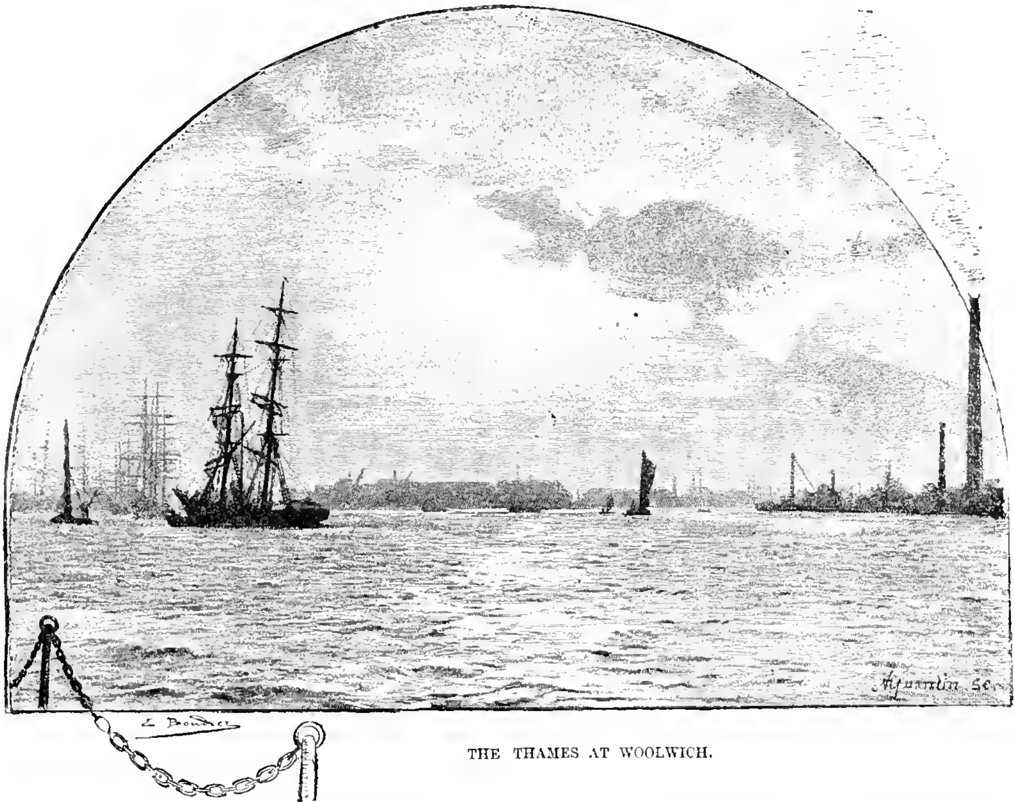


GREENWICH—THE HOSPITAL AND PARK.

been erected to the memory of Lieutenant Bellot of the French Navy, who died in one of the expeditions that proceeded in search of Sir John Franklin.

Two of the four blocks of buildings project, and in the court which they enclose is a marble statue of George II. in Roman attire. There are in England few monuments of as much worth as Greenwich Hospital, the aspect of which is remarkable. The two buildings, each surmounted by a dome, which rise at the interior angle of the two wings and the colonnade which connects them with the other structures, give to the whole edifice a unity and a harmony which are altogether charming. In the South-West wing is the Painted Hall; we enter it by the door beneath one of the two cupolas. This hall, which at one time served as a refectory, has now for nearly a century been a gallery of paintings, representing the brilliant engagements of the British Navy, and portraits of

its illustrious officers. The ceiling, painted by Thornhill, depicts the apotheosis of Queen Anne, and the four allegorical figures which surround her represent the four quarters of the World. The panel at the end is composed of a group of portraits, of which the principal figure is that of George I., completed in the reign of that monarch; in the distance is perceived the dome of St. Paul's, and, in the foreground of the picture, the painter himself is represented. Thornhill was paid at the rate of £3 the square yard for the ceiling, and £1 for the mural paintings. What would our artists of the present



THE THAMES AT WOOLWICH.

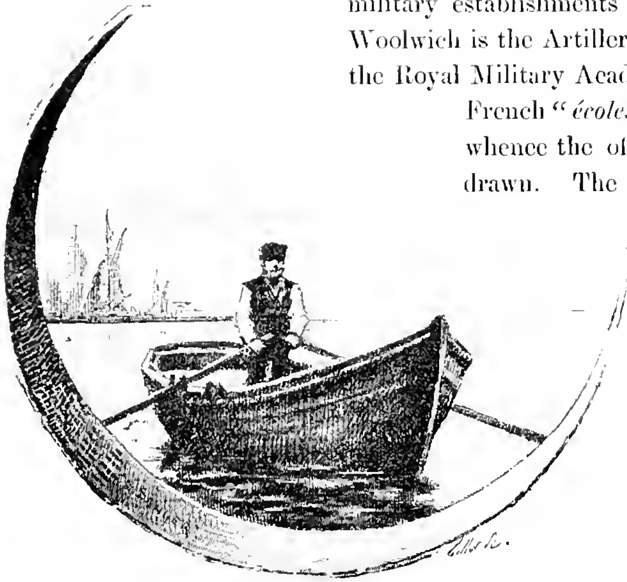
day say if such propositions were made to them? The most important pictures contained in the gallery are the "Death of Captain Cook," by Zoffany, the "Battle of Trafalgar," by Turner, and a fine painting by Loutherbourg, representing the Battle of the 1st of June, 1794, in which the *Vengeur* perished so gloriously. At the end of the hall is a small apartment called the "Nelson Room," in which are religiously preserved the relics of the great English Admiral. The building facing the painted hall is the chapel. It is embellished with carvings, pictures, and ornamentation of great beauty; the ceiling in sunken panels is supported by four beautiful marble columns, and tastefully decorated.

Behind the Hospital is the park, which covers a hill on the summit of which is the Greenwich Observatory, whose meridian is the starting point of all the degrees of longitude in England and her colonies. The measurement from Greenwich to Paris is 2°, 20′, 15″, east longitude.

Greenwich, consequent on its proximity to London, and owing to the facilities of

communication, is one of the places most frequented by excursionists. There are excellent hotels and restaurants, and every year, until lately, Her Majesty's Ministers used to dine together at Greenwich at the termination of the Parliamentary Session: this little festivity was called the "Ministerial Dinner."

Woolwich, situated some miles lower down the river, owes its importance to the military establishments which are collected there. At Woolwich is the Artillery and Engineering School, called the Royal Military Academy, which corresponds with the French "*écoles polytechnique et d'application;*" whence the officers of the Scientific Corps are drawn. The Academy is a building in the form of a *château*, which has nothing remarkable about it; before the entrance is a simple monument, lately raised to the memory of the Prince Imperial, formerly a student there, who was killed in Zululand in 1879.



THAMES BOATMAN.

The principal Government Departments are (1) the Dockyard, (2) the Arsenal, and (3) a Military Museum; to visit these a special permit must be obtained from the War Office. Cards are only issued to foreigners through their respective ambassadors, and then with some little difficulty.

The Arsenal is an immense establishment, in which all the works connected with the heavy *matériel* of War are carried on. The "peace establishment" consists of more than 6,000 workmen, but at certain times, as in 1878 and in 1882, when a war with Russia was feared, and during the Egyptian Expedition, the number of hands was doubled. One of the workshops belonging to the Laboratory contains 500 lathes, and 1200 men can work there comfortably.

The Artillery Barracks, the Common, and the Polygon deserve the notice of visitors, as well as the "Rotunda," a Military Museum, to which the public are admitted between ten o'clock and dusk.

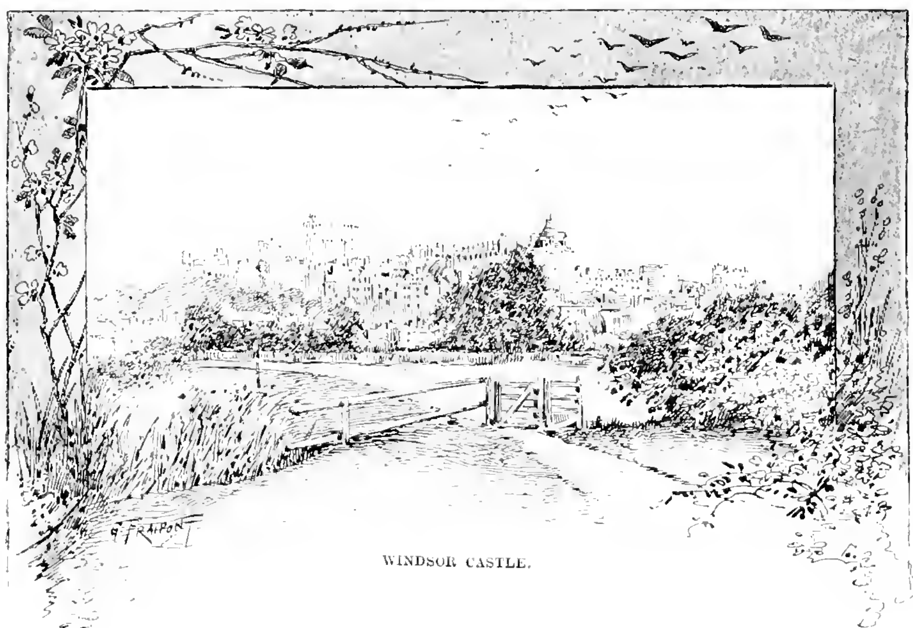
III.

WINDSOR CASTLE.—ETON.

The tourist may reach Windsor either by the South Western or the Great Western Railway: the latter is the preferable route, for the station at which we arrive faces the Castle gates.

Windsor Castle, admirably situated on a hill of gentle slope, is built in the form of a long square, divided into two almost equal portions by the Round Tower, an enormous keep, thirty yards in diameter, which overtops all the neighbouring buildings. Begun in the reign of William the Conqueror, added to and embellished by all the sovereigns who for eight hundred years have succeeded to the British throne, Windsor Castle sums up and symbolises the history of the English nation. There are, maybe, palaces more sumptuous, of a purer style of architecture, but there are none so majestically imposing. It is, indeed, in its royal magnificence the dwelling which best suits the representatives of the old English monarchy, as solidly established on the British Constitution as the Castle upon its massive stone foundations.

It was William the Conqueror who founded Windsor Castle, as well as the Tower

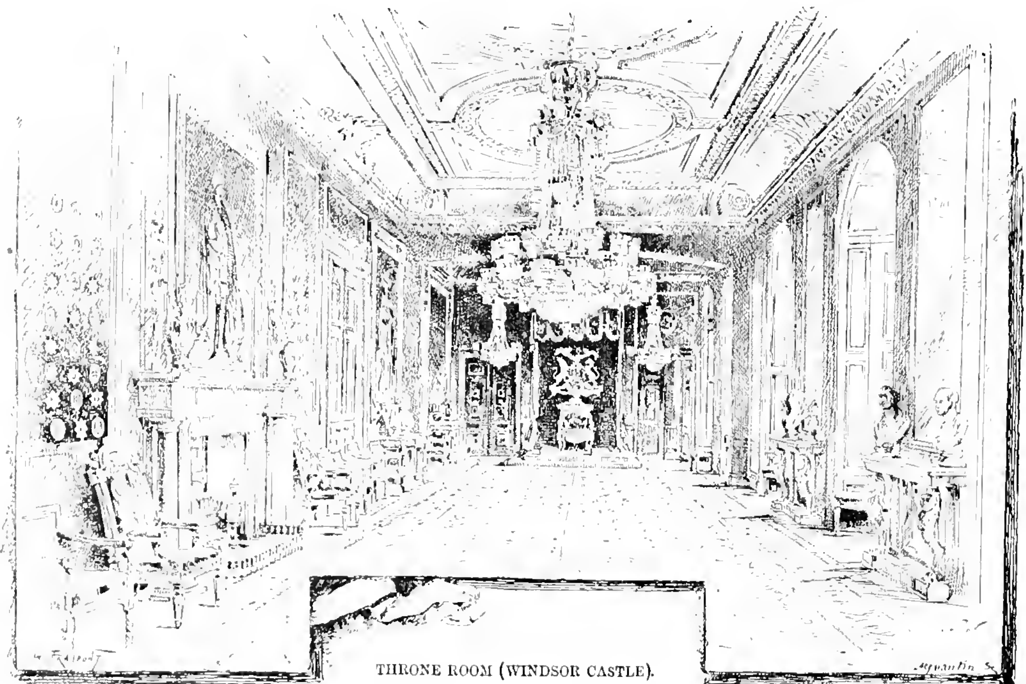


WINDSOR CASTLE.

of London. Induced by the picturesque situation of the place, the name of which is a corruption of the Saxon Windleshora (winding shore), he compelled the Monks of Westminster, who were the owners, to cede it; and, in return, he bestowed upon them some land in Essex. He built some edifices at Windsor, which have now disappeared. Henry I. and Henry III. made considerable additions to these, and Edward III. was born in the Castle in 1312, whence the surname, Edward of Windsor, was bestowed upon him. This prince confided the direction of the works to William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and it was under the orders of that prelate that the first chapel of St. George was built. Edward III. founded the order of the Garter there, the motto of which, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is much better known than its origin, for to this day no light has been thrown upon this historical problem.

During the reign of Richard II. St. George's Chapel was still being built, and the direction of the work was entrusted to Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who

received two shillings a day for his trouble. But the present chapel, built on the site of the former, was not commenced until the reign of Edward IV. The architect was Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, who, when he died, was succeeded by Reginald Bray. Elizabeth also added to the Castle, and made the superb terraces, which have such a fine effect. Cromwell, who sometimes lived at Windsor, made no additions thereto; but, under Charles II., Sir Christopher Wren, who seems to have erected or restored half the monuments of England, carried out some important works at the Castle. Lastly, under George IV., Wyatt, the architect, was commissioned to modernise the Castle, which he did, as well as he could, for a "consideration" of



THRONE ROOM (WINDSOR CASTLE).

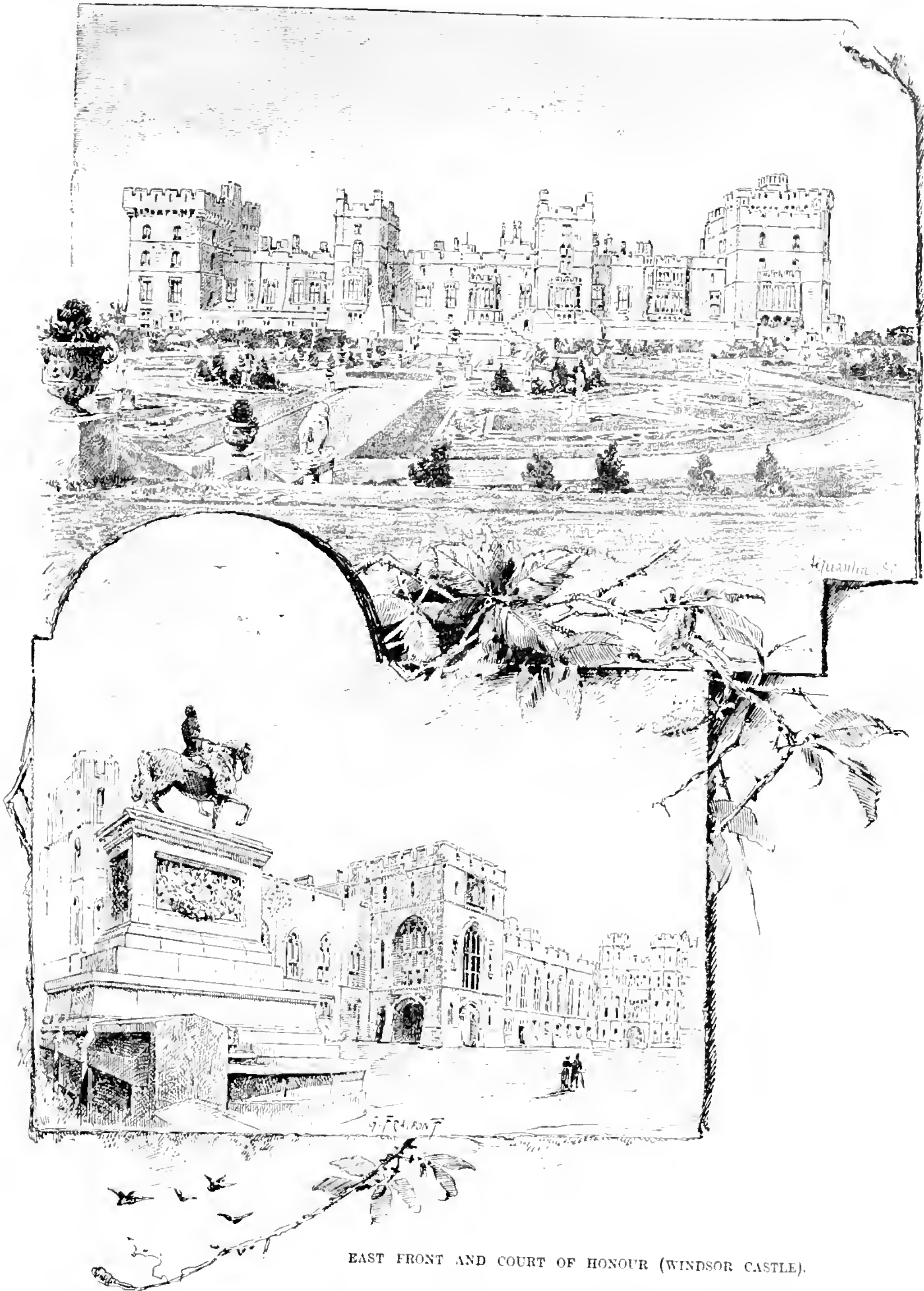
£800,000. As a matter of fact, work is still being done there, notably in St. George's Chapel, the grand steps of which are of very recent date.

Queen Victoria is very fond of this residence, where she has passed the happiest years of her life. Few English Sovereigns have spent so much time there as she. In contradistinction to her predecessors, who passed the greater part of the year in London, the Queen only makes her appearance there for short periods and at long intervals.

To visit Windsor Castle, we must first procure cards, which are obtainable, gratuitously, in London, or at Collier's library, at Windsor. Nevertheless, the State apartments cannot be seen unless the Queen be absent, and then from eleven to four only. A Thursday or Friday should be selected for the visit, for those are the only days of the week on which St. George's Chapel and the State apartments can all be seen.

As in the Tower of London, visitors pass through the apartments in detachments,

and under the conduct of a guardian, who affords scarcely time to examine them, so

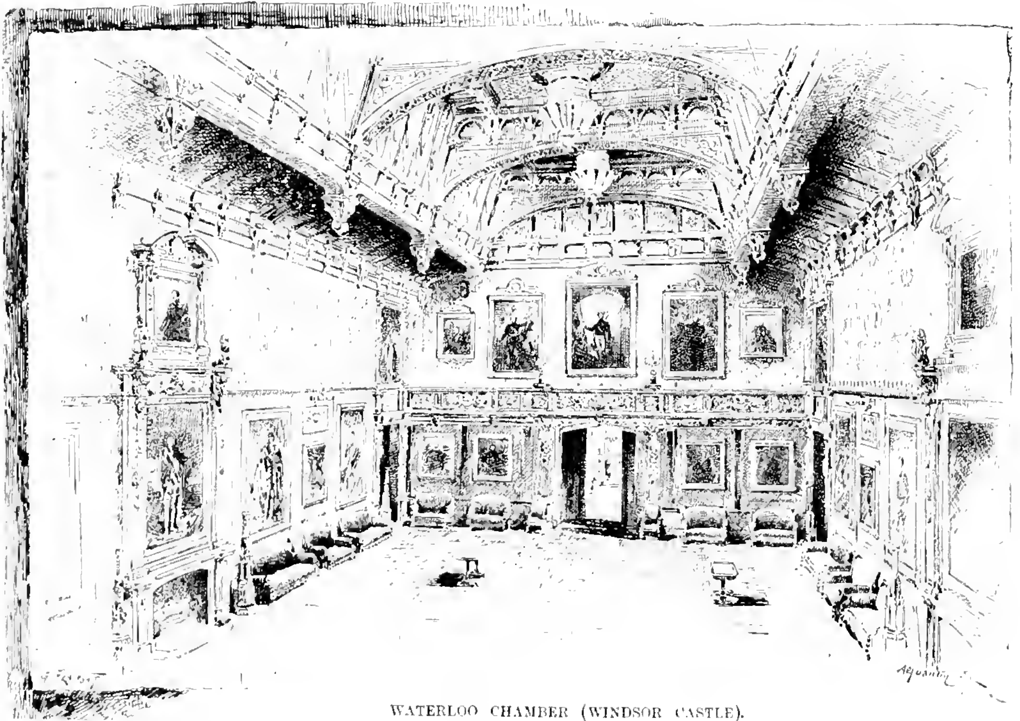


EAST FRONT AND COURT OF HONOUR (WINDSOR CASTLE).

hurried does he appear to finish his task. It is annoying that visitors are not permitted to remain a little longer in each apartment; for when, after having traversed a dozen

rooms, we find ourselves again in one of the courts of the Castle, we have carried away in this rapid course nothing but the vaguest impressions, and a racking headache.

The visit commences in what is called the Queen's Audience Chamber, where we remark a beautiful ceiling painted by Verrio, and on the walls three magnificent Gobelins tapestries, representing the story of Esther, as well as some pictures, amongst which is a portrait of Marie Stuart by Clouet, the frame of which was carved by Gibbons. We proceed onwards to the Van Dyck Room, so called because of the one and twenty paintings by this artist, which hang upon the walls. This chamber also contains the celebrated portrait of Charles I. on horseback, those of Queen Henrietta-Maria, George

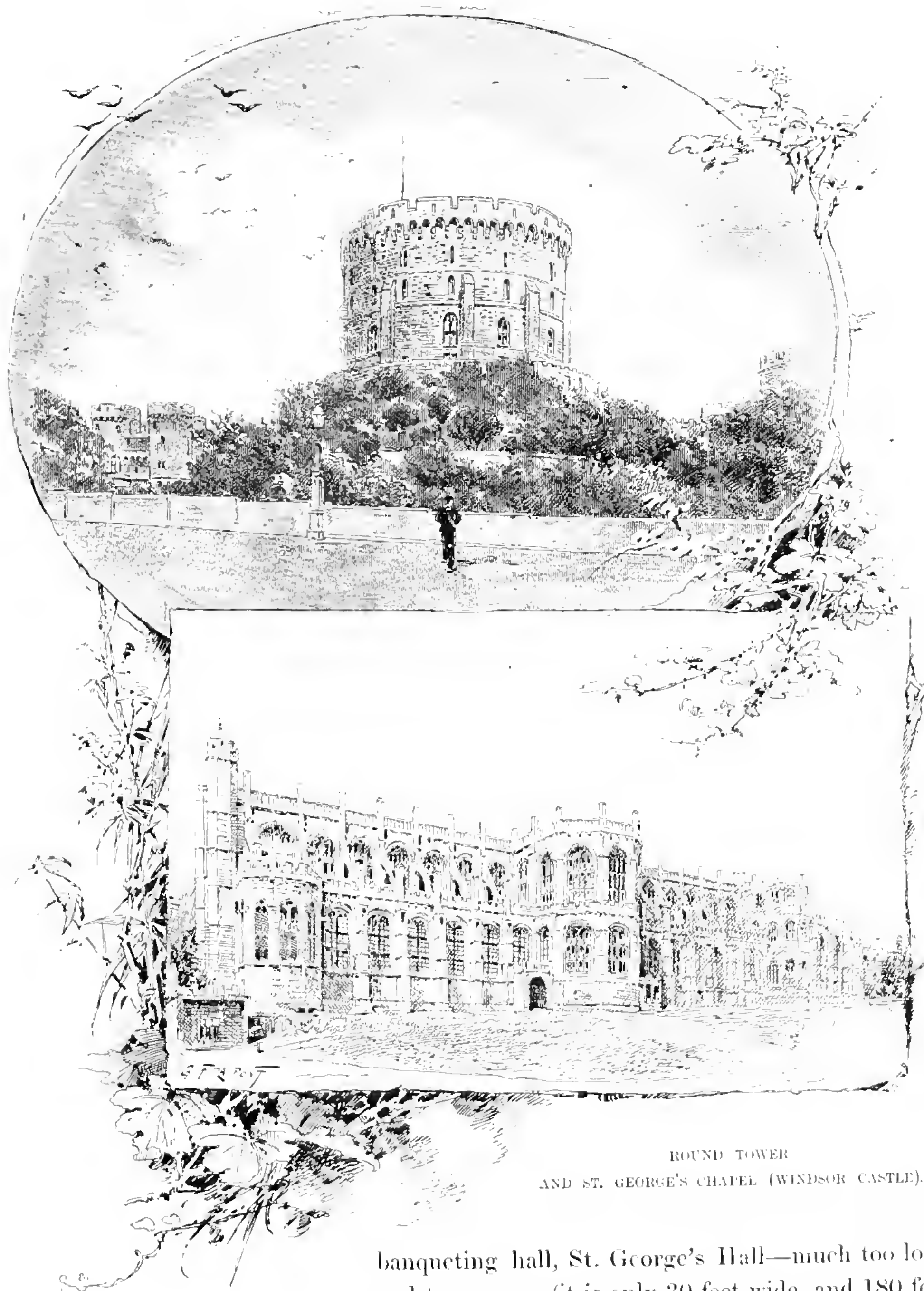


WATERLOO CHAMBER (WINDSOR CASTLE).

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and his brother; of the celebrated Duchess of Richmond; three children of Charles I., the poets Killigrew and Carew on one canvas, and a portrait of Van Dyck, by himself. Some furniture of 18th century pattern, and some bronzes, modelled by Gouthière, of rare beauty and inestimable value, are placed in the same apartment.

The following, or the "Zuccarelli Room," contains, as its name indicates, a collection of that painter's works. After traversing a vestibule and the grand staircase, where we find a colossal statue of George IV. by Chantrey, we come to the Waterloo Chamber, lighted from above, which has been, not inaptly, compared to the cabin of a ship. It is hung with portraits, of which the least successful is that of the Duke of Wellington. Thence we enter the Presence Chamber, furnished in Louis XIV. style, and hung with lustres, which remind us of those at Versailles; the walls are clothed with Gobelins tapestry, representing the history of Jason and Medea. The grand

malachite vase, placed at the end of the chamber, was the gift of the Emperor Nicholas to the Queen: it is only remarkable because of its size. Thence we pass into the

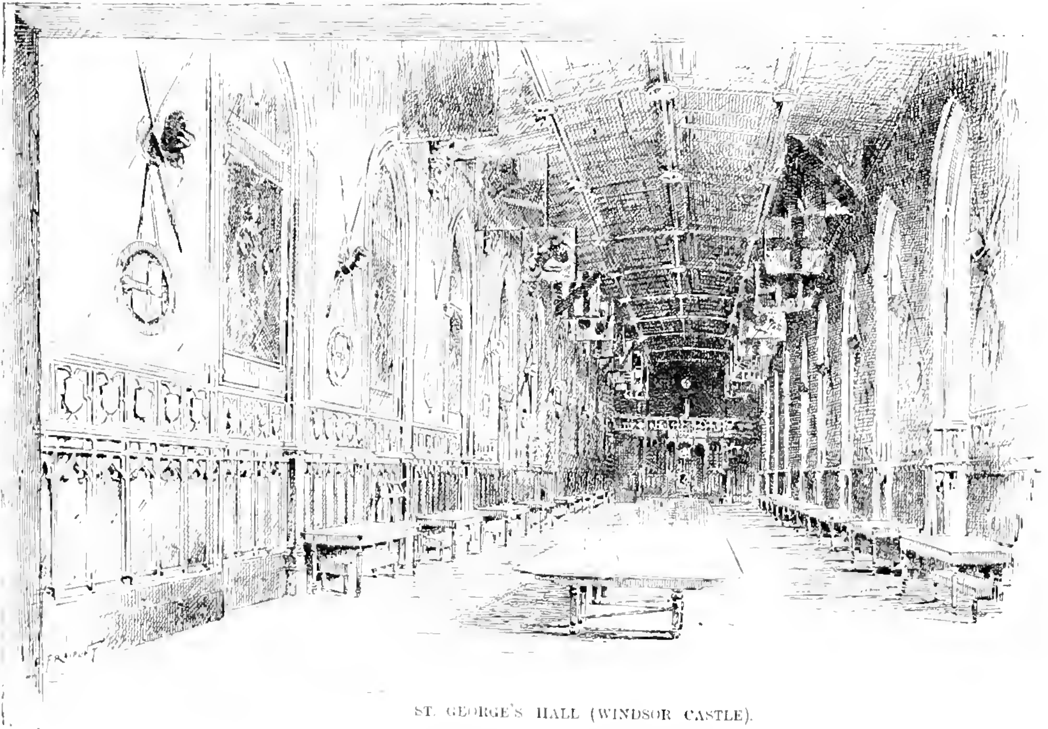


ROUND TOWER
AND ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL (WINDSOR CASTLE).

banqueting hall, St. George's Hall—much too long and too narrow (it is only 30 feet wide, and 180 feet long); the walls are panelled with carved oak in Gothic designs, and hung with portraits of the Sovereigns of England, from James I. to George IV. Above these are suspended the banners of the first Knights of the Garter.

The general appearance of this hall is dull and unpleasant, but it would appear that on gala days, and when lighted up, the effect is splendid; unfortunately, one cannot have an opportunity of judging more than once in five and twenty or thirty years, as great ceremonials are rare at Windsor.

The inspection ends with the Guard Chamber, where we find armour disposed with much taste. By the window are to be seen a bust of Nelson, for which a fragment of the mast of his old ship the *Victory* serves as a pedestal, four small cannon taken from Tippoo Sahib, and above two busts of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Wellington two small flags, which the descendants of these warriors are obliged to renew



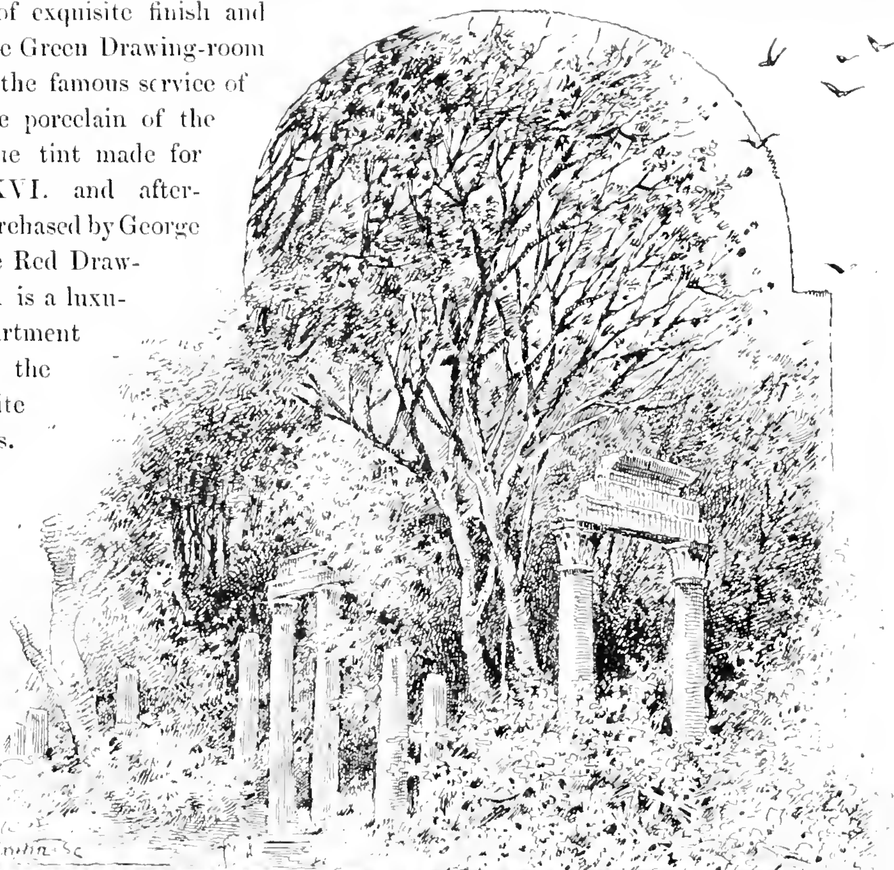
ST. GEORGE'S HALL (WINDSOR CASTLE).

every year under penalty of forfeiting the domains which were bestowed on them—on the former after Malplaquet, on the other after Waterloo. Above the chimney piece we perceive the magnificent buckler inlaid with gold, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, given by Francis I. to Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Windsor Castle also enshrines some splendid pictures by Rubens, Rembrandt, Lely, Andrea del Sarto, and various English artists of the 18th and the commencement of the 19th centuries.

The private apartments can only be visited by means of an order from the Lord Chamberlain, who is very chary of his permission. It is in the gallery forming part of the private apartments, called the Grand Corridor, that the incomparable collection of Sèvres china is kept. It is well known to amateurs, and its value is prodigious. There are also a number of art objects, bronzes, statues, pictures, &c. The three private reception rooms are the White, the Green, and the Red Drawing-rooms: the first contains beautiful furniture of the 18th century, embellished with porcelain plaques, mosaics and

bronzes of exquisite finish and taste: the Green Drawing-room contains the famous service of soft paste porcelain of the royal blue tint made for Louis XVI. and afterwards purchased by George IV.: the Red Drawing-room is a luxurious apartment in which the Royal suite assembles.

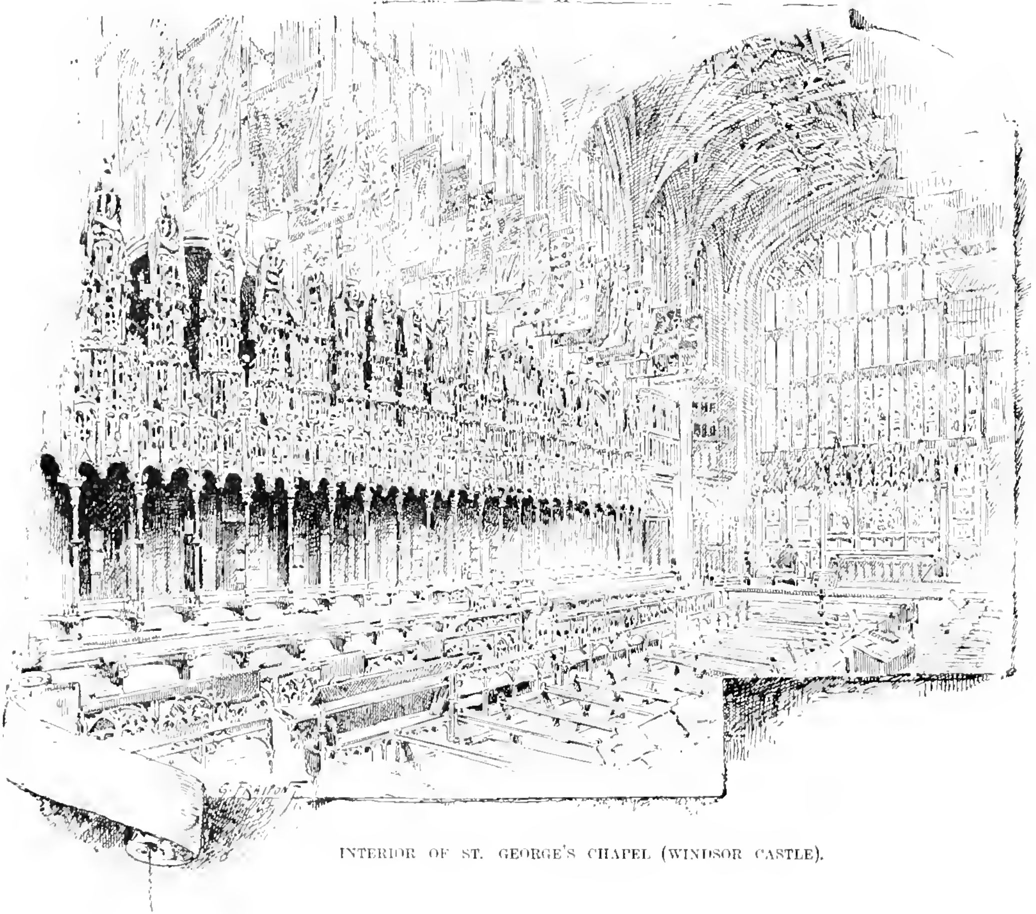
After visiting the terraces which



VIRGINIA WATER (WINDSOR PARK).

surround the castle, and ascending the Round

Tower, whence there is a magnificent view, we proceed to St. George's Chapel. This chapel is a masterpiece of pointed architecture; the interior, particularly, richly embellished with carvings, pictures, and stained glass, is of great beauty. We perceive the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, above which hang their banners and their coats of



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL (WINDSOR CASTLE).

arms, the monument to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, and the gallery in which the Queen attends Divine Service.

In the crypt of the chapel is a vault in which many other members of the Royal Family repose.

Windsor Park is divided into two portions; the Home Park, and the Great Park, connected by a magnificent avenue 4,800 yards in length, called the Long Walk, at the end of which is a mound surmounted by an equestrian statue of George III. This park, which is not less than 2,000 acres in area, encloses some beautiful spots, and an extensive lake called Virginia Water. It is on this pretty piece of water that in the summer the Prince of Wales delights to assemble his friends to aquatic *fêtes*, after which a grand dinner takes place in a cottage situated on the borders of the lake. The Mausoleum, erected by the Queen to the memory of the Prince Consort, is to the left of the Home Park.

Eton College is situated some few hundred yards from the Castle, upon the opposite side of the Thames. There is nothing architecturally striking in its appearance; but it is the principal public school in England, or, at least, the most aristocratic and the

FROGMORE (WINDSOR PARK)

most expensive. According to the English plan, the pupils are lodged at the homes of their masters, and the school premises are utilised only for lessons. There are about 600 boys at Eton, who are called "oppidans," and they are prepared for the universities. It would appear that a classical education there leaves something to be desired; but, on the other hand, as canoe-ists and cricketers the young Etonians are unrivalled!

IV.

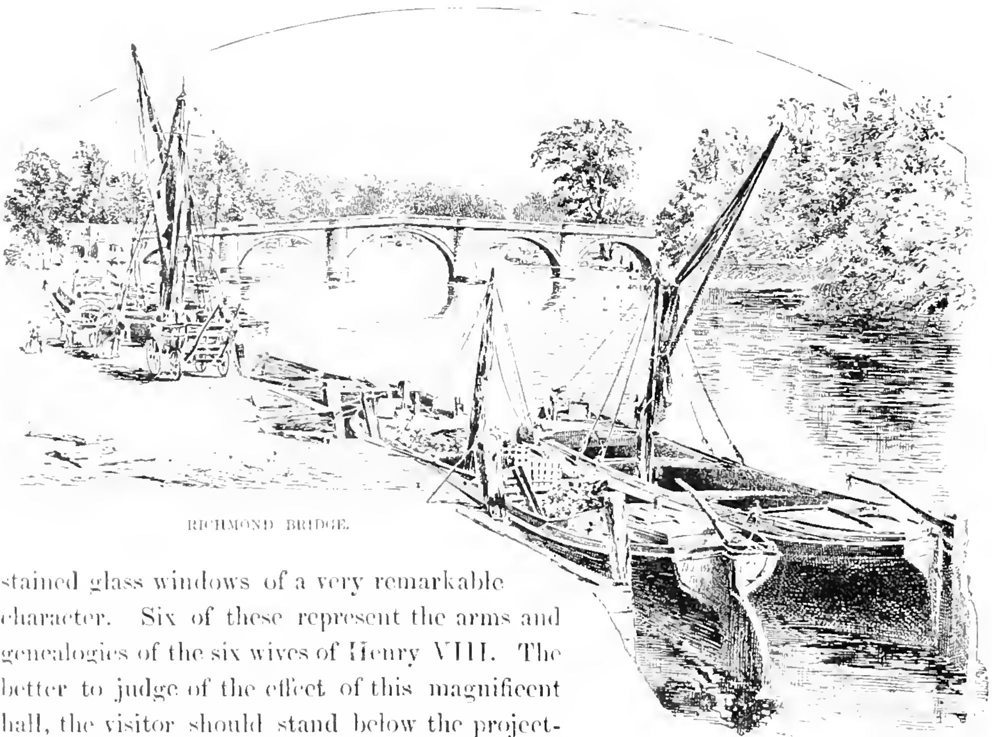
HAMPTON COURT, RICHMOND, AND KEW.

Hampton Court Palace is forty-five minutes from London by the South-Western Railway; the station at East Moulsey serving likewise for Hampton Court, which is situated on the opposite bank of the river. The palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, and offered by him to his master, Henry VIII. some years afterwards, has undergone many important renovations. The façade looking over the gardens was added by Wren, and of the original palace naught remains but the buildings which surround the first and second courts, and the Great Hall, to which an intelligent restoration has given back its pristine beauty.

After being used as a residence by many kings of England, and, lastly, by George II., the Palace of Hampton Court is now only a picture gallery. However, some of the buildings have been converted into apartments in which are lodged, gratuitously, as

an acknowledgment of past services, retired officers, impecunious functionaries, and widows of those who have served the State.

The visitor enters Hampton Court Palace by the West Gate, where is a cavalry barrack. At the end of the avenue is the palace. A large archway admits us into the first court; at the left angle a flight of steps ascends to the Great Hall. This is a magnificent nave of Gothic style, whose grand proportions and rich decorations constitute it a veritable marvel. The roof, finely carved, and on which the arms of Henry VIII. are displayed, is sixty feet high. It is supported by elegant arched buttresses similar to those in Westminster Hall. The Great Hall is lighted by lofty

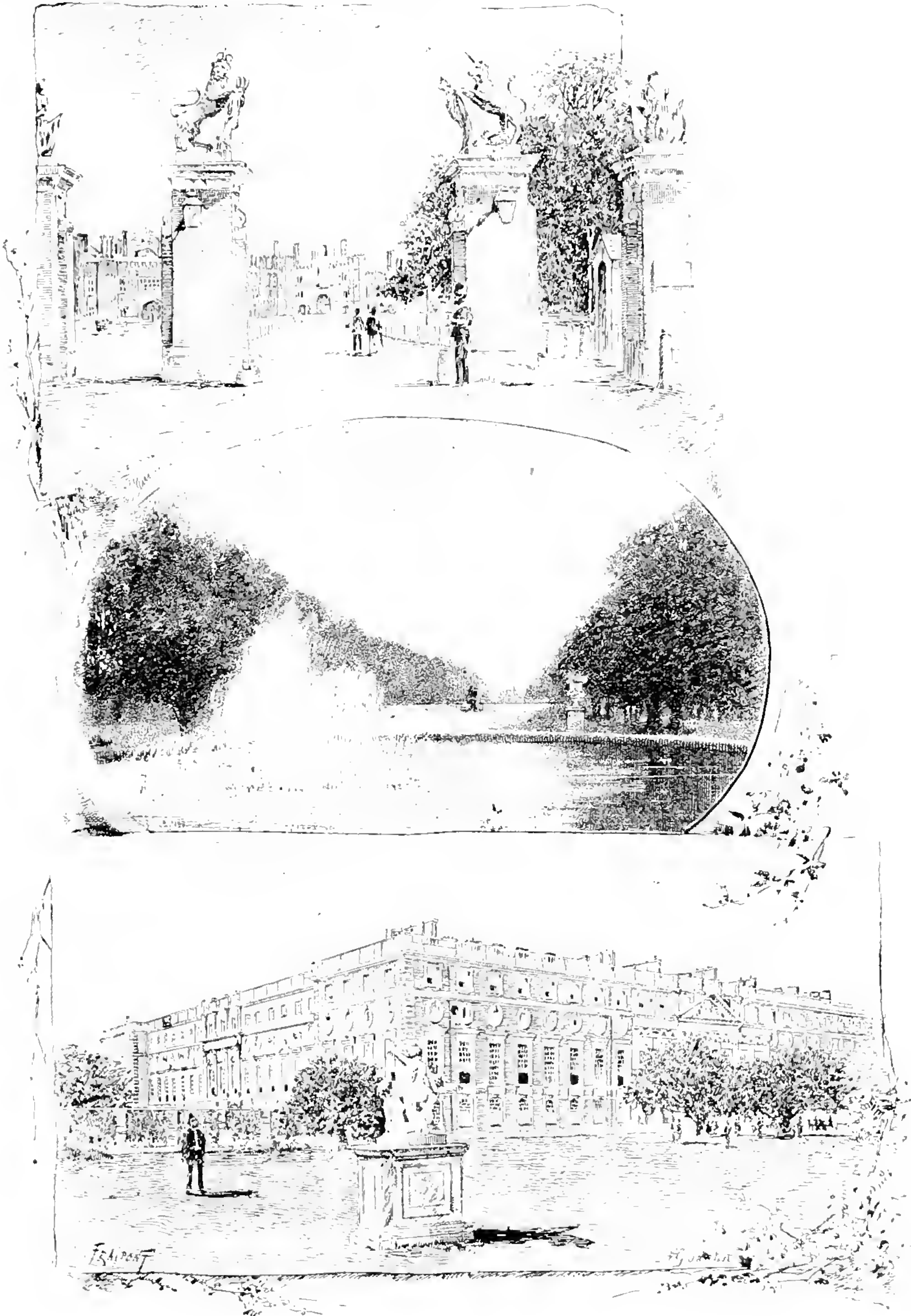


RICHMOND BRIDGE.

stained glass windows of a very remarkable character. Six of these represent the arms and genealogies of the six wives of Henry VIII. The better to judge of the effect of this magnificent hall, the visitor should stand below the projecting window, the glass of which represents the arms of Henry, and those of Wolsey, and Jane Seymour. The tapestries which cover the walls represent the History of Abraham. They are arranged in order, commencing at the left, as we enter.

We reach the picture galleries and the apartments by a fine staircase adorned with allegorical paintings by Verrio; and then we find ourselves at the beginning of a series of rooms (there are more than twenty of them), in which are placed many hundreds of pictures, the majority of which have a true artistic value. A somewhat strange regulation decrees that the visitor having once been admitted cannot return; he must proceed to the end: so it is with real pleasure that we find ourselves in the admirably-kept gardens which extend to the east of the palace. Amongst the curiosities of the gardens at Hampton are the Maze and the Vine. The latter springs from a single cutting planted in 1768, on which, in some seasons, nearly 2,500 bunches of excellent

grapes have been counted, which are reserved exclusively for the Royal table. The



HAMPTON COURT.

Lion Gate, near the Maze, leads us to Bushey Park, wherein the avenue of horse-chestnut trees is considered one of the most beautiful in the world. A herd of fallow

deer roam at liberty in the park, thus adding to it that country aspect which the English excel in giving to all their gardens, and in which their principal charm consists.

Hampton Court Palace and Gardens are open all the year round, except on Fridays and Christmas Day, from 10 A.M. until dusk; on Saturdays from 2 o'clock only.

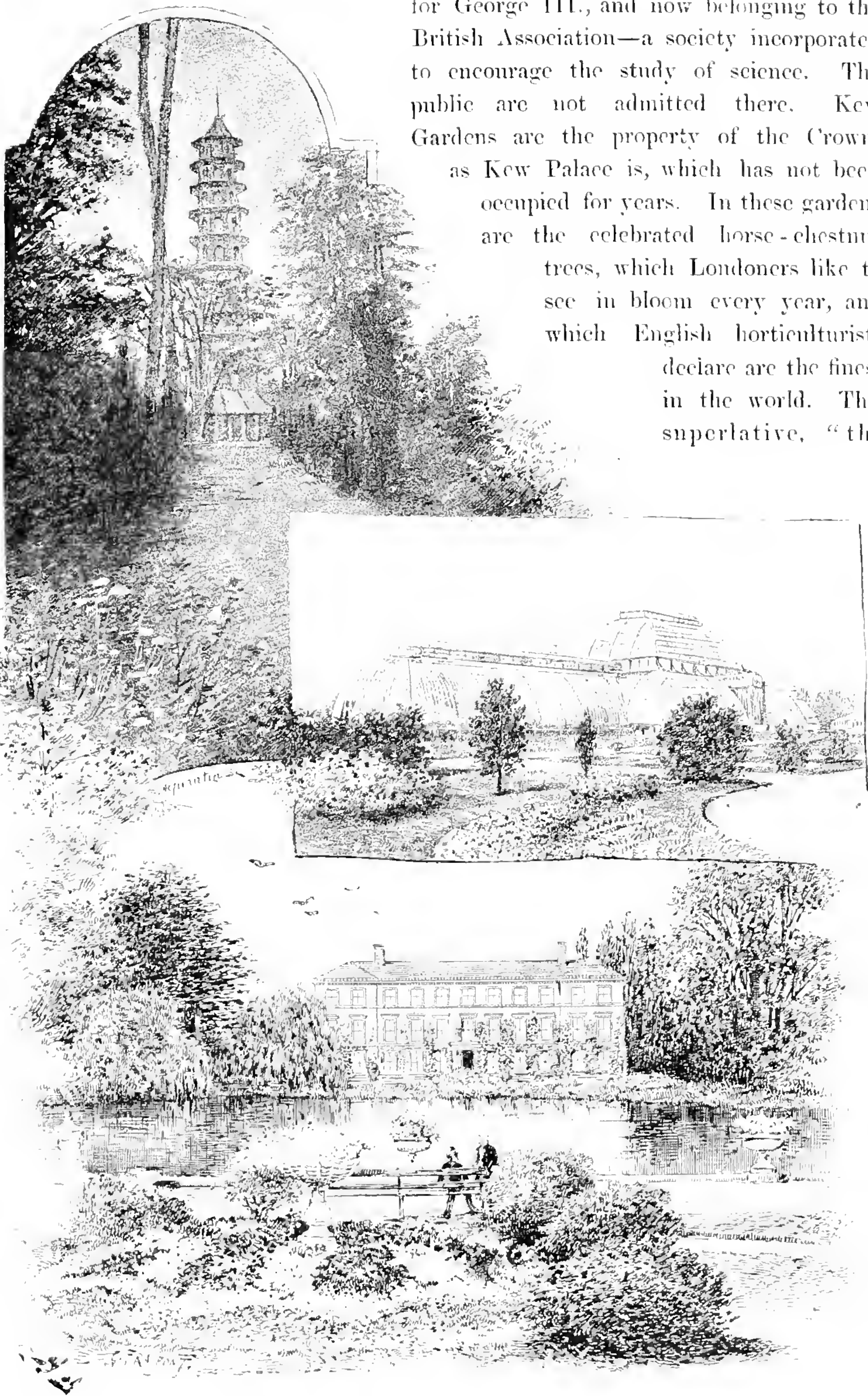
Richmond, a pretty little town situated on the banks of the Thames, half an hour by railway from London, is one of the favourite haunts of all classes of Londoners, who delight in breathing the fresh air and in picnicing in the park, or in dining sumptuously at the "Star and Garter," which is as renowned as the "Pavilion Henry IV." at

VIEW FROM RICHMOND BRIDGE.

St. Germain. Richmond has its terrace, too, at the foot of which winds the Thames, and from which a beautiful view is obtainable—a prospect which Sir Walter Scott considered unique. Richmond Park is about seven miles in circumference; it is a beautiful promenade; but the right of way, as in Hyde Park, is rigorously denied to cabs.

Kew, like Richmond, is much frequented by the inhabitants of the metropolis. The great attraction of the place is the Botanic Garden, which is open daily to the public—even on Sunday, after mid-day. The great palm-house and the Museum are most interesting. Adjoining the Botanic Garden is a picturesque park, called "pleasure grounds," where are the nurseries, a pretty lake, and numerous buildings, the utility of which is doubtful; amongst others, there is a pagoda built after the designs of Sir William Temple, and a temple of Victory. There is also at Kew an Observatory, built

for George III., and now belonging to the British Association—a society incorporated to encourage the study of science. The public are not admitted there. Kew Gardens are the property of the Crown, as Kew Palace is, which has not been occupied for years. In these gardens are the celebrated horse-chestnut trees, which Londoners like to see in bloom every year, and which English horticulturists declare are the finest in the world. This superlative, "the



KEW GARDENS.

finest in the world," is very much used in England, where it is employed on every occasion.

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE AT RICHMOND.

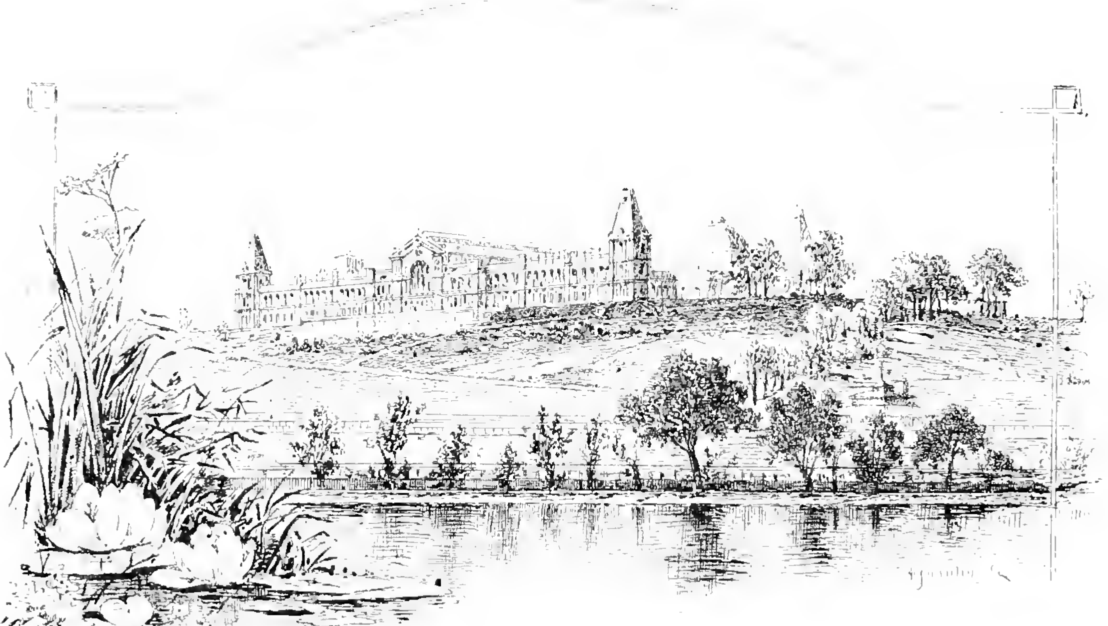
V.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—DULWICH COLLEGE.—THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The Crystal Palace is situated at Sydenham, and can be reached by the London, Chatham, and Dover (High Level) or the London and South Coast Railways, the stations being at the very doors of the Palace. Erected in 1853, on the model of the

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Exhibition of 1851, the Crystal Palace is a building of iron and glass, 1,446 feet long, 100 feet high, and 280 feet wide. It is flanked by two towers, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view. The visitor is impressed, as he enters the palace, by the vast proportions of the nave, cut by two transepts, one in the centre, the other



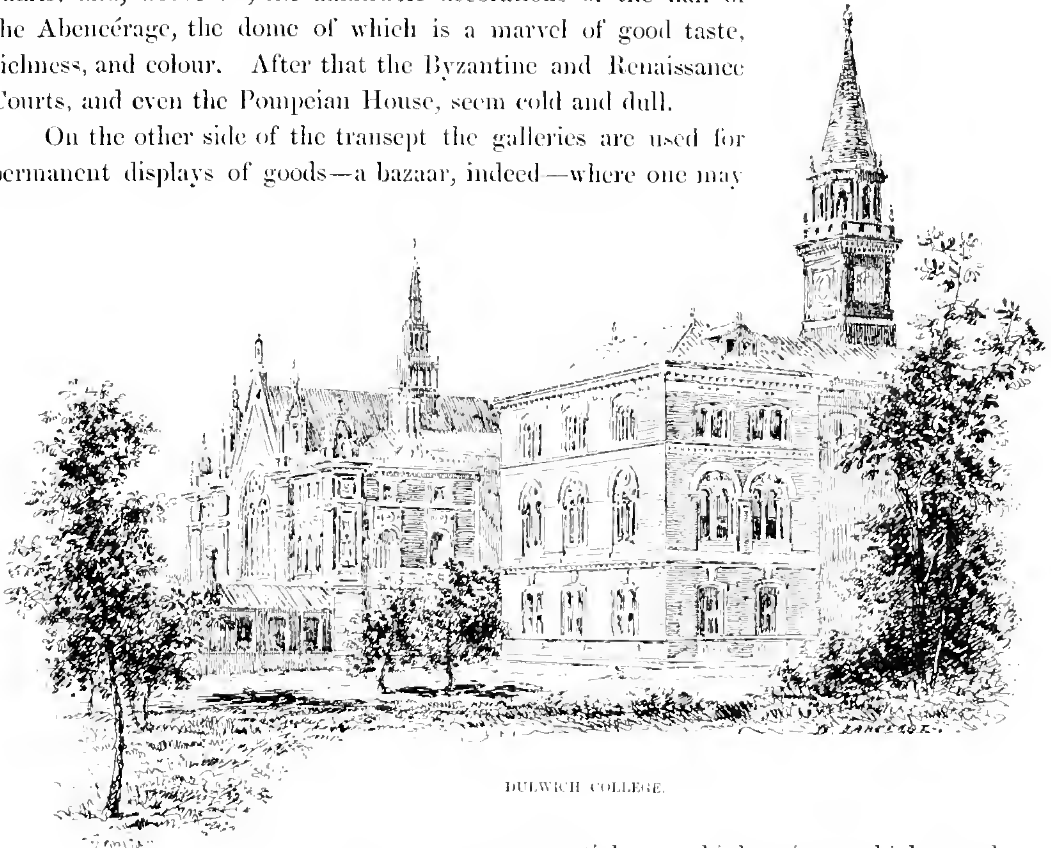
THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

at the southern extremity. Beneath the former of these we find the grand orchestra, the concert hall, and the theatre. The great nave is ornamented with plants, shrubs, and flowers, tastefully arranged. In the portion on one side of the great transept, lateral courts are arranged as nearly as possible like ancient buildings. Thus we have the Egyptian Court, which is guarded by two lions crouching at the entrance, and filled with monuments and statues, exactly copied from those in Egypt. A colonnade, which divides two of the rooms, is a perfect representation of that of Karnak. The Greek Court, beside it, presents a strong contrast, in its elegance and graceful ornamentation, to the stiffness of the Egyptian monuments. Here we find temples, statues, sculptures, bas-reliefs, and a reproduction one-fourth of the actual size of the western façade of the Parthenon. The Roman Court comes next. The centre of this hall is occupied by models of the principal monuments of Rome. There is at one side the Forum as it now is, and on the other side the Colosseum, and the Pantheon restored.

But as soon as we have crossed the threshold of the Alhambra Court, gorgeous with gilding and arabesques, and the bright hues peculiar to Moorish art, the transition is so sudden that we pause confounded. But soon the eye, captivated by the elegant motives

of the decoration, the harmony of the shades, the complication of designs, more apparent than real, experiences an infinite charm in admiring this vision of Spain and the East, so skilfully invoked by the exact reproduction of the Court of Lions at Grenada. One never tires of examining these columns in all their detail, these vaults, and, above all, the admirable decorations of the hall of the Abencérage, the dome of which is a marvel of good taste, richness, and colour. After that the Byzantine and Renaissance Courts, and even the Pompeian House, seem cold and dull.

On the other side of the transept the galleries are used for permanent displays of goods—a bazaar, indeed—where one may



DULWICH COLLEGE.

procure numerous articles at high prices, which can be obtained more cheaply elsewhere. Cutlery, Birmingham articles, photographic apparatus, pianos, carriages; in fact, something of everything. A thorough examination of the Crystal Palace is somewhat costly, for, by a very unbusiness-like arrangement, the visitor is obliged to pay anew to enter any of the exhibitions; when what could be more simple than to raise the price of admission, and permit the public to go where it pleased?

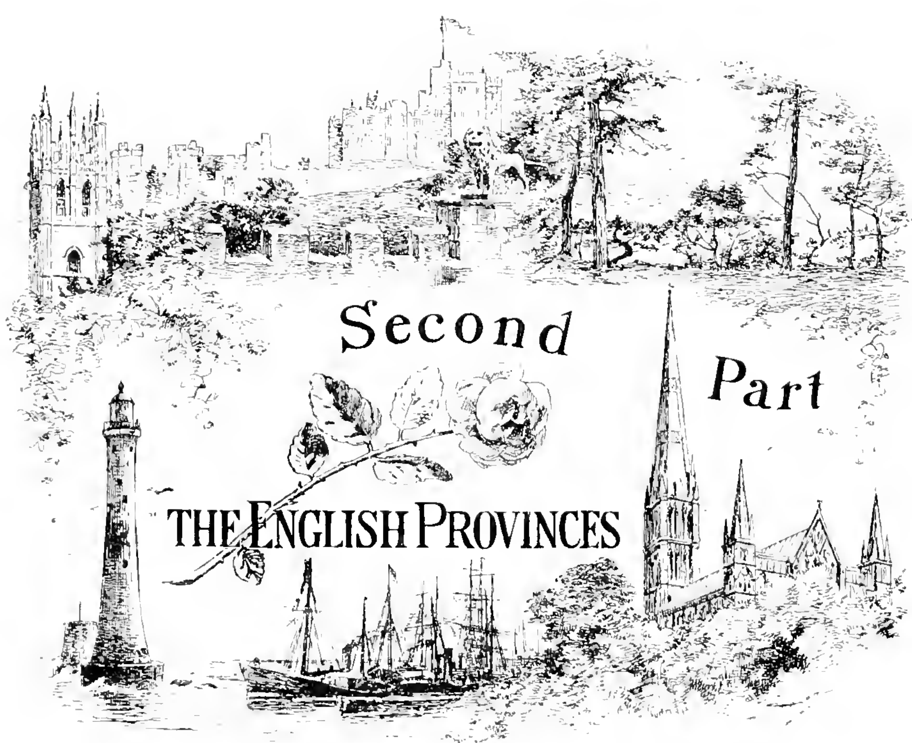
The park, which covers an area of nearly 300 acres, is perhaps the most interesting portion of the palace. We reach it by two terraces, of which the lower is 1,500 feet long and 450 feet wide, forming a splendid promenade.

The Crystal Palace is one of the sights which a stranger must not omit to see, and the English say that whoever has not seen the Crystal Palace has seen nothing. This is, perhaps, going rather too far; nevertheless, this gigantic bazaar is very interesting to visit once, if it is only for the satisfaction of saying you have been there. The whole place, palace and gardens, cost £1,480,000, and one asks one's self whether this enormous sum could not have been employed to greater advantage.

Not far from the Crystal Palace is the little village of Dulwich, justly celebrated for its picture gallery, which is not so well known as it deserves to be. It is placed in an unpretentious building, erected by Sir John Soane, which contains five well-lighted galleries, in which are exhibited 400 pictures, some of great value. The history of this collection is somewhat curious. It was formed in the last century by Noel Desenfans, for King Stanislas of Poland, who destined it for the Museum at Warsaw; but this unfortunate monarch, having been dethroned before he had sent over the pictures, they were left with Desenfans, who bequeathed them to his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois, a Swiss, and a member of the Royal Academy. He, in his turn, willed all the collection to Dulwich College, with a sum of £10,000 to provide a gallery for them. This fine collection includes a number of masterpieces.

Dulwich College, founded by Edward Alleyne, an actor contemporary with Shakespeare, is situated some distance from the Picture Gallery, in the new buildings, erected in 1870.

The Alexandra Palace, on the model of the Crystal Palace, is built on the centre of a fine park upon Muswell Hill, at the north side of London, on the Great Northern Railway. The career of the Alexandra Palace has been as short as it has been lustreless. Opened in May, 1873, it was destroyed by fire a fortnight afterwards. It was rebuilt; and two years later the inauguration took place in the presence of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation. The want of a second Crystal Palace was not felt, and the Alexandra Palace has been a gigantic *fiasco*, from all points of view. This is much to be regretted, for that part of the county of Middlesex in which it stands is very picturesque, and, being near London, ought to attract the public, which, on the contrary, shows itself very indifferent to the attractions of the Alexandra Palace, which several managers have taken in hand, and where they have ruined themselves, without making it popular.


Second Part
THE ENGLISH PROVINCES

THE PROVINCES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION.—THE ARISTOCRACY.—COUNTRY SEATS.

I.

ADMINISTRATIVE DIVISIONS.—LORDS LIEUTENANT.—HIGH SHERIFFS AND CORONERS—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.—PARISHES AND BOROUGHS.—PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—PARTITION OF THE SOIL.—TERRITORIAL FORTUNES.—FARMERS.—IMPORTATION OF CEREALS.—INFLUENCE OF THE LANDLORDS.

England, including Wales, is divided into 52 counties, one of which—Yorkshire—is subdivided into three districts, called "Ridings." In former days the counties were called Shires—(Shire is an old Saxon name, signifying division) but the term is now only used in compound words—as Lancashire, Dorsetshire, &c., signifying the County of Lancaster, of Dorset, and so on.

As the fundamental principle of the English Government is to permit everyone to manage his own business as he thinks best, the provincial administration is exclusively local and decentralized. The Government, or rather the Crown, is represented in each county by three functionaries—the Lord Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, and the Coroner; but their functions being of the military order for the first, and of the judicial kind for the other two, they cannot be considered strictly as Agents for the Government, since the Army and Justice are dependent solely upon the Sovereign.

The Lord Lieutenant, nominated by the Queen, commands the Militia of the county, and he is also charged sometimes with the custody of the archives; in such a case he is styled *Custos Rotulorum*, besides. It is scarcely necessary to add that his functions are purely honorary.

The High Sheriff is a personage whose duties, more numerous than those of the Lord Lieutenant, are also more important. He is obliged to preside over the elections

of candidates for seats in Parliament, of Coroners and others, and to carry out the decisions and sentences of the civil courts and of criminal tribunals. As Queen's Bailiff he is also empowered to maintain the rights and prerogatives of the Crown throughout the extent of his bailiwick—that is, in the county. He is assisted by an Under-Sheriff, Bailiffs, and other functionaries.

The Sheriff, who must be a man of landed property, is appointed by the Queen upon the nomination of the Lord Lieutenant, and he cannot refuse to exercise his functions for the term of office, which lasts one year.

The Coroners (of whom there are four or five in each county) are elected for life by the landed proprietors, but the Crown has the right to nominate Coroners in certain places—at Windsor Castle for instance.

The duties of a Coroner consist principally in holding inquests upon all people who have died by violence, or suddenly, and on these who die in prisons. So after an execution the Coroner proceeds to the prison, and opens an inquest upon the body of the deceased criminal. He is in every case assisted by a jury, who must view the dead body, otherwise no inquest can be held. In 1883, many individuals perished in a fire which consumed a lunatic asylum; and although human beings had thus died, the Coroner was unable to hold an inquest at once, because no recognizable remains had been discovered, but some time afterwards one of the female servants of the establishment having died from the effects of her injuries, it was permissible for the inquest to be held; without such an incident as this, the Coroner would have had no official knowledge of the affair. Lastly, in the absence of the Sheriff, the Coroner is obliged to supervise the carrying out of the decisions and sentences of the various Courts and Tribunals. He is also charged with holding investigations in cases of shipwreck, or of treasure-trove.

The administration of towns, parishes, and boroughs, which make up the county, is confided to the municipal authorities, and is known as "Local Government."

The disputes which often arose between the various local authorities, at length attracted the attention of the Government, and since 1871, these authorities have been placed under the control of a committee called the Local Government Board, the President of which is nominated by the Queen, and of which the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the five principal Secretaries of State are *ex officio* members. The Board is a political body, and changes with the Ministry, of course. The duties of the Board consist, not in directing the municipal authorities, who are not dependent upon it, but in simply controlling their operations, and in taking care that they conform to the laws which govern the matter. For the purposes of Local Government, the country is divided into counties, parishes, and districts. The large counties are separated into divisions: some towns and cities are raised, with their surrounding territories, into distinct counties, which are called "Counties Corporate."

The duties of the local authorities are to maintain order, and to watch over the safety of the inhabitants, to provide primary education, to keep in order the public buildings, the streets, the roads and bridges which are within their jurisdiction, to pave and light the streets, to inspect the markets, public vehicles, &c. As will be perceived from the foregoing, the highways and roads are kept up at the expense of the parishes

through which they run. Everyone in England is obliged to contribute to the maintenance of the roads and bridges of which he makes use, but of them only. Englishmen will not admit that great public works undertaken for the benefit of a port on the south coast, for instance, should be executed at the expense of the inhabitants of the midland counties, and reciprocally it is the same. Dover wants a port of refuge? Let Dover make it at her own expense. If Liverpool wishes to extend her dock accommodation, let Liverpool find the funds for the purpose. These matters have no concern for the Midlands—everyone for himself! Such is the principle which the English apply rigorously, and which they find works very well.

If now we pass from theory to practice, the following is the organization of the parishes and municipal corporations. The parish is managed by the Vestry, a sort of Communal Council, elected by the ratepayers, which is charged with the administration of that district, with the nomination of all its functionaries and the distribution of its funds. The ecclesiastical business of a parish is confided to two churchwardens, one of whom is nominated by the Vicar, and the other is elected by the rate-payers, as they are called, the rates being the local imposts. Public relief, of which we have already spoken, is administered by a Council, elected by the rate-payers of each parish or union. The members of this body are known as Guardians of the Poor.

The administration of the towns or boroughs is entrusted to Municipal Corporations, consisting of a Mayor, a certain number of Aldermen, and Common Councillors.

Every tenant of a house, or shop, or office, or of any building whatever situated in the borough is a municipal elector; the right of voting extends even to women. The boroughs are divided into wards, and each ward elects a certain number of Councillors. These, a third of whom retire annually in rotation, elect the Aldermen, and the Town Council is thus constituted. It is presided over by a Mayor, elected for a year, from amongst the Aldermen. This, in a few words, is the municipal and parochial organization of England.

We have now to show how the counties and boroughs are represented in Parliament, and what are the conditions necessary to be an elector.

Universal suffrage does not exist in the United Kingdom. The male population of England and Wales which numbers 12,624,754 citizens, counted, until the new law of 1885 was passed, only 2,600,000 electors. The Act of 1885 added about 2,000,000 of new electors to those capable of voting for the counties and boroughs. An elector for the county must either be (1) a landed proprietor, whose revenues amount to at least forty shillings a year, after the deduction of all rates and taxes, or (2) a farmer paying contributions calculated upon a rateable annual value of at least £12. In the towns and boroughs, to be an elector, one must be (1) a tenant of a house or lodging, or (2) a proved householder paying a £10 rental. One may be at the same time an elector in many towns and counties, "political domicile," as it is understood in France, not being recognized by English law. The New Act (1885) extended to the electors in the counties the arrangements applicable to those in the boroughs, and conferred the franchise upon the agricultural labourers and other wage-earning classes.

Peers can neither vote in elections nor be elected. Judges, magistrates of police, or other tribunals, the clergy, Anglican, Scotch, or Roman Catholic, although permitted to

vote, are not eligible as Members of Parliament. Property is thus the base of the English electoral system, a statement which leads us to enter into some details of the large landed estates and their possessors.

The superficial total of the United Kingdom is 77,635,300 acres, of which 45,575,747, including the parks and pasture land, are under cultivation. The remainder is occupied by the mountains—which are not numerous, England being comparatively flat—the lakes, rivers, and towns.

The land is not divided as in France, where large estates are the exception: on the contrary, in England large properties are the rule. And there are only 320,000 landed proprietors in the whole of the United Kingdom!

According to the Parliamentary Blue Book, published in 1875, the land is divided as follows:—

One quarter of the kingdom is in the hands of 1,200 persons, who possess on the average 16,000 acres each.

Another quarter is held by 6,200 proprietors: each holding on an average 3,150 acres.

A third quarter is divided amongst 50,770 owners of 380 acres each. And the last quarter belongs to 261,830 individuals, each of whom, on an average, owns 70 acres.

Half the entire country belongs to 7,400 people, and the 600 peers who form the House of Lords hold amongst them a fifth part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland!

On the other hand, amongst a hundred Englishmen, taken at random, you will scarcely find one who owns more than an acre of land.

The yield of the land is estimated at £200,000,000 annually.

Although, as we have seen, the peers possess one-fifth of the land, we must not conclude that, because a man is titled, he is therefore rich. This is a grave error, very commonly accepted in France, and even in England. More than one member of the Upper House has as much right as the brother of Richard Cœur de Lion to the title of Lackland, bestowed on the King who granted to the English Magna Charta—the groundwork of all their liberties.

On the other hand, there are others whose domains are of almost fabulous extent.

The Duke of Sutherland owns 1,358,545 acres, whose revenues are estimated at £140,000 a year. The Duke of Buccleugh possesses 460,000 acres of land, and draws from it £220,000 a year. The Earl of Breadalbane holds 438,000 acres; the Earl of Seafield, 305,000; the Duke of Richmond, 286,000; the Earl of Fife, 249,000; the Marquis of Athol, 200,000; the Duke of Devonshire as much: briefly, there are forty-four persons who possess more than 100,000 acres, and seventy-one who hold between 50,000 and 100,000. Nevertheless, all the large landed proprietors are not peers. To prove this, we may mention Lady Matheson, who owns 424,000 acres; Sir Alexander Matheson, 220,000; Sir W. Williams Wynn (the "King of Wales") 145,000; The Macleod, 141,000; the Laird of Chisholm, 113,000; Mr. Berridge, the largest land owner in Ireland, 170,000.

But there is a reverse to the medal: many of the estates yield nothing, or so little, that they become an expense to their owners, whose revenues are frequently out of all

proportion to the extent of their domains. There are only fifteen persons whose land brings them in £100,000 a year; if we analyze the incomes of the other landed proprietors, we find fifty-one who enjoy revenues varying between £50,000 and £100,000; two hundred and fifty-nine who have from £20,000 to £50,000 a year; five hundred and forty-one from £10,000 to £20,000; and sixteen hundred with from £3,000 to £10,000. £3,000 a year is a pretty fair income, it is true; but when the proprietor has paid all charges and taxes out of it, there seldom remains more than £600 a year to live on. Mr. Bateman, whose work is an authority on these matters, and whose figures we quote, very cleverly fixes the income of a Squire, the possessor of 3,500 acres, at £5,000; and, after deducting bad debts, and charges imposed by the late parent's will, he comes to the conclusion that the net revenue of the fortunate owner does not exceed £1,000 a year. The really rich man in England is he who possesses £15,000 or £20,000 in Consols, or in some industrial securities; but we shall make a great mistake if we base the fortune of one individual upon the number of acres he possesses. If we divide the amount of the revenues of the Duke of Sutherland into the aggregate number of the acres he owns, we find that he receives about two shillings and twopence an acre—which is ridiculous.

It need scarcely be stated that large landed proprietors very often farm out their estates and do not cultivate them themselves; although some may be at the same time proprietors and farmers: these are gentlemen-farmers. The tenant-farmers number about 560,000 in England and Scotland, and 600,000 in Ireland. Much more extravagant than the French farmers, they live more expensively, and are usually better instructed and more enlightened. They bring a more extended knowledge to bear upon the cultivation of their land; they profit by all the discoveries of modern science; they renew and improve their plant continually, and obtain from the soil all that it is humanly possible to get out of it. They are, also, bound by their leases, which impose very heavy charges upon them, independently of the rent that they pay. So bad years are as disastrous for the farmers as for the landlords. Exhausted by many successive bad seasons, having no reserve fund (for the Englishman is not economical, and lives freely, spending all he makes), the farmers have found themselves for several years unable to meet the charges on their farms. The landlords have also suffered by this, and a number of them have, of their own accord, relinquished a considerable portion of their incomes, for they have remitted to the farmers 10, 15, 20, and sometimes 50 per cent. of their rents.

But it is not only to the insufficiency of the crops that we must attribute the depression under which English agriculture is suffering. The very rapid increase of the population has caused such a considerable importation of cereals, that the English farmer is crushed beneath the weight of supplies from Southern Russia, and, above all, from America, which alone furnishes England with nearly £30,000,000 worth of grain and flour. The official statistics, admirably compiled, and very interesting, inform us that in 1882 such a quantity of these were imported that, divided by the amount of the population, the result was an average of more than 211lbs. per head. The quantity of cattle imported during the same year was enormous; it had become necessary to demand from other countries 343,700 oxen, and 1,124,000 sheep, representing value to the

amount of £9,200,000. Tremendous competition this for the graziers, who are, however, happier than the farmers. Altogether, and what seems to bear out the statements of the economists of the Malthus School, who declare that the yield of the soil does not increase in the same proportion as the inhabitants, England, which, in 1862, with a population of twenty-nine millions, imported £50,000,000 worth of food, or £1 14*s.* 0*d.* a head of the population, in 1882, imported food to the value of £110,000,000—a sum which, divided amongst the thirty-five millions of inhabitants of the United Kingdom, gives an average of £3 3*s.* 0*d.* per head.

As a matter of fact the large estates in the Highlands of Scotland produce absolutely nothing; it is just the same in certain counties of Ireland in which the landlords have for years not received a red cent from their tenants, and may reckon themselves fortunate if they have not got a bullet in their heads instead of rent, or, at least, a threatening notice of assassination.

However, if the land under cultivation does not pay more than two per cent., the colliery and mining districts, and town and city property, are sources of immense wealth.

The influence of the landed proprietors is certainly much less than formerly, but it is still considerable.

The time is passed when a lord could boast that he could send his steward or his footman to Parliament; nevertheless it would be an almost unheard-of thing that a candidate should come to oppose a son or a nominee of the Duke of Sutherland for the representation of that county in Parliament, or that some one, other than a Churchill, should solicit the suffrages of Woodstock. Lastly, have we not seen, quite lately, certain Scotch proprietors threatening the Crofters with eviction if they gave evidence before the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into their grievances against their landlords? These are exceptions, certainly, and rare exceptions, but is it not characteristic of the country, that in the year of grace, 1883, a Lord of the Manor has still so great power over the unfortunate people who have been born on his domain?

The time was so much the worse chosen, as the relations between the landlords and tenants are very strained in Ireland, and, as we all know, threaten to become so in England and Scotland; and the complaints of the farmers have at length reached the ears of the Government, who appear to have made up their minds to do something for them.

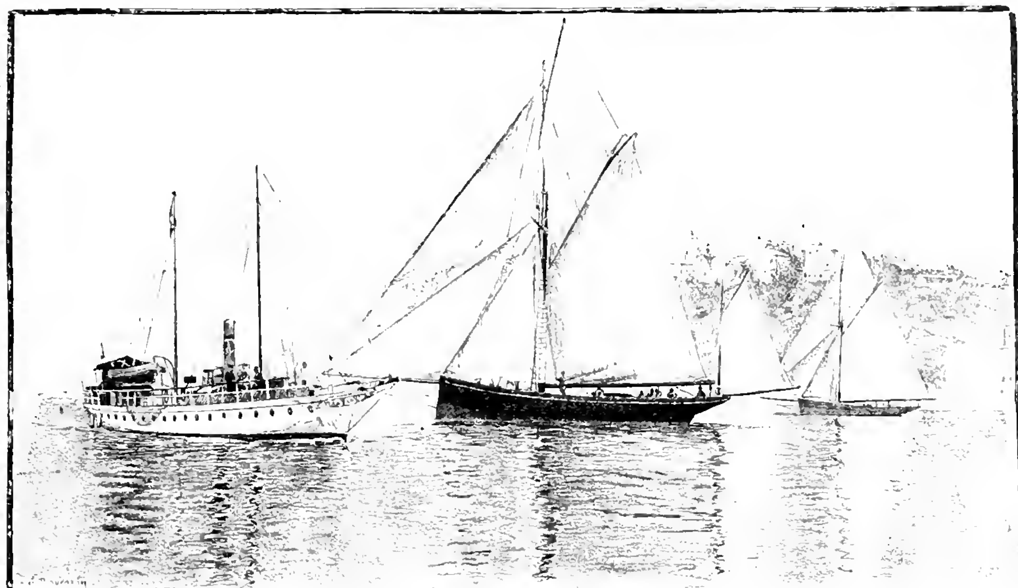
II.

THE ARISTOCRACY: ELDER AND YOUNGER SONS.—TEN MINUTES TOO LATE!—THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—HOW LARGE FORTUNES ARE MANAGED.—AGENTS AND SECRETARIES: A GILDED EXISTENCE.

The British aristocracy is not solely composed of the Lords who sit in the Upper House. It includes, besides the Peerage—English, Scotch, and Irish—the baronets and those old families who trace their origin to the Norman Conquest, resting their

claims on parchments, the authenticity of which is doubted by some sceptics. But it is certain that the members of the aristocracy, which includes the nobility and gentry, form a class apart, and are designated the "upper ten thousand," or, more often, the "upper ten," with that love for abbreviation which distinguishes the Englishman, who is more economical of his syllables than of his guineas.

In these great noble families of the landed gentry, the eldest son enjoys all the privileges and all the inheritance. This is invariably the case in a titled family. No doubt the liberty of the testator is absolute, and no real law of primogeniture, properly so called, now exists; that is to say, there is no law which forces a father to leave his



YACHTS AT COWES (ISLE OF WIGHT).

fortune to the eldest of his children to the detriment of the others; but, as there is nothing which prevents him from doing so, it is seldom that matters are arranged differently. In all noble families the large domains must pass to him who inherits the title, and the eldest son, in his turn, cannot alienate them; he is only a tenant for life, the true proprietor being the title; an imaginary entity, perhaps, but represented by trustees—very real personages indeed. Again, as a matter of fact, a father can entail his property. It is true that he cannot so bind it for more than two generations; but there is nothing to prevent the last inheritor from renewing for two more generations the inalienability of the patrimonial estates, and so on. The right of primogeniture exists *de facto*; and it is owing to the law of entail, now limited to two lives, but perpetual for the entails created before the new law, that the immense estates of the aristocracy are preserved intact.

The results of this custom are sometimes very curious. There is at the present time in England, a younger son of a family, who, having been born ten minutes after his brother, is only allowed a modest income of a few hundreds a year, while his twin-brother enjoys a large revenue. It was an unlucky stroke of fortune, and few people have

so nearly won a stake. Nevertheless, the moral effect is the same, no matter what the difference between the ages of the children of the same father.

From a feeling of pride by no means uncommon, even people who have no titles nor estates—great merchants, rich financiers—give the preference to their eldest sons. Thus the fortunes they have acquired go on increasing from generation to generation, and the names of these Crœsuses become a synonym for wealth, which flatters their self-love until the day comes when they exchange it for a peerage and a seat in the Upper House.

The head of a noble family only considers it his duty to give his younger sons the education of gentlemen, and to provide them with an income which will keep them from want, without, however, permitting them to live in the same style as they did in their youth. Some, the minority, of these are content with their modest pittance; they live in London, where their names are pass-words to every house, and they frequent those hospitable mansions where they are well entertained. When London is empty at the end of the "Season" they take refuge in their clubs, or go on the Continent to watering-places where *roulette*, *trente et quarante*, or *baccarat* are still played. The rest who constitute the large majority embrace one of the three avocations which a gentleman can enter without derogating from his dignity—the Army, the Church, or business. Very few choose the Bar, and none medicine, by which it must not be understood that the profession of medicine is not an honoured one in England; on the contrary, doctors are much appreciated and sought after in society, and the most celebrated are invariably created baronets. Many younger sons thus gain very good positions, and some of them, by their intelligence and capacity, have been known to equal, and, at times, surpass the incomes of their eldest brothers.

The latter, after quitting the University, seek nominations as Members of Parliament. They prepare themselves for political life by visiting the Colonies and foreign countries, by the study of economical and social questions, which are debated unceasingly, and of which the English are passionately fond.

One of their first acts is to put their names down as candidates for membership at the particular clubs which reflect their views; and candidates are so numerous in certain well-known clubs that one may have to wait for five or six years or more before being elected. There are few members of the House of Lords who have not passed the Commons, wherein they made their political *début*, and it is a well-known fact that the most clever of the Peers, and those whose opinions have most weight, are those who have served their apprenticeship in the Lower House. There are exceptions, but they are so much the more remarkable because rare. The English Peerage is thus composed of men, who, for the most part, are accustomed to the contests of parliamentary life, and acquainted with the wants and aspirations of the residents of their respective counties which they have represented in the House of Commons, some of them, accustomed to business, distinguished orators, skilful politicians, turn out statesmen of the highest rank.

Others again embrace a military career, and pass some years in one of the regiments of the Guards, while they are awaiting the time when they will come into their property, and sit in the House of Lords, where they are content to vote with their party, without taking any active part in the debates.

The Country Gentleman, who lives exclusively on his estates, is becoming more and more a *rara avis*. Here and there may be found some who only quit their estates to come to London for the season, but they may be counted on the fingers. Some years hence they will all have disappeared to make room for the gentlemen of the new school, who scarcely pass any time on their estates, except in the shooting season, from the middle of August to the end of November, and go to sun themselves at Nice, in Egypt, or Madeira, during the winter, and return to London for the opening of Parliament, if they are members of either House, or for the Season, if they have no other guide than

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.

SETTING OUT.

caprice, or no other pursuit besides pleasure. This cosmopolitan existence has for the modern Englishman a particular charm which his ancestors would not have understood. Although the English have always been the greatest travellers on earth, they have never lived so much abroad as they do at present. There is not, so to speak, an English family with any pretensions to belong to Society which has not lived this double existence, and spent a part of the year either in France, Italy, or Germany. Very much in sheep-fashion, those in "Society" follow blindly the example set them by their leaders,—that is to say, by certain well-known personages, whom it is good form to imitate—while denying that they do so. This is, however, a trait common to the aristocracies of all countries. The manner of living, of dressing, of speaking, practised by these leaders of society, is scrupulously imitated by those who are, as they say, in the world! In consequence of this habit the word "Revenue" has been altered in pronunciation since, in a speech from the Throne, a particular emphasis was laid on it,

which is now specially affected by fashionable people. The mania for being distinguished from the common herd is so great that some people, whose unlucky stars have bestowed on them a vulgar name, attempt to hide it orthographically in the most fantastic way. Thus Brown becomes Brown*e*, and Smith, Smyth*e*, or Sm*y*th; "double your name and add an *e*," said Thackeray, "nothing gives you such a fashionable air as that." When orthography fails and the name cannot be altered in writing, they have recourse to a special pronunciation, almost always whimsical, and which common people do not possess. Beauchamp, for instance, is pronounced *Bitchamm*; Cholmondeley, *Chumley*. All this is very harmless, but at the same time, it proves that the English are addicted to puerilities which one would not expect to meet with amongst so positive and practical a people.

It is in its lordly dwellings, in its princely domains, surrounded by the greatest luxury, in the midst of artistic gems of immense value—in a word, in all its splendour—that one must see the upper class of English society to understand its influence and the respect with which it is surrounded. In a country where money is all powerful, where property carries with it so many advantages and privileges, it is not surprising that those who possess all the semblances of wealth—imaginary in some cases, real in others—it is not surprising, we say, that the aristocracy, the nobility and gentry, should be regarded with a respectful admiration, mingled, if the truth be told, with envy, and sometimes with sullen spitefulness; but the first-mentioned sentiment predominates.

How calculated to excite covetousness is this gilded existence of the English aristocracy—the only one in Europe which has preserved almost all its prerogatives intact, in spite of the levelling tendencies of the age and the progress of new ideas. And how well these grandees know how to arrange their lives! How everything is regulated to render their existence easy and pleasant!

The large estates are administered by an agent, himself a landed proprietor, and often a solicitor, who resides upon the property confided to his supervision. 'Tis he who makes terms with the farmers, and has under his orders the managers of the mines, blast-furnaces, or other industrial enterprises which are carried on by the landlord, who on his part has no trouble at all. When he wants to buy or sell, or to borrow money, the trustees intervene, and through their instrumentality the business is concluded. The proprietor is in leading strings. The agents of certain noblemen are veritable ministers, and have under their orders a staff of engineers, architects, and various clerks. The urban proprietors are represented by an agent placed at the head of a special administration. In London, the Dukes of Westminster, Portland, Bedford, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Portman, and one or two other noblemen, have been obliged to devote a whole house to the accommodation of their working staff. Five or six of these peers own nine-tenths of the metropolis amongst them, and their revenues amount to hundreds of pounds sterling *per day*.

The castle, or the lordly mansion, is administered by a private secretary, who has under his orders all the domestics in livery, or not in livery—upper and lower servants. This post is no sinecure. The moves, the dinner-parties, balls, *fêtes*, receptions, hunting, shooting or fishing parties, impose continuous work upon him.

The guests arrive at the castle attended by their valets or ladies'-maids: there are

fifty, sixty, or a hundred persons to lodge and provide for. There must be carriages and vans to carry guests and their luggage. To the grand balls guests are invited from many miles round, and a special train is kept waiting in the station to carry them home again.

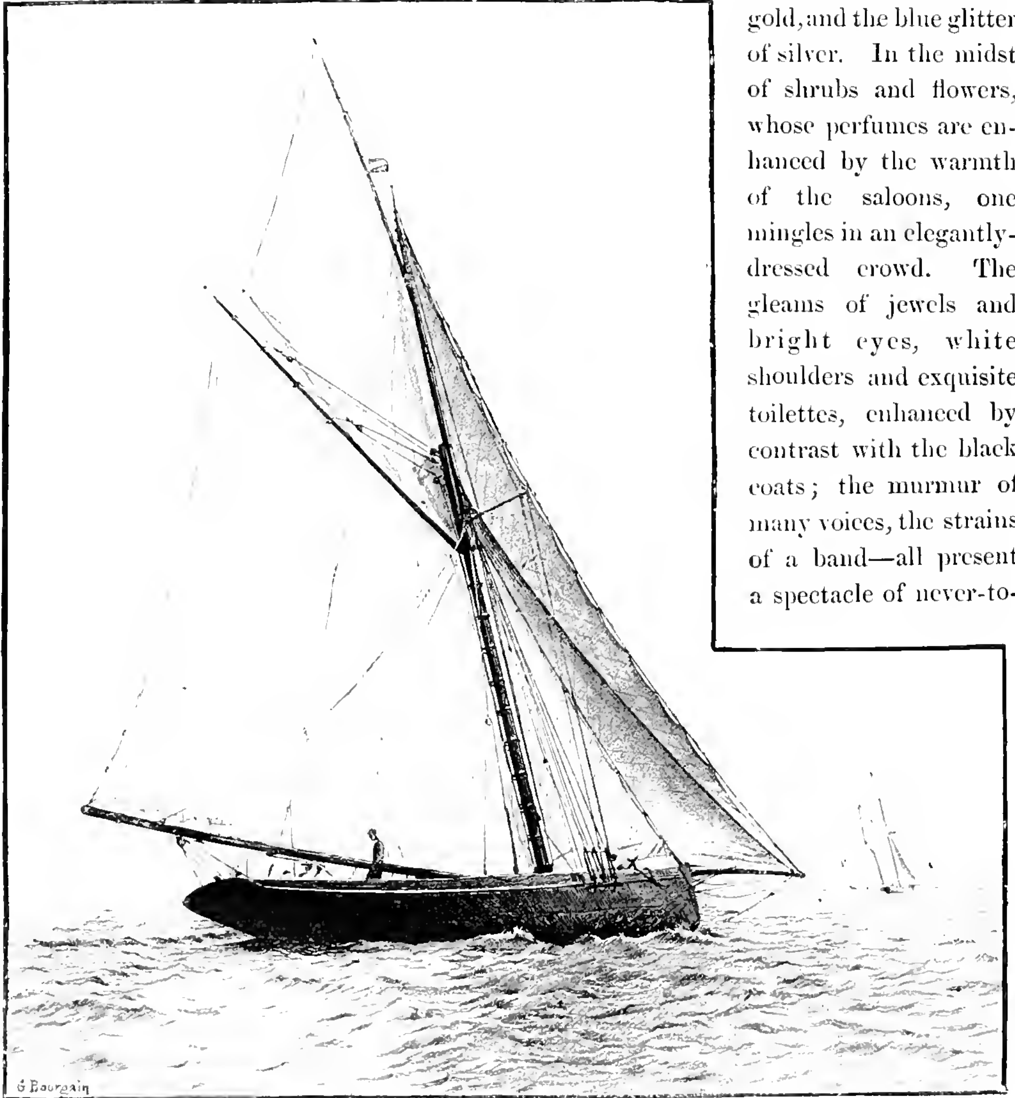
During the autumn there are continual amusements; the relays of guests succeed each other almost incessantly. Hunting, shooting, and fishing parties are followed by

DEER-STALKING IN SCOTLAND.
LUNCH-TIME.

dinners, balls, and concerts; private theatricals are got up; all enjoy themselves in a princely manner—royally. When a Prince of the blood, or a Highness on his travels, deigns to honour with his presence one of these gatherings, the magnificence which is displayed eclipses that of many foreign Courts, and astonishes even Orientals. Did not one of these potentates say, on one occasion, after being present at a *fête* given by the Duke of S——, that if he had in his dominions a man so rich, he would have his head cut off? Certainly, these entertainments are of unequalled magnificence and splendour.

The reception-rooms, the ball-room, and banqueting hall, the vast galleries resplen-

dent with candelabra, the glitter of gilding—repeated *ad infinitum* by the immense mirrors with shining frames. The walls are concealed by tapestry, or hung with masterpieces; the tables and consoles support rare and precious objects. The cabinets of old carved oak, laden with goldsmiths' work, shine out, in the gloom of the vast rooms, with all the tawny gleams of gold, and the blue glitter of silver. In the midst of shrubs and flowers, whose perfumes are enhanced by the warmth of the saloons, one mingles in an elegantly-dressed crowd. The gleams of jewels and bright eyes, white shoulders and exquisite toilettes, enhanced by contrast with the black coats; the murmur of many voices, the strains of a band—all present a spectacle of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. It is a gratification of all the senses, of all the faculties—an intoxication of wealth—the apotheosis of fortune!



RACING CUTTER.

It is considered *bon ton* for grandees to have, besides their mansions on their ancestral estates, shooting boxes in Scotland or in Norfolk; a marine residence at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where assembles the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which the Prince of Wales is Commodore. One more opportunity for lavish expenditure occurs in these sailing, or

steam, yachts, which year by year are becoming more numerous, larger, and better found. Thousands are expended in their construction, furnishing, and equipment. Some are as large as a small ship of war, and to go round the world in one of these yachts is the acme of enjoyment and happiness for those who are not afraid of sea-sickness. Others less ambitious, content themselves with a cruise to Norway in summer, or to the Mediterranean in winter.

When "My Lord" has shot his stags or grouse in Scotland, he crosses the Atlantic and hunts the grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, or buffalo in the plains of America. An English sportsman accomplishes this trip with as much ease as a Frenchman would proceed to Chantilly to shoot. "My Lady" herself accompanies the expedition, sleeps under canvas, and accomplishes immense distances on horseback. During the absence of their parents, the children remain in the family mansion; the boys are confided to the care of a tutor, and the girls to their governess. If the boys are grown up, they go to a public school, or to a University; but the daughters never go to a boarding school.

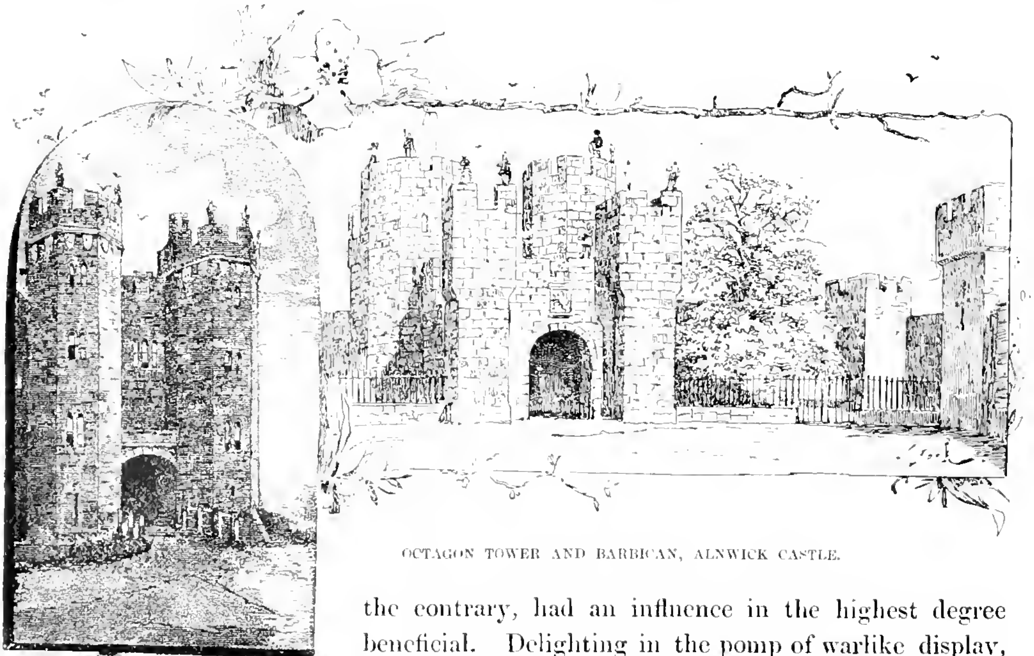
As will be understood, to carry out all these objects one must enjoy an immense revenue, of which only a certain number are possessed; but these privileged ones are not so few as might be supposed. Besides the titled personages whose names are well known, and whose acts and proceedings are carefully chronicled in the "Society Journals," there are a certain number of the members of the aristocracy who, although little known to the general public, possess fabulous wealth. In 1883 died two men belonging to the nobility, one of whom left £5,000,000, and the other £12,000,000: between them totalling 425,000,000 of francs. On the other hand there are inheritors of great names, attached—that is the word—to luxurious mansions who have not had the good fortune to find coal or iron on their estates, spending all their incomes in keeping up their ancestral homes, which they cannot dispose of, and which are positively ruining them.

III.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE CELEBRATED COUNTRY SEATS.—ALNWICK CASTLE, HATFIELD HOUSE, CHATSWORTH, BLENHEIM, WOBURN ABBEY.

The ancient Britons were instructed by the Romans in the art of building durable residences, and in embellishing them. The oldest monuments in England, those which have survived the struggles of the Saxons with the Danes, date from the Roman occupation.

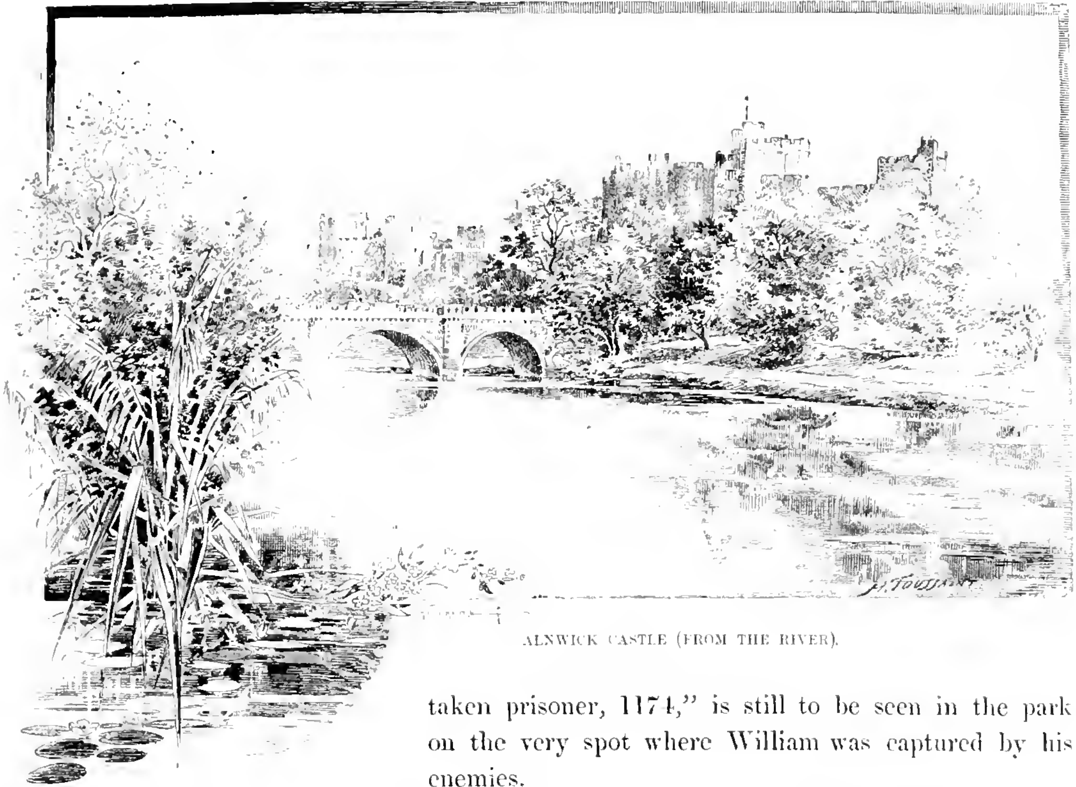
If the Saxons did nothing for the civilization of Great Britain, the Normans, on the contrary, had an influence in the highest degree beneficial. Delighting in the pomp of warlike display, in the expense and luxury of the feudal system which they inaugurated in the country, the Norman chiefs, amongst whom William divided the country, built on their extensive estates castles—or, rather, fortresses—whence they made forays upon their neighbours' territories, and in which they shut themselves up to resist assault when they were in their turn attacked. Such is the origin of these feudal structures, some of which still stand. For five hundred years they have preserved their warlike appearance. They were surrounded by moats, flanked with towers, and defended by a swarm of servants, more soldiers than domestics.



OCTAGON TOWER AND BARBICAN, ALNWICK CASTLE.

One of the most remarkable of these is the celebrated castle of Alnwick, which belongs to the Duke of Northumberland; it is situated in that county, between Newcastle and Berwick.

Built on the right bank of the Alne to the north of the town of Alnwick, we perceive from a distance its imposing mass, bristling with turrets, embattled and machicolated, protected by thick walls, which support sixteen massive towers. In the Middle Ages Alnwick defended the English frontier against the Scots, who three times besieged it, but unsuccessfully. In 1093 Malcolm III., King of Scotland, met his death before the castle, which he was besieging; and later, in 1174, another Scottish sovereign was made prisoner by the defenders of Alnwick. A monument on which is inscribed:—"William the Lion, King of Scotland, besieging Alnwick Castle, was here



ALNWICK CASTLE (FROM THE RIVER).

taken prisoner, 1174," is still to be seen in the park on the very spot where William was captured by his enemies.

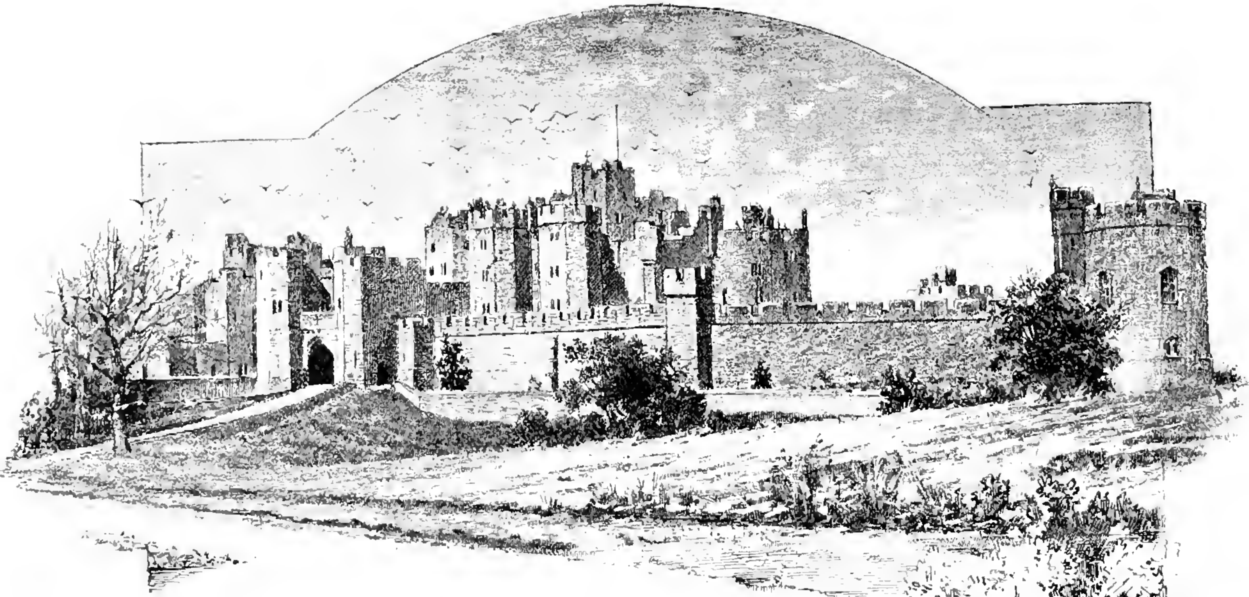
Of very ancient origin, Alnwick Castle, much affected by time and the assaults it has withstood, was in the last century in a deplorably ruinous condition when it passed into the possession of Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, who hastened to restore it and to bestow upon it its ancient character. He caused new buildings to be erected in perfect harmony with the ancient portions, which were carefully repaired, and re-bestowed upon this noble pile the characteristic grandeur which the neglect of his predecessors had permitted it to lose.

The entrance to the castle, dating from the 14th century, is protected by a barbican of the same period, picturesquely surmounted by stone effigies, representing men-at-arms in various attitudes, which from a distance have the appearance of living sentinels. Between the battlements of some towers, and upon the parapets, we find these strange stone defenders.

In one of the interior courts the Norman archway and the well particularly

demand our attention. The arch dates from the 12th century; it is one of the most beautiful and the best preserved specimens of the period which it is possible to find. The mouth of the well, which is at the side, is formed by a large ogival bay let into the wall, and inclosing three other and smaller bays, in which works the wheel that draws the water. Above is a statue of a saint supported by a curious human face.

By a curious anomaly, the apartments which are situated in the Prudhoe Tower, erected in 1854, are decorated in the Italian style—a circumstance which has met with much criticism. However, as nothing of the old ornamentation was left—neither



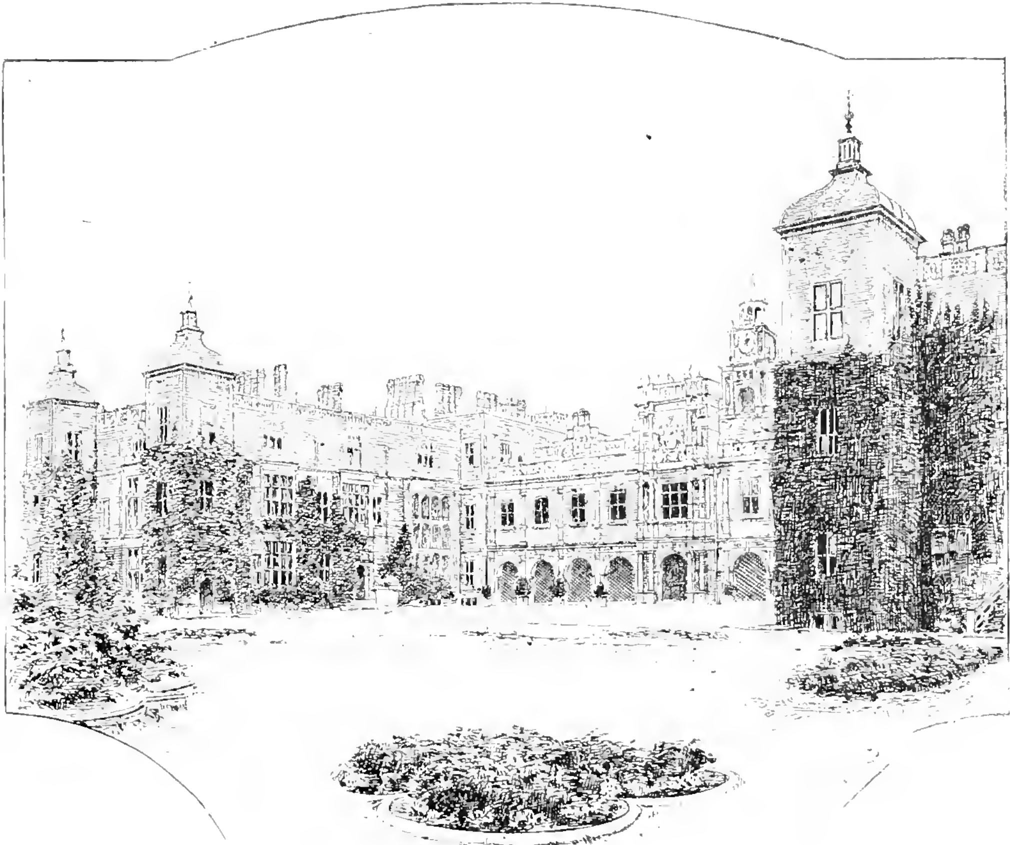
ALNWICK CASTLE (FROM THE PLAIN).

furniture, tapestry, nor woodwork — it was only natural that a modern building should have been furnished in modern style. In this we recognize a courage which is not possessed by every-one; for is it not better to make the new new, than the old new?

A magnificent marble staircase, the steps of which are four yards wide, leads to the upper floors, decorated and furnished with great taste and richness, and containing a fine collection of pictures. The works of the Italian school have come from the Camuccini gallery. Giulio Romano, Guercino, Sebastian del Piombo, Carracci, Giorgione, Perugino, Guido Reni, Titian, Claude Lorrain, Nicholas Poussin, and Van Dyck, are represented by pictures of great value.

Alnwick Castle also possesses a fine library, a collection of ancient and modern arms, a museum of British and Roman antiquities, and, above all, an Egyptian museum, containing very rare and curious objects collected by one of the Dukes of Northumberland while travelling in the country of the Pharaohs. The gardens are of great

beauty; the park, which is of considerable extent, is open to the public on Thursdays and Sundays. The curiosities of Alnwick Park, besides the monument to William, are a Celtic tomb and the two ancient abbeys of Alnwick and Hulne. In the latter we may admire the old tapestry worked after cartoons by Rubens; and we will remark amongst other interesting objects a stone statue representing a monk at prayers. Placed on the



SOUTHERN FAÇADE, HATFIELD HOUSE.

grass in the midst of the ruins this figure has a startling effect. The abbey of Alnwick is about a mile from the castle, near the Lion Bridge.

Another castle dating from the same period is that of Warwick, which for the tourist possesses the inestimable advantage of being much nearer London, and consequently more easy of access; but from the picturesque point of view, Alnwick Castle is probably the more characteristic of the two.

When at the close of the reign of Henry VIII. the more tranquil condition of the kingdom permitted the nobles to occupy themselves with the embellishment of their mansions, and to give them a less stern appearance, they built these castles, of which the great hall of the palace of Hampton Court is one of the few examples which remain. The majority of the edifices of that epoch have been swept away, and there remain but the ruins, or the portions of them, incorporated into modern constructions.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., Italian, French, and Flemish artists,

attracted to England by the nobles, revolutionised public taste. To the sober and severe style of decoration succeeded elegant façades, profusely embellished by columns, caryatids, medallions, escutcheons, and devices. Holland House, in London, and Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, are fine specimens of this style of architecture. Hatfield House was built in 1611, by James I., who bestowed it upon Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, in exchange for another domain, which he possessed in another county, which was more to the monarch's taste. It is a brick edifice, with stone dressings, consisting of a central building with two wings, forming three sides of a quadrangle with the southern façade. The whole building presents the appearance of an E lying down. The extremities of the long arms are terminated by two square turrets, surmounted by cupolas. The principal entrance, which is situated on the north side, is topped with a piriform cupola. This front, almost unbroken, is, nevertheless, cut by the wings of the entrance porch, and by two towers higher than the rest of the building, and surmounted by a balustrade. The white stone settings of the windows, which are wider than they are high, relieve the sombre colouring of the bricks, and accentuate with the stone dressings the grand lines of the building.

The southern façade is much more richly embellished. The central portion, in the Italian style, with its columns, its arcade, and its stone-faced gables, is ornamented with some very finely-executed sculpture. Above the entrance we remark a gigantic escutcheon of the Cecils. The two wings, with projecting windows and double flights of steps overlooking the interior court, complete, in a most tasteful manner, an architectural *ensemble* of rare elegance. A pretty balustrade separates the garden from the park, which extends as far as the eye can reach, and is celebrated as being the most beautiful in the county. The visitor will admire the long avenues of venerable trees and enormous oaks, two of which are celebrated—one, the "Lion Oak," because it is more than thirty feet in circumference, and is considered to be a thousand years old; the other, because Queen Elizabeth used to repose beneath its spreading branches.

The interior of Hatfield House is magnificent. The hall, panelled with carved wood and hung with old tapestry; the staircase, with its delicately-worked bannisters; the galleries, which extend the whole length of the central pavilion—are models of taste, and perhaps the only specimens of the style of the period which have been so well preserved. The gallery on the first floor, 150 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 15 feet high, is hung with pictures, amongst which we remark the portraits, attributed to Holbein, of Henry VIII. and his six wives. Hatfield House is rich in portraits, but contains comparatively few other pictures. On the other hand, the library contains books, manuscripts, and autographs, both rare and valuable. In the room known as the great chamber, various articles at one time belonging to divers English Sovereigns are kept. The most remarkable are the watch of James I., the chaplet of Mary Stuart (in diamonds, they say), a pair of yellow silk stockings worn by Queen Elizabeth, and the chalice and patten which were used at the coronation of Philip and Mary. This room also contains a fine portrait of a Marchioness of Salisbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The dining-room, which is very beautiful, is embellished with portraits of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, and with magnificent Spanish tapestry. At one end is the musicians'

gallery, richly carved and decorated with escutcheons, and there are also suspended some French standards, kept in countenance by an immense British flag at the other extremity. As a specimen of domestic architecture of the time of James I., Hatfield House is the most perfect, and by far the most interesting, monument in England. It is only twenty miles from London, on the Great Northern Railway, and the Hatfield station is not far from the House.

The Italian Renaissance, the influence of which was soon felt in England, where people were quickly smitten by the models left by Palladio, the architect of the Palace of the Doges of Venice, superseded in a short time the style of James I.'s period. It was Inigo Jones who first began to build those edifices imitated from the monuments of Greece and Italy, which people have

HATFIELD PARK AND ELIZABETH'S OAK.

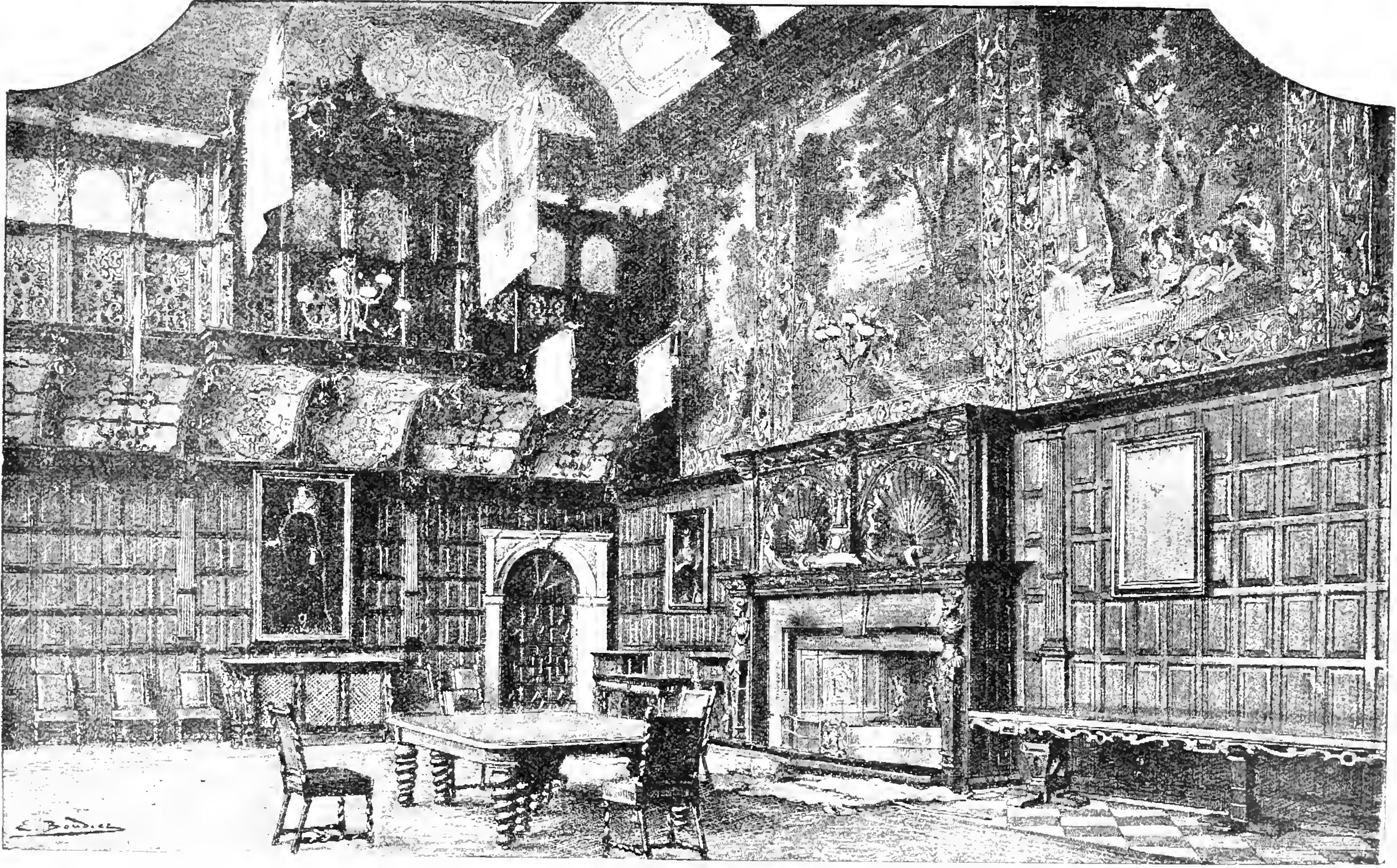
used and abused ever since. The architects of that period had the assistance of Rubens, Verrio, and Laguerre, who ornamented with frescoes the walls of the palaces their *collaborateurs* constructed. Under Charles I. and Charles II. they imitated the splendours of Versailles; the gardens were designed and planted in French style. Le Nôtre planned St. James's Park; symmetry replaced the picturesque; it was the triumph of the straight line.

Christopher Wren brought back from France the ornamentation and sculptures with which he overlaid his buildings; and, later, Vanburgh and Gibbs exaggerated this tendency, and burthened their edifices with a too great profusion of ornament. This style of architecture, which is always held in great estimation in England, as the clubs in Pall Mall and other modern buildings attest, is known as the Palladian style. The master-piece of this *genre*, as well as the richest mansion in England, is Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, the palatial residence of the Dukes of Devonshire, which was built, on the plans of Sir C. Wren, about the end of the 17th century.

Chatsworth House is situated in a wide and deep valley, at the foot of a hill clothed with luxuriant trees. The Derwent's limpid waters meander through the park, which is about ten miles in circumference. The house is reached by a bridge spanning the river. The plan of Chatsworth is a rectangle, the sides of which are 90 feet in length. In the centre is a court. The four faces of this building, of the Ionic order, are pierced by numerous windows, with gilded frames, and surmounted by marble balustrades. Marble predominates at Chatsworth. The principal façade is ornamented with a frieze, upon which we read the motto of the Cavendishes, *Cavendo tutus*, and a triangular pediment. A terrace, which extends the whole length of the mansion, communicates by a wide flight of steps with the park. The princely luxury which is evident in the interior of this palace, and the art-treasures which it shelters, necessitate a somewhat detailed description of some of the principal apartments. First, the great hall, which is 60 feet long, is embellished with pictures by Verrio and Laguerre, representing various incidents in the life of Julius Cæsar. The ceiling represents the apotheosis of the great Roman warrior. A staircase with double curves leads us to the chapel, where Verrio has painted, above the altar, the "Incredulity of Thomas," which is regarded as his best work. The three remarkable wood-carvings are by Grinling Gibbons, who surpassed himself in the decoration of Chatsworth.

The sketch gallery includes a priceless collection of drawings by the old Masters, amongst which are four sketches by Michael Angelo, a fine portrait of Titian by himself, portraits of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., by Holbein, and other masterly works, signed by Salvator Rosa, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Van Dyck, and Albert Dürer. In the south picture gallery, some paintings of the greatest value meet our eyes; amongst others a "Holy Family," by Murillo; "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Paul Veronese; "St. John in the Desert," by Titian; "The Consecration of Thomas à Beckett," by Van Eyck; a Sea-piece, by Van der Velde; and the celebrated "Convent Chapel," by Granet.

The ball-room is 90 feet in length and 21 in width. The ceiling and walls are covered with gilding and pictures, with excellent effect; while the wood-carvings, by Grinling Gibbons, possess a delicacy unparalleled. One of these carvings represents a



GRAND HALL (HATFIELD HOUSE).

lace cravat, and is a master-piece of skill. The private saloon, which is not usually shewn to the public, contains a beautiful copy of the Venus de Medici, by Bartolini, and many pictures by Jansen, Lely, Zucchero, Holbein, and Titian. We also remark a portrait of the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The billiard-room, or the red-velvet room, the ceiling of which is painted by Thornhill, contains modern pictures, of which the most interesting is "Bolton Abbey," by Landseer.

The library, to which visitors are not admitted, is ornamented with marble columns of different colours, and boasts a priceless collection of specimens of early printing, rare editions, and manuscripts of great value.

The new dining-room with a vaulted ceiling is particularly remarkable for the portraits, painted by Van Dyck, which cover the walls, and for the two vast chimney-pieces of Carrara marble, sculptured by Westmacott and Sevier, each of which cost £1,000 sterling.

The sculpture is collected in a special gallery, lighted from above, and is almost all modern. The most important piece is the statue of "Madame Letitia Bonaparte," by Canova; there is also an "Endymion Asleep" by the same artist, which is a master-piece of graceful execution. The "Venus with the Apple," by Thorwaldsen; the "Spinning Girl," by Schadow: the "Discobolus," by Kessels; the "Bacchante," by Bartolini; and "Mars and Cupid," by Westmacott, the younger, are amongst the number of remarkable works in the collection.

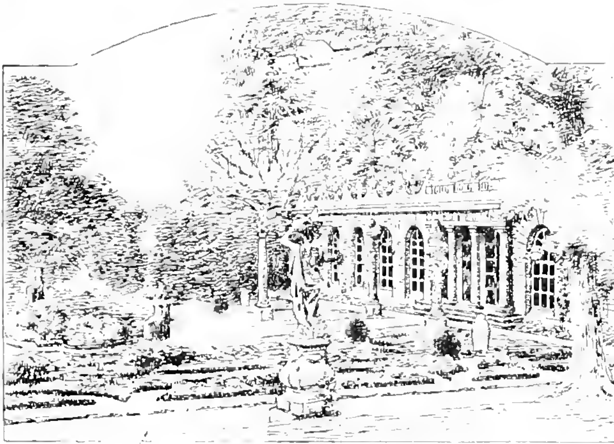
The gardens, the park, and the water-works of Chatsworth, are deservedly celebrated. On the side of the hill behind the mansion is a temple, from which, at will, can be turned on torrents of water, which fall down in cascades upon the wide steps made to receive them, and thence into the canals cut specially for them. This temple, and the jet of water which issues from the great basin to a height of 240 feet, have been compared to the water-works of Versailles, of which they are reduced copies.

But what Versailles has not is a weeping willow in zinc, whose leaves and branches are pierced with innumerable holes, from which falls on those who take refuge beneath it, an abundant and refreshing shower, as soon as a spring in the trunk is pressed. As a piece of mechanism it is ingenious; as a joke it seems in questionable taste.

But the most remarkable object that Chatsworth Park contains is its conservatory; such as one has never seen—a conservatory, unique, monumental, in which one can drive in a carriage, so vast are its dimensions and so wide its alleys. This marvel was constructed by Sir Joseph Paxton, and served as a model for the Exhibition Building of 1851, now the Crystal Palace. Composed entirely of iron and glass, the Chatsworth conservatory consists of an immense central nave and two parallel aisles.

Its dimensions are as follows: length 276 feet; width 126 feet; height 65 feet, and it covers about an acre of ground. It is reached by a narrow road, in which enormous blocks of stone are disposed, so as to imitate a mountain pass. The aspect of the rare plants, the brilliant colours of the flowers, and their captivating perfumes are fairy-like. The English are the best gardeners in the world, which is a truth easy to be understood, after one has seen the gardens of rich private owners, and those at Kew, which belong to the State. In an angle of this palace of glass, behind an artificial

rock, where ferns and orchids of great beauty flourish, a staircase leads to the gallery



CONSERVATORY (CHATSWORTH HOUSE).

which runs all round the conservatory, and from which the visitor may admire at leisure the superb vegetation which is presented to his gaze.

The temperature is maintained at a proper degree by a system of pipes of more than seven miles in length, in which the hot air circulates from four gigantic furnaces. In order to keep these supplied with fuel, a tunnel, about a third of a mile long, with tramway and waggons, has been constructed for the conveyance of the coal.

The kitchen garden, the garden devoted to Australian plants, the cyclopean aqueduct which supplies water to a cascade 150 feet high, are equally objects of astonishment and admiration for the visitor astounded by such opulence.

If Chatsworth, in its magnificent richness, is the most beautiful mansion in England, Blenheim, the masterwork of Vanburgh, is the most imposing, the largest, and the most astonishing — for it is a monument raised to the glories of the British arms; as a memento of the battle of Blenheim, as the English call it—Hochstædt, as the French designate it.

Queen Anne, in order to reward the husband of the celebrated Sarah Jennings, made him a present of the manor of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and the domains thereto appertaining. Parliament, when ratifying the gift, voted a sum of £480,000 for the erection of the palace, which was finished in 1715, one year after the death of the Queen.

Blenheim Palace is about eight miles from Oxford, and it is usually by the triumphal arch of Woodstock that the visitor enters the park. He then sees the palace which rises on the left, on the further side of the lake, and opposite is visible the column 120 feet high, which is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Duke of Marlborough in Roman costume. The pedestal, decorated with bas-reliefs, bears an inscription recalling his victories. After crossing the bridge, which spans the lake at its narrowest part, we come upon the principal façade of the mansion, the length of which, from one extremity to the other, is 850 feet.

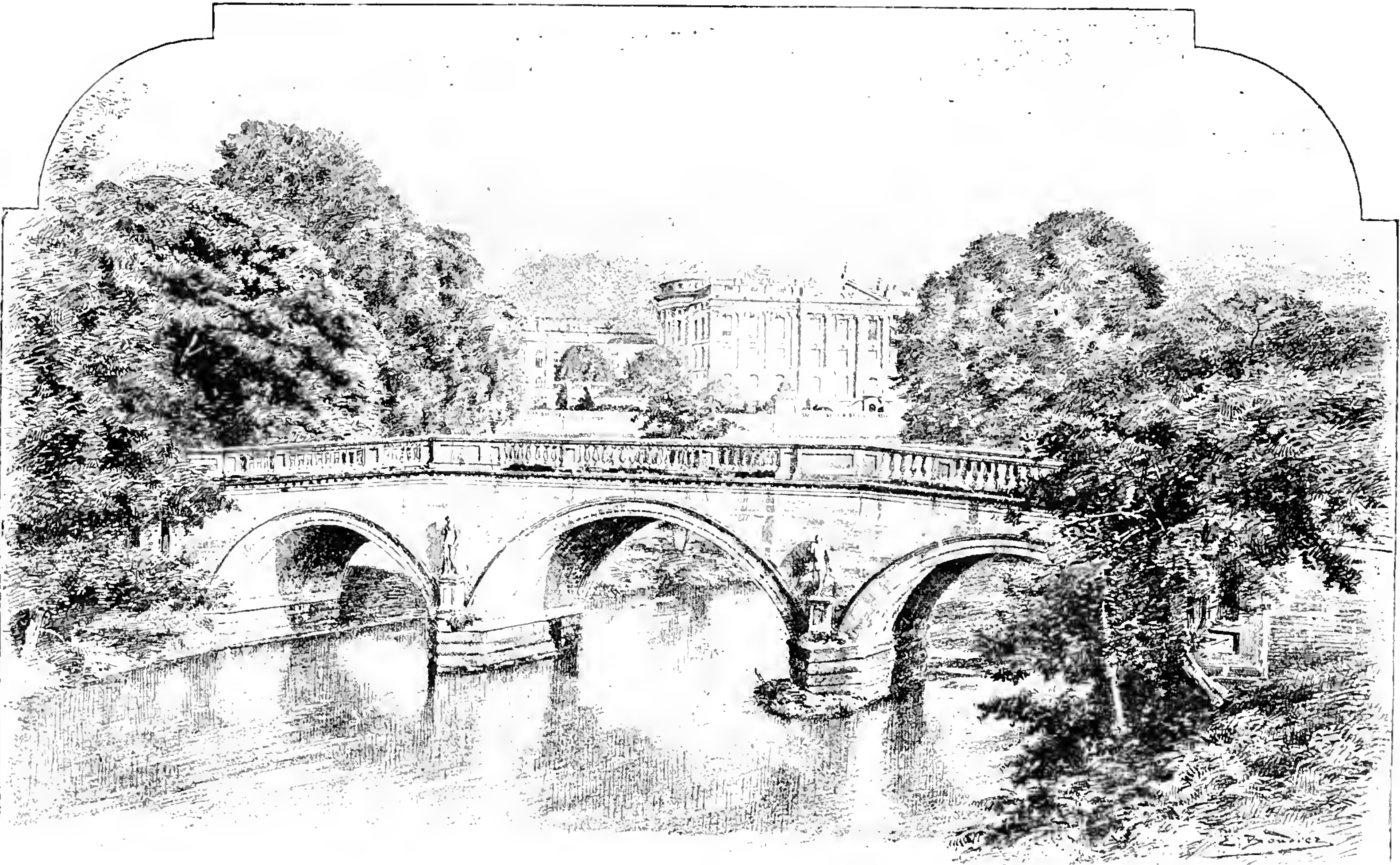
The centre is occupied by a majestic portico, supported by six columns of the Corinthian order. A triangular pediment, the tympanum of which is embellished with sculptures displaying, amidst military trophies, the arms of the Churchill family, with their motto, *Fiel Pero Dediachado* is surmounted by a statue of Minerva. At the angles of the steps are pedestals bearing trophies guarded by Sphinxes.

The portico, which projects, forms, with the central building, re-entering angles hidden by two rows of pilasters of the Doric order, which unite with the two square buildings, and complete the principal block of the palace. Two arcades, supported by massive columns, connect each of these two buildings to a side wing in harmony with the rest of the edifice, which thus encloses three sides of a square court. One of these wings contains the kitchens and offices; the other, the stables and coachhouses.

The opposite façade, which looks upon the garden, presents almost the same appearance, with the exception of the pediment, which is replaced by an acrotera sustaining a colossal bust of Louis XIV. taken at Tournay. Below we find the inscription:—

"EUROPÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO."

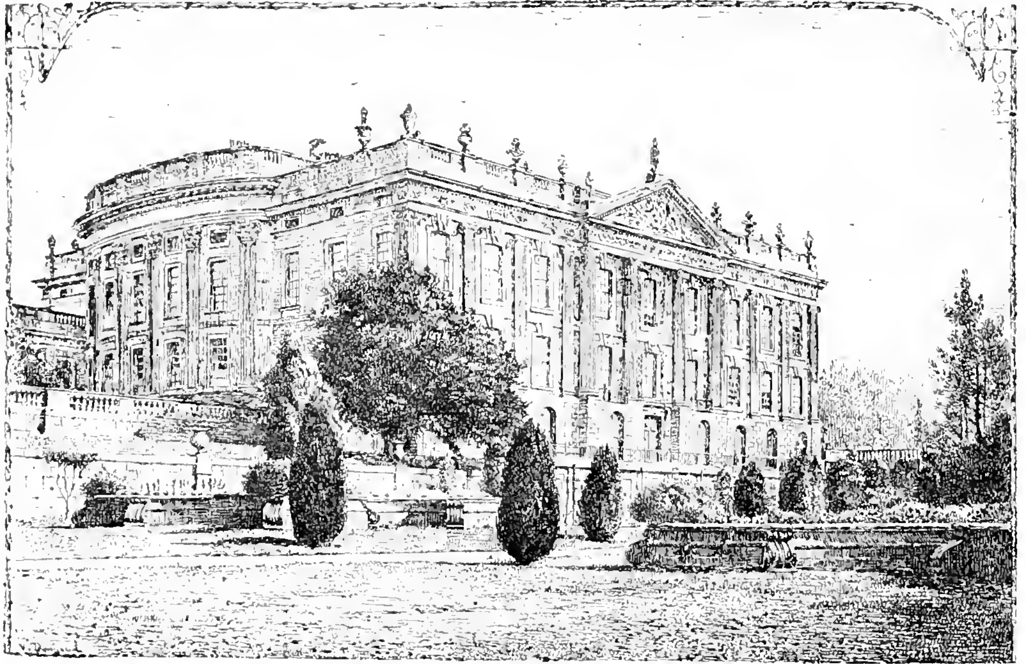
The great hall, to which entry is gained beneath the portico of the park façade, is a magnificent apartment 60 feet in height. A door of communication opens into the great drawing-room, which also rises the whole height of the edifice. It is in the form of a long square, and is lighted at the side by a double row of windows. The plinths and frames of the four doors, as well as the two vast chimney-pieces, are of marble. The other three sides of the drawing-room are decorated with paintings by Laguerre, in which are represented, in six panels, separated by double columns, the various nations



CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

of Europe. The tops of the doors are ornamented with bas-reliefs, and the ceiling, supported by caryatids, is occupied by a grand allegorical composition of a group in which the principal figure is Marlborough, still in Roman costume, arrested in the midst of his victorious career by Time and Peace. A frame of foliage encloses this remarkable painting.

The collection of pictures at Blenheim, now dispersed, was one of the richest in Great Britain, and without furnishing a catalogue of them, it is impossible to give, even approximately, an idea of the remarkable works which it included. Of Rubens' pictures



FAÇADE OF CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

alone there were about twenty of unquestioned authenticity, and entirely from the master's own hand. Their origin was, besides, undoubted, for all of them were presented to the Duke by the important towns of the Netherlands—Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent. The pearl of the collection, the celebrated "Madonna dei Ansidei," was purchased by Government at the price of £70,000, and placed in the National Gallery.

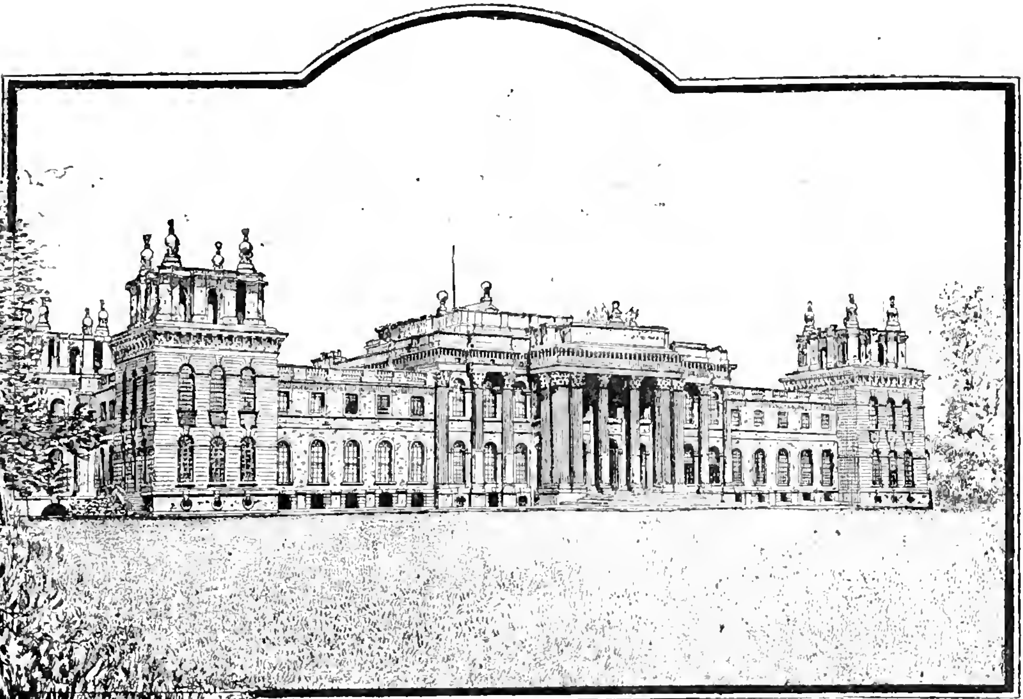
The Library at Blenheim is but a memory. The rich collection of rare and valuable books of unique manuscripts was sold by auction by the late Duke, who died at the end of 1883. Every one knows what fabulous prices were paid for the beautiful editions which formed the Sunderland Library.

The visitor will not quit the palace without visiting the chapel, in which a colossal monument marks the tomb of the Duke of Marlborough: the statuary with which it is embellished is by Rysbrach.

The park is thirteen miles in circumference. The private gardens, situated behind the palace, contain a temple built in commemoration of the restoration to health of

George III., a fine cascade and a fountain, copied from that of the Piazza Navona, at Rome, decorated with statues by Bernini. It is scarcely necessary to add that the expenditure in keeping up such a palace and park as Blenheim amounts annually to fabulous sums—so fabulous, that the fortunate proprietor sees the greater portion of his revenue eaten up by this monster.

Blenheim is in some ways the last specimen of that English architecture of the 17th and 18th centuries, of which Versailles was the model. At the end of the last



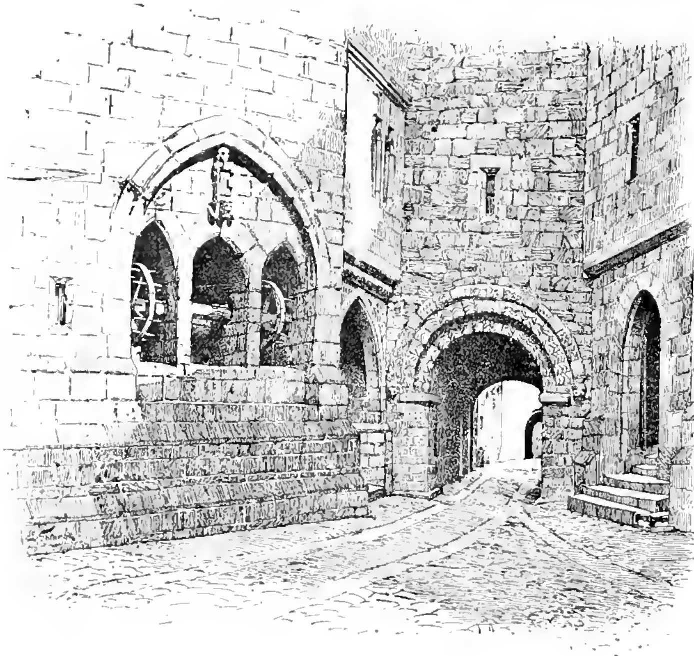
BLENHEIM PALACE.

century Wyatt revived the Norman-Gothic style, which became the fashion. The mansions he erected for noblemen are in the style of the Baronial Halls. At the same period people got tired of parks and gardens, with trees cut into pyramids and balloons, and of straight walks. They banished the Tritons from the ornamental water; the Floras, Pomonas, the nymphs, fauns, and satyrs no longer exhibited in the shrubberies their graceful forms or grimacing faces; the parks were permitted to assume their natural aspect, and, so far from detracting from the Halls they surrounded, they enhanced the picturesque or the architectural effect. After that time we no longer find any characteristic architecture in England. They imitate; copy. Some architects hold to the Gothic, others to the Grecian; these adhere to the Elizabethan; those to the style of James I. From this period dates Woburn Abbey, the residence of the Duke of Bedford, erected on the site of the ancient Benedictine Abbey, whence its name.

This immense building, of the Doric order, the plan of which is a vast parallelogram,

is situated in the midst of one of the most beautiful parks in England. The principal or western façade presents a central pediment, supported by columns and pilasters, and two angular buildings. It is all very simple, and very far removed from the splendours of Chatsworth and Blenheim.

But Woburn will not yield to the others in artistic treasures. The collection of pictures of all schools belonging to the Duke of Bedford is one of the most beautiful that can possibly be seen. The Flemish, Italian, Spanish, French, and English masters are there represented by their most celebrated masterpieces. An enumeration of them would fill a volume, but we may mention the historical portraits of all the members



NORMAN WELLS (ALNWICK CASTLE).

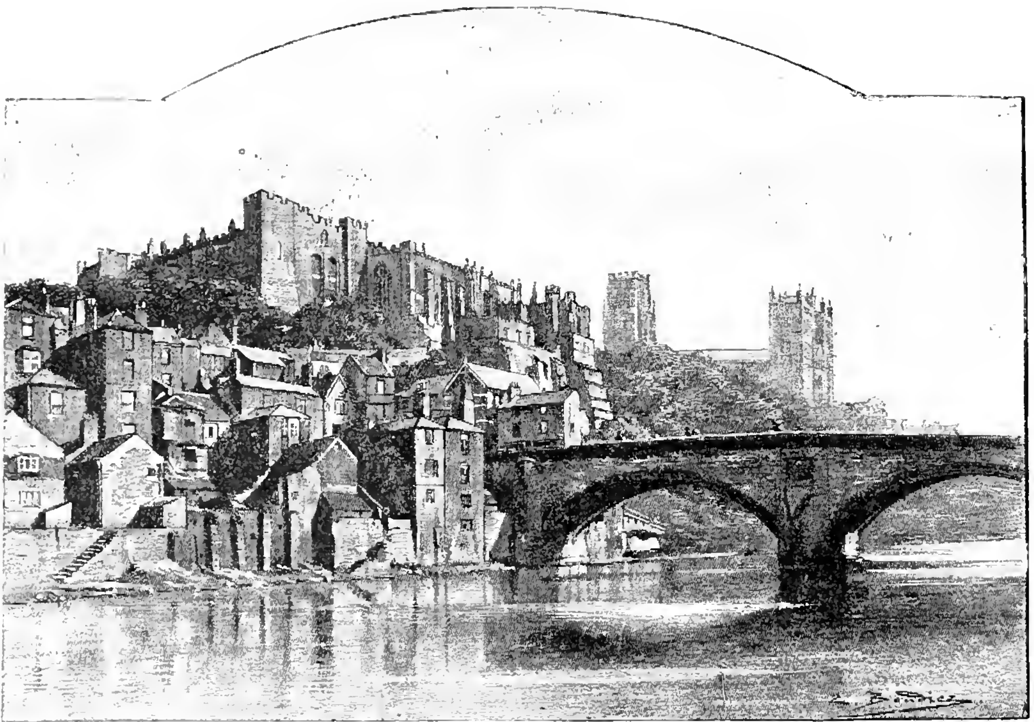
of the Russell family, from the first Duke of Bedford to the present; and the portraits of celebrated artists which cover the walls of the library.

A covered way leads from the mansion to the sculpture gallery, which contains remarkably fine works by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Chantrey, with antique marbles from Italy and Greece.

In the park, which is enclosed by a wall eight feet high and twelve miles in circumference (a miniature wall of China), and intersected by magnificent avenues planted with trees, is a beautiful lake, a wood of 120 acres in extent, and several farms. This splendid domain is stocked with deer, and with game of all descriptions.

The Duke of Bedford is one of the richest proprietors in England, and possesses something like 86,000 acres, scattered in a dozen different counties, the annual income from which is more than £160,000 a year. But the bulk of his fortune consists in the innumerable houses he owns in London, and which, year in, year out, bring his Grace, at a low estimate, £100,000 annually.

The few mansions of which we have spoken can give a vague idea of the palaces of the English nobility, and a vague idea only. There is but one Blenheim and one Chatsworth; but, with these two exceptions, there are in Great Britain more than 500 mansions, remarkable in many ways, and all containing pictures, sculpture, and objects of art, or valuable libraries. One cannot conceive the amount of artistic treasures which England contains, and, contrary to the practice of other nations, these riches are not possessed by the State, but by private individuals. Again, those who have only examined the national museums of London carry away a relatively false impression, and return home with the idea that the English do not appreciate, and do not seek for, art treasures. It is the contrary which is the truth, and it is desirable to give of our neighbours a correct and more true impression. Take works of art. In what country are there more of them—so many of them? Where are the splendid old paintings, the beautiful canvases of Rubens, Murillo, Van Dyck, Velasquez? Where are the exquisite collections of Sèvres and of Dresden china? Where are the beautiful pieces of furniture of Bühl and Riesener, the bronzes of Gouthière? Where are the tapestries of the Gobelins? In all the mansions of the English aristocracy. If one can reproach the owners, it is because they perhaps delight too exclusively in ancient art productions, and somewhat neglect modern artists.



DURHAM CASTLE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE COAL AND IRON DISTRICTS.

I.

THE COAL DISTRICTS.—PRODUCTION.—ARE THE MINES INEXHAUSTIBLE?—NORTHUMBERLAND.—THE ROMAN WALL.—THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.—DURHAM.—THE CATHEDRAL.—THE CASTLE.—RABY CASTLE.—SELBY AND NOAH.—THE COAL-BASIN OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.—THE MINES.—FEMALE WORKERS IN MINES.—THE PITMEN.—THE COAL-MEASURES OF YORKSHIRE.

After agriculture, minerals constitute the great wealth of the country. The geological constitution of England, which is most interesting from a purely scientific point of view, since it discloses rocks of all periods, offers, from the industrial aspect, resources, so to speak, inexhaustible. The most important productions of the kingdom are coal and iron; then lead, tin, and copper.

The coal-measures, of exceptional abundance, are scattered beneath nearly the whole surface of England—from Northumberland in the North, to Devonshire in the South. There is scarcely one county, except in the south-east, in which we do not find

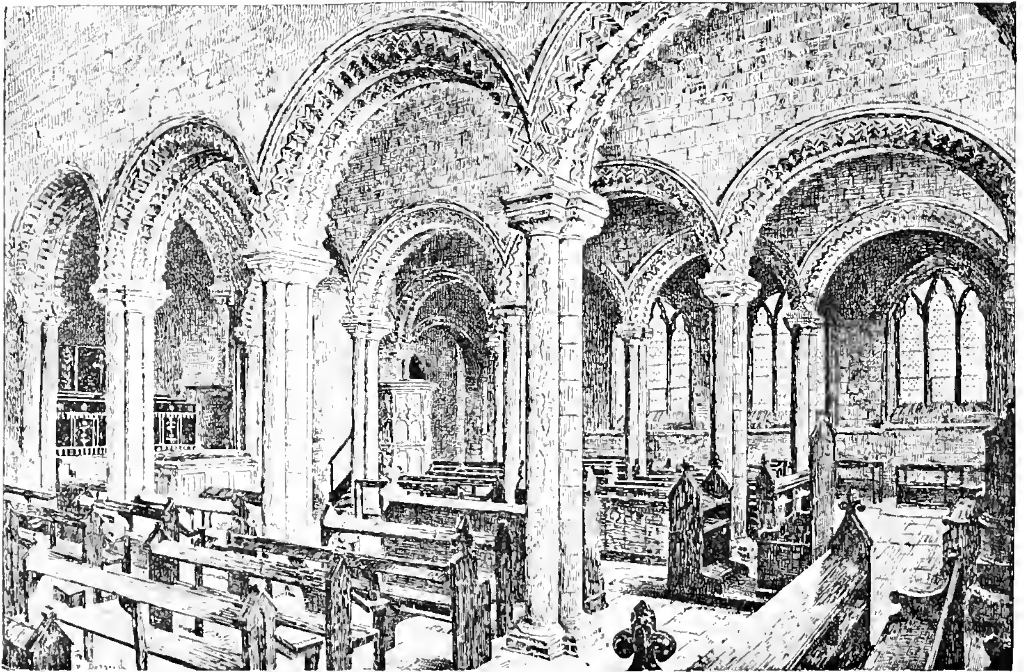
coal mines. It is calculated that one-tenth part of the superficial total of the country is occupied by the coal-measures, which extend about 12,000 square miles, of which more than two-thirds furnish the bituminous and the remainder the anthracite coal. The former kind is almost exclusively used for domestic purposes—its sticky appearance while burning is well known, and its greasy aspect is characteristic. The anthracite, or stone-coal, only burns at a very high temperature. The chemical difference between

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

the two species of coal consists chiefly in the quantity of carbon which they relatively contain. Thus the bituminous coal of Ebbw Vale, in Wales, contains 85 in 100 of carbon; while the anthracite of Swansea contains 93 in 100 parts.

Although Scotland possesses coal-mines of considerable importance, they are far from being so rich as those of England, which, including Wales, furnishes five-sixths of the total production of the United Kingdom, which was, in 1882, 156,199,977 tons, the value of which was estimated at about £67,000,000 sterling. In 1855 it was 61 millions of tons; in 1860, 83 millions; in 1870, 110 millions. The increase

is considerable; but the price increased in a much more marked progression, for while the production has not doubled in twenty-three years, the value of the coal extracted has doubled in thirteen years. But is the source of this prodigious wealth inexhaustible, or will the day come when the earth will have given up all the treasures which it conceals in its bosom? That is a question of the highest importance, which has occupied Parliament and the Press. Scientists, as usual, are divided into two factions. Some assert that at the rate England is going, she will soon exhaust her mines; the others maintain, with well-supported proofs, that the British coal-fields are practically inexhaustible, and that they will last longer than the English nation itself. How can these



GALILEE CHAPEL (DURHAM CATHEDRAL).

gentlemen tell how long the British nation will last? That is a statement they have not condescended to explain. At the head of the pessimists was Professor Stanley Jevons, whose opinion was shared by Professor Tyndall, who goes so far as to declare that the destiny of England is inseparable from that of her coal-mines, and that the fortunes of the nation are not in the hands of her Statesmen, but of her coal owners; and he concludes with these patriotic, but, let us hope, exaggerated words: "While they are debating at Westminster, the life blood of the country runs away and is lost." It is, of course, understood that the blood is the coal. Nevertheless, they have done better than debate at Westminster: a Commission of Enquiry was nominated, and their report was most reassuring. Here, in effect, is the estimate of the quantity of coal which can be extracted from the English mines—granting that a depth of 4,000 feet can be reached, beyond which it is estimated we cannot dig—the sum is 146,454,240,387 tons. But if, as some geologists affirm, we cannot penetrate lower than 2,500 feet, the quantity is proportionally diminished.

For administrative purposes England is divided into nineteen coal districts, at the head of each of which is an inspector of mines nominated by the Government. The most important districts are those of Northumberland and Durham, which contain 368 mines, producing annually 35,000,000 tons of coal; of Yorkshire, where 562 mines furnish 15,000,000 tons; and Wales, which has 568 mines, producing at least as much.

Northumberland, the most northern county of England, borders on Scotland, from which it is separated by the Tweed and by the Cheviot Hills, which cover a superficies of 90,000 acres, and whose highest point of elevation is 2,658 feet above the level of the sea. On the east Northumberland is bounded by the North Sea, and on the south by Durham. Agriculture, upon these vast desolate Moors, blackened with coal dust and factory smoke, which destroy the vegetation, is but a secondary consideration. In a

RABY CASTLE.

superficial total of 1,250,000 acres, scarcely more than 150,000 are under cultivation, and 650,000 acres are pasture-lands. There the peculiar breed of sheep called mountain cheviots are reared, and are found as far as the north of Scotland. The remainder of the county is uncultivated, and principally composed of arid lands, clothed with a thin grass upon which feed numerous flocks of geese.

The most picturesque portions of Northumberland are the mountainous districts bordering on Scotland, the valleys of the Coquet and the Tyne, the wooded hills about Alnwick, and the bold cliffs of the Coast. One of the curiosities of the county is the Roman Wall, which, starting from Wallsend, on the Tyne, in the environs of Newcastle, crosses England, and terminates at Bowness, on the Solway. This defence, which is sixty miles long, was built by Hadrian, and is composed of a wall of stone, a ditch, and an earthwork in parallel lines. Constructed in nearly a straight line, it passes through the most diverse districts; descends into valleys, scales hills, and crosses rivers on viaducts, of which there still remain traces at Chollesford. At intervals we still find fortresses or stations, of which the best preserved is that of Housesteads—this was a considerable camp, to judge from the ruins which cover nearly five acres of ground; and we may still perceive the remains of the gates and ramparts, as well as the large halls which served as guard-houses.

Almost parallel to the Wall of Hadrian, at a part of its course, is the Tyne, which separates Northumberland from Durham, whose general aspect is monotonous and flat. It is only in the environs of Durham, the chief city of the county, and in the valleys of the Wear and the Tees, that we find any picturesque spots; all the northern part of this region being nothing but a vast uncultivated plain, covered with brushwood of a mournful and sombre hue. In the meadows and on the hills are excellent pasturages, where the fine races of cattle known as Durhams and short-horns are raised.

The City of Durham is in a very remarkable situation. It is built upon a rocky eminence, a kind of peninsula formed by the Wear, the waters of which reflect the high towers of the cathedral and the walls of the castle.

Viewed from a distance, the city presents an aspect perhaps unique in England. Rising from the water which bathes its walls, it is surrounded by a girdle of trees, whose green foliage brings out the sombre hue of the houses. The latter cling to the sides of the eminence which is crowned by the cathedral and the castle, the frowning mass of which rises perpendicularly from the Wear, and recalls the for ever vanished splendours of the old Bishops palatine of Durham, as well as the original purpose of the city—"half a house of God, half a rampart against the Scotch."

Durham is a fallen city, so there is but little to say concerning its present—all the interest centres in the cathedral and the castle.

The cathedral is a monument of the 11th century, to which was added, a hundred years afterwards, a chapel called the Nine Altars, which replaced the primitive Norman apsis: its total length is 510 feet, and its width 170. The north towers are 130 feet high, and the centre one 214 feet. We enter the church by the north door, which possesses a beautiful Norman arch, and is furnished with a large iron hammer, which was used as a knocker by fugitives who wished to seek asylum.

Internally, the nave presents the most beautiful specimen of Norman architecture in England. It is supported by splendid massive columns 24 feet in circumference with mouldings of varied designs. The western chapel, called "Galilee," whose walls and foundations are embedded in the rock, is remarkable as an example of "transition" architecture, which succeeded to the Norman, and preceded the early English style. A quadruple range of columns, of exceeding richness of ornamentation, will be greatly admired, as well as a beautiful altar of blue marble, and the tomb of Bede; that of St. Cuthbert is in the chapel of the Nine Altars. In the choir the attention is particularly attracted by the magnificent sculptured stone reredos put up in 1380 by Lord Neville: this remarkable piece of sculpture, it seems, was executed in London.

Separated from the cathedral by an open space called Palace Green, the old castle of the Bishops, converted into an University, presents to the spectator a picturesque façade, partly modern, with the exception of the entrance, which consists of a beautiful Norman arch. The most remarkable portions of this edifice are the chapel and the Norman galleries, the black staircase, and the great hall, adorned with portraits of the Bishops, and hung with old armour. The keep, of octagon shape, is a comparatively modern construction, built upon the old foundations.

Some old streets and the pretty Prebend's Bridge, from which one can obtain a beautiful view of the cathedral and of the river, are, with the former and the castle,

the principal curiosities of Durham, whence one can make very interesting excursions in the valley of the Wear.

About fourteen miles from Durham, beyond Bishop's Auckland—so called because it served as a residence for the Bishops of Durham—we find one of the most remarkable castles not only in the county but in England—Raby Castle, belonging to the Duke of Cleveland; the ancient dwelling of the Nevilles, descendants of Gilbert de Neville, Admiral of the Fleet of William the Conqueror. The castle still preserves its feudal aspect, and is, one may truly say, unique of its kind. Of immense proportions, the imposing mass of its walls and towers of a gray tint are perceptible from afar, as the country is sparsely wooded, and it stands out clearly in front of the dark background of country.

BANKS OF THE WEAR, DURHAM.

A wide terrace surrounds the buildings which enclose three interior courts, and leads to the entrance of the castle, where a surprise awaits the visitor. As a matter of fact, the carriage does not stop at the door of the great hall or vestibule, but enters it; and nothing is more curious than to see, in winter time, the unusual spectacle of a harnessed vehicle in the immense hall, in which two huge fires are burning, and which is lighted by gas. The hall is the wonder of Raby Castle. This immense apartment, with a vaulted ceiling, supported by massive pillars, in which the footsteps of the horses and the grinding of the wheels of the carriage are echoed by the vaulted roof, presents a never-to-be-forgotten aspect, such as no other lordly mansion could offer. Above the vestibule is another hall, called the "Hall of the Barons," the dimensions of which are 114 feet long and 33 feet wide. In the time of the Nevilles seven hundred knights sat there in council together, at one time.

The apartments of the castle, decorated with lavish luxuriousness, and containing numerous objects of art, are furnished in modern style, and do not require any special description; the curiosities of Raby Castle being the two great halls and the ancient exterior portions, walls, and towers, which are in a remarkable state of preservation. From the

historical and picturesque points of view, there are few castles so interesting to visit and so beautiful to see.

So far as regards lordly mansions, Durham has no need to be envious of Northumberland, for in both reside noble and ancient families, whose names are in everyone's mouth; amongst others, the Selby family, whose proverbial pride has given rise to a local legend, which is too pretty for us to omit here. The country people will tell those who like to hear it that the Selbys are so proud that, at the time of the Flood, they had a boat of their own, so as to be under no obligation to Noah.

From the short description that we have given of these two counties and of the city of Durham, the reader will perceive that agriculture and commerce have but a small share in their wealth, which is entirely due to the mines, that are contained in these districts, and particularly to coal-mines.

The coal-fields of Northumberland and Durham extend from the Coquet, in the former county, to the Tees, in the latter.

In the whole extent of this region one sees scarcely anything in any direction but high chimneys vomiting clouds of smoke and steam; the air resounds with the clang of hammers, wielded by hundreds of men—dusky Cyclops with muscular arms and grimy faces, who are employed in the mines and forges: the ground appears an inextricable network of rails, on which glide long trains of trucks filled with coal. Drawn by stationary engines which are out of sight, these trains, which seem to have no motive power, come and go, stop, climb up the hill-sides, descend into the valleys, and appear to be gifted with intelligence. This is in the highest degree a curious spectacle, the cause of the continual movement being quite invisible. The noise made by the cords and chains, strained by the impulse of the engines in passing over the grinding pulleys, varied with the roaring of the steam and the metallic clang of the anvils, produces an indescribable and bewildering uproar.

A coal-mine is entered by a shaft, the mouth of which is surrounded by a solid framework, furnished with pulleys, capstans, and machinery more or less complicated, by means of which the men descend into the mine. When we reach the bottom of the shaft we find ourselves in a chamber, from which galleries radiate in all directions, lighted by the lamps of the miners.

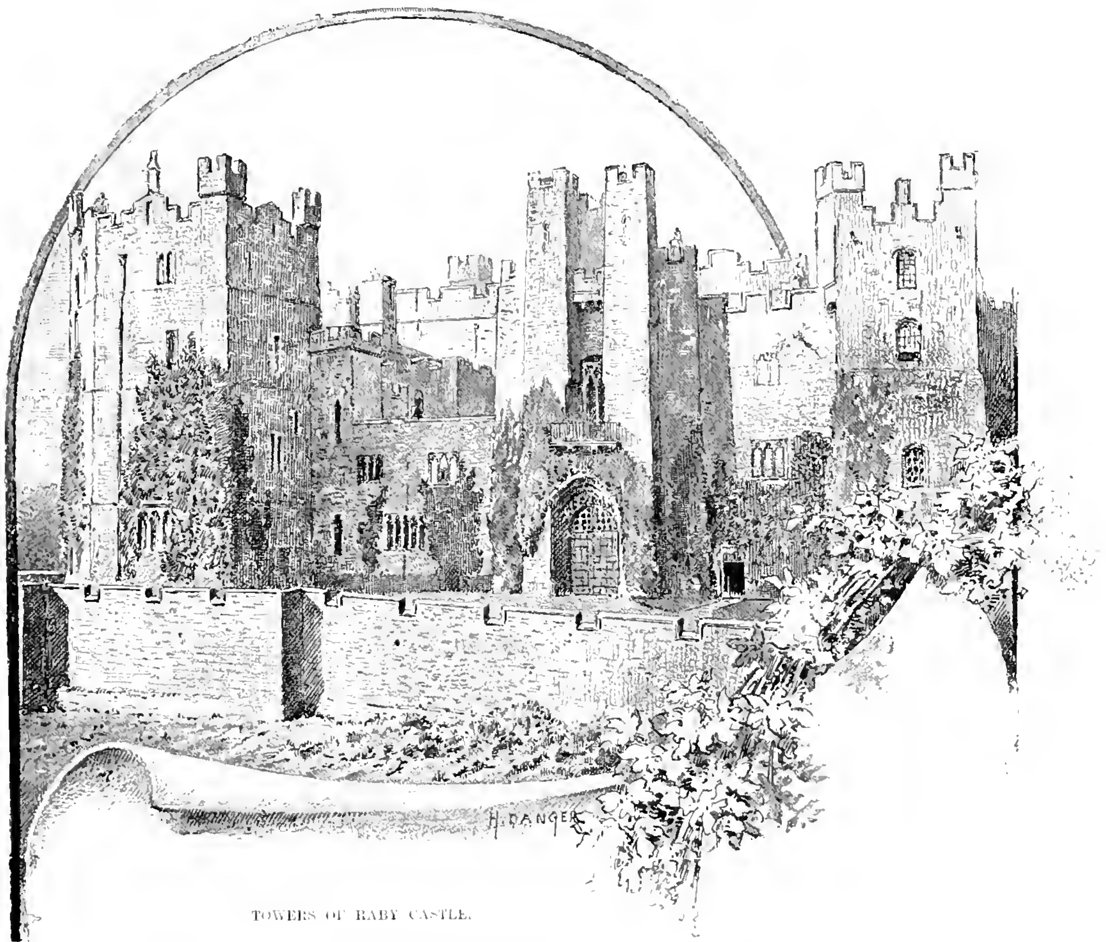
At certain distances are columns or pillars of coal, uncut, which support the roof until the seam is exhausted. The pillars are then removed, and the gallery falls in. All the passages are laid with rails, that serve to bring under the pit's-mouth the trucks of coal, which are drawn by small horses (shaggy animals with long manes), of which the greater number have never seen daylight. They are born, and live, and die in the mine.

The ventilation of mines is a matter of the greatest importance, and is managed by means of two bores or shafts, one of which serves for the supply of air, and the other for the exhaustion of the water and foul air. The lives of the miners depend upon the more or less perfect working of these ventilators, and the means of driving the fresh air into all parts of the mine, which is accomplished by means of a series of traps, which open and shut automatically, in accordance with a very ingenious system. Lastly, the water is pumped out by steam engines, which work night and day.

Notwithstanding all precautions, coal-mining is always attended with great danger,

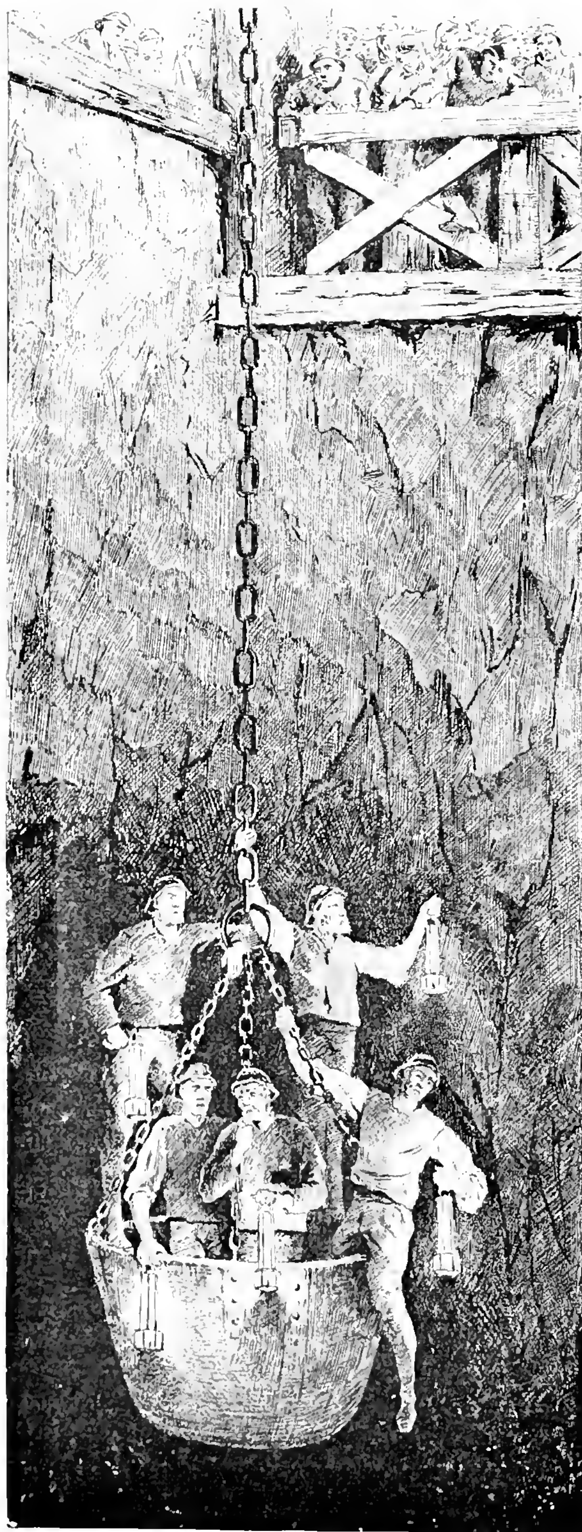
and the explosions, landslips, and other accidents, are only too frequent. Very often, it must be confessed, the accidents are due to the imprudence of the miners themselves, who, in defiance of all laws and regulations, and for want of the simplest precautions or prudence, descend into the mines with matches, and go as far as to pick the locks of their safety-lamps, in order to light their pipes. The recklessness of these men is incredible, and almost every day some of them are brought before the police magistrates for infringing the regulations, but that does not seem to have any effect upon them.

Since the Act of 1842, women are no longer employed in mines. To Lord Ashley,



TOWERS OF RABY CASTLE.

the late well-known Lord Shaftesbury, this reform is due. One must read the report of the Royal Commission to comprehend the horror and indignation which echoed through the whole country when the revolting details were read concerning the treatment of the women and children employed in the pits. Such barbarity never had been known. Children of four, five, and six years of age were forced to work in mines badly ventilated, and in which explosions frequently occurred. Women and young girls almost naked, their only clothing being a pair of drawers, were harnessed round the middle to the carts which they dragged, crawling on all fours like dogs, so low were the galleries in

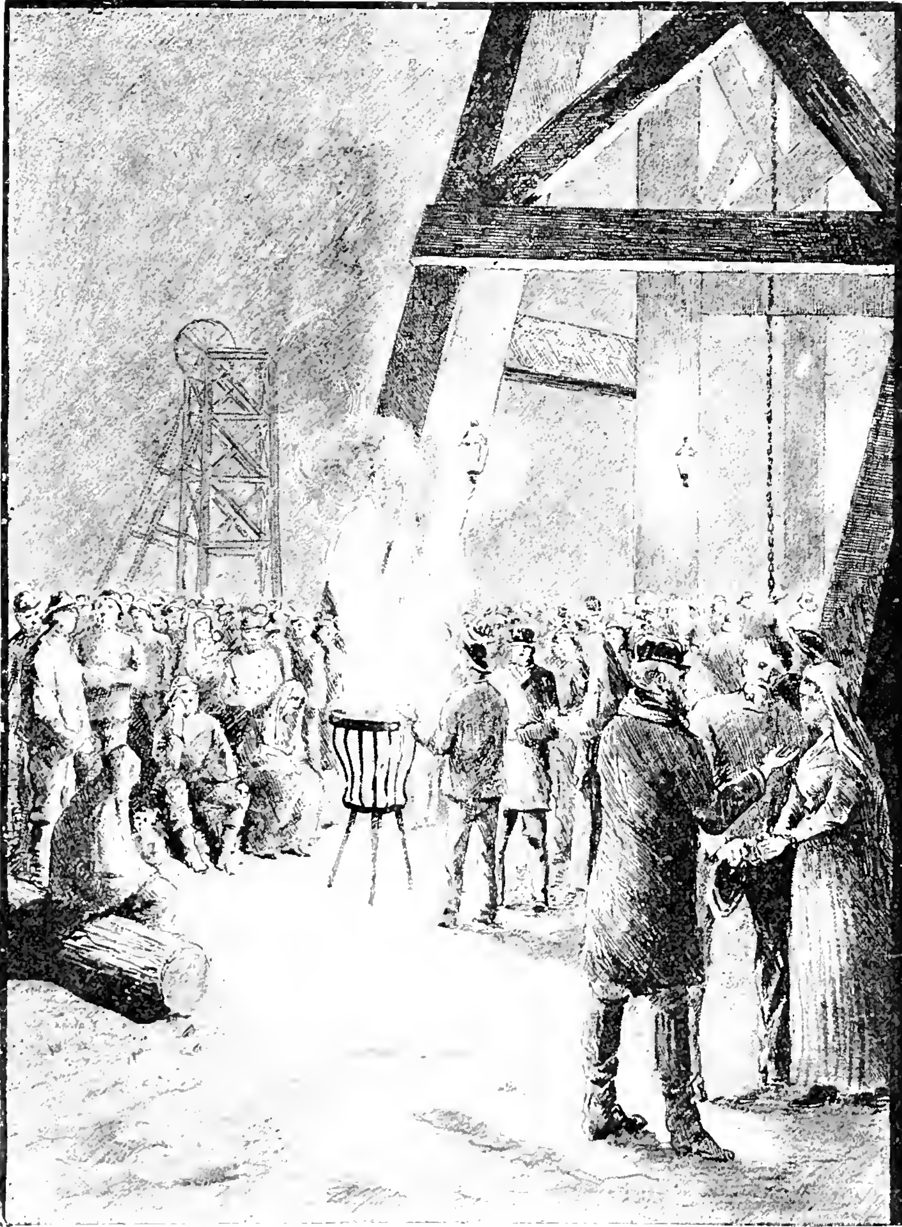


GOING DOWN THE PIT AFTER AN EXPLOSION.

which they worked. Oftentimes the corridors were inundated. In some mines the water reached up to their waists. And owners believed these unfortunate creatures were well paid with two shillings a day! Children were made to carry loads weighing a hundredweight or a hundredweight and a half. It was an organized system of slavery and immorality. We have already glanced at the costume of the women. That of the men was more simple still. With a view to be able to support the heat of the mine, into which very little fresh air ever penetrated, they adopted the dress of our first parents before the Fall. As soon as the question of cleansing these Augean stables arose—of snatching human beings from the rapacity of colliery owners who treated them worse than their beasts of burthen, the proprietors indulged in a chorus of complaints and recriminations. But public opinion was in favor of the Bill, which was naturally strongly opposed in the House of Lords. One of the members of that august assembly, the Marquis of Londonderry, himself a colliery owner, made himself conspicuous by the resistance which he opposed to the projected Act, and caused, without intending it, a very important clause to be added to the Bill.

The Act authorized the Government to nominate inspectors of mines, and in combating this measure Lord Londonderry, carried away by

the heat of debate, declared that for his part he would tell the inspectors that they could descend into the mines if they could, and once at the bottom they could remain there if they pleased—there was nothing in the law to force him to facilitate their ascent or



SCENE AT THE PIT'S MOUTH AFTER AN EXPLOSION.

descent! The grave omission which the noble marquis called attention to was immediately rectified, and he had the glory, which he did not expect nor seek, of arming the inspectors of mines with more extended powers, and obliging mine owners to afford

them all necessary facilities in the performance of their duties. A few days afterwards the measure received the Royal assent, and Lord Ashley had the satisfaction and the everlasting honour of having delivered thousands of human beings from a horrible fate —a fate more terrible than death itself.

The present condition of the miners is satisfactory. To the Act of 1842 have been added others relative to the treatment of workmen, the ventilation and sanitation of the mines, to the precautions which should be adopted to render explosions as infrequent as possible, and to insure the safety of the pitmen.

A curious race these pitmen. They live and inter-marry amongst themselves, and their customs differ from those of the agricultural population, with whom they do not cultivate any relations. The miner associates only with miners, and the daughter of a pitman would never think of finding a husband amongst the other working-classes. The pitmen are clothed in a waistcoat, and in trousers cut off at the knees; their head covering is a round hat with a narrow brim in front and at the sides, and somewhat lengthened over the nape of the neck; they wear thick woollen stockings, and shoes with thick soles. In Durham and Northumberland the head-dress of the women consists of a handkerchief tied under the chin. Like the sailor's wife, the pitman's spouse lives in continual anxiety and dread: the miner risks his life as much as the sailor—he is at the mercy of a land-slip, an explosion, an inundation, of all those terrible catastrophes which render the existence of the toilers of the land as precarious as that of the "toilers of the sea."

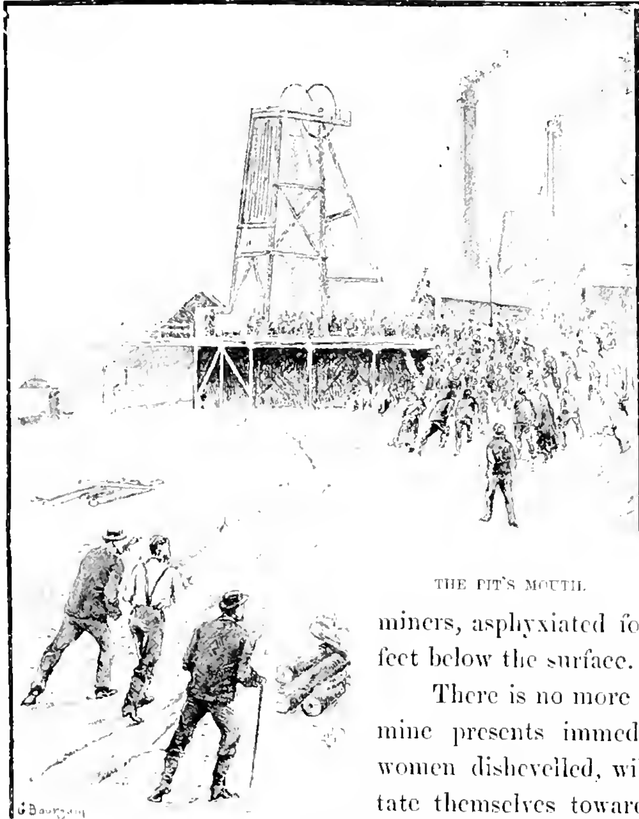
On Friday and Saturday—pay days—the miner, to use his own expression, "tacks about," and gives himself up to drinking. Nevertheless, amongst the pitmen drunkenness is far from being so common as amongst workmen in general. On Sundays and holidays the miner is dressed all in his best, resplendent in a staring coloured waistcoat, with a flower in his button-hole; and he goes to a place of worship, for he is religious, and almost always belongs to a Dissenting sect. Sometimes, too, he preaches in the streets of his village, and the crowd presses around him, open-mouthed, listening eagerly to the sentences which he launches forth with the energy which characterises all his acts. Many men play pitch and toss, losing or winning sums relatively large: they are gamblers—that is their greatest fault.

In their homes the miners delight to surround themselves with comforts; their cottages, only one storey high, solidly furnished, with articles of good quality, often in mahogany, are well kept and scrupulously clean. As to their food, it is very substantial, as is necessary for people who are compelled to work so hard. Nevertheless, they have meat only once a day, with the addition of potatoes, and suet dumplings, which they eat at the commencement of their repast. Their chief beverage is beer or ale, of which they consume immense quantities.

The work in the mines is continuous. The pitmen are divided into fore-shift men, who work at night, and back-shift men, who work during the day; besides the men who are occupied in the interior of the mines, there are numbers who are employed on the surface. All of them are engaged by the year by a proper contract, signed by them and their employers. The steam-engines, and the constant supervision which is necessary to exercise in the working of the mines, necessitate the employment of a

considerable staff, of whom the hewers are a minority. In a mine which employs 500 workmen, for instance, there are scarcely more than 140 hewers; the remainder are employed in dragging the trucks, screening the coal, clearing the rails for the passage of the trains, tending the engines and pumps, cleaning and looking after the lamps and horses, or compose the administrative staff.

Accidents, less frequent than formerly, are still common enough, and cost 1,000 lives every year. Explosions are the most frequent cause of accidents, and of 1,000 deaths 700 are due to fire-damp. Statistics fix the number of deaths by accident in the mines as 1·63 per 1,000. The annals of coal-mining preserve the melancholy records of fearful catastrophes, of which coal-mines have been the theatres. One of the most terrible was that in the Hartley colliery, in Northumberland, in which 219 workmen perished on the 16th of January, 1862. The beam of the pumping-engine broke, and dragged away in its fall the wooden casing which protected the sides of the shaft, and blocked it up. It was not until eight days had elapsed, notwithstanding the greatest exertions, that the rescue-party reached the place where lay the bodies of the unfortunate miners, asphyxiated for want of air, at a depth of 600 feet below the surface.



THE PIT'S MOUTH.

There is no more affecting sight than that which a mine presents immediately after an accident. The women dishevelled, wild with agony of mind, precipitate themselves towards the shafts, the approaches to which are guarded, are loud in their lamentations and weeping, and abandon themselves to the most poignant grief at the sight of the dead body of a father, a husband, or a son. Even for the hardest and most self-contained man, the sight of the human forms, indistinguishable, covered with cloths, landed on the brink of the shaft from the trollies which serve to bring up the coal, is one of the most harrowing that it is possible to witness. It is a spectacle which will never be forgotten by anyone who has been so unfortunate as to be present at it.

One of the most interesting mines in the county of Durham is Pemberton, near Sunderland. It is 1,794 feet deep—the deepest mine in existence. It was necessary, before reaching the working levels, to pierce the chalk-beds to a depth of 300 feet, and to line the shaft with iron to prevent the irruption of the water. It was only after

twenty years that the coal-beds were reached, which extend beneath the bed of the River Wear, and of which the output is, on the average, nearly 1,000 tons a day. They have succeeded in raising a trolly, filled with coal, from the bottom of the shaft to the surface, in less than a minute. The temperature of the Pemberton pit is 87°, and the barometer therein stands at 32·80. One can easily imagine that, under such conditions, the work of the pitmen is hard and fatiguing. The sight of the subterranean galleries is most interesting, and it is not without some inward trepidation that the visitor penetrates thus into the bowels of the earth, and even under the sea; for in one or two of the Durham mines there are galleries which extend many miles beneath the German Ocean. So we can very well appreciate the exclamation of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander the First, who, on arriving at the brink of the shaft of a mine at Wallsend, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, cried, "Ah, mon Dieu! it is the mouth of hell. One must be mad to venture down there!" And, quickly doffing the miner's garments which he had put on, according to custom, he declined to descend into the shaft.

From the mine the coal is carried to the port of shipment, by railway nearly always, sometimes in barges.

On the Tyne and the Wear these boats, of peculiar construction, are known as "keels," and their navigators as "keelmen." These individuals, like the pitmen, form a fraternity of their own, which is gradually disappearing, in consequence of the great facilities which the numerous railways that penetrate the coal districts offer for the transport of the mineral.

All the coal dug from the mines in this district is shipped at Hartlepool, Sunderland, and (chiefly) at Newcastle. "To carry coals to Newcastle" is an old English saying, which is exactly equivalent to the French expression, "To carry water to the river." Now, no river, with the exception of the Manzanares, ever is in want of water. Newcastle has no lack of coal. It is, in fact, the greatest coal depôt in England, after Cardiff, which was not in existence when the proverb was originated—a circumstance which would prove, once more, if proof were needed, that one cannot think of everything, and that the wisdom of nations is sometimes at fault. In 1882 there were exported from Newcastle 4,557,277 tons of coal, representing a value of £1,852,322 sterling. Hartlepool comes next, from which 563,315 tons, valued at £237,631 were dispatched; and, lastly, Sunderland, the principal shipping port for the coal from the valley of the Wear.

The coal basin of Yorkshire, the extent of which, according to Mr. Hull, is 760 square miles, and which contained in 1857 only 317 collieries, producing about 9,000,000 tons of coal, reckons at present 562 coal mines, which supply more than 15,000,000 tons. This basin does not cease within the limits of the county, but extends into Derbyshire, where are found nearly 300 collieries, less rich and less productive than those of Yorkshire. The greater portion of the coal extracted in this region is used in the numerous factories and foundries which are situated in the district. Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Halifax, Middlesbrough, and Huddersfield consume prodigious quantities of it. So the exportation of the coal from there is less considerable than from the northern counties. The two most important ports in Yorkshire, Hull and

Goole, only send abroad about 1,000,000 tons, representing a value of £161,470 sterling (1882).

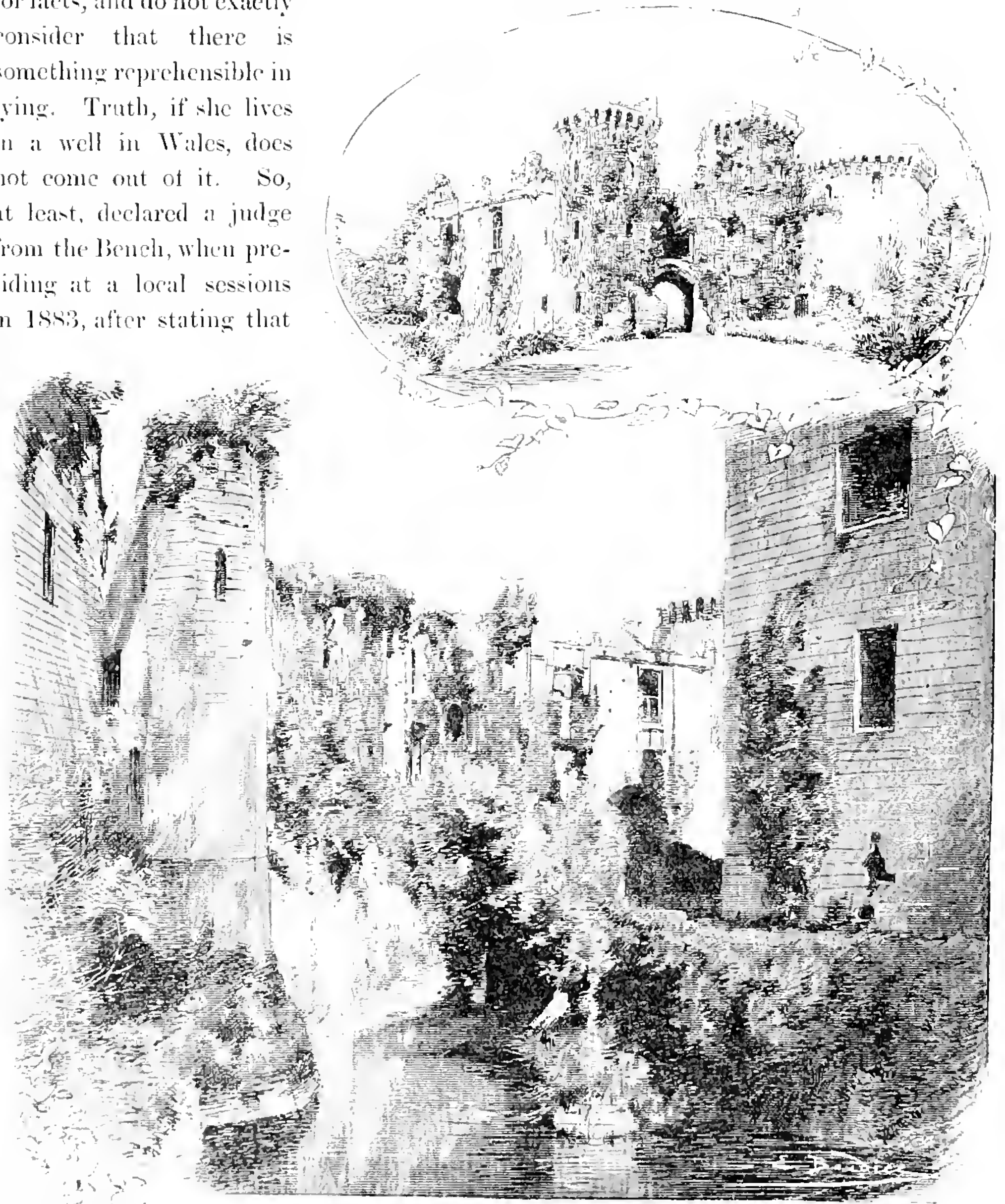
It was in this county, at the Ardsley Colliery, that the most frightful accident ever remembered occurred. On the 12th December, 1866, an explosion caused the death of more than 300 miners, and next day their comrades, to the number of about thirty, who volunteered to go in search of them were killed by a second explosion which raised the number of victims to 358.

II.

WALES AND THE WELSH.—THE COAL BASIN.—SOUTH WALES.—RAGLAN CASTLE.—MONMOUTH AND THE VALLEY OF THE WYE.—ROSS.—HEREFORD: THE CATHEDRAL.—LUDLOW: THE CASTLE.—SHREWSBURY: THE OLD STREETS.—CHESTER: THE RAMPARTS, THE ROWS, THE CATHEDRAL.—EATON HALL.—HAWARDEN CASTLE.—NORTH WALES.—ST. ASAPH.—CONWAY.—ANGLESEY.—BANGOR.—PENRHYN.—THE MENAI BRIDGE.—CARNARVON CASTLE.—LLANBERIS AND THE LAKES.—SNOWDON.—BEDDGELERT.—ABERGLASLYN.

The Principality of Wales is as undulating and picturesque as the counties of which we have just been speaking are monotonous and flat. It is divided into two parts—North and South Wales. Both districts present a succession of beautiful and varied views: mountains, desert plains, wooded hills, lakes, rivers, and torrents meandering through luxurious valleys, the general appearance of which are suggestive of Switzerland. South Wales is a miniature of the land of William Tell, mingled with poetry and Breton traditions. The cromlechs, the menhirs, the rocking-stones, which we meet with in every direction, add to the resemblance, even as the language. The spirit of superstition, which is rife in the remote villages, presents a striking parallel to the manners and customs of Brittany, and suffice, in default of other testimony, to fix the common origin of the two countries. Music and poetry rank high in the estimation of the Welsh. Every year there are assemblies for music and national poetry, which are called "Eisteddfodd." Now-a-days, it is unusual to find Welshmen who do not speak English; but not very long ago it was absolutely indispensable, if one went into certain districts whither the railroad, and with it civilization, had not penetrated, to have a certain knowledge of the Welsh language, in which consonants play such an important part, and the pronunciation of which defies the most experienced linguists. How, without being accustomed to it from infancy, could one pronounce such words as these names of places in the country—Llwyngwychyr, or Cillwch, or, yet again, Cwmddawdwr? The Basque peasants affirm that the Devil, after living in their country seven years, had not learnt more than two words of the language. It is possible that in Wales his Satanic majesty would not have made any greater progress. Notwithstanding their love for the harp, we must not put the Welsh down as either

saints, or as geniuses because they possess vivid imaginations—too vivid, indeed! This vivacity of mind is one of the greatest faults of these good people, who accept dreams for facts, and do not exactly consider that there is something reprehensible in lying. Truth, if she lives in a well in Wales, does not come out of it. So, at least, declared a judge from the Bench, when presiding at a local sessions in 1883, after stating that



RAGLAN CASTLE.

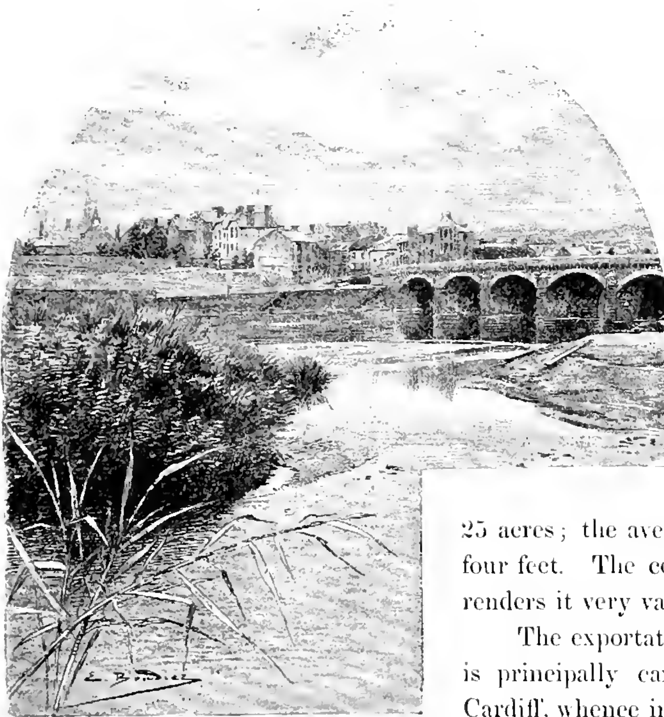
it was impossible to give credit to the evidence of the witnesses. This is, unfortunately, not a solitary instance. Lying is a vice of which the Welsh do not understand the gravity.

Very rich in coal, iron, copper, and lead-mines, the principality is first of all an industrial centre: agriculture, long neglected, is still, comparatively

speaking, behind the age, although it has recently been brought to perfection under the auspices of some large landed proprietors. In the mountainous districts, where land is unproductive, the only resource of the farmers is cattle raising.

The coal basin of South Wales, which is much the most important, extends along the course of the Bristol Channel, from the Usk on the east, to the confines of Pembrokeshire on the West, and its average width is about twenty miles. It covers an area of more than 900 square miles. There are, including those in Monmouthshire, 534 collieries, from which every year more than 17 millions of tons of coal are extracted.

It is in the vales of the Neath, the Taff, and the Rhondda, and in the environs of Merthyr Tydvil that the carboniferous deposits are found in the greatest abundance. The best known mines are those of Risca, Tredegar, Rhondda, and Mountain Ash. This last-named mine supplies coal to the French navy. Situated at a depth of 360 feet, the seam is so abundant that more than 1,000 tons of coal are extracted daily, and two and a half tons of coal can be brought to the pit's mouth in about one minute. The superficial extent of the Mountain Ash Colliery is 25 acres; the average thickness of the seam is four feet. The coal is almost smokeless, which renders it very valuable for war steamers.



MONMOUTH.

The exportation of coal from these districts is principally carried on from Swansea and Cardiff, whence in 1882 was exported 5,973,433 tons, of a value of £3,000,000 sterling. Swansea exported 1,260,000 tons, representing £680,000.

The importance that the English attach to these mines of black diamonds is not excessive; it is to the coal that they owe in a great measure the prosperity of their manufactures, which all depend on the cheap production of the fuel which feeds the furnaces. The manufactories alone absorb 69 per cent. of the coal produced, and every year the output is increased to meet the increasing wants of the works. Perfected machinery has a greater tendency to supersede manual labor, and the consumption of coal follows in a marked and constant increase. So the anxiety of some scientific men will be easily comprehended, as they foresee the time when, in default of coal, British industries and its millions of machines will suddenly be stopped like the wheels of a watch of which the mainspring is broken. What a terrible spectacle was this of a dark future, happily distant, which one moment troubled their minds! But that did

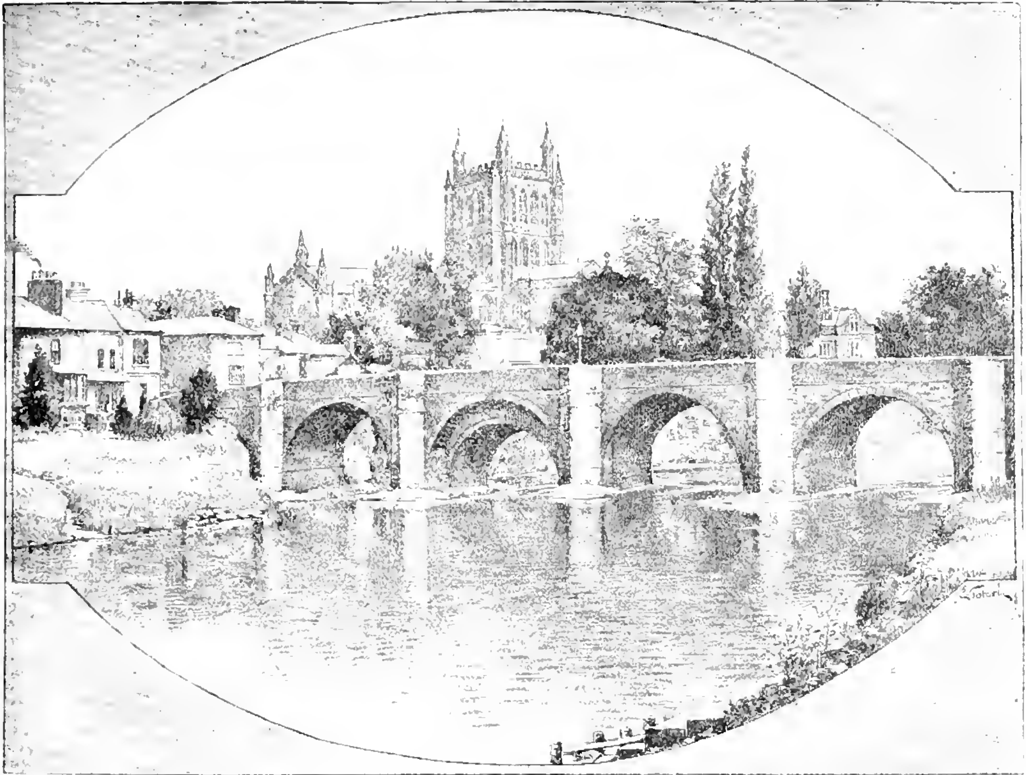
not last long. "Let us only regard the present," said the English; "our grand-

SYMOND'S YAT
AND THE WYE VALLEY.

children will get themselves out of the trouble very well without us, and as our ancestors did not hamper us, let us leave to those who will come after us the business of managing their own affairs as they please." In commerce, as in politics, their unalterable principle is never to trouble about the future. One foresees everything except what actually happens, they say; events change, conditions and requirements are modified and the laws remain—instead of facilitating business they interfere with it—then the less we do in the matter the

better it will be. And that is the reason why if they had coal sufficient for a hundred years, instead of for many centuries, they would not trouble themselves any more or less. They prefer to count upon the progress and the enterprise of their descendants, rather than to dwell upon melancholy predictions. They have faith in the future of their race, and delight to conjure up the vision of a good time coming, in which their descendants will make use of the forces of nature at present unknown, as steam and electricity were unknown to their forefathers.

Quitting the region of mines, forges, and foundries, of which Merthyr Tydvil is the

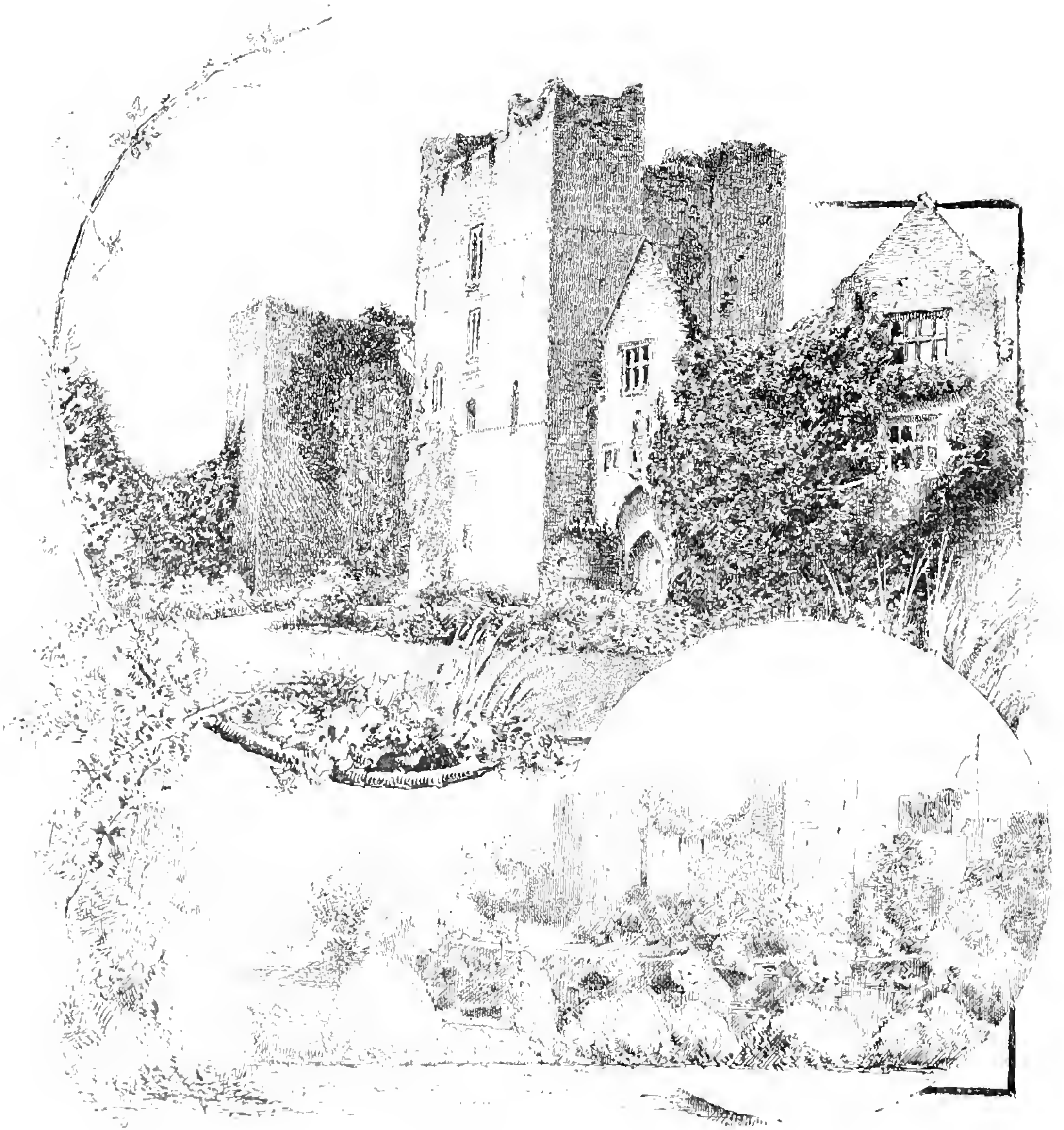


BRIDGE AND CATHEDRAL, HEREFORD.

centre, and returning to Newport, the tourist who may be desirous to visit the most important places in this part of South Wales before proceeding to the North has, so to speak, only the embarrassment of choice. On leaving Newport, the railway passes near Caerleon, the *Isca Silurum* of Antoninus, which is now but an unimportant village, after having been the station of the Second Roman Legion and the capital of South Wales.

Much more interesting are the ruins of Raglan Castle, situated in the beautiful valley of the Usk, in the middle of an undulating and well wooded district. The Castle, partly hidden by trees, stands upon a rising ground, about two thirds of a mile from the village of Raglan. It is reached by means of a bridge over the moat, leading to the arched gateway, flanked by two hexagonal machicolated towers. Comparatively

modern, since it only dates from the reign of Henry V., this castle marks by the details of its architecture the transition of the Feudal fortresses to the fortifications of the new school. Its angular towers, offering little surface for cannon-balls, are like a



LUDLOW CASTLE.

rough outline of the bastions of our own day. The Keep, a lofty and massive hexagonal tower, surrounded by a wide moat, dismantled by order of Cromwell, presents a yawning aperture, disclosing the staircase, which escaped destruction. From the summit of the Keep a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be obtained, and the Sugar Loaf Mountain beyond Abergavenny, as well as "The Kymin," a wooded hill overlooking

Monmouth, can be distinguished. Contrary to custom, the Donjon Keep of Raglan is outside the Castle itself, and formed an advanced work, intended to protect the principal fortress, with which it was connected by a covered way and drawbridge. Destroyed during the Civil War and neglected by its owners, the Castle seemed for a long while delivered over to the Vandalism of the peasantry of the district, who built their houses of the stones they fetched from its walls. At length the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it belongs, put an end to these depredations, and now the venerable ruins of Raglan Castle are jealously protected, and carefully kept in order.

Some miles from Raglan we find the old town of Monmouth, situated on the bank of the Wye, and enclosed by picturesque hills one of which ("The Kymin") is 700 feet above the river; from the summit of this hill a superb panorama of the Valley of the Wye is obtainable — one of the most beautiful views in the United Kingdom. Monmouth itself presents no objects of interest, relatively, and has no monuments except the old gate leading to the bridge across the Monnow, whose waters here unite with the Wye, and the unimportant ruins of a castle and a priory where Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote the poem of the Round Table, which was subsequently translated into French verse by two Norman troubadours. The visitor is shown a window which tradition says was that of his chamber, but it is evidently of a period later than that in which Geoffrey lived.

SAINT ASAPH.

Monmouth is more especially noticeable as the starting-point of tourists desirous to explore the Valley of the Wye, which between Ross and Monmouth presents a variety of sites of remarkable beauty. Between these two towns the river describes numerous curves, returning upon its course, and lingering at pleasure amid these beautiful scenes, which it seems to part from with regret. Its winding course lies deep between two high gently undulating plateaux; sometimes its rapid waters lave grassy meadows, sometimes they wind around the bases of lofty hills, like Symond's Yat, or the Dowards, chalky masses, 600 feet high, thus presenting a variety of aspects in which rich vegetation succeeds arid plains and rocks, whose summits and sides are clothed with ivy and wild flowers. Here we have the picturesque ruins of a castle of the Middle Ages, or of a Roman stronghold; there, a granite wall whose surface presents enormous yawning clefts; farther on, a beautiful park shows us a wide carpet of verdure; farther still are pretty little villages embosomed in orchards; well tilled fields, or pasturages in which wander herds of cattle. When ascending the river, as soon as Goodrich Castle is passed, the banks assume a less picturesque appearance; soon afterwards Ross is reached—a

town well situated upon a gentle eminence. At Ross there is nothing remarkable: this little town has no history, and the only curiosity it can offer to the tourist is the spectacle of two trees growing inside the church. From Ross, the railroad, skirting the borderland between England and Wales, goes Northward to Chester, passing Hereford, Ludlow, and Shrewsbury.

Hereford, the chief town of the county of that name, is famous for its pretty situation on the Wye, and for its cathedral—a most interesting sacred edifice, which the successive and maladroit restorations of many architects have not been able to deprive of its character of majestic beauty. The most remarkable portions of the building are the south aisle, the choir, of Norman architecture, the altar, the nave—embellished by a beautiful modern screen of wrought iron—and the cloisters. In these different parts of the edifice are numerous tombs, some of which, dating from the 14th century, are curious.

Hereford Cathedral also contains a library, in which are preserved some 2,000 volumes, and priceless Anglo-Saxon MSS.

Nell Gwynne, the mistress of Charles II., the celebrated rival of the Duchess of Portsmouth, the lively actress of whom Madame de Sévigné has left such a piquant portrait, was born in Hereford, as well as Garrick the actor, who came into the world in a house in Widemarsh Street. The old houses in the town are gradually disappearing to make room for new buildings, and lovers of the picturesque must console themselves at Shrewsbury and Ludlow.

Situated at the confluence of the Teme and Corve, Ludlow is built, in amphitheatre form, upon a wooded hill. At the top of this hill, and dominating all the town, stands the high tower of the parish church of St. Lawrence, a remarkable specimen of the Perpendicular style, built in the 13th and enlarged in the following century. Skilfully restored in 1860, it consists of a large nave and a choir, the windows of which are filled with beautiful stained glass. In the neighbouring cemetery we remark a curious house of the 17th century, possessing a frontage embellished with projecting beams, all sculptured and carved; it is one of the most beautiful examples of ancient domestic architecture in the district, of which Ludlow presents many specimens, notably the Feathers Hotel, which is considered a model of this kind of decoration.

But all these buildings are, in interest, far behind the ruins of Ludlow Castle, the most important of the fortified castles which protected the Welsh marches. Built in the 12th century, by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, this fortress sustained many sieges and witnessed many a battle. Later on, it became the official residence of the Lords President of Wales, and was abandoned at the end of the 17th century, when the office of Lord President was abolished.

The appearance of the ruins is imposing; one only perceives the summits of the embattled towers and of the keep, rising above the triple *enceinte*, which is concealed by a curtain of verdure. The ruined walls, whose angles are rounded by Time, are clothed with luxurious vegetation; the ivy and moss wrap them, as it were, in a cloak of dark green, but they ill conceal the gaps which centuries have made. As soon as we have reached the court-yard, the keep meets our gaze, massive and sombre, overlooking the vast buildings of various periods, successively erected by the ancient

possessors of Ludlow. Here is a great hall or council chamber, with pointed windows and broken mullions. There is a chapel, a kind of round tower, the doors and windows

HOUSES IN BUTCHER'S ROW (SHREWSBURY).

of which, plainly arched, denote their Norman origin. In front is a square building which served as the kitchen. In the great hall, the roof of which is dilapidated, was first represented the "Comus" of Milton, who, as a guest of the Lord President, composed this comedy or masque to please the *châtelaines* of the district, who had assembled at Ludlow Castle where the Earl of Bridgewater was entertaining a merry

company. It was also at Ludlow that Butler wrote the first part of his "Hudibras." From the historical stand-point, the castle is teeming with memories. Edward IV. and his children, and Gloucester, their uncle, who caused them to be murdered in the Tower, all lived here; and Arthur, Prince of Wales, died here, a short time after his marriage with Catherine of Aragon.

Shrewsbury is mid-way between Hereford and Chester. The situation of the ancient capital of Shropshire vividly recalls that of Durham. Like Durham, it is built upon a peninsula, formed, in this instance, by the Severn. The railway passes at the base of the castle, of which now there remain only the square keep and a portion of the old interior *enceinte*. Erected upon the summit of the eminence on which the town is built, this castle, which can be perceived from afar (Shrewsbury stands in the midst of a vast plain), gives a feudal air to the old and picturesque town. The spire of St. Mary's Church, which uprises high in the centre of the town, looks like the gigantic mast of a ship. This church, though of different periods and various styles, is nevertheless a remarkable monument. The castle and the church, however, yield in interest to the old houses of Shrewsbury, which are the delight of the artist and the curious. In the High Street and in Butcher's Row we find the most remarkable of these gabled buildings, with their pointed roofs and overhanging storeys, which shade the dirty, narrow streets, the aspect of which has scarcely changed since the 15th century. There are the same penthouses sheltering shops, with wooden pillars, arched windows, the frames of which, like the doors, are projecting, and present opportunities for decoration; in some cases, indeed, the frames are carved; the exterior beams are blackened by the weather, and arranged in lozenges, crosses, or squares, which are worked in, like the meshes of a net, on the frontages, and stand out against the grey masonry. All this has a stamp of the Middle Ages, as unexpected as interesting, and much more pleasant to look at than the school founded by Edward VI., a massive building of the 16th century, with windows wider than they are high, and an embattled tower with pinnacles.

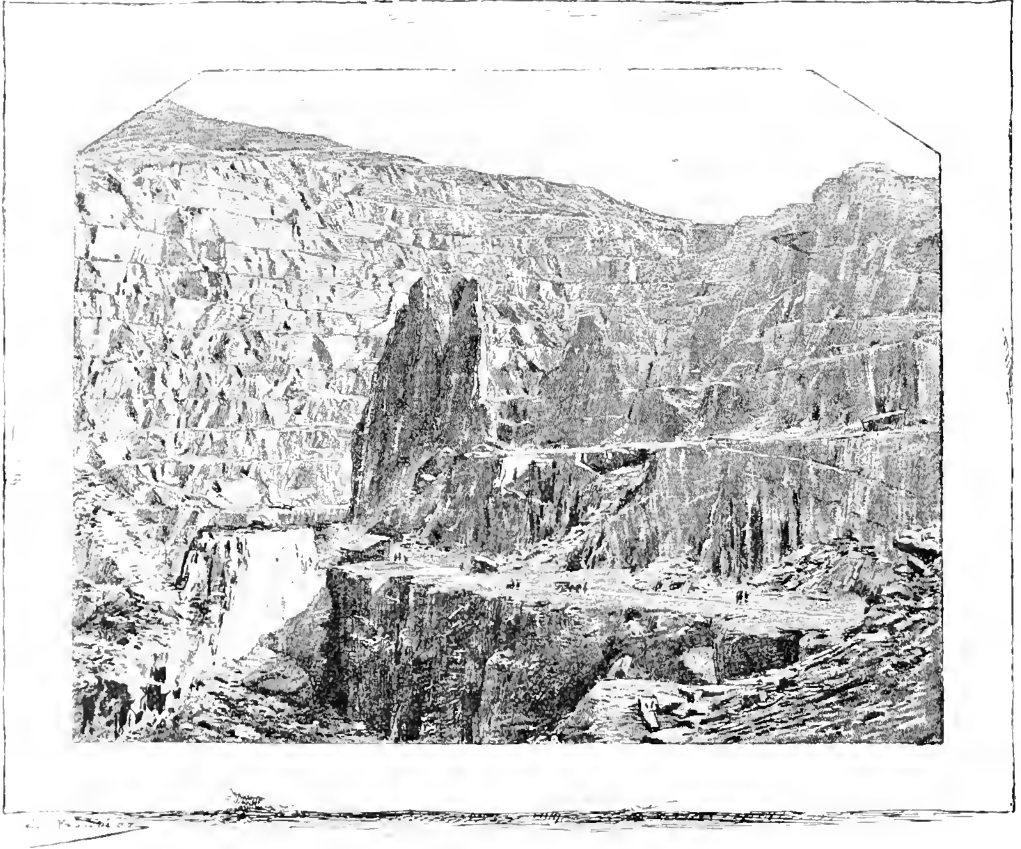
At the foot of the hill, the banks of the Severn, shaded by fine trees, enclose Shrewsbury with a rampart of verdure, and form a very pleasant promenade, called the "Quarry Walk;" which still more accentuates the resemblance between Shrewsbury and Durham that we have already noticed.

Chester, the ancient *Castrum Legionis* of the Romans—then Castrum, the camp *par excellence*, whence its name—is the first of the chain of fortresses formerly ranged upon the frontiers of England and Wales, and which extended from the Dee, in the north, to the Severn in the south. A military station of the greatest importance, and considered, in past days, as the key of North Wales, Chester still preserves traces of its origin: its four principal streets, for instance, start from the centre of the city, and diverge to the four cardinal points, recalling, accurately, the arrangements of the Roman camps. The ramparts also display some evidences of Roman masonry; one instance, the best preserved of the constructions of that period, is a hypocaust situated in the rear of a house in Bridge Street. Another specimen was discovered, but was demolished and reconstructed in the garden of the Museum. As is St. Malo, in France, so is Chester surrounded by ramparts, on which one may compass the city on foot; these form the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. The walls form an almost perfect

OLD HOUSES (SHREWSBURY).

parallelogram, cut at intervals by towers, the most remarkable of which are on the north side; amongst others, the Phœnix Tower, from the summit of which Charles I. witnessed the rout of his army in the plains of Rowton Moor, as an inscription placed above the gate declares; then we have the Bonwaldesthorne and the Water Towers, placed a little in front of the walls, which were built in 1322. The North Gate is modern.

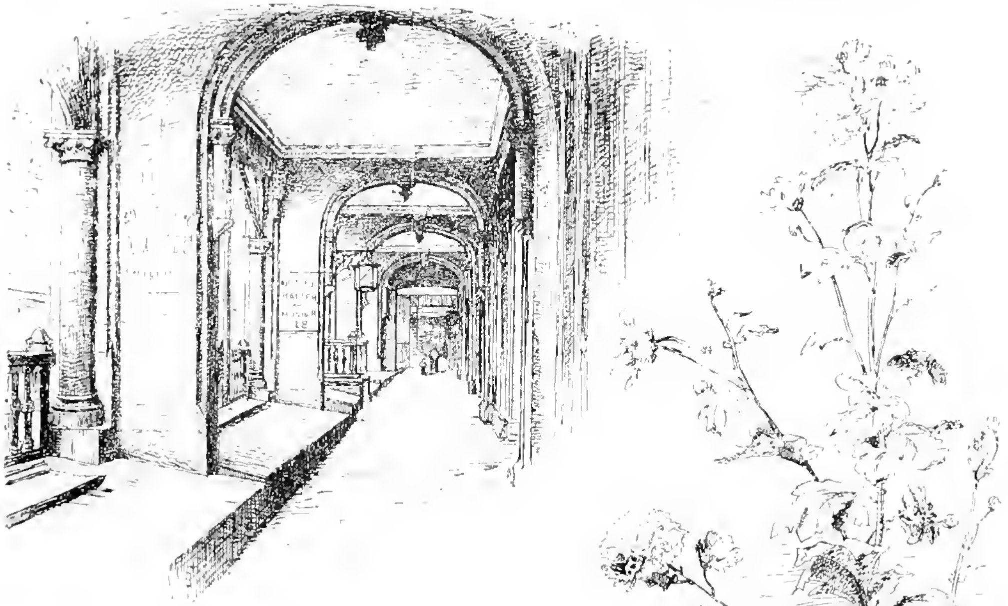
From the ramparts, and particularly from the southern portion of the *enceinte,* a beautiful panorama is disclosed. In the foreground the Dee winds amid the Cheshire lowlands; beyond it the Mold hills and the Welsh mountains are echeloned in successive ranges, and by evident gradation lead the eyes to the mountains of the Vale of Clwyd, the culminating point of which, the "Moel Fammau," is readily distinguished. Chester was formerly a port of some importance, and vessels ascending the wide estuary of the Dee, which washes the ramparts on the south and west, used to anchor under the walls;



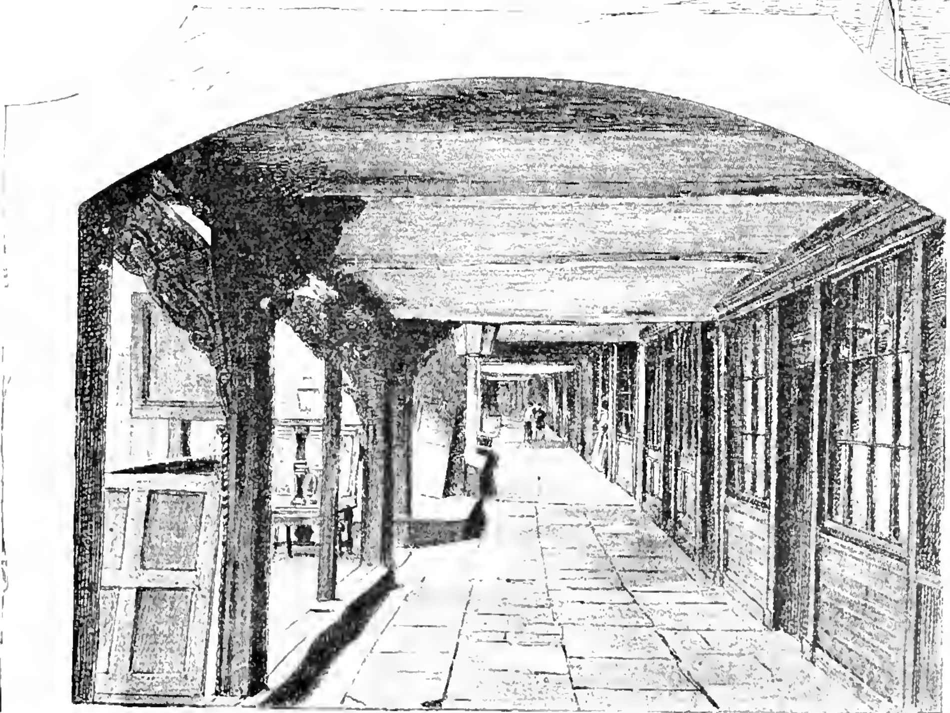
THE PENRHYN SLATE QUARRIES.

witness the rings which are visible in the mossy sides of the Water Tower. Chester is still a port, but the business is not great.

An excellent starting-point from which to explore North Wales, the old city is in itself a place at once most interesting and picturesque. The narrow streets of the old quarters of the town are lined with ancient houses, the fronts of which, with wooden balconies and carved galleries and small beams ingeniously placed, so as to furnish an element of decoration of which the architects of the 17th century knew how to make an excellent use, are for the most part very remarkable. To enhance the effect of these buildings, the streets of Chester are arranged in a manner which one does not meet with elsewhere. These narrow streets, called "Rows," are lined with stalls and shops



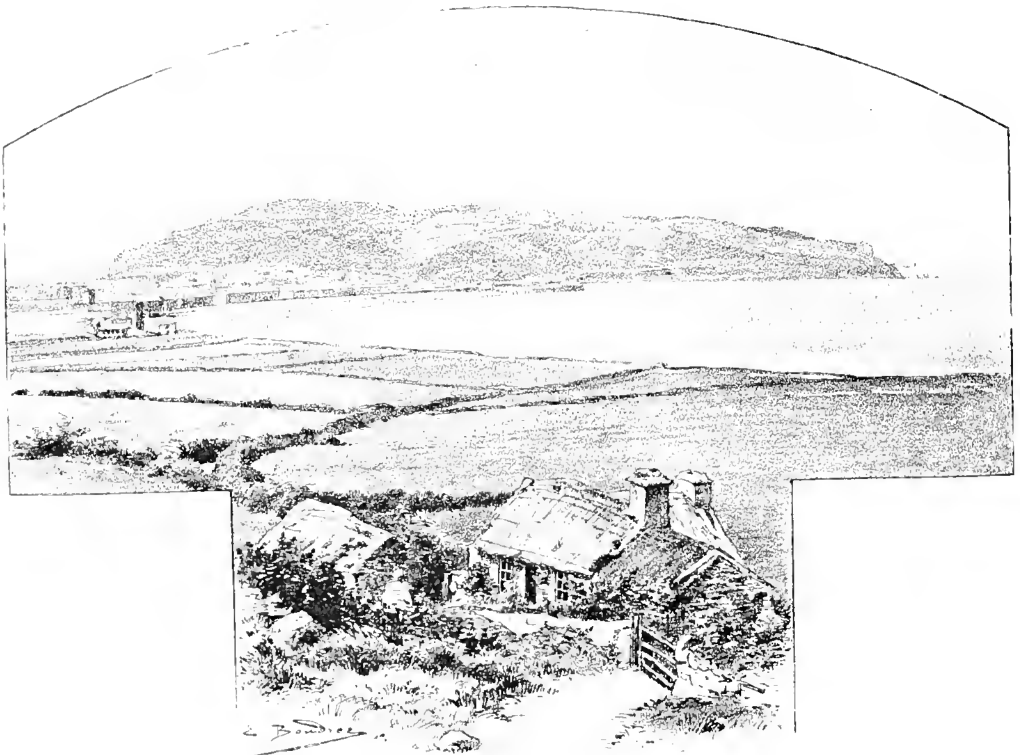
of a very ordinary class, above which a covered gallery serves as a footway. Upon this gallery open the best shops and retail houses, partly supported on pillars. At cross-ways the pedestrian must descend and re-ascend, of course. Nothing can be more curious than the appear-



"THE ROWS," CHESTER.

ance of these footways when it seems as if the passers-by were walking upon the first floor of the houses, whose fronts had been removed, while the vehicles seem to pass to and fro in the cellars.

Chester Cathedral is of the Perpendicular order; the exterior is not attractive. It was built in the 12th century, and underwent restoration from 1844 to 1876. Amongst the tombs it shelters is one stated to be that of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, who, according to the legend, came to live in Chester as a hermit, where he died. Everyone knows that this king died at Spires, in Germany. Another tomb



LLANDUDNO BAY AND GREAT ORME'S HEAD.

which is shown in the cloister is that of Hugh Lupus, but as it bears the initials R.S., it is difficult to credit this fable.

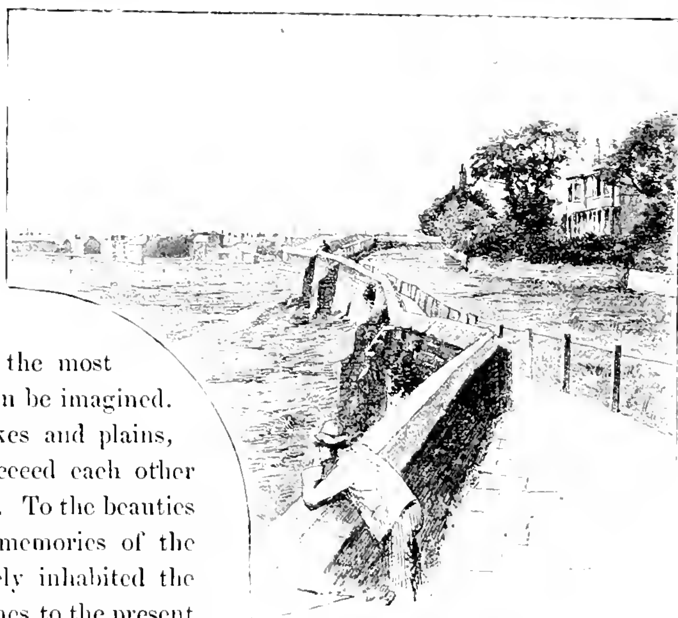
Outside the walls of Chester, near Grosvenor Park, stands a remarkable church of the 10th century, of the purest Roman architecture; for the antiquary and the archæologist the church of St. John is perhaps the most curious relic in the neighbourhood.

Near to Chester are found two mansions, both interesting on different grounds. One, Eaton Hall, is the sumptuous dwelling of the Duke of Westminster. It is a modern building, situated in the midst of a beautiful park. Like all English noblemen, the Duke opens his mansion to the public at certain times. Each visitor pays a shilling entrance fee; at the end of the year these contributions amount to a considerable sum, which the noble owner sends to the Hospital at Chester, which from this source received

in 1884, £500 sterling; so Eaton Hall must be visited by at least 10,000 people annually.

The other mansion is that of Hawarden, the dwelling-place of the venerable Mr. Gladstone, the eminent statesman and head of the Liberal party. The castle is a building of the last century, restored in 1809, so as to give it the appearance of a building of the 13th century. In the park which surrounds the mansion are the ruins of a castle of the 11th century (Hawarden Castle).

Hawarden is not in Cheshire, but in Flintshire: that is to say, in Wales, properly so called. Nevertheless, if Chester, Hereford, and Monmouth are not now parts of Wales, they were formerly Welsh; Herefordshire and Monmouthshire were the only counties which the Saxons were able to conquer and keep.



RAMPARTS OF CHESTER.

North Wales is one of the most picturesque districts that can be imagined. Mountains and valleys, lakes and plains, moorlands and marshes, succeed each other in a never-ending panorama. To the beauties of nature are added the memories of the peoples who have successively inhabited the country from prehistoric times to the present epoch. Here are deep moats and stone walls of enormous height; cromlechs and Druidic remains; abbeys and cathedrals in ruins; castles of which only walls and gaping towers remain; Cimri, Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and English disputed in turn for the possession of this country, which, taken and retaken, passed from one to the other, while retaining traces of the domination of all.

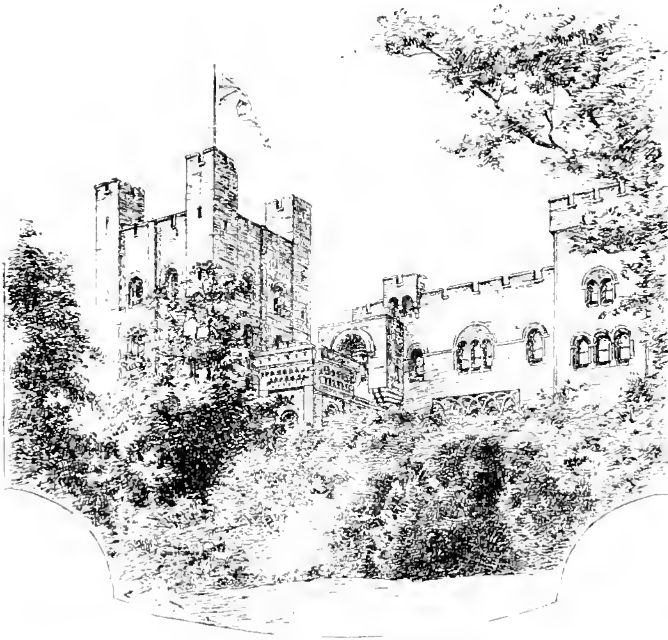
Quitting Cheshire, we penetrate Denbighshire, the chief town of which, Denbigh, is situated on an eminence which is crowned by the few remaining ruins of its old castle. As a matter of fact, there only remain a few feet of dilapidated wall, and a gate flanked by two towers. From the top of the hill is visible the whole of the valley of the Clwyd, which extends like an immense circus, in which the blue mountains form gigantic steps.

About six miles from Denbigh we find the little town of St. Asaph, whose cathedral —a monument of the 8th century—is the smallest in England and Wales: it only measures 182 feet by 68 feet. The seat of a bishopric founded by St. Mungo in the 6th century, St. Asaph is an insignificant little borough containing 3,500 inhabitants.

A branch railway connects Denbigh and St. Asaph with the main Chester and Holyhead line, which is the route to Ireland. The latter railway skirts the wide estuary of the Dee, the Irish Sea, and the Bay of Beaumaris, on its way to its western

terminus in the Isle of Anglesey, crossing the Menai Straits by and through a wonderful tubular bridge.

At first the railroad traverses an uninteresting district, and with the exception of the ruins of Flint Castle, the tourist perceives nothing but factory, foundry, and brewery chimneys, which are plentiful in this district. At Holywell is a spring whose waters have, so 'tis said, as marvellous properties as those of Lourdes. Soon afterwards we lose sight of the Dee and reach the sea coast once more in the environs of Rhyl, where the waves lave the base of the embankment in a silver fringe. The sea in its turn is quitted, and the train rattles over the Conway on, or rather, in, the famous tubular bridge. But before penetrating this tube of Stephenson's, we can see in the left distance the summit of Snowdon, the culminating point of the chain of hills which extends from Conway to Nevin, by Carnarvon Bay, after having divided Carnarvonshire into two parts.



LLANRHYN CASTLE.

The Conway Tubular Bridge, constructed in 1847, is 400 feet long, and crosses in a single span the Conway river. It is composed of two long square iron tubes, something in the shape of an iron railway carriage detached from its wheels and lengthened; for, although they appear absolutely square, the tubes are somewhat curved on the upper sides. It is considered a triumph of engineering skill. That may be, but it is certainly very ugly. The Suspension Bridge, constructed by Telford in 1822, is, on the contrary, a very graceful object, describing an elegant curve, and does not detract from the remarkable view presented by the town and castle of Conway.

Conway, or Aberconway, is a small town, of which one need see but the exterior; but this exterior is of assured picturesqueness. Built in the form of an irregular triangle, upon a small eminence, it is surrounded by a girdle of embattled ramparts. At the angle which the Conway makes with the river Griffin stands the castle, built in the 13th century, by Edward I., to defend the entrance to the estuary. It is in the form of a parallelogram, and its walls, which are of great thickness, are surmounted by eight massive round towers.

The railway, after quitting the tubular bridge, runs at the foot of the castle wall, crosses the *enceinte* of the town twice, and emerges into the country, skirting the Bay

of Beaumaris, on the other side of which is the Isle of Anglesey, a kind of plateau of little elevation, separated from the mainland by a cataclysm, and consisting of plains and pasture-land and corn-fields. Trees are rare in the island, the violent storms which sweep over these coasts not being conducive to the growth of vegetation; nevertheless, there are some comparatively fertile valleys in Anglesey.

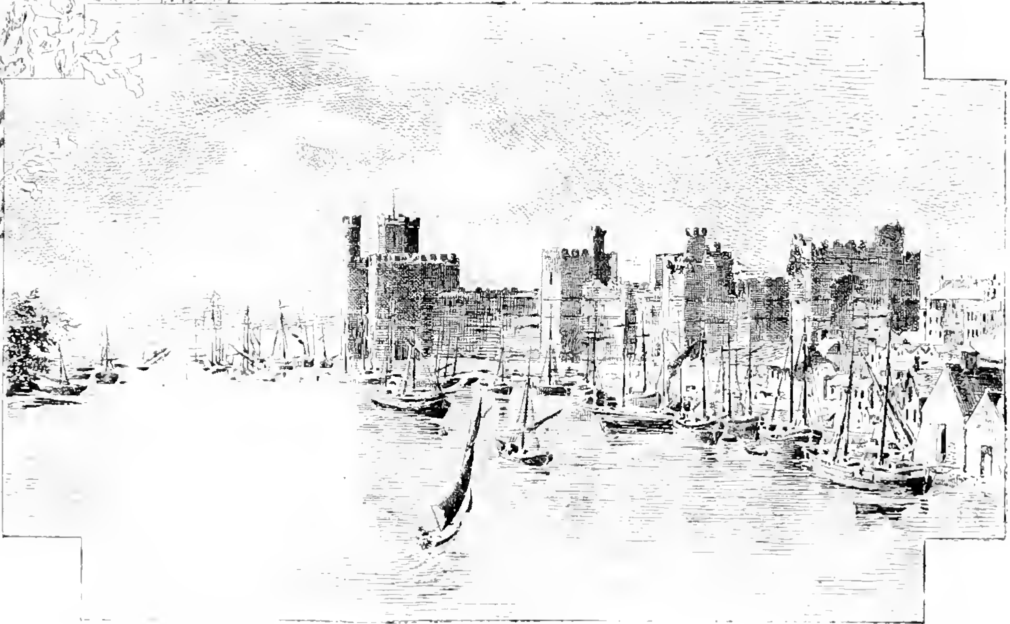
Beaumaris, the capital of the island (the houses are perceptible in the distance), is on the opposite bank, and is a pretty little town, built in the form of an amphitheatre, on the Menai Strait. In summer it is a much frequented watering-place. From the

MENAI SUSPENSION BRIDGE

shore and from the terraces above it, in the direction of the town, one enjoys an excellent view of the strait, which cuts off Puffin Island from the coast of Anglesey, and the promontory of Orme's Head from the opposite side. Penmaen-Mawr, a kind of granite buttress of the Snowdon range, through which the railway penetrates by a tunnel, rises on the right. Farther away, Bangor and Penrhyn appear, backed by the mountains of Carnarvonshire, whose blue summits mingle in the distance with the azure sky.

We soon arrive at Bangor, nestling coquettishly at the bottom of a charming valley, sheltered by two ranges of rocks. This small town, the site of a very ancient bishopric, possesses only one monument—its cathedral, a very simple edifice of various styles, restored in 1870. Bangor is the principal head-quarters of tourists, from whence it is easy to visit the surrounding districts, which abound with interesting places, and in curiosities of all kinds.

The magnificent Penrhyn Castle, belonging to Lord Penrhyn, is amongst the "lions" of the neighbourhood. The English bestow this name upon places, houses, castles, or on any remarkable thing in a town, or in any place whatsoever. It is situated in the midst of a beautiful park six and a half miles in circumference, and consists of an extensive range of buildings supported by seven high towers, of which five are round, and two square; one of the latter is copied from that of Rochester Castle. The magnificent apartments are furnished and decorated with a luxury and richness quite unusual. Lord Penrhyn, who owns about 41,000 acres in Carnarvonshire and Denbigh-



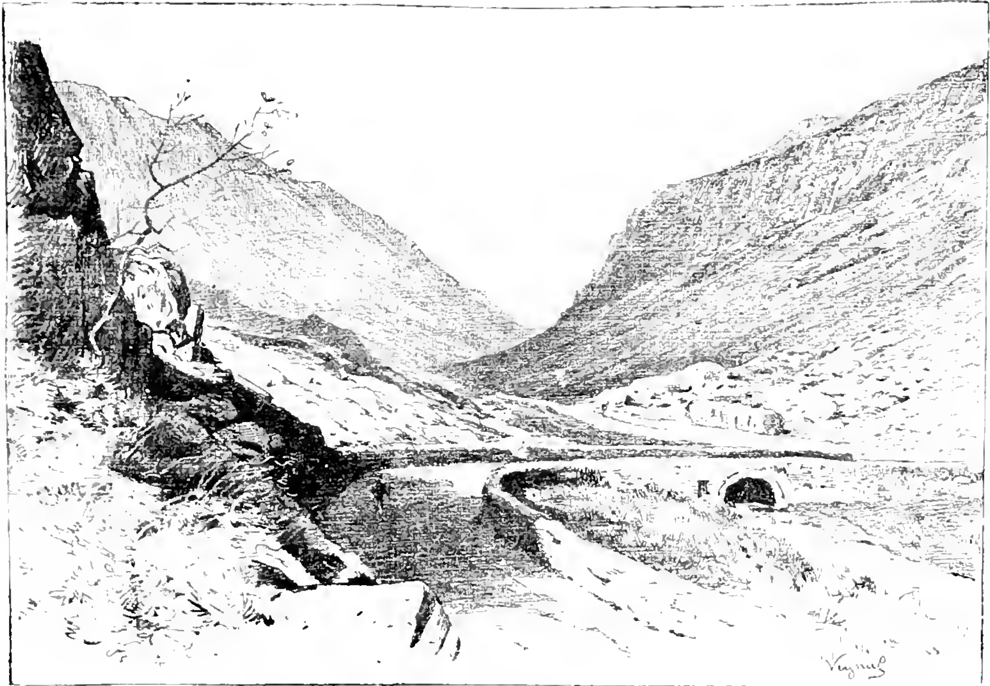
CARNARVON CASTLE.

shire, is the proprietor of the extensive Penrhyn slate-quarries, the largest in the United Kingdom, from which he draws an immense revenue. These quarries (more "lions!") employ 3,000 workmen, and sustain more than 12,000 people. The slate-cutting is conducted with the greatest skill, and it is calculated that 200 tons of Penrhyn slates are daily despatched from Bangor. The miners live in the neighbourhood, chiefly in the village of Bethesda, of which they form almost the sum total of the population.

About a mile and a half from Bangor we meet with two bridges—the Suspension and the Britannia Tubular Bridges—which span the Menai Strait. This piece of water, which divides Anglesey from Wales, is about fourteen miles long; its width varies between 190 and 3,200 yards. Before 1826 the Strait was crossed in boats, and some danger was incurred in the transit, particularly in bad weather.

The Suspension Bridge, like that at Conway, was built by Telford, and cost £120,000. It is much higher than the Conway Bridge, for it was necessary to keep the navigation of

the Strait clear. The roadway of the bridge is 100 feet above the level of high water. In construction, the two bridges resemble each other; but the Menai Bridge, which measures 579 feet from one abutment to the other, and 1,000 feet in its total length, is the longer of the two. At a short distance from the Suspension Bridge the Britannia tubes cross the strait. This bridge is supported by three lofty and massive towers in masonry, one on each bank, and one built upon a rock in mid-channel which furnishes an excellent natural foundation. It is like the Conway Tubular Bridge, of which it is an enlarged copy, and is 1,842 feet long. On the Anglesey side, between the bridges, is a lofty column erected to the memory of the Marquis of Anglesey, who lost a leg at



VALE OF LLANBERIS.

Waterloo—an incident which gave rise to the saying that he had one foot in the grave for many years before he died. This joke is not perhaps of extreme point, but it is local; let us note it as we pass, without comment.

From Bangor to Carnarvon is about nine miles. The railway carries us thither in half an hour and skirts the strait. Carnarvon, or Caernarvon, is the most convenient point from which to reach Llanberis and make the ascent of Snowdon.

Just as Beaumaris Castle defends the northern entrance of the strait, so does Carnarvon Castle protect the southern side; but the former is just as insignificant as the latter is important.

The town was founded by Edward I. in 1283; it is the capital of Carnarvonshire, the most mountainous county in Wales, and which has preserved the type of originality and nationality in a marked degree. All the inhabitants speak the Welsh language, and wear the national costume which, for women, consists chiefly of a horrible high-crowned

hat of a most unbecoming character. It is impossible to picture to one's self a pretty face under this cylinder fixed on a plate.

Carnarvon is a fortified town, encompassed by ramparts which are united with the beautiful castle whose ruins are reckoned amongst the most magnificent in Wales. This fortress, like that of Conway, is an irregular parallelogram, formed by thick, high walls, flanked by thirteen massive towers, of which one, the Eagle's tower, the largest and the most beautiful, is surmounted by three battlemented turrets. To judge well of the proportions of the castle and of the aspect of the old town, whose limits are clearly indicated by the walls of the *enceinte*, there is no more advantageous point of view than the summit of the Eagle's Tower, from which the eye embraces Carnarvon, the Strait, a considerable portion of the mountain-chain which crosses Carnarvonshire, and the summit of Snowdon, which dominates it.

LAKE PERIS.

Carnarvon is only half an hour by railway from Llanberis, the starting-point of tourists who wish to visit the Lakes and make the ascent of Snowdon. As the railway quits the town, it offers nothing of much interest. At some distance the country becomes more varied and hilly. Soon we skirt Llyn Padarn. From this point the mountains, fringed with blue, stand up boldly upon the horizon, enclosing a beautiful panorama, in which the lakes, the fantastically shaped boulders, the cascades and the streams, succeed each other in endless and picturesque confusion. It is a spectacle of sublime grandeur, and the pen is powerless to depict the striking effect, the profound impression, which is produced upon the spectator by this charming corner of the world.

To Lake Padarn succeeds Lake Peris, a much smaller but much more beautiful piece of water. It is surrounded by high hills, which seem to rise out of the water, and by reflection in it produce shadows of singular effect. These lakes, of great depth, are separated by a narrow meadow, which is irrigated by a little water-course, a kind of connecting link between Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris.

Snowdon is accessible from many sides, but the Llanberis route is that which is generally followed, being the least dangerous and fatiguing. Formerly the ascent presented some difficulties, but a road was made that ponies—which replace the mules of Alpine districts—can easily follow to the summit of the mountain; the route, passing near the beautiful cascade of Cennant Mawr, which tumbles noisily over a cliff 210 feet high into a black and rocky basin, is continued along a ridge which overlooks the Valley of Llanberis, and is almost straight until within a mile of the summit, when it makes a sharp curve. The ascent then becomes more tiresome, and we at length

reach the top of Snowdon, called Y Wyddfa. Then we find ourselves upon a narrow plateau, about eighteen feet in diameter, surrounded by a low wall. It is difficult to give an an idea of the magnificent view which is presented to the gaze of the bewildered tourist. Westward—that is to say towards Carnarvon—the Isle of Anglesey separates the Irish Sea from the Bay of Carnarvon; beyond, the waves of the sea are perceptible—always a little rough on this side. In clear weather, a dark line is seen in the distance like a cloud of smoke; that is the Wicklow mountain-chain in Ireland. To the north,

SNOWDON.

east, and south the Welsh mountains are at first clearly distinguished, then their contours fade away and mingle with the horizon, intersected here and there by some peak higher than its fellows—Moel Siabod or Cader Idris for example. And on all sides except the east the perspective is bounded by the sea, smooth or rough, blue or fringed with foam, calm, or dashing furiously against the rocks which form, on the western coast of England, a natural breakwater.

Between the northern slopes of Snowdon and the southern slopes of Glyder-Fawr, we find the Pass of Llanberis—a natural narrow passage, shut in between two high walls of basalt, whose rugged sides are scarped into points and peaks. At the bottom of the gorge a torrent rushes against the enormous masses of rock hurled into it pell-mell by some convulsion of nature, and loses itself in Llyn Peris. One of these

boulders has the form of a Druidical stone, of the kind to which the term "Cromlech" has been applied. Nothing can surpass the savage grandeur of the *coup d'œil* which the Pass of Llanberis presents. Two miles in length, this

LAKE GWYNNANT.

AND VALLEY OF ABERGLASLYN.

gorge, access to which was once difficult, is now traversed by a carriage-road, and it has become a favourite object for a very pleasant excursion; for, emerging from the Pass of Llanberis, the road, passing by the valley of waters, Nant Gwynnant, winds round the base of Snowdon, which is presented in its varied aspects, skirts two beau-

BEDDGELERT BRIDGE

tiful lakes, Llyn Gwynnant and Llyn-y-ddinas, and continues to Beddgelert, after passing the curious rock called the Fort of Merlin. Beddgelert, surnamed the Pearl of Welsh villages, is picturesquely situated at the foot of high mountains at the confluence of the rivers Colwyn and Glaslyn. Not far from the village is the celebrated gorge of Aberglaslyn, watered by an impetuous torrent, which is spanned by a bridge of one arch, that unites the counties of Carnarvon and Merioneth. From Beddgelert to Carnarvon the most rapid and agreeable mode of communication is the railway, and the distance, being only thirteen miles, is accomplished in less than an hour.

III.

THE IRON DISTRICTS.—EXPORTATION OF IRON.—THE CLEVELAND DISTRICT.—MIDDLESBROUGH.—THE BLAST FURNACES OF ESTON.—BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—FURNESS ABBEY.—THE LAKE DISTRICT.—CONISTON, WINDERMERE, GRASMERE, DERWENTWATER, AND ULLSWATER.

Although the production of iron is far from being equal to that of coal, it comes immediately after it in the enumeration of the mineral wealth of England. There is iron in abundance in all the northern and western counties, and in all the districts where coal is produced.

It is only this union of the two minerals which gives iron an industrial value, for iron far distant from coal has only a relative value, since it is impossible under such conditions to produce it cheaply. In the supply of iron Scotland and Ireland have but a very small share: England and Wales furnishing more than nine-tenths of the whole. Yorkshire produces the most; and then come in order of supply, Cumberland, Northampton, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and Gloucestershire.

The quantity of iron extracted from the mines amounted in 1868 to 4,970,206 tons; in 1882 it had almost doubled, and reached 8,493,387 tons, the value of which was perhaps £21,000,000. But all the iron is not extracted from English ore; about one-eighth is derived from the mines of Italy, Portugal, and, above all, Spain. The last-named country furnished England in 1883 with 3,072,955 tons of iron ore, of the estimated value of £2,800,000.

The export of iron of all kinds, after declining for some years—from 1872 to 1876—increased, and in 1882 the total was 4,353,552 tons, of the value of £31,598,306.

Forty years ago England only exported, in all, 300,000 tons of iron; it is evident how the supply has increased since then.

There are at present in England and Wales 770 smelting furnaces, of which 550 are in full blast. The most important are those at Cleveland, in Yorkshire, of which Middlesbrough is the central point.

It is to the iron-stone which abounds in the district that this town owes its existence.

We often hear of the rapid development of cities in America; the same is true of England, and yet no one seems to notice the fact. Why? Is it because it occurs under our eyes, and that distance magnifies facts, while it diminishes objects? Or is it rather because of the curious feeling which impels us to appreciate only that which we see with the eyes of tourists through the mirage of the printed book; and to admire foreign countries, of which the beauties are often better known to us than those of our own land? However this may be, Middlesbrough, which possessed only one house in 1820, now reckons more than fifty-five thousand inhabitants, and is extending every day. The banks of the Tees, formerly deserted, are now centres of feverish activity. To arid and waste plains have succeeded a flourishing town, manufactories, blast-furnaces, a harbour, and docks. It is worthy of remark that the veins of iron-stone discovered in 1831 by John Vaughan were known to the Romans, and it was by accident that they were re-discovered after centuries of oblivion.

The blast furnaces of Eston, belonging to Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan, are, they say, the largest in the world. More than 6,000 workmen are employed to convert the mineral into iron and steel. To the forges founded by them were added those of others; and there are now in the environs of Middlesbrough a hundred furnaces, which from a distance one might take for the towers of some immense fortress, were it not for the clouds of smoke and the flames which escape from them.

Rising to an altitude of 75 to 90 feet, these enormous brick cylinders are of such capacity that 500 tons of iron can be smelted in them every week.

In 1880 there were produced from them 1,500,000 tons of pig-iron. All these establishments of recent growth are admirably planned and fitted; the machinery is made on the most improved models, and according to those scientific principles which experience has proved to be the most correct.

The forges are working night and day; the electric light is regularly employed. A great activity, a continued animation, have succeeded to the desert solitude of the moors of Cleveland, the desolation of which had remained undisturbed for centuries.

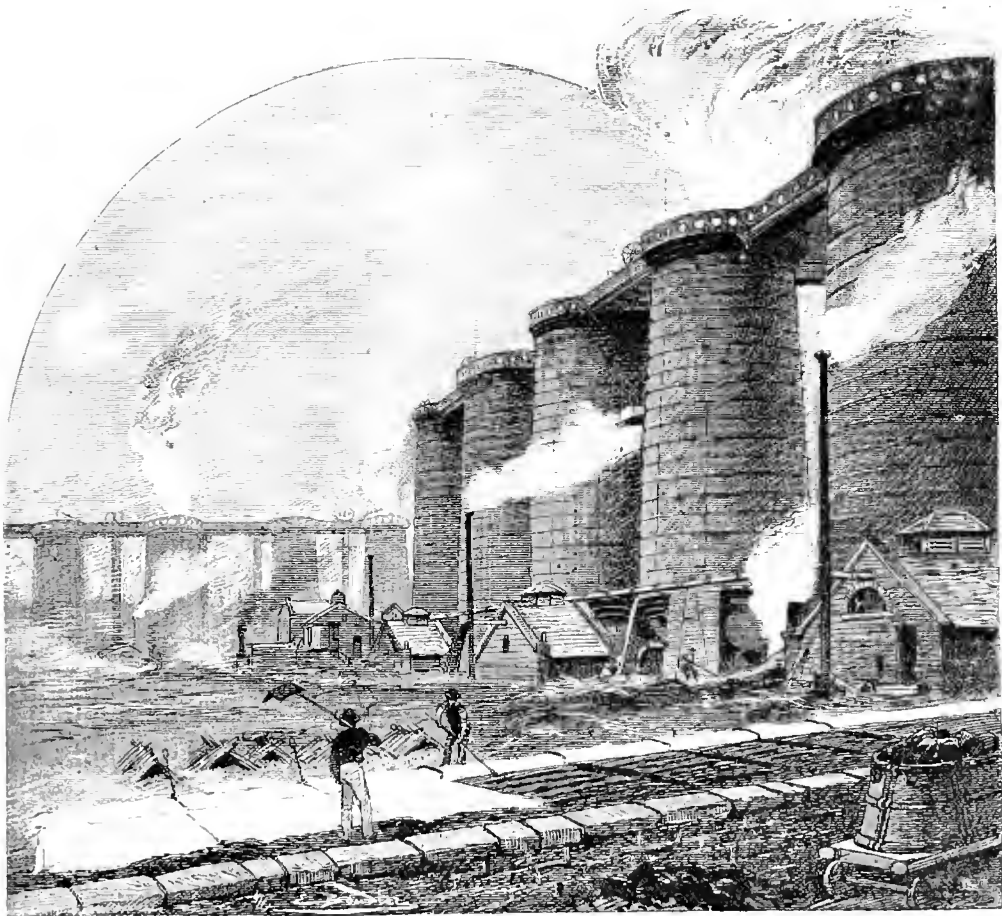
A mountainous district, which was formerly inhabited by the races called Brigantes by the Romans, Cleveland is a country of moorlands covered with high thick gorse. It is intersected here and there by long narrow valleys, surrounded by scarped hills, at the bottom of which run little water-courses. These valleys contain good grazing ground, and are sprinkled with boulders, whose grey masses contrast violently with the verdure of the meadows.

In all these districts are found traces of ancient British villages, particularly *tumuli* and artificial hills—a species of primitive fortification, some of which served as foundations of the fortresses erected subsequently by the Saxons.

In Yorkshire, too, at a little distance from Bradford, we find the blast-furnaces of Low Moor, the iron of which is celebrated for its superior quality, due more to the careful manner of its manufacture than to the inherent qualities of the mineral itself. This foundry, established in 1796, at a time when the means employed were still very imperfect, has advanced with the times, so it is unnecessary to endeavour to find proofs of its antiquity in the machinery and plant employed, for they are constantly being renewed. The only testimony to the lengthened existence of the Low Moor furnaces is

the accumulation of scoriæ and the mineral *débris,* which cover the country round about to such a depth that in many places it has become necessary to level the hills thus formed, and to recover them with earth in order to grow a few small trees.

The best iron, however, does not come from Yorkshire; in Cumberland and Lancashire are found the mines of hematite, which are of such great value. In the latter county is Furness, the richest district in the United Kingdom in iron minerals,

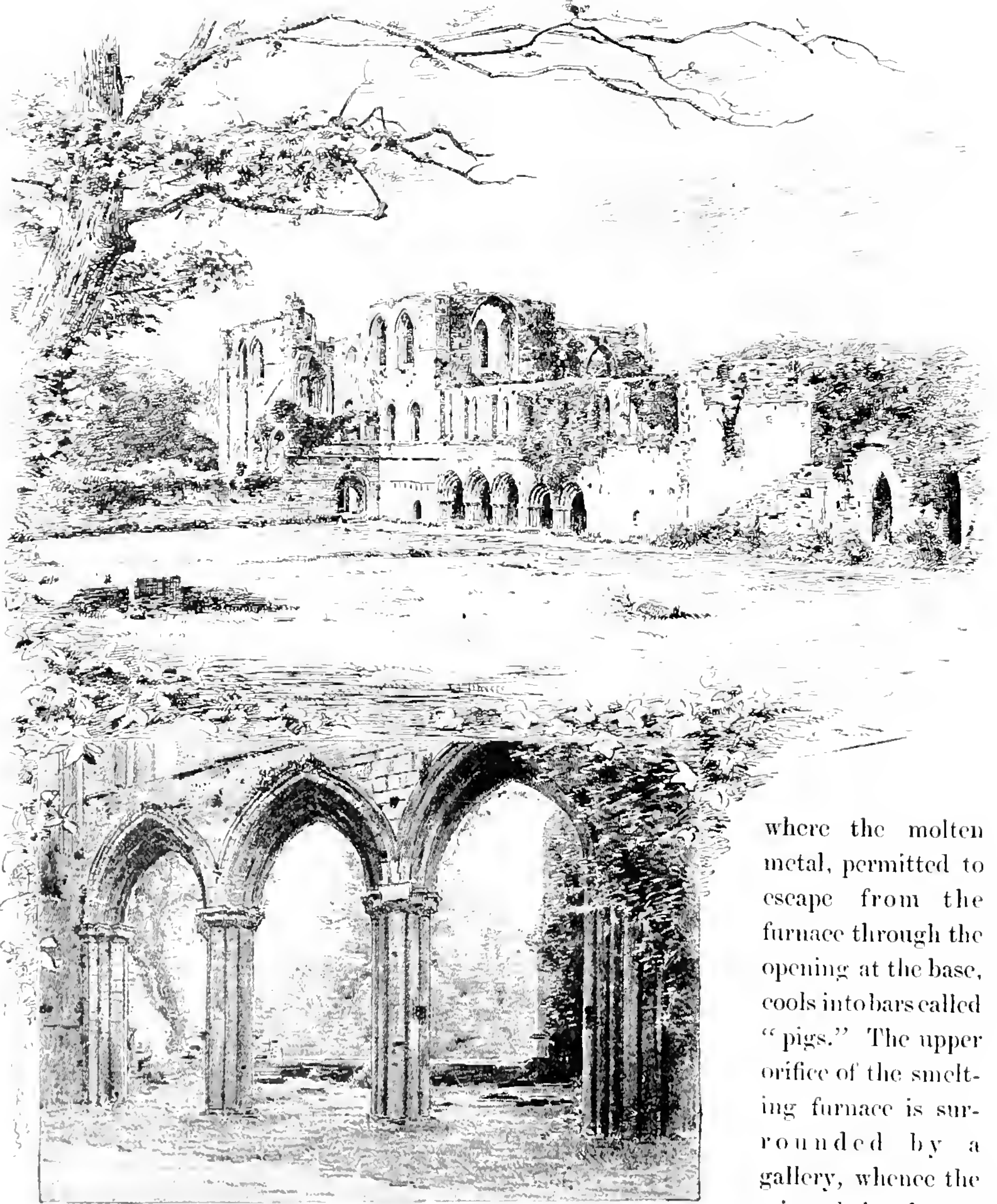


BLAST FURNACES AT MIDDLESBROUGH.

the discovery of which has thickly peopled a region formerly almost deserted, and created an important industrial centre in the town of Barrow.

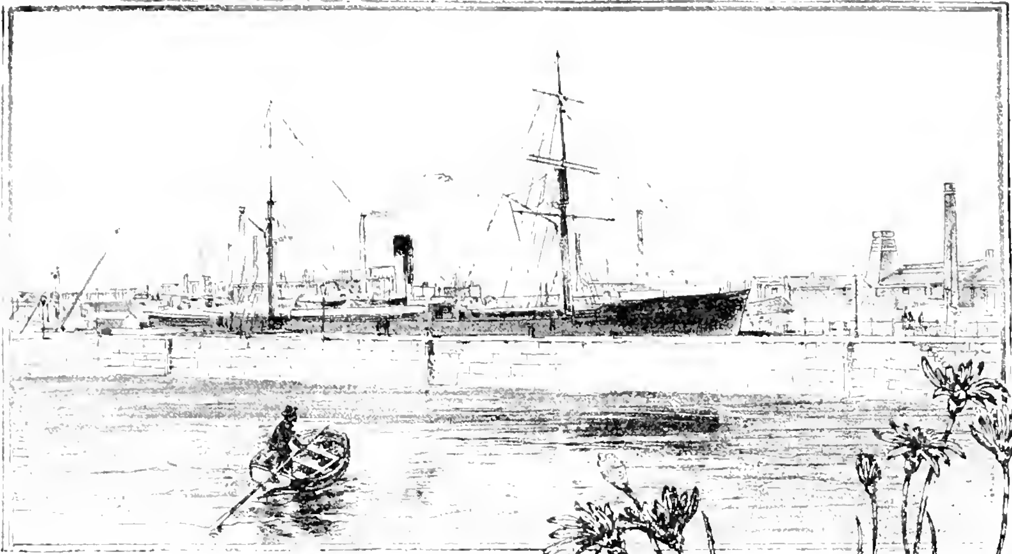
Barrow-in-Furness is, like Middlesbrough, a striking example of the rapid growth of some English manufacturing towns. The little hamlet of Barrow, on the confines of Lancashire, in 1847, boasted only a population of 300 poor fisher-folk. In 1864 the population was 10,000; in 1867, 17,000; in 1878, 45,000; and at present it exceeds 50,000 souls. To the extended workings of the iron mines of the district this tremendous increase in the population of Barrow is due, an establishment which only yields to that of Creusot in its extent. By a curious coincidence, one of the founders of the Barrow

forges was also named Schneider. Situated a mile from the town, this foundry includes sixteen blast-furnaces, 60 feet high and 20 feet in diameter, which produce annually 300,000 tons of pig-iron. In front of each furnace is a bed of sand divided into squares, where the molten metal, permitted to escape from the furnace through the opening at the base, cools into bars called "pigs." The upper orifice of the smelting furnace is surrounded by a gallery, whence the mineral is thrown in; and inclined planes, laid with rails, are used to convey the mineral, the coal, or the coke, to the furnaces. Facing the furnaces are the steel foundries, in which one half of the iron produced is converted into steel.



FURNESS ABBEY.

The Bessemer system is that in use. Numerous lines of rail facilitate the transport of the materials and connect the foundry with the railroad. About 1,000 tons of coke



BARROW-IN-FURNESS.
1. Building Yard. 2. Ramsden Square.

are consumed daily in the Barrow works, which give employment, in the workshops and in the mines in connection with them, to nearly 10,000 men.

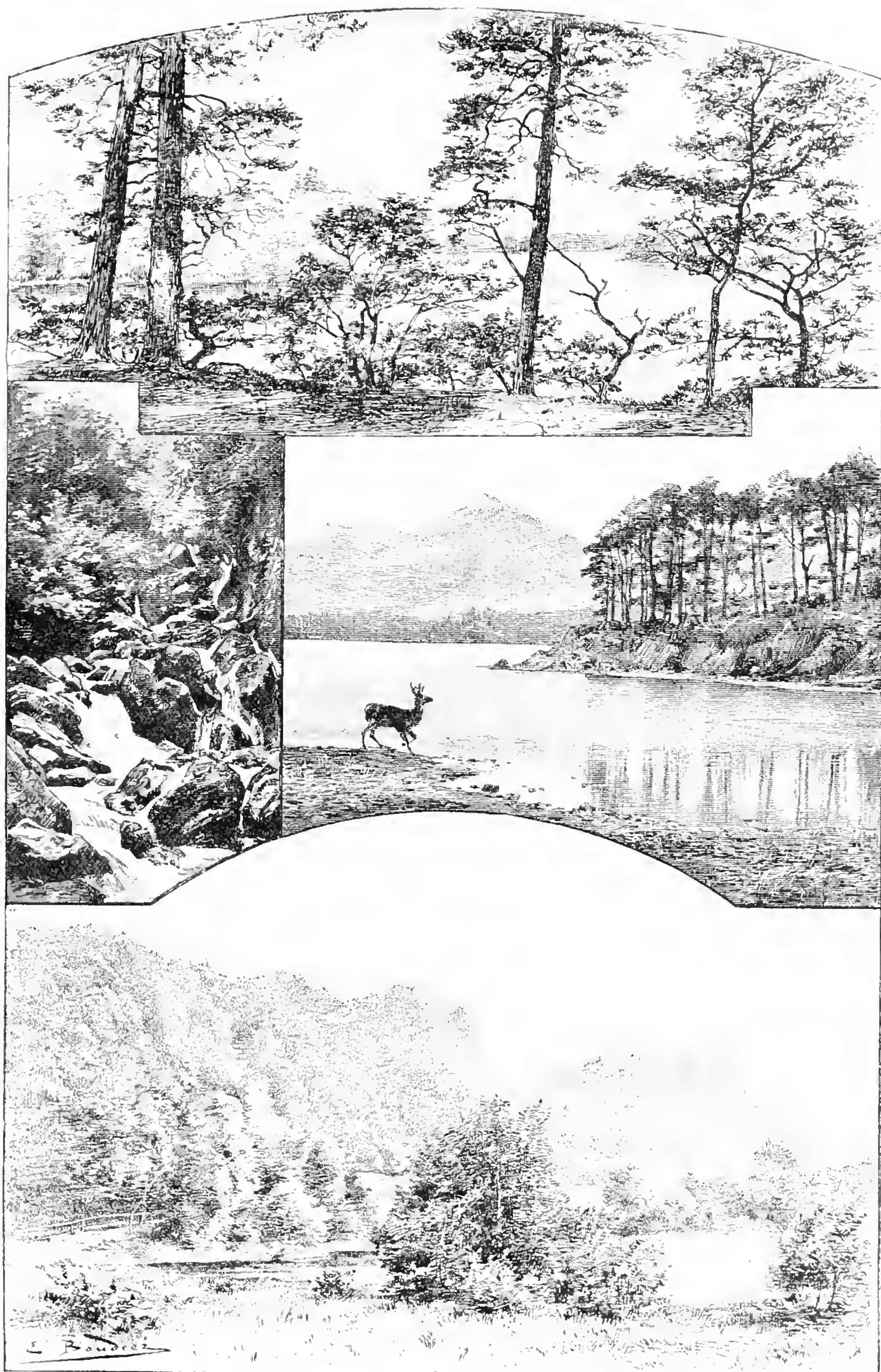
Being a manufacturing centre, Barrow possesses all the facilities for ship-building. The Docks—constructed by the utilization of a little strait, which separates Barrow from Walney Island, and which the engineer closed at both ends—are amongst the curiosities of the district. In the middle of the strait is a small island, whereon stand the ruins of Peel Castle, built by an abbot of Furness, in the time of Edward III.

The celebrated Abbey of Furness, situated two miles from Barrow, is one of the most beautiful examples of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages. It was erected in 1127, by the Benedictine Monks, who came from the Monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, at the invitation of Stephen, Count of Montague and Boulogne, afterwards King of England. The site chosen by the monks for their monastery was in a narrow valley, called the "Valley of the Deadly Nightshade." The abbey, the ruins of which attest its pristine magnificence, covered an area of more than sixty acres, and in the reign of Edward I. the revenues were valued at £20,000. The remains of this beautiful Gothic edifice give us an idea of its past splendour. The ruins of the church, of vast proportions—of the cloister, with its elegant arcades—of the refectory—of the chapter-house and the belfry, whose mass even now overtops the other buildings—are all admirable examples of 12th century architecture. For a long time neglected, the ruins of the abbey are now well looked after by order of the Duke of Devonshire, the present owner.

Furness is close to the celebrated Lake District, whose praises have been sung by a little band of poets, at whose head we find Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. The "Lake-ists"—so called because they lived on the romantic shores of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and also, and chiefly, because their poetry, inspired by the sublime grandeur of this region, celebrated, in all their aspects, its beauties and charms—were the founders of a school which has had an undoubted influence upon English poetry; they were, above all, admirers of the simple and the true. The affectations, the stilted expressions of the classics were to them insupportable; in their view, the study of nature and the sentiments which influence humanity were the true objects of poetry. Devoid of imagination, cold, and wanting in spirit, the "Lake-ists" are well nigh forgotten nowadays; and we may say, if they are remembered, it is only because their names are associated with one of the most picturesque districts in Europe.

The Lake District extends from Morecambe Bay, on the south, to Carlisle, in the north, and measures about thirty miles in length, by forty miles in width. It is contained within the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and encroaches a little upon the northern part of Lancashire. The beautiful sheets of water it encloses, surrounded by mountains, valleys, thick and shady woods, have given rise to comparisons between it and Scotland, Wales, Italy, and Auvergne. All such comparisons are at the same time erroneous and correct, for the Lake District recalls, in various degrees, all these regions without absolutely resembling any one of them.

Coniston Lake, the first which we see on leaving Furness to enter the Lake District proper, is one of the most charming. It is five miles in its extreme length, and its greatest width is about half a mile. Two pretty little islets rise in the centre of the lake, like two baskets of verdure. The west shore is bounded by a thick wood, while the opposite



DERWENTWATER.

1. The Lake. 2. Cascade of Lodore. 3. Friars' Crag. 4. Lodore.

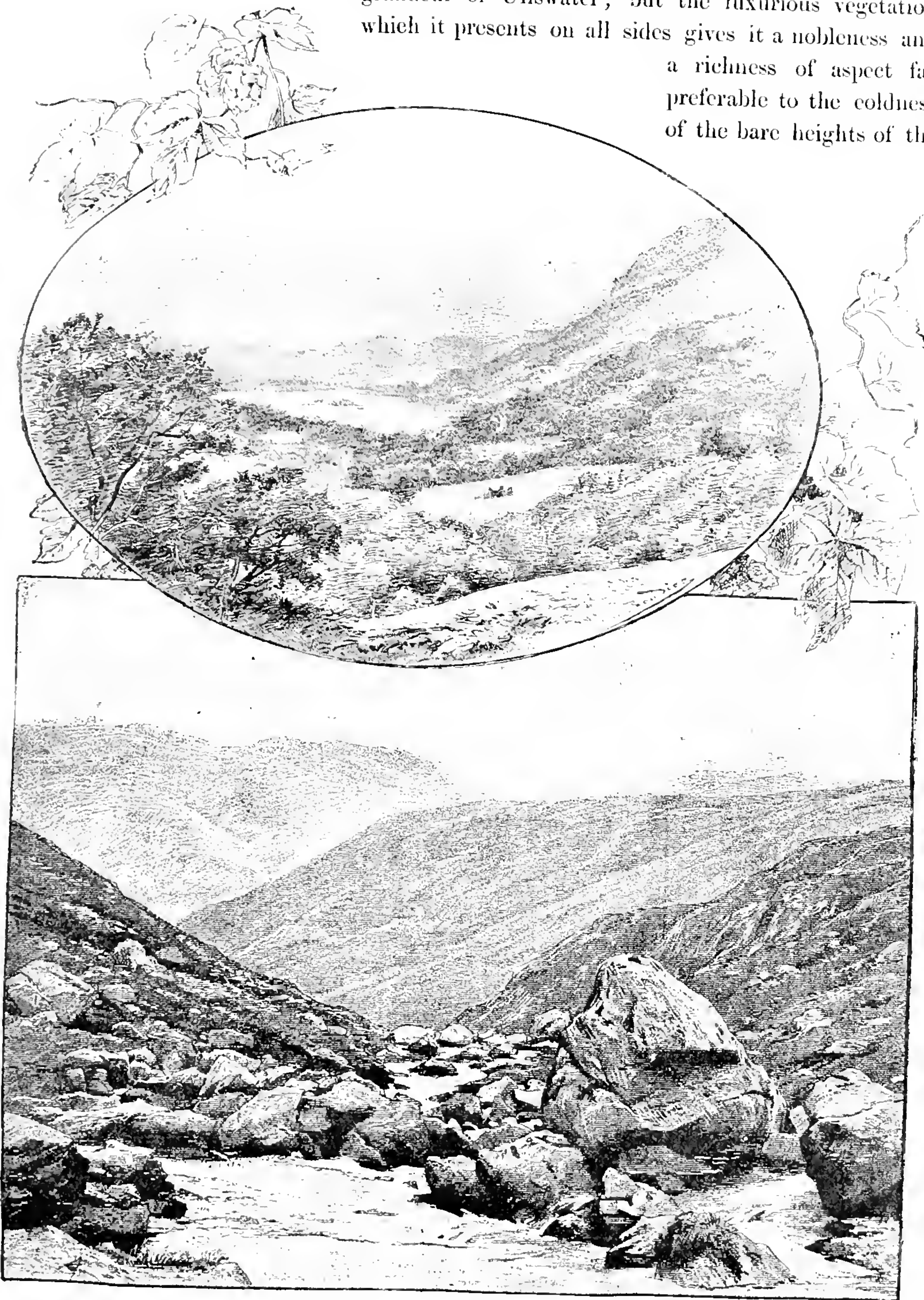
margin touches the base of a chain of hills, whose jagged summits separate Coniston from Windermere. The tour of the lake in a steamboat, a steam gondola they call it in the district, and the ascent of "Coniston Old Man," a mountain 2,700 feet high, which rises at the northern side of the lake, are amongst the excursions which must be made. From the summit of the "Old Man" the tourist may perceive all the mountain

WINDERMERE LAKE

range of the Lake District, dominated by Skiddaw. At the base of the mountain the lakes of Coniston and Windermere extend in the direction of Morecambe Bay, which is visible in the distance

Separated from Coniston by a range of hills, the lake of Windermere is one of the largest and most beautiful of all. It is situated partly in Westmoreland and partly in Lancashire. It is eleven miles long and one and a half in average breadth. It is dotted with a number of small islands, upon which wild flowers abound in profusion, pointing with their bright tints the sombre hues of the verdure. Surrounded on all

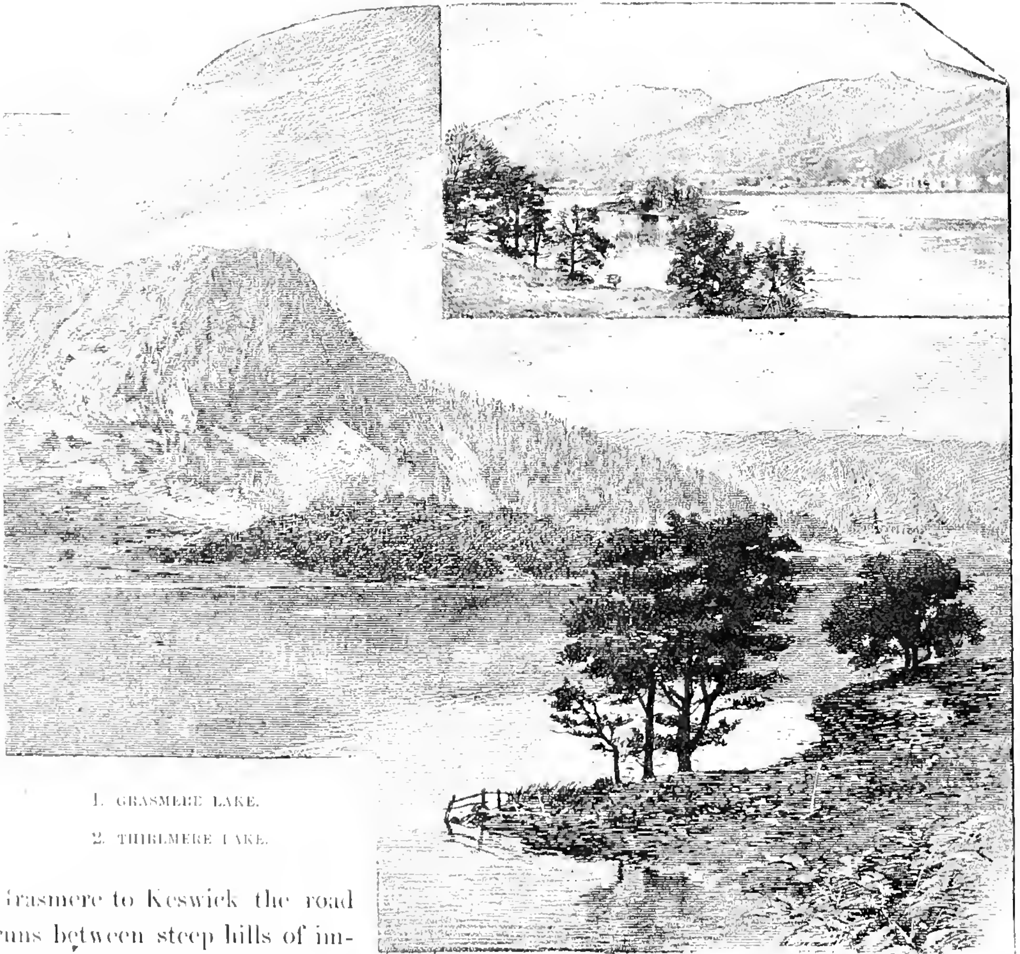
sides by wooded hills and thick trees, Lake Windermere does not possess the wild grandeur of Ullswater; but the luxurious vegetation which it presents on all sides gives it a nobleness and a richness of aspect far preferable to the coldness of the bare heights of the



RYDAL WATER.

other portions of the district. To the north of Windermere, the little town of Amble-

side is the starting-point for coaches; for the railway has not yet completely penetrated the district, which, however, has been considerably menaced by it. The coaches carry us to the pretty lake of Grasmere, by the picturesque road that runs to Rydal Water. Not far from here the poet Wordsworth, and, later, De Quincey, the "Opium Eater," one of the most remarkable prose-writers of the 19th century, lived. From

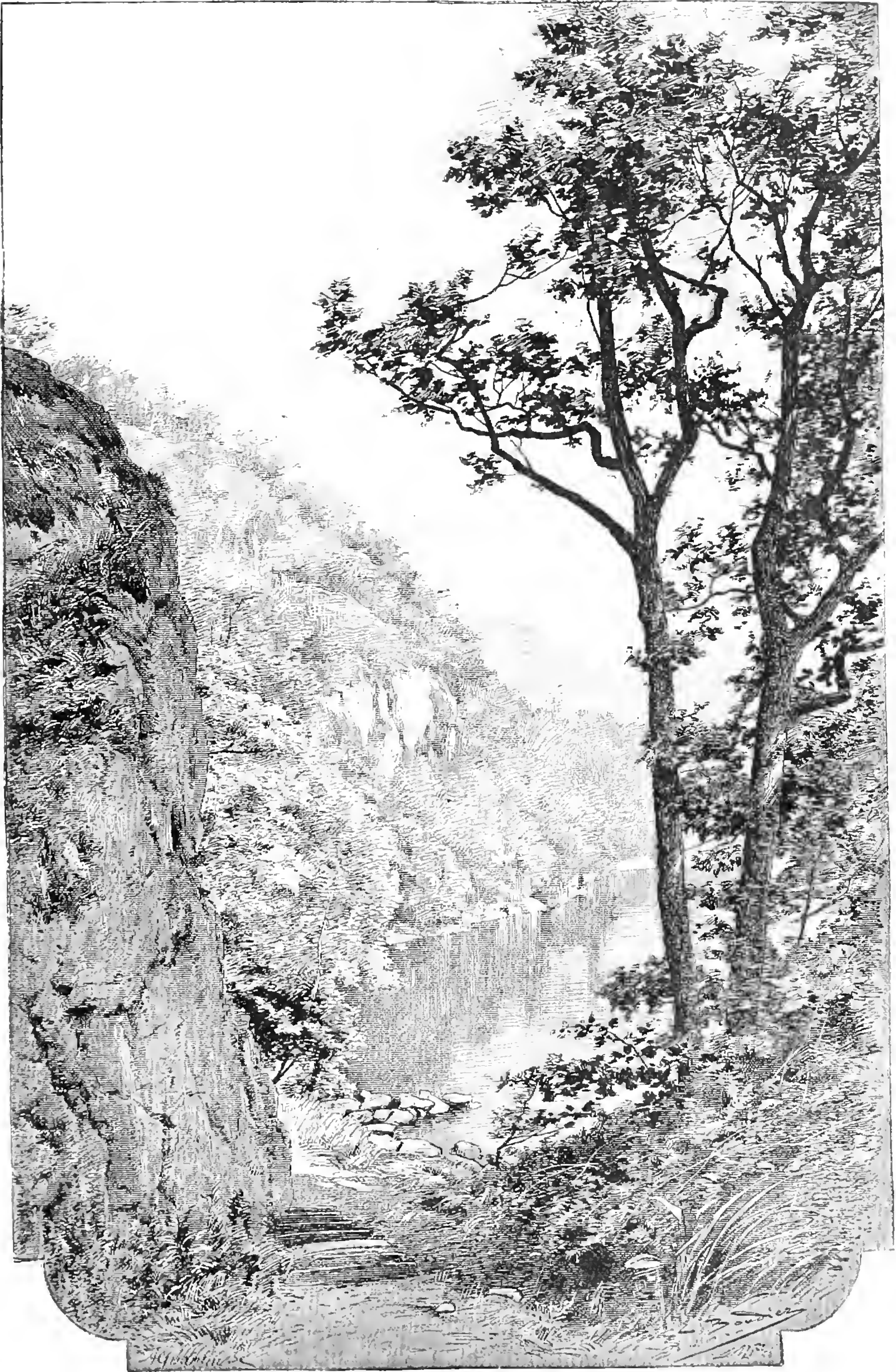


1. GRASMERE LAKE.

2. THIRLMERE LAKE.

Grasmere to Keswick the road runs between steep hills of immense and fantastic masses of rock, which assume the most curious forms as we approach, and leave them behind us. The two mountains, Steel Fell and Seat Sandal, mark the boundaries of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and ere long Thirlmere Lake is seen. The narrow sheet of water—so narrow that a bridge spans it in the centre—is pleasantly situated in the midst of a valley enclosed by hills, rocks, and precipices. This lake, purchased by the Municipality of Manchester, furnishes an excellent and pure supply of water to that city.

Some miles farther on, from the summit of a slight elevation, the tourist will perceive, before reaching Keswick, the magnificent expanse of Derwentwater, the most beautiful and the most charmingly picturesque lake of all. Three miles in length and one and a half miles in breadth, in shape nearly oval, it occupies an amphitheatre



ULLSWATER.

between high and graduated hills, fringed with rocks of varied forms. Here and there a narrow valley opens up a long perspective, which is in its turn bounded by other hills of greater elevation. Alternating with the sombre rocks, are clumps of trees and thickets, which crown the heights, and undulate with the wind like feathers. At the foot of the hills is a narrow strip of land—meadow-land—which extends to the edge of the lake, enclosing it in a frame of verdure, in harmony with the rich vegetation of the isles of Derwent and St. Herbert.

Rocks and thick trees, islets and houses, are reflected as in a mirror on the smooth,

VALE OF BORROWDALE—THE BOWDER STONE.

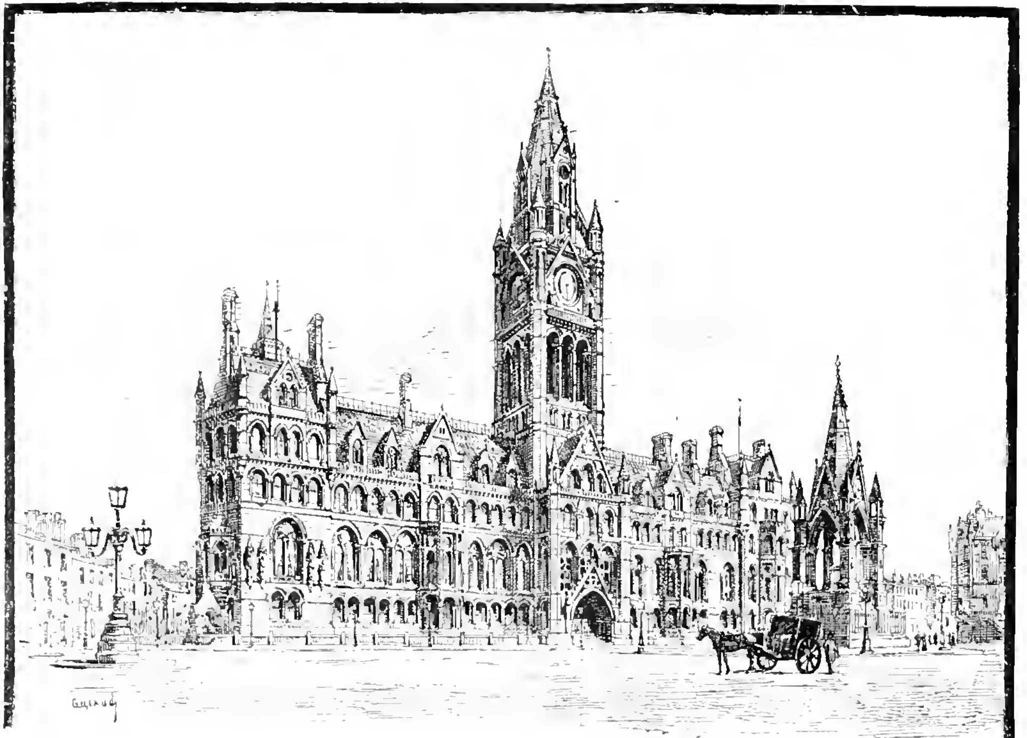
calm surface of the lake, which no steamboat has yet disturbed. Near the lake is the Fall of Lodore, sung by Southey. A carriage road encircles the lake, which presents it in a hundred different aspects. The most favourable points of observation are the Friars' Crag, a steep rock, near Keswick, and the height known as Castle Head.

The valley of Borrowdale, at the southern extremity of the lake, is one of the most charming in the district; it is watered by the Derwent, and covered with fat pasturage. There are few trees here. In this valley is the huge boulder called the Bowder Stone, an immense mass of rock, detached by some convulsion from the adjacent hill. Not far from here are the mines of graphite (black lead), which is used to make the famous Cumberland pencils. But—one more illusion!—the pencils which are made at Keswick, which is the centre of this industry, are manufactured with the lead which (they say) is imported from Mexico.

At Keswick, whither we return after our tour of the lake, the railroad reappears,

and unites with the main line to Scotland at Penrith. Not far from Penrith, beyond Pooley Bridge, we come upon Ullswater, the serpentine form of which enhances still more the effect of the steep hills which enclose it. At the spot where we expect to touch the bank, and where the horizon seems shut in by mountains which rise up on all sides, a sudden turn of the lake opens up a new prospect—a new lake. This surprise, thrice repeated, is one of the great charms of Ullswater, the narrowness of which makes the surrounding hills appear still higher than they actually are.

GRANGE (VALE OF BORROWDALE).



TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—THE HIVE.

I.

THE TWO GREAT INDUSTRIES (COTTON AND WOOL).—LANCASHIRE.—
MANCHESTER, OR "COTTONOPOLIS," AND SALFORD.—
THE MONUMENTS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—THE TOWN HALL.—THE WAREHOUSES.—
THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF POLITICS.—
STATISTICS OF THE COTTON TRADE.—OLDHAM.—
THE MILLS; BLACKBURN, AND PRESTON, ST. HELEN'S, AND WIDNES.

In proportion as her population increases, England, the soil of which, although very fertile, is absolutely unable to support her inhabitants, devotes her energies to her industries and maritime commerce, to which she seeks to give, and succeeds in giving, a development which borders upon the extravagant.

Great Britain, by her merchant marine, is the great carrier of the universe; she tends to monopolise all the transport from the Colonies to Europe, and *vice versâ*. By her industry she converts into manufactured products the raw material she imports in enormous quantities; and it is by the profits which she thus makes that she is enabled

to procure the food supplies which she draws, for the most part, from foreign sources. It is a question of life or death for her. She *must* have the finest merchant navy in the world. It is absolutely necessary that her manufactories should produce much, and at a cheap rate. Her existence depends upon it. See, therefore, what a commercial and industrial organization there is, what efforts are made, what energy is displayed by her ship-builders, her manufacturers, her merchants! And what a hive is this country, wherein work is the general law, and where one sacrifices everything to business! All around the coast there are nothing but harbours, dockyards, ship-building yards, and fisheries; in the north, west, and midland counties, manufactories, workshops, and mines, occupy nearly all the population; in the other counties agriculture demands the services of all workers.

Of all the industries practised in England, there are two which, by the number of the manufactories and workmen, their development and importance, and their enormous expenditure, distance all others. These are the cotton and woollen trades, which are centralized, the former in Lancashire, the latter in Yorkshire.

The county palatine of Lancaster, bounded on the north by Cumberland and Westmoreland, on the east by Yorkshire, and on the south by Cheshire, which is separated from it by the Mersey, falls gradually from the north, where are the chain of hills called the Lancashire Fells, and the Lake District, to the environs of Liverpool, where the country is flat and uninteresting. That part of the country which lies between the Ribble and an imaginary line drawn from Ormskirk to Manchester, is pitted with coal-mines, and is not essentially different from the coal district. We have already, in the preceding chapter, spoken at some length of the northern part of Lancashire, and particularly of the portion situated to the northwards of Morecambe Bay; it includes the Furness district and the Lakes of Coniston and Windermere. Primarily, Lancashire is an industrial and commercial centre, and one of the richest in England. Although, officially, the chief town of the county is Lancaster, it is unnecessary to state that Liverpool and Manchester are the true capital cities.

Lancashire is the centre of the cotton trade. Manchester, or "Cottonopolis," is the head-quarters of this great industry, which alone gives employment to more than half a million of "hands."

The first impression of Manchester is not prepossessing. An atmosphere laden with soot and smoke, lofty buildings, black and gloomy; a damp and rainy climate—all this is not attractive. But as we do not go to "Cottonopolis" to contemplate the beauties of nature, and as, after all, the aspect of Manchester is the same as that of other manufacturing towns, we are quickly reconciled to it, and think of nothing but how to see it, and visit the numerous mills and factories which it contains.

Built upon flat ground, at the confluence of the Irwell, the Irk, and the Medlock, three narrow rivers, whose black waters are so charged with filth that no fish can live in them, Manchester seems to have existed from the time of the Roman Invasion. But until the 17th century it was merely an insignificant little town of 6,000 inhabitants, with nothing about it to indicate its prosperous future. At this time the inhabitants were in the habit of buying, from the Irish, hemp, from which they made canvas, and imported from Smyrna cotton, of which they manufactured a species of fustian. They

had learned this art from Protestant refugees, who, coming from Antwerp and Ghent, had settled in Manchester and Bolton. In 1760, the total value of the cotton industry of the United Kingdom was estimated at £200,000. The trade made little progress, because of the crudeness of the appliances; nevertheless, even then, the Manchester manufacturers exported fustian to Italy, Germany, and North America; the superiority of British cotton-stuffs being already acknowledged. Suddenly the inventions of Arkwright, Kay, Wyatt, and Hargreaves, caused a revolution in the cotton trade, by substituting machinery for manual labour. But, as is usual in all such cases, the inventors had to fight against prejudice and ignorance; happy when the work-people, irritated and dreading the effect of the new inventions, did not smash their machines and burn their mills, as had happened to Arkwright. It took a long time to persuade the operatives that the employment of mechanical means, by lessening the cost of production would increase the demand, and consequently a greater number of hands would be employed. After a while, Crompton invented machinery far superior to either Arkwright's or Hargreaves', and Parliament voted him a sum of £5,000. It is so very rarely that we see inventors rewarded by their contemporaries, that this instance cannot be too loudly proclaimed, and held up as an example to legislators in all countries.

In proportion as the means of production were perfected, the population of Manchester and the surrounding districts increased. The town of Salford, situated on the right bank of the Irwell, was already but a portion of Manchester, though possessing its own municipal and political constitution, which it has always preserved. In 1811 the population of the two towns amounted to 99,000 inhabitants; to-day it is 570,000, of whom 176,000 are in Salford, and 394,000 in Manchester. In the latter the population is very dense; it amounts to twice as many inhabitants per acre as London reckons, and the mortality is somewhat higher. It is a curious fact that in all the city there is not a single square, garden, or space open to the public. There is need of fresh air. The streets, fairly regular, and intersecting each other at right angles, are narrow, with the exception of those which surround the Town Hall and the Exchange. The middle class, according to the English custom, live in the suburbs, where they have built a great number of villas, which testify to the easy circumstances, and often to the wealth of the occupants. Communications are easily made, for Manchester possesses a system of railways, omnibuses, and tramways, which serve the smallest villages for many miles round. Salford, which occupies the whole of the right bank of the Irwell, is connected with Manchester by eight bridges. There are few ancient monuments and the modern ones are exclusively of the utilitarian order.

Amongst the former the cathedral, situated on the bank of the Irwell, in the old town, is the most important, although its architectural value is not great. This church, which dates from the 15th century, is of the style called Perpendicular. It consists of a nave, side aisles, and a choir; it is, moreover, flanked by a single tower on its western façade. For such a rich city, the seat of a bishopric too, the cathedral of "Cottonopolis," is something less than unpretending. The other churches, to the number of about one hundred, do not shine architecturally either.

The civil monuments are far superior to the religious. Like Flemish cities,

English provincial towns love to possess a fine *hôtel de ville*—a town hall; that of Manchester, situated in Albert Square, was completed in 1877, under the direction of Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, who adopted the Gothic style, which he seems to be fond of. The Town Hall is a vast triangular building, of which the principal façade, looking to the square, is surrounded by a high tower, and embellished with smaller pinnacles. In the centre a wide doorway gives access to the interior, and a fine staircase leads us to the first floor, where is the great hall. It is painted in fresco, and embellished with busts of the members of the Royal family, as well as by a statue of

MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER

Mr. Gladstone. At the end is a magnificent organ, which came from the workshops of M. Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris. Inside, as well as outside, marble and granite have been profusely employed, and the general effect is magnificent. The City expended £1,000,000 in building and furnishing this edifice, the most beautiful of all its monuments. In the square, facing the Town Hall, is a memorial statue of Prince Albert, after whom the square is named.

The Assize Court, situated in Great Ducie Street, is also the work of Mr. Waterhouse, and recals the architecture of the Town Hall. In this building an historical trial took place in 1867—that of the Fenians who attacked the prison van containing two Irish rebels, and released them after killing one of the escort. The authors of this audacious outrage, which was carried out in open day, were tried, condemned to death, and executed at Salford. Political trials are rare in England, and this event caused

considerable excitement in Manchester, where the remembrance of it is still vivid.

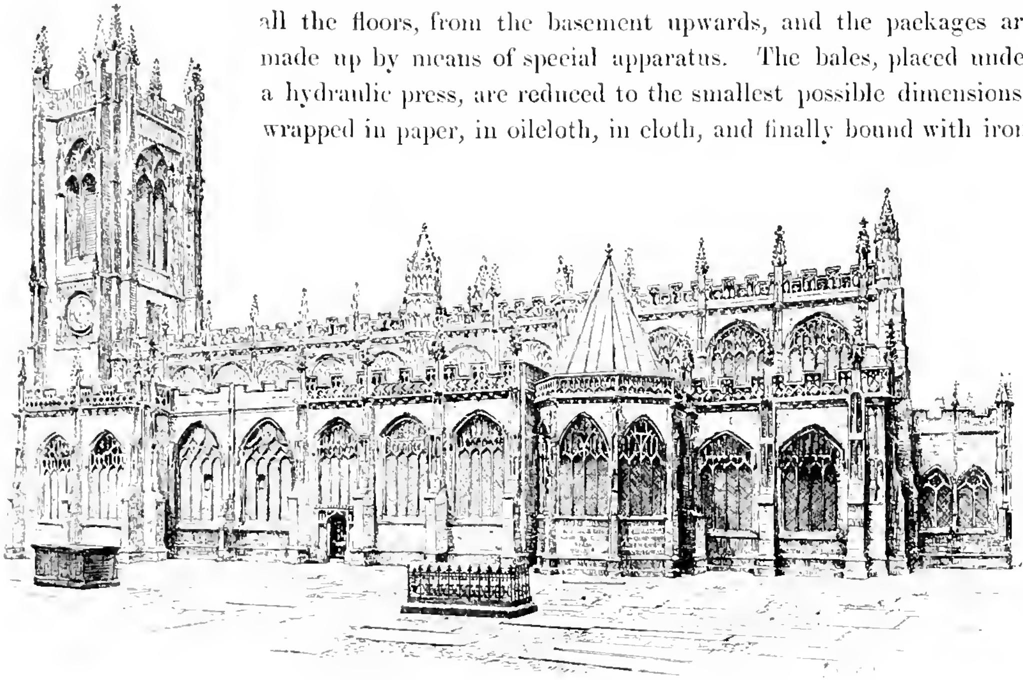
The Royal Exchange, at the end of Market Street, is a large square building in the Italian style, built about fifteen years ago. This is the third building which has been erected on this site. The two former were pulled down because they were not sufficiently large and commodious. More sensible than their brethren in London, the Manchester merchants have provided a covered hall where they can transact their business, sheltered from the storms of wind and rain, so frequent in their city. This hall, which is very beautiful, and luxuriously decorated, is remarkable for its fine proportions. On Tuesdays and Fridays, cotton-market days, from one o'clock till two, it is crowded with merchants, manufacturers in Manchester and the surrounding towns, buying and selling; but all business is done quietly—there is no shouting. One hears only a loud murmuring peculiar to the commercial assemblies of Englishmen, who do not indulge in the shouting and yelling which amuse English people so much when they visit the Bourse in Paris. Beside the numbered pillars the merchants stand in groups. They always occupy the same places, and give as their address in the Exchange the number of their pillar, where it is always easy to find them or their representatives. They accost each other with a serious air, the offer or the demand is expressed in a few terse, clear words, which are formed by the lips, scarcely parted to utter them—English can be spoken without separating the teeth—the business is concluded or not; the speakers part, turn away, and make overtures for new negotiations. "Good morning" and "good evening" are not phrases in use—neither one nor the other. People do not go on 'Change to exchange civilities. That takes time and leads to nothing. Orientals, calm and impassible, converse with Greeks or lanky Yankees, whose appearance contrasts with the lusty and broad-shouldered Lancashire men. Everyone juggles with millions, for speculators are not wanting, and crashes are not unknown in the cotton trade. Generally, operations are conducted with great prudence, and business transacted rapidly is none the less well performed. Clearness of insight and decision are the prominent characteristics of the manufacturers. It is difficult to give exactly the amount to which business transactions reach annually in Manchester, but the Statistical Society of the city puts it at £318,000,000 sterling. If this be not an exaggeration, it stands to reason that it is prodigious!

The Branch Establishment of the Bank of England, in King Street, and the Manchester and Salford Bank in Mosley Street are well situated, particularly the latter, which occupies an elegant domicile, and one that may reckon amongst the local monuments.

More remarkable still are the immense warehouses of Portland Street, Mosley Street, Oldham Street, and George Street, where are amassed mountains of cotton fabrics, plain, striped, parti-coloured, flowered, figured; with Chinese, Japanese, Indian designs, according as they are destined for the European or Eastern markets, whence more than one traveller has returned, bringing specimens of these goods, under the impression that he has discovered something very rare. Very rare, truly; for immediately these stuffs come from the manufactory they are packed in bales and dispatched at once. To obtain them then one must go to China, India, or Japan. Who

will write *The Mysteries of Trade?* What piquant revelations would see the light on the day when a man "in the swim" initiated the public into all these secrets! Will this man ever be found? That is the question!

The arrangement of all the great warehouses is almost uniform. They generally occupy the whole of a five or six-storied house, of which the first floor is dedicated to the offices and the collections of patterns, kept in admirable order, and where any clerk can in a moment put his hand upon the specimen required. It is a marvel of arrangement; the upper floors are filled with bales, the weight of which cause the iron girders which sustain the floor to bend. Lifts communicate with all the floors, from the basement upwards, and the packages are made up by means of special apparatus. The bales, placed under a hydraulic press, are reduced to the smallest possible dimensions; wrapped in paper, in oilcloth, in cloth, and finally bound with iron.



MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

All these operations are performed with a rapidity and precision which are astonishing, the result of long practice, and appear very easy, so accustomed are the packers to the business.

There are in Manchester many more warehouses than manufactories; the latter are in the environs and in the various industrial towns in the county. Nevertheless, in the Ancoats quarter, and particularly in Salford, there are cotton-mills, which may be visited with a letter of recommendation—an indispensable precaution, without which you will be "left in the lurch."

The rapid development of the cotton trade has given birth to another very flourishing industry—the making of machinery and appliances used in the cotton-mills, so true is it that in trade everything holds together, and when progress has been made in one direction—no matter which—it produces in others a corresponding advance. Engineering establishments are numerous: in them is made all the plant necessary for the mills, and also for railways. Among the best known of these are the "Atlas" works.

One of the characteristic traits of Manchester is the number and the importance of its schools; as we know, the State holds itself aloof from the secondary and higher-class education, and to the enlightened minds and enterprise of the citizens is due the honour of having endowed the city with such flourishing institutions as none other can boast. The Government was not able to remain indifferent in the face of the laudable efforts of the inhabitants and the Municipality, and in 1880 a Royal Charter was conferred upon the University of Manchester under the name of the Victoria University, Owen's College being affiliated to it.

This College, named after its founder, a rich Manchester merchant, was established in 1846. Mr. Owen bequeathed for this purpose a sum of £80,000. In 1867 it became necessary to appeal to the generosity of the public to build a college sufficiently large for the increasing numbers of the students, and Mr. Waterhouse was commissioned to erect the Gothic building in the Oxford Road, of which the inhabitants of Manchester are so proud. This self-gratulation is quite comprehensible, for Owen's College is to-day enriched by half a million of money subscribed by private individuals. It reckons about 2,000 students and pupils, of whom a full moiety attend the evening classes only.

The Chetham Hospital, intended for the reception and instruction of forty poor children, can now receive a hundred, in consequence of the increased value of the property left for the purpose by its founder, Humphrey Chetham, in 1651.

An English proverb states that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and recreations are not wanting in Manchester. Four theatres provide entertainments which would do credit to the London boards. There are, besides, a great number of music halls, and various miscellaneous shows. The concerts given in the Free Trade Hall—a magnificent building capable of seating 5,000 persons comfortably, are celebrated throughout England.

To breathe purer air than that of their streets the inhabitants are compelled to go a long distance; the three parks which are the "lungs" of Manchester—to employ the received English term—are at a considerable distance from the city. The "Queen's Park" is at Harpurhey, on the Rochdale Road. More to the east, going down hill, we find "Philips Park," which is traversed by the Medlock; and on the south, at Hulme, is the "Alexandra Park," which was opened in 1870. But the most beautiful of all is "Peel Park," at Salford, on the right bank of the Irwell. It is forty acres in extent, and is most picturesquely laid out.

It must be confessed that the inhabitants of Manchester are somewhat rough in their manners, but, withal, a good-natured roughness; this is the outcome of the strain on the mind, the consequence of their one aim in life—business. The old saying, "Manchester men and Liverpool gentlemen"—which seems to imply that in Manchester there are only men, while in Liverpool there are gentlemen—is unjust; there are both in each town. It would be difficult to see in what respects, from the point of view of education and enlightenment, Liverpool is superior to Manchester. The latter city has given birth to persons eminent in letters and science, as well as industrial art. Thomas de Quincey, the "opium-eater," the remarkable essayist; Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist; Sir W. Fairbairn, the engineer, were all born in Manchester. Doctor Dalton, although

born in Cumberland, may be said to belong to Manchester. He is the distinguished chemist who discovered the malady known as "Daltonism"—colour-blindness. Dalton was himself afflicted by this disagreeable malady, and it is related of him that one day he purchased a pair of brilliant red stockings, which he believed were of a dark hue. People were all the more astonished to see him arrayed in them, as he belonged to the Society of Friends, who only affect dark and sober garments. His researches in chemistry have rendered the greatest services to the cotton industry, wherein the use of colouring matters for fabrics has given birth to the manufacture of chemical products, of which quantities are employed: witness the numerous laboratories in the environs of the city, and to which the Irwell and the Medlock owe the extraordinary colours of their streams.

ASSIZE COURT, MANCHESTER.

Politics have always played a considerable part in Manchester affairs. The first Sir Robert Peel, had a manufactory there, and at the time of the Reform agitation the Liberals took an active part in the struggle, which was crowned with success after thirteen years. Later on, when Cobden, who represented the city in Parliament, undertook his campaign for Free Trade, he was sustained chiefly by Manchester. Notwithstanding its importance, this great city—the fourth in the United Kingdom—was not represented in Parliament until 1832, when the Reform Bill bestowed upon it the right to return two members to Westminster, a privilege it had not enjoyed since 1654, in the time of Cromwell. It was to the Member for Manchester that the Protector gave the order to "take away that bauble," as he designated the mace, the symbol of Royal authority placed in front of the Speaker during the sittings of Parliament. At present Manchester is represented by six members, and Salford by three. In politics the electors of Manchester are Liberal; their city is the bulwark of Free Trade, and of the so-called "Manchester School," whose motto is "Peace at any Price." Politicians of this stamp depreciate all interference by England in European affairs, and even in those which, although nearly concerning their country, would tend to war, or even to the appearance of war. Mr. Bright, it will be remembered, quitted the Ministry of which he was a member when the Egyptian Expedition was decided on in 1882. The views of Cobden in the House are represented by Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain (lately in the Cabinet).

Business first — this is, in short, the political creed of the Manchester school, a school which is as good as any other, and which, by the number of its adherents in Parliament, some of whom have reached Ministerial rank, appears

likely to take a very prominent part in the direction of the affairs of the nation.

Manchester, then, is as important from a political as from a commercial point of view; although Conservatives are not without influence in Lancashire, the Liberal party is much more numerous and influential. These diverse opinions have in the press organs of recognized power and merit. The most important of the twenty Manchester newspapers is the *Guardian*, whose London and foreign letters are well written, and often attract notice: a circumstance which has gained for it a correspondingly influential position in the provincial press.

In the matter of communications, Manchester is the centre of a system of canals and railways which fulfil all requirements. From all time the question of transport has been the constant consideration of manufacturers. In the 18th century it took a day to travel in the coach the thirty-one miles between Liverpool and Manchester, and the cotton was carried on packhorses in caravans. In bad weather the state of the roads threatened to put a stop to the manufactories in Liverpool. It was then, in 1767, that the "Grand Trunk Canal" was cut between Liverpool and Manchester.

But this means of transport was too costly, and it became necessary to think of others. In 1825, Stephenson—after unheard-of difficulties and determined opposition—succeeded in obtaining authority to construct a line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester. The opening of this line took place on the 15th of September, 1830, and an unfortunate accident, which caused the death of Mr. Huskisson, the member for Liverpool, threw a gloom over the ceremonial. The locomotive, the "Rocket"—a perfect toy compared with the engines to which we are accustomed—is preserved in the South Kensington Museum of Patents.

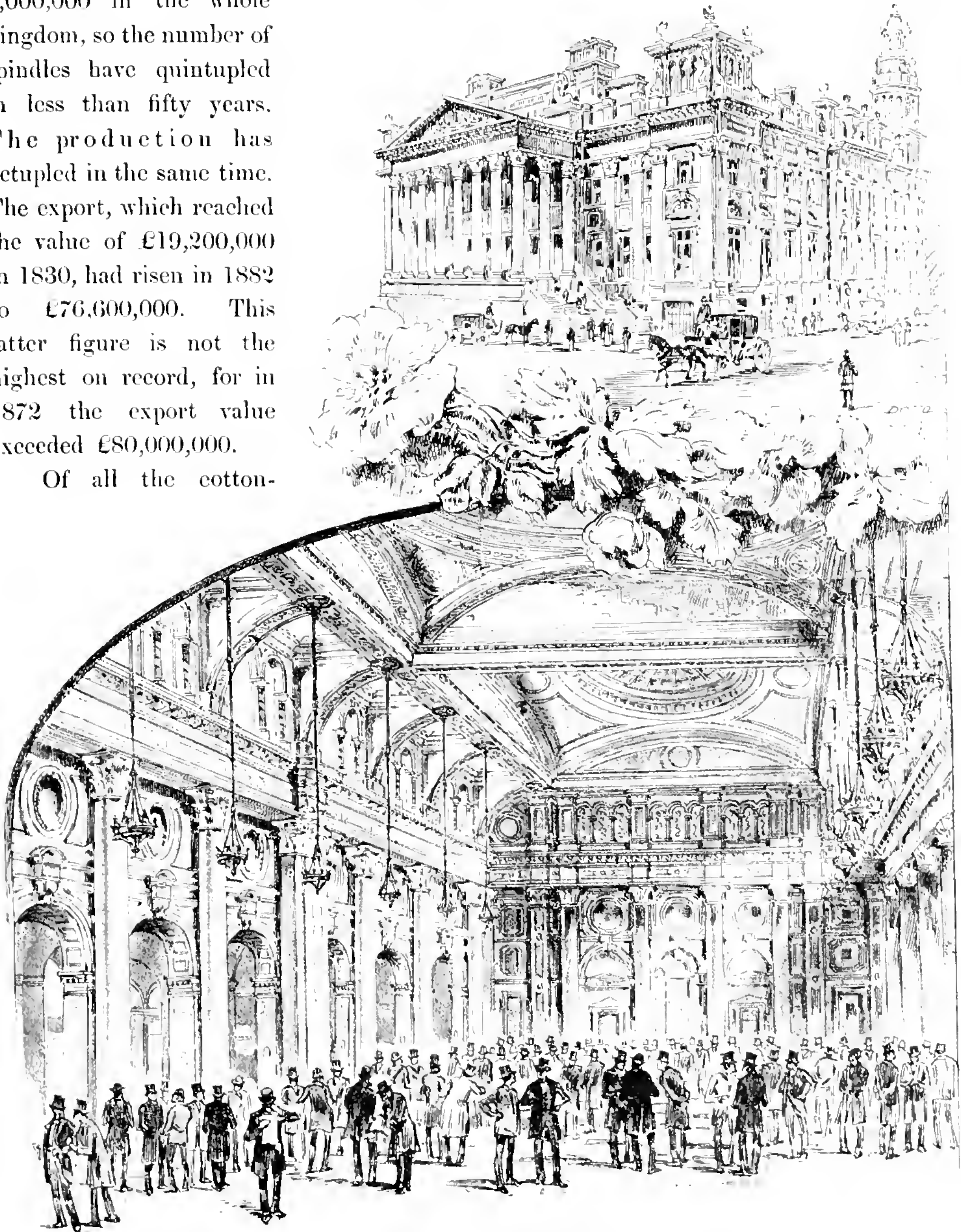
For fifty years railways have been multiplying around Manchester to such an extent that there is scarcely a village which is not served by one of these numerous lines, which intersect the county in all directions, and converge to one or other of the four great termini in Manchester. The system is so perfect, so complete, that the cotton is conveyed from Liverpool to the mills without trans-shipment, and the fabrics which are not intended for the Manchester warehouses are forwarded direct to the docks on the Mersey, or over the various lines of the kingdom. Finally, a circular railway connects all the lines which run to Manchester.

Notwithstanding all these facilities, certain discontented spirits, finding the accommodation insufficient, proposed to cut a canal suitable for large vessels, to bring from Liverpool to Manchester the ships which at present anchor in that port. This project was thrown out by Parliament without discussion in 1883, but Lancashire people are obstinate, and have returned to the charge.

Given the facilities of locomotion, nothing is easier than to visit the manufacturing towns of the district—Stockport, Warrington, Wigan, Rochdale, Blackburn, Bolton, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Oldham, where we find the "mills," as they are called, a name which is applied to all the workshops and factories in which machines are employed, spinning mills and weaving mills alike. These mills, according to official census, number 2,671; and of the 2,579 in England and Wales, 2,000 are in Lancashire; the others in Yorkshire, where there are about 200; while Cheshire,

Derbyshire, and Scotland possess 89; and Ireland 6—an insignificant proportion. The numbers of persons employed are, according to the official statistics, 482,903, of whom 185,472 are men, and 297,431 women and young girls. In the mills there are, altogether, 514,911 looms, and 44,000,000 of spindles. In 1832 there were only 9,000,000 in the whole kingdom, so the number of spindles have quintupled in less than fifty years. The production has octupled in the same time. The export, which reached the value of £19,200,000 in 1830, had risen in 1882 to £76,600,000. This latter figure is not the highest on record, for in 1872 the export value exceeded £80,000,000.

Of all the cotton-



ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

manufacturing towns, Oldham is the most important not only in the county, but in the United Kingdom, so far as fabrication is concerned. Oldham contains 113,000

inhabitants, and owes its development to its industry. There are in the town more than 250 cotton-mills, which counts as many spindles as there were in all the kingdom in 1832, namely, 9,000,000, and 14,000 looms.

From the moment when the raw cotton reaches the manufactory to the time when it passes out, in the shape of thread, from the spinning mills, or material from the weaving mills, it goes through a successive series of stages of preparation, of which the following are the principal. First, the cleansing ("teazing"), which is performed by wooden machines called "willows," revolving cylinders garnished with iron points or studs. From the willow it passes to the carding machine, which lays all the fibres parallel to each other. It is next sent to the drawing frame, and the "roving" frame, which twists it and rolls it. The cotton is then made of different thicknesses, which are indicated by the numbers. These numbers show the fineness of the thread expressed by the number of hanks necessary to reach a pound's weight; so cotton No. 40 is cotton of forty hanks of 840 yards in the pound. Before the invention of the "mule," that was the finest cotton made; but now they produce cotton of 460, that is to say, a pound of thread, which measures 386,400 yards in length.

The tissues are wrought in the weaving mill, but there are establishments in which they spin and weave; so that the cotton which reaches them in fibre goes out in the shape of calico, cotton velvet, or other cotton goods. In these factories, instead of the old looms, they use "power" looms, worked by steam, which throw the shuttles, arrange the warp and the woof, draw away the material as it is made, and roll it upon the wooden cylinder, where it forms a "piece." Women attend to the power looms, and their duty consists in adjusting the parts of the machinery here and there.

When the material is made up it must be bleached. That is the business of the bleaching works, where the pieces of cotton are collected, that is to say, sewn together, one after the other, until they form a gigantic ribbon of many hundred yards in length, which is passed over cylinders heated sufficiently to burn off any threads which may be too long. Afterwards the washing takes place, which necessitates fifteen different operations; then the drying, and finally the packing.

The cottons to be printed, or covered with various designs, are handed over to the print works. This department has also been brought into a state of perfection Machines, printing in five or six colours, cover with parti-coloured patterns a piece of 200 yards in a minute. For curtains, certain machines print nearly twenty different colours at once. This cotton-printing has been brought to yield wonderful results from the decorative point of view, as regards shades and designs, and also exceedingly cheaply —an important consideration in a country in which competition is so keen and where nearly all merchandise is admitted free of duty.

Besides Oldham, within a radius of ten miles from Manchester, we find the towns of Bolton, Ashton-under-Lyne, Middleton, Bury, Stockport, and Rochdale, where are Mr. John Bright's cotton mills. Further north are Blackburn, an important manufacturing centre, picturesquely situated in the midst of wooded hills; and Preston, on the Ribble, which keeps 30,000 workmen employed, who sometimes go out on strike. The celebrated strike of 1853 lasted eight months.

At Preston, Arkwright, the celebrated inventor of the spinning machine, was born

He died rich and titled, having been knighted by George III. Preston also gave birth to a celebrity of another kind — Lady Hamilton, the "friend" of the illustrious Nelson.

The district of which Wigan is the centre contains some well-known coal mines, from which is dug the cannel coal, the best of all for the manufacture of gas for

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

illuminating purposes. It is said to contain 1,784 millions of tons of this coal. There are still bright days in store for the gas companies.

Between Wigan and Liverpool stands St. Helen's, which is the centre of a particular industry—glass-blowing. There half of all the glass made in England is produced. St. Helen's also possesses soda manufactories, copper foundries, and coal mines, and turns over every year nearly £100,000 in business transactions.

Not far off is Widnes, a borough containing 20,000 souls, which was not in

existence in 1840. This is now the chief centre of the soda manufacture, a very important business in England, whence are annually exported about 380,000 tons, of the value of £2,080,000. This trade alone uses 750,000 tons of coal annually, and 250,000 tons of salt. Widnes possesses also a great number of soap manufactories of considerable importance.

Lastly, Lancashire is fairly rich in lead, and particularly in copper mines; but the latter are not much worked, this business having declined some years ago.

II.

YORKSHIRE: THE RIDINGS.—YORK: THE GATES, THE CATHEDRAL, THE CASTLE, CASTLE HOWARD.—THE WOOLLEN TRADE.—HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.—STATISTICS.

Adjacent to Lancashire, from which it is separated by a range of hills, having the Tees for its northern boundary, the Humber on the south, and on the east the German Ocean, Yorkshire is the largest county in England. Its superficial area is 5,961 square miles, and its population 3,000,000. It is divided into three parts, called Ridings, named, respectively, the East, North, and West Riding. The word "Riding" is a corruption of "Trithing," which signifies a third part. The three Ridings are united at York, the chief town of the county, which occupies almost the mathematical centre.

Of very ancient origin, York has preserved its type of antiquity to a considerable extent, particularly in the narrow streets called "shambles," in which the visitor may see old houses with pointed roofs and overhanging storeys; the shops being occupied by old-clothes sellers, *bric-à-brac* merchants, and dealers in old iron.

Like Chester, York is surrounded by walls, from which the view of the cathedral is very fine. The *enceinte* is cut in various places by the Ouse and the Foss, and in other places we find it absorbed in private property. The old gates of the city, called "bars," which date from the time of Edward III., are reckoned amongst the local curiosities, and are in good preservation. We may mention, in particular, Micklegate Bar, the most beautiful of all; Walmgate Bar, the only one which is protected by a barbican; Bootham Bar and Monk Bar.

York, as well as Canterbury, has the honour of being the seat of an archbishop. The Archbishop of York is the Primate of England; the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate of all England! A very subtle distinction this, and one which for a long while divided the clergy. At the coronation of one of the Kings of England, the Archbishop of York, having arrived before his brother of Canterbury, seated himself on the Episcopal throne; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, finding he could assert his superiority in no other way, seated himself upon his rival's knees!

York is also the only city in England, besides London, whose mayor receives the title of "Lord."

The glory of York is its magnificent cathedral—perhaps the most beautiful in England. It is certainly the religious edifice which presents the most imposing and majestic aspect, by its immense proportions, the height of its three towers, and, above all, by its nave. The last-named is 100 feet in height and 264 feet long, and is lighted

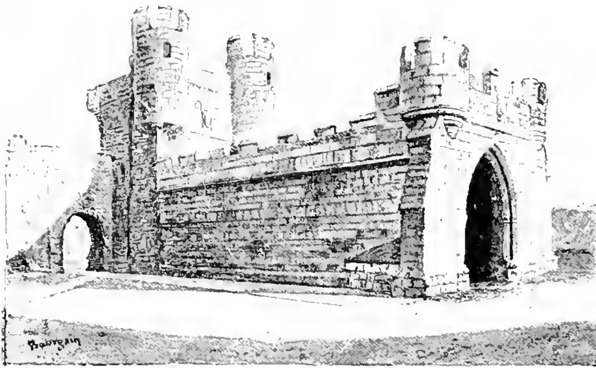
MICKLEGATE BAR, YORK.

by lofty pointed windows, filled with superb old stained glass, and by a lantern fixed in the central tower. The choir, separated from the nave by a stone screen, carved with a delicacy and taste impossible to describe, is closed by a splendid window, which is literally a marvel. The central tower, which uprises in the centre of the nave, at the intersection of the transepts, rests on four immense arches, supported by enormous pillars. At the end of the northern transept are five lovely windows, called the "Five Sisters," filled with ancient stained glass of the greatest beauty. Indeed, all the windows in York Minster are very remarkable, and almost all are ancient.

As for the exterior, the western façade, flanked by two towers, displays a central

door, embellished with sculptures. Above it is a beautiful mullioned and moulded window, of rare elegance and richness. The towers, which are 201 feet high, are pinnacled and embattled. The central tower, also embattled, was intended to support a steeple, but it has never been added. To enjoy a good view of York Minster, there are no better places than the ramparts, which also form an agreeable promenade.

York also possesses twenty-four churches, some of which are very interesting; but after the cathedral, the objects most worthy of notice are the Castle, of which the only ancient and really remarkable portion is Clifford's Tower, formerly the donjon of the fortress; and the Museum of the Philosophical Society of Yorkshire, situated in a beautiful garden, which encloses some very interesting ruins. Here we find the Multangular Tower, of which the lower portion dates from the Roman occupation, and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey.



WALMGATE BAR, YORK.

As regards communications, York has become an important centre since the era of railways, as the phrase is: it is the junction for the trunk lines from the midlands to those proceeding north and south.

Three quarters of an hour railway journey from York on the Scarborough line brings us to the beautiful mansion of Castle Howard, belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, and of which the structural arrangement resembles Blenheim. Both these mansions were built by Vanburgh, too. Castle Howard is a magnificent seat in the midst of a beautiful and extensive park, containing ornamental water and long avenues of trees a hundred years old. There is also to be seen an obelisk, a temple, and a mausoleum in which are interred the Earls of Carlisle; it was of this funereal monument that Horace Walpole wrote, saying that the spectator would be tempted to be buried alive there. Furnished with princely magnificence, Castle Howard contains a splendid gallery of pictures of the Italian School, the gem of which is the celebrated "Adoration of the Magi," by Mabuse; and an interesting collection of Grecian and Roman antiquities.

After York, the most important towns in the county are the great manufacturing centres of the West Riding. The North Riding includes the Cleveland District, and the eastern portion of the county. The East Riding presents us with excessively pretty coast scenery, extending from the Tees to the Humber. In this part of Yorkshire the Wolds, a group of calcareous hills, are situate. As in all the northern counties of England, iron and coal are found in abundance in Yorkshire.

From the manufacturing point of view it is the centre of the woollen trade, as Lancashire is of the cotton trade. Although the woollen manufacture forms the staple industry of the county, it is far from being the only one. The cutlery works of Sheffield, the ironworks of Cleveland, which have been mentioned, are present to remind us that

the natural productions of Yorkshire are as important as its manufactures. The latter are collected for the most part in the south-eastern district of the county, and consequently in proximity to the great industrial centres of Lancashire, so that the two trades of cotton and wool—the most important in England—are circumscribed within a relatively small space, which we may call the Hive, and which, taking Manchester as the central point, extends in a circle of about fifty miles round.

Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield, are the principal centres of the worsted and woollen trades; Sheffield that of steel, machinery, and cutlery; Middlesbrough of iron works. We have already mentioned the rapid growth of the last-named town. It

YORK MINSTER.

rests with us now to speak of the others, to describe them, and to give some details concerning their various industries which have bestowed upon them such great wealth and importance.

The woollen trade has more than one point of connection with the cotton trade; like the latter, it dates from the most remote period, for even at the time of the Roman conquest England was exporting wool; and it is also to the Flemish refugees in England in the 14th century that the development of the woollen manufacture is due. Lastly, to render the analogy complete, the introduction of machinery, and, later, steam-engines, revolutionized this industry as well as the cotton trade.

Up to the 17th century the woollen trade was carried on in a very primitive

manner; there were no large manufactories: the manufacturers distributed the wool to the peasants in their districts to convert it into worsted, and in this new form they returned it. The worsted was then distributed amongst the weavers. During the 18th century this system prevailed almost universally, but since the commencement of the 19th century the establishment of great factories, and the system of working in large numbers, have completely superseded individual labour. The wool, before it becomes cloth is submitted to twenty-six operations, half of which are effected by machinery.

THE SHAMBLES, YORK.

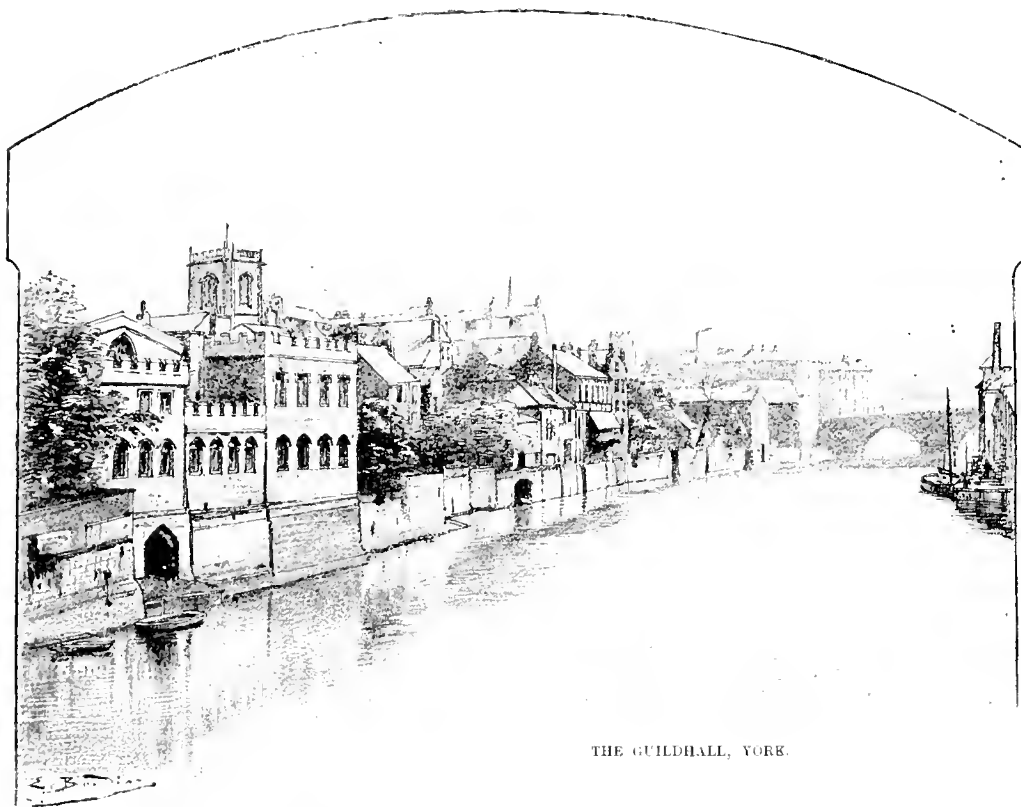
We can easily estimate the importance of the woollen trade by the number of necessary articles which it furnishes—stockings, knitted goods, various stuffs for clothes, alpacas, cloths, and the innumerable variety of tissues known as "shoddy," of which common clothing is made and sold very cheaply.

According to the official returns of 1879, there are in England 2,562 woollen manufactories, containing 6,200,000 spindles, and 146,000 power looms, which employ 278,000 workpeople. More than half these manufactories are in Yorkshire, the others are scattered chiefly in Wales and in Monmouthshire.

It is principally from Australia that the English derive their wool supplies. Formerly Spain and Portugal furnished the raw material; till the last century the Germans were in active competition with these two countries, and ended by superseding them. At the same time England herself produced a great deal of wool, so that she only imported a small supply from other European countries. In 1840 she imported 50,600,000 lbs. weight; in 1862, 136,000,000 lbs. Now the wool is almost exclusively derived from Australia. At the same time, and by a natural consequence, the home-raising of

sheep diminished as the importation increased. The number of sheep was, in 1867, 34,000,000; in 1868, it was only 30,700,000; and in 1882, 24,000,000. The farmers merely deliver the animals to the butcher without taking into consideration the wool, which is of less value than the mutton.

In 1882 the importation of wool amounted to nearly 534,000,000 lbs., representing a value of £24,715,000. Of this quantity Australia alone furnished about 380,000,000 lbs., valued at £18,000,000. Peru and Chili sent alpaca and lama wools to the amount of 2,400,000 lbs. Nine-tenths of the wool imported is consigned to



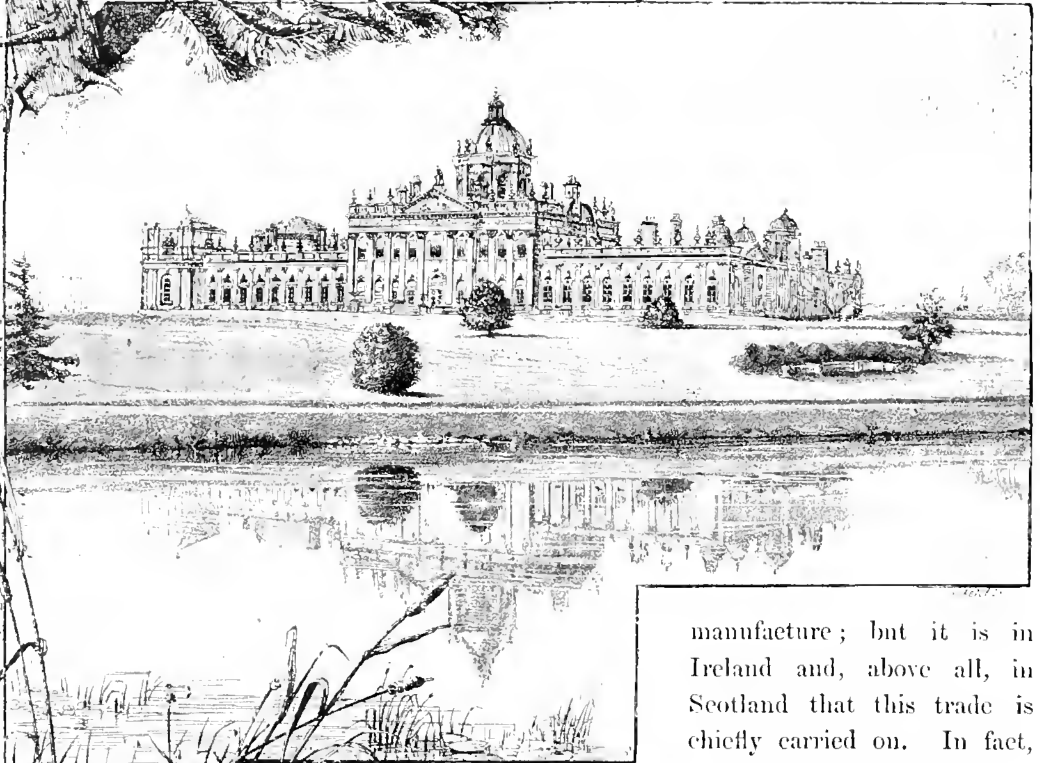
THE GUILDHALL, YORK.

London, which is the great market for the raw material, as Liverpool is for cotton. It goes without saying that this enormous quantity of wool is not all made up in this country. A considerable portion of it is transmitted to foreign countries—chiefly France, which purchases from England annually about 135,000,000 lbs. of raw Australian wool, to the value of £8,000,000. *A propos*, is it not curious that the French manufacturers still buy in London the material which could be so easily sent direct to Havre, to their advantage and to that of the shippers? For, after all, there is no reason why they should pay to British merchants and shipowners the cost of transport and the commission, which increases the price of the material, and makes the fortunes of foreign shippers, to the detriment of our own. Ah! routine is a beautiful thing!

The value of the exports of wool in yarn, or manufactured, was, in 1882,

£22,167,279, which, added to the value of the raw material exported, namely, £15,248,138, gives for wool and woollen stuffs a total of nearly £37,500,000; so the woollen trade is more extensive, and more valuable than the iron trade by about £5,000,000.

Finally, Yorkshire is also the principal seat of the English linen manufacture; but it is in Ireland and, above all, in Scotland that this trade is chiefly carried on. In fact, of the 400 linen factories in the United Kingdom, only 100 are in England and Wales.



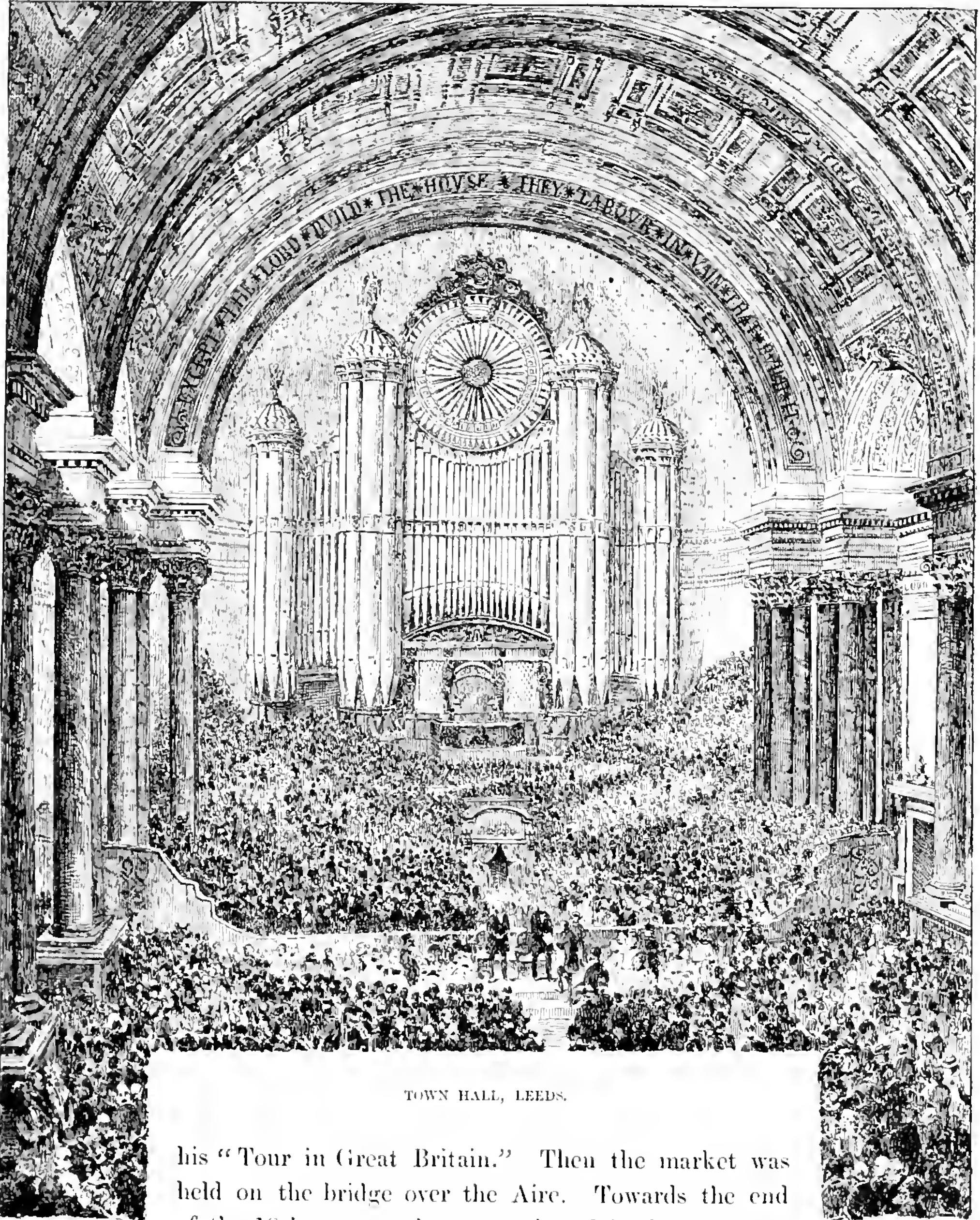
CASTLE HOWARD.

III.

LEEDS: ITS GENERAL ASPECT; ITS MONUMENTS AND FACTORIES.—RIPON CATHEDRAL.—STUDLEY ROYAL, AND FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Leeds, the commercial capital of Yorkshire, is situated on the River Aire, which divides it into two parts; the old town was originally the portion which is on the left bank; but of late years it has crossed the bridges and absorbed the neighbouring villages. This is the usual course with all English towns, and it is reproduced with monotonous regularity.

In 1642, Leeds, like Manchester, Bradford, and many other towns, was taken by the Duke of Newcastle, and retaken afterwards by the Parliamentary troops under Fairfax. In the 18th century it was already a great cloth market, as Defoe tell us in



TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

his "Tour in Great Britain." Then the market was held on the bridge over the Aire. Towards the end of the 18th century the prosperity of Leeds continued to increase from year to year; then the progress made in the development of machinery gave it a new and more vigorous impulse still. The population increased in an astonishing proportion. In 1801 it was 55,162, 172,000 in 1851, 253,000 in 1871, and 321,000 in 1882. Workshops and factories rose on all sides. There are now 900 in Leeds and

its neighbourhood, where in 1793 was only one—that of Messrs. Wormald, Fountayne, and Gott, the first of the kind; for until then the spinning and weaving of the wool was done by the peasantry. Then, as the woollen industry developed, dyeing works, bleaching works, chemical works, engineering establishments, foundries, and, in fact, all the accessory businesses which are indispensable to a great manufacturing town, were established.

WHITE CLOTH HALL, LEEDS.

Leeds is only this, and nothing else. We need not attempt to seek either beauty or picturesqueness there. There are no monuments whatever. Factories, warehouses dominated by their high chimneys pouring out steam and smoke more or less black, more or less thick, which overshadow, like an unwholesome imitation of black and grey clouds, the sky which ought to be visible—if the sky ever is visible in Leeds—that is the picture! With the exception of Sheffield, there is no place less attractive or blacker. The streets, lined with high buildings, containing offices or shops with curtainless windows, have, notwithstanding their animation—especially on market days

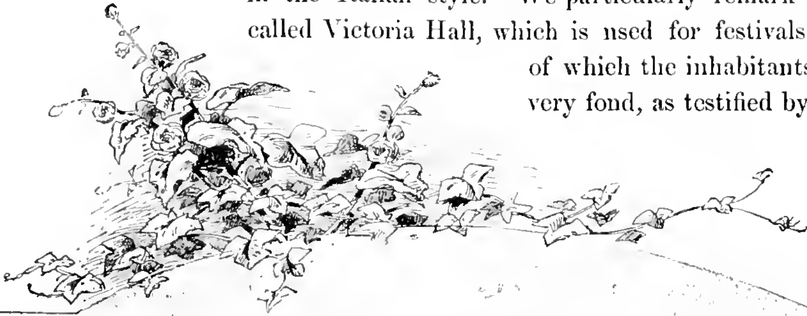
RIPON CATHEDRAL.

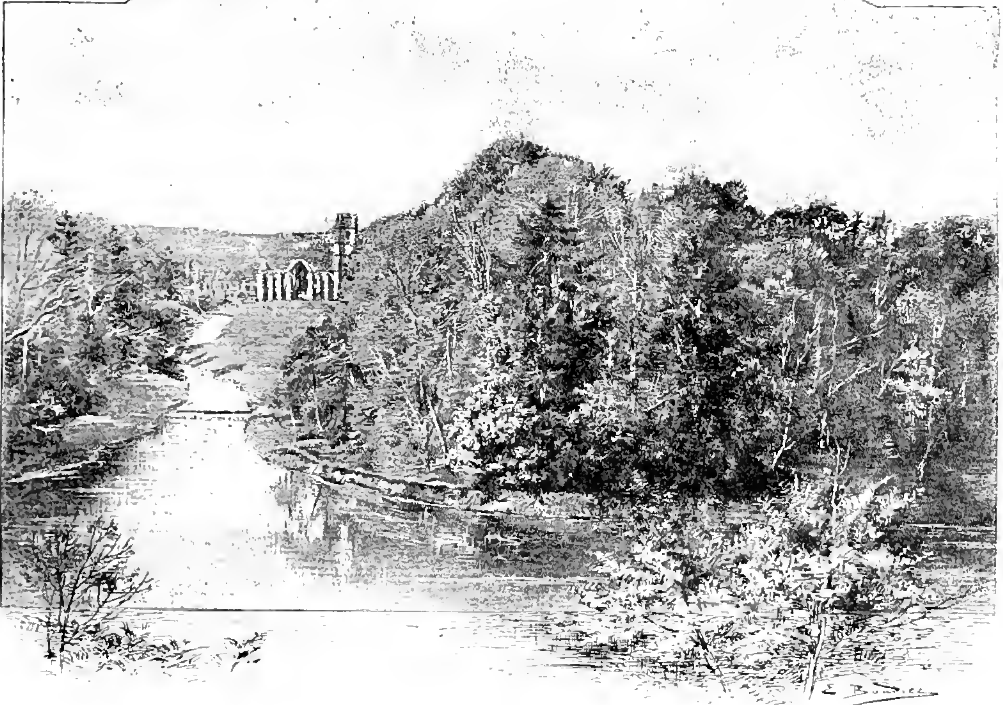
—a dull and gloomy appearance. The principal thoroughfare is Wellington Street, in which we find the business houses of the best known and most opulent merchants.

The churches have nothing remarkable about them; they are all modern, with the

exception of St. John's Church, which dates from the 17th century. Situated in the old town, simple even to nakedness, this edifice is scarcely worth a visit, despite the amount of fine wood-carving which it contains.

The Town Hall, situated in Park Lane, near the railway station, is a vast building, in the Italian style. We particularly remark the great hall called Victoria Hall, which is used for festivals and concerts, of which the inhabitants of Leeds are very fond, as testified by a magnificent





VIEW OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

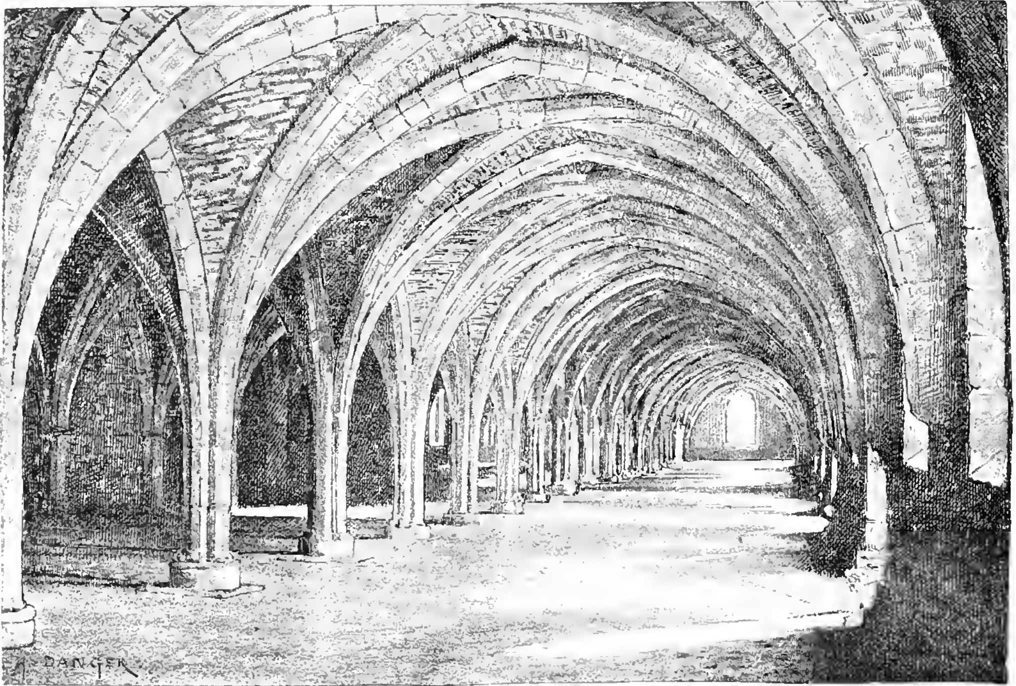
organ which occupies one end of the hall. This taste for music is one of the most striking characteristics of the people in the north of England. We find it everywhere —in Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Birmingham, and Leeds, and generally in all other trade centres.

The Philosophical Hall, in Bond Street, contains a public library, a well-stocked zoological museum, and some geological and mineral collections. There is also an industrial museum here, wherein are collected specimens of various local industries and their primary adjuncts. This is one of the curiosities of the town.

The Mixed Cloth Hall and the White Cloth Hall were formerly markets where

the merchants had their stalls, where they bought and sold. But now transactions between them and the retailers are performed direct; besides, the greater number of the merchants are also wholesale dealers. So an intermediary has been suppressed, to the advantage of the consumer.

When we have visited the Royal Exchange, the Hospital, and the Grammar School, we have seen all the edifices of Leeds. Then we may go and inspect the real monuments of the town—the factories. These are found more or less sprinkled in all parts of Leeds, but particularly in the west end, in the direction of the Kirkstall Road, which is parallel with the river. They are immense buildings, which by day look like barracks,

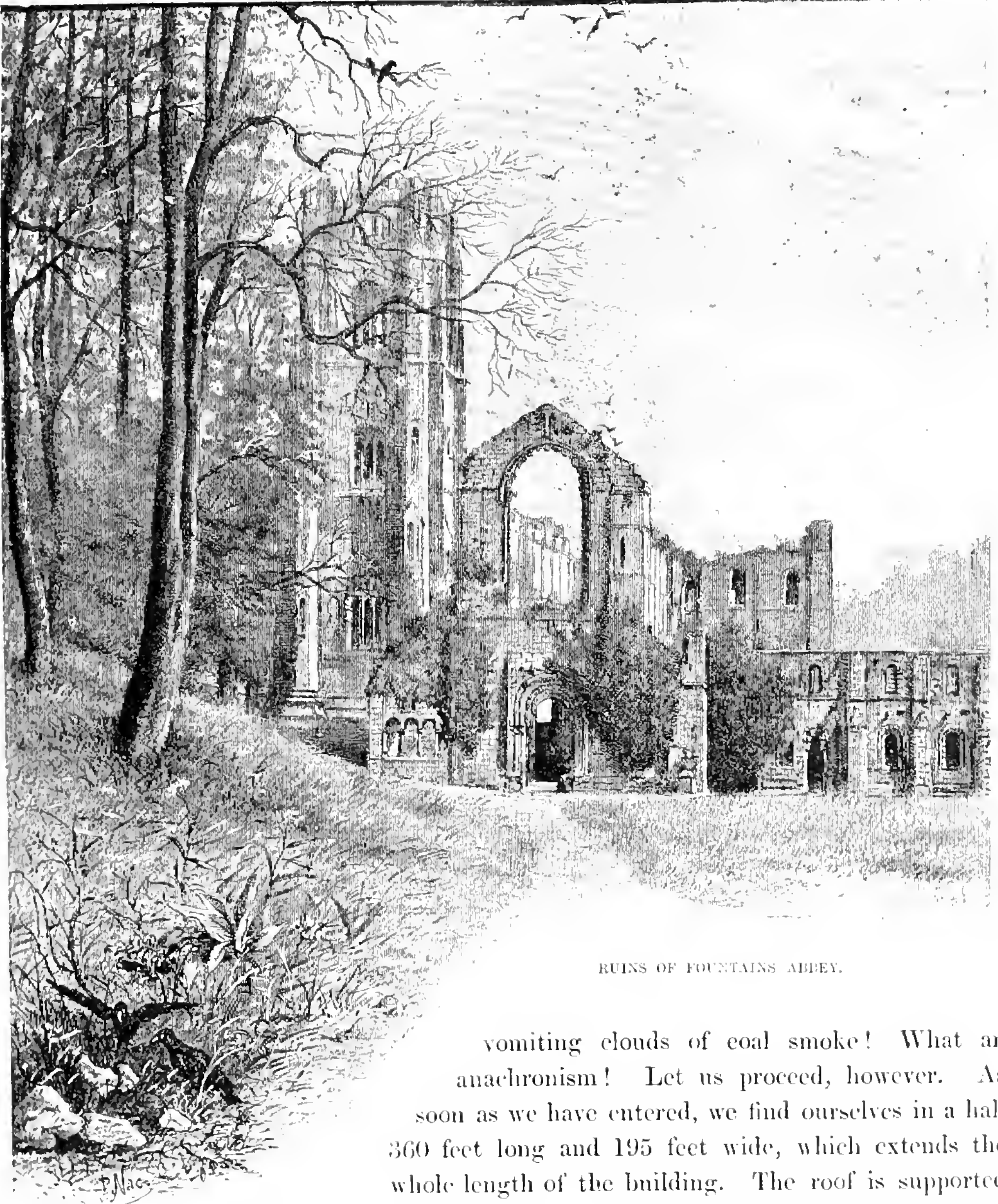


CLOISTERS, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

and at night like immense lanterns. At certain establishments the wool arrives in bales, is teased, washed, combed, spun, and finally made into cloth; other houses only operate upon the yarn; and others, again, only on the weft. Amongst the first-named factories, that of Messrs. Gott specially is worth a visit; but here, as everywhere, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with a permit, without which no one is admitted into any factory or workshop.

The foundries of Airedale and Wellington, the factories of Armley, and the glass-works of Hunslet, are very curious establishments; but perhaps the most remarkable of all is the flax-spinning mill of Mr. Marshall, on the banks of the Aire. This immense establishment, in which more than a thousand workmen are constantly employed, is composed of two factories; one built on the ordinary plan, the other—much the more interesting—being only of one storey, and covering about two and a half acres of ground. Let the reader picture to himself a large flat building, about twenty feet

high, the roof of which, covered with mould and sown with grass, is in various places topped by immense flattened domes, looking like Brobdignagian mole-hills. We enter this strange edifice by a door constructed after the model of the propylon of a temple of Isis or Osiris: not far from which a species of obelisk serves as chimney. An obelisk



RUINS OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

vomiting clouds of coal smoke! What an anachronism! Let us proceed, however. As soon as we have entered, we find ourselves in a hall 360 feet long and 195 feet wide, which extends the whole length of the building. The roof is supported by fifty cast iron pillars, and is pierced by circular openings. We now perceive the use of the gigantic mole-hills aforementioned: they serve as ventilators. The grass upon the roof secures an equable temperature, which is indispensable in linen manufacture. All the operations are simultaneously carried on in the various portions of this building. Here the mechanical spinning-jennies are

buzzing; there the Jacquard machines, which are still the most perfect of their kind, are making a deafening noise while performing the most delicate operations, executing the most complex designs, with a facility and regularity of which we can give no adequate idea. What a marvellous genius was his who designed this masterpiece of mechanical science! All these machines are driven by two steam-engines of 350-horse power each, which are in a separate building. It is calculated that there are made 60,000,000 of yards of thread daily, besides an immense quantity of various stuffs—table linen, bed-ticking, and other materials.

Quitting the hot and dusty atmosphere of these establishments, one is only anxious for fresh air. In Leeds this is difficult to procure; but, about three miles distant, is the Roundhay Park, purchased, in 1872, by the Municipality for a public garden. This park, which cost £140,000, is 750 acres in extent, and is unquestionably one of the finest in England. The numerous houses which surround it are the dwellings of rich merchants and manufacturers who, like those of other trading centres, live in the country, both as a matter of taste and for health's sake.

Like Manchester, Leeds was not represented in Parliament until 1833. Its first two members were John Marshall, the celebrated manufacturer, and Macaulay, the illustrious essayist, and the author of a "History of England."

Three immense railway termini, all situated in the neighbourhood of Wellington Street and the Cloth Hall, put Leeds in direct communication with all parts of England; and we cannot do better than to select this town as head-quarters, when we propose to visit the great industrial centres of this district; for Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield are not far from each other, and are served by frequent trains, which accomplish the journey in a very short time. So far as intercommunications are concerned, the English provinces have no need to envy the metropolis.

Before going south again, towards the trade centres, we must say something concerning Ripon Cathedral and the ruins of the celebrated Fountains Abbey, which is situated less than twenty-five miles from Leeds.

Ripon is a small town, the only interest in which centres in the cathedral, a monument of small dimensions, but remarkable as an example of the Early English style in all its purity. The west front is particularly interesting; it consists of a central building, gabled, 103 feet high, and flanked by two towers somewhat higher. The nave is very lofty and very wide, and of later date, although the style is antique and in harmony with the façade. A screen of the Perpendicular class separates the nave from the choir, which displays three different styles. The chapter-house, the sacristy, and the cell of Saint Wilfrid, are, after the façade and the nave, the most noteworthy portions of Ripon Cathedral.

Three miles from Ripon stands the magnificent mansion of Studley Royal, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon, who is also the owner of the ruins of Fountains Abbey, so named because of the springs which exist in the environs. Founded in the 12th century by the Benedictine monks, on the plan of Clairvaux and Citeaux, the Monastery of Fountains soon became one of the largest and richest in England. The walls of the abbey enclosed numerous buildings, which covered a superficies of eighty acres; these were a church, the monastery proper, the abbot's house, a hospice for the reception of

wayfarers, an infirmary, a court-house, without reckoning the outbuildings, such as a mill, stables, in which were kept the abbot's six white horses, which drew his carriage; the kitchens and other domestic offices. Splendidly situated on the banks of the River Skell, in a secluded valley, Fountains Abbey, seen from a distance between the wooded banks of the stream, appears to be uninjured; and it is not till one approaches it more nearly that the sad state of dilapidation into which it has fallen is evident. The church, with its high tower, first strikes us by the vast proportions of its nave, transepts, and choir. There are few more imposing sights than these ruins: the nave, with its wide windows, whose mullions are broken; the transepts, with frail and elegant columns, and their capitals delicately carved. What thing can be seen more really beautiful, in its sublime simplicity, than the cloister, 270 feet in length, with its central row of pillars, massive at the bases, but which rise and branch out into interlacing arms, which sustain the vaulted roof while embellishing it?

We can well appreciate the feelings of emotion which, at the sight, prompted M. de Montalembert to fall upon his knees in an ecstasy of admiration.

Above the cloisters was the dormitory, of which nothing remains save the two staircases which led up to it. The other portions of the ruins, such as the refectory, and particularly the chapter-house, which is richly ornamented, testify equally with the church and the cloisters to the greatness of this celebrated abbey, the most remarkable monument of the kind that England ever possessed.

IV.

BRADFORD: THE WORKING POPULATION.—THE MONUMENTS.—THE LEGEND OF THE WILD BOAR.—THE FACTORIES.—SALTAIRE AND ITS FOUNDER.—S. LISTER AND MANNINGHAM MILLS.

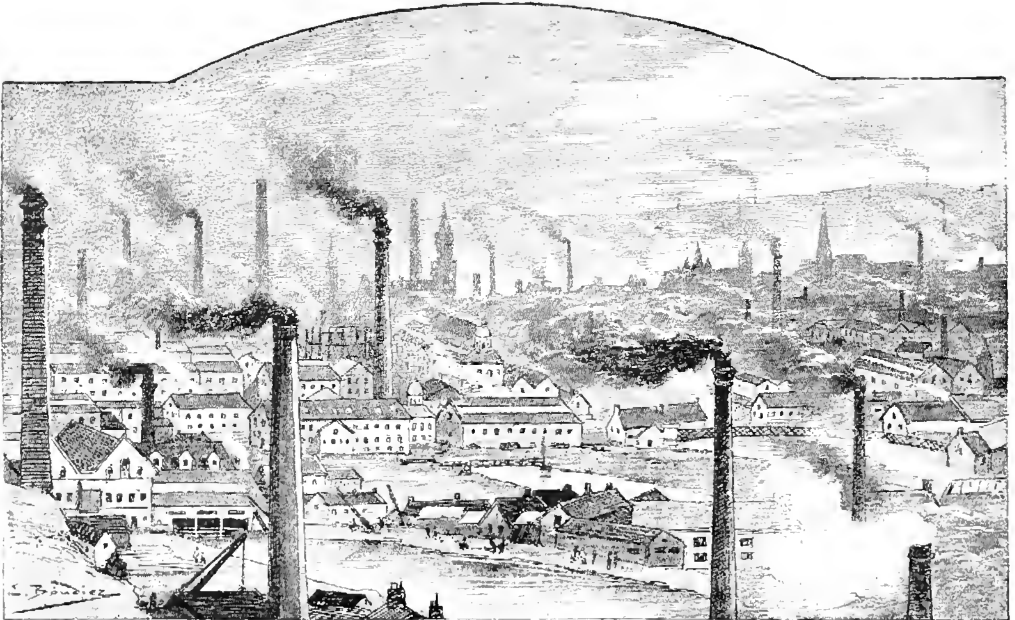
Bradford shares with Leeds the supremacy of the woollen trade, each town having its speciality: that of Bradford consists in yarns and stuffs, called "worsted goods"—that is to say, goods made with the long wool; while Leeds has a speciality for the manufacture of the short wool, or "woollen goods."

The town, although very ancient, has a very modern appearance, for the old quarters have been recently rebuilt. The streets are wide, fringed with high and solidly-built houses, possessing a certain claim to architectural beauty, but of a gloomy aspect, in consequence of the greyish brown of the stone used in their construction. There is considerable animation evident chiefly about mid-day, when the factory-gates are opened to permit the egress of the swarms of work-people to their dinners. The men are in no way distinguished by their dress from those of other towns; the elder women wear the handkerchief tied under the chin, as usual; but the younger generation seem to prefer the horrible straw hat and feathers, flowers, and ribbons, which British industry

produces in such quantities, and at such a low price. The crowd, in spreading through the streets, fills them with a curious sound—that of the clogs which Yorkshire people wear, and which resemble somewhat the foot-coverings of the Boulogne fisher-folk.

While perambulating the streets, one feels that one is in a rich town, pompously built by people who do not regard expense, and an intelligent municipality, which is not stingy. The public buildings are vast, richly decorated, if not in the best taste; they have a substantial look, in harmony with the private houses, which do not lack a certain character.

The Town Hall is, as a matter of course, the most beautiful monument in Bradford. It is situated in New Market Street, in the centre of the town, and was opened in 1873.

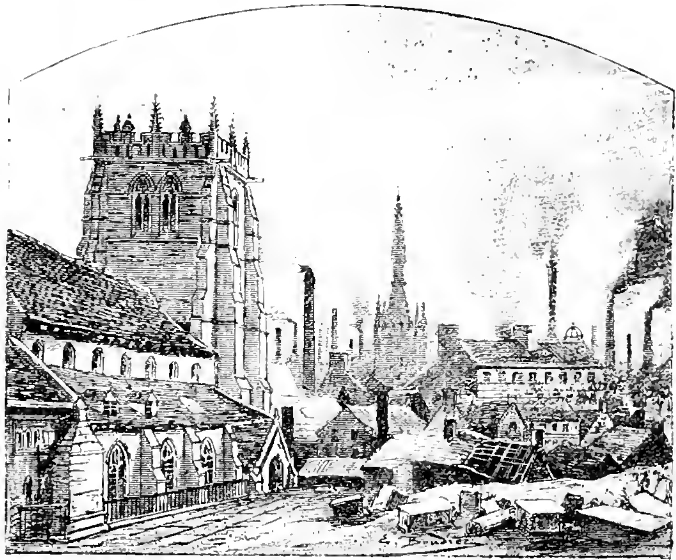


BRADFORD.

The façade, in the Gothic style, is imposing, with its three storeys pierced by pointed windows, and the high square tower, or campanile, which rises above the entrance. In imitation of the Houses of Parliament in London, it is embellished with escutcheons and statues, representing the Sovereigns of England, in the midst of which we perceive Oliver Cromwell—a position one would scarcely expect to have met him in. Besides the apartments appropriated to the Mayor, and the council chambers, the Town Hall contains the borough court, the decorations of which are very rich.

Amidst the subjects of decoration we notice the head of a wild boar, which repeats itself with a persistence that leads the visitor to seek an explanation of it. Here it is. At the time when beasts could talk, Bradford was surrounded by thick forests, which were inhabited by wild animals. A wild boar, of unparalleled ferocity, made tremendous ravages in the country; and such was the terror he inspired that even the boldest hunters did not dare to encounter the monster which every day did more damage, as his audacity and his malice seemed to increase. After a while no one dared to go

outside the limits of the town. The offer of reward scarcely tempted the Nimrods of the district, when one young man, more courageous than his fellows, and whose name history unfortunately has not preserved, resolved to rid Bradford of this terrible animal. He armed himself and set out in quest of this formidable wild boar, which he slew after an heroic contest, no doubt, but concerning which we have no details, the modesty of the hero having prevented him from recounting the stirring particulars, as it had already induced him to conceal his name. However, not forgetting that he had to receive a reward, the young man cut out the tongue of the wild boar, which he carried back as a trophy and as proof of his prowess. Arrived in the presence of the magistrates, to claim the recompense to which he was entitled, the youth found himself confronted by a rival in the person of an inhabitant known for his cowardice and supineness, who, carrying the head of the animal, the dead body of which he had found, was demanding the promised reward. The assembly were about to adjudge it to him, when the anonymous hero presented himself before the embarrassed conclave. "Ask this felon," he cried, "where the tongue of the animal is? And if he produce it, let the reward be his." The boar's head was examined, and the tongue was found wanting. Then the youthful hunter victoriously exhibited it, to the confusion of his rival, who retired, amidst the jeers of the assembly, while the young man received the congratulations of the magistrates and the reward he had so well merited. And that is the reason why the boar's head figures in the arms of the town of Bradford.



CHURCH AT BRADFORD.

In front of the Town Hall will be perceived the statue of Sir Titus Salt, the celebrated manufacturer, who died some years ago. The smoke has overlaid the figure with a thick coating of soot. Another statue—that of Sir Robert Peel, in Peel Place—is still blacker. It is a mere question of time.

Opposite is the Mechanics' Institute, which was opened in 1870. This is a building in the Italian style, containing a library and a lecture hall, where a number of artisans assemble to follow the courses of science lectures, delivered by distinguished professors. Close by is St. George's Hall, which serves for assemblies and concerts, or for public dinners—a frequent form of entertainment.

The Royal Exchange, in Market Street, near the railway station, resembles the

Town Hall, but is not so fine. There are the same pinnacles and the same pointed tower dominating the building.

Lastly, the Market, a light and elegant building, with a glass roof supported by cast-iron pillars, presents at certain hours of the day, and even in the evening, by gas light, a very animated scene.

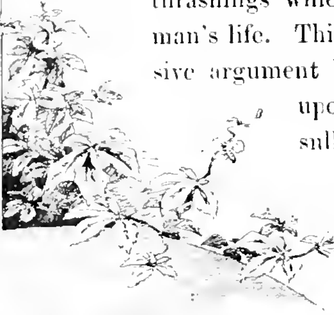
In regard to amusement, there are a theatre and many music-halls; for promenades there are, outside the town, three pleasant gardens, named Peel Park, Lister Park, and Horton Park. The two first-named, situated to the north of the town, offer an excellent view of Bradford.

MARKET STREET, BRADFORD.

Seeing Bradford to-day so prosperous, so wealthy, with its great warehouses and immense factories — seeing this town, where all the resources of science have been taken advantage of, in order to bestow upon the inhabitants the largest possible measure of prosperity, where progress is manifest at every step—one would scarcely credit the difficulties against which such men as Horsfall, Murgatroyd, and the Fosters have had to contend and to surmount, to compel the brutal and ignorant population to adopt the improvements which would lead them to prosperity. Moreover, this struggle deserves to be recorded, for it is instructive in the highest degree. We find in it the perseverance, the indomitable energy, which are so characteristic of English merchants and manufacturers.

In 1798 Bradford had only one factory, and to build even that it became necessary to overcome the ill-will of the inhabitants, who contended that the smoke from *one* chimney would suffocate them, and of the workmen, who refused to permit the passage of the carts carrying the stone for the building of the establishment of Messrs. Ramsbotham, Swaine, and Murgatroyd. The last-named gentleman, gifted with consummate coolness and a Herculean frame, went direct to his point. He put himself at the head of the carts, and led the horses, in the midst of a hooting crowd, towards the

site whereon he intended to build his factory. The crowd, hostile and furious, pressed upon him from all sides and hindered his advance. In the calmest manner possible, Mr. Murgatroyd took off his coat, turned up his sleeves, and alone, face to face with the enraged multitude, threw himself upon the greatest brawler whom he found within reach, and administered to him one of those thrashings which is an event in a man's life. This violent, but persuasive argument had a magical effect upon the crowd, which sullenly retired, but without daring to oppose the man who knew so well how to use his



MONUMENT TO SIR TITUS SALT. SALTAIRE INSTITUTE

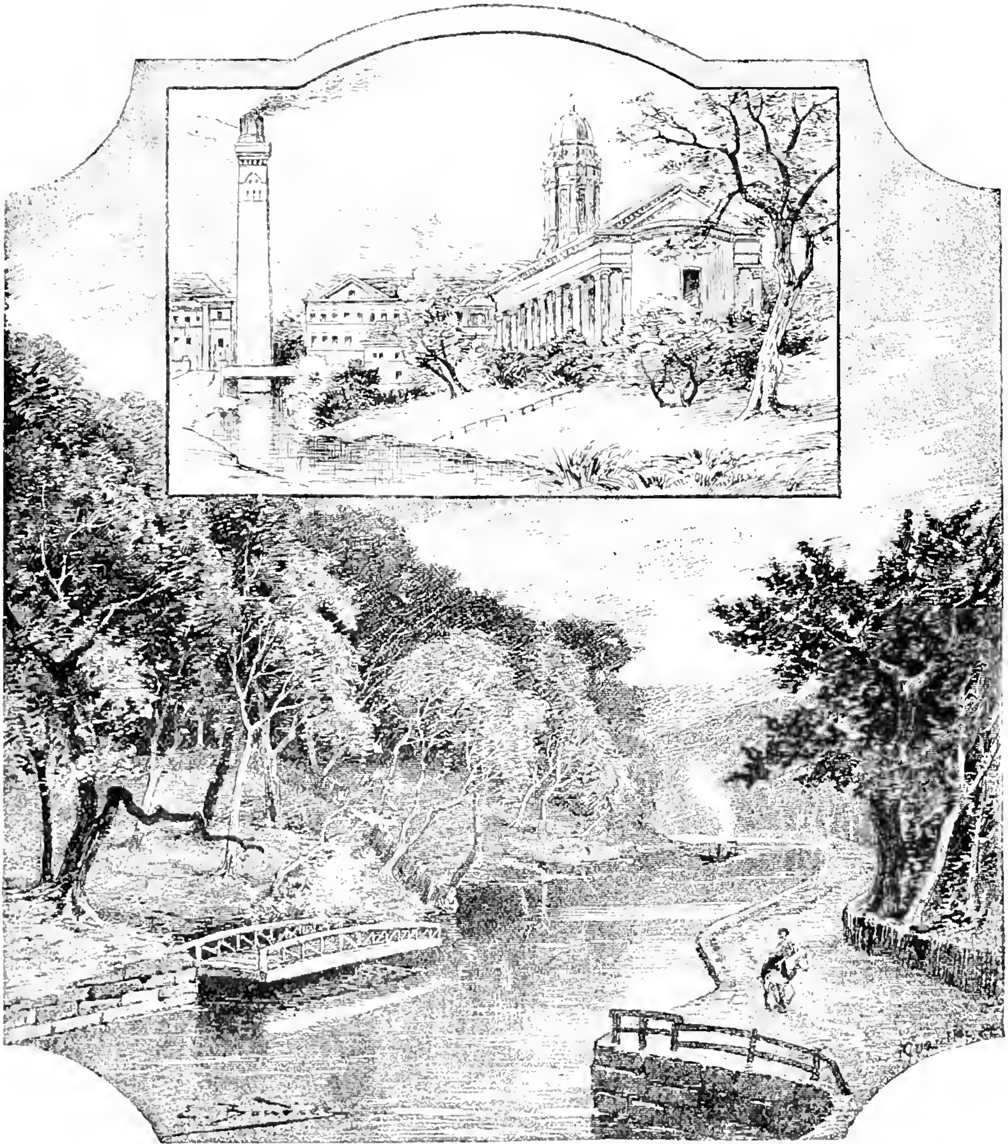
fists. After that Mr. Murgatroyd was able to transport his materials unopposed. Better still, five years afterwards, in 1803, the very same people who had signed the petition against the use of steam—amongst others, Mr. Rand, one of the great manufacturers of Bradford—hastened to adopt it in their establishments too.

Later still, in 1826, when it became a question of substituting steam machinery for hand labour, new disorders, marked this time with violence, arose. The factory of Messrs. Horsfall was literally besieged by 500 discontented workmen, who were on the point of taking the place by assault when the police, headed by the Mayor, arrived. The Mayor made the usual appeal, but was answered by a pistol shot. Then the defenders of the building lost patience, and replied with a volley which killed two persons and wounded a number of others. The law prevailed, and this was the last little riot which stained with blood the streets of Bradford. Since that time the number of factories and workshops have been steadily increasing: in 1833, there were thirty-four in Bradford, now there are 300, and the trade in woollens alone exceeds £70,000,000 per annum. The population, which numbered 13,000 inhabitants in 1801, was 106,000 in 1861; 180,000 in 1881; and 205,000 in 1883. During this period the old town disappeared, new houses rose up in all directions, and Bradford assumed the gloomy, but wealthy, aspect it wears at present.

The wool factories are situated in Bradford and its suburbs; it is absolutely necessary to be furnished with an introduction to inspect them. They are, with the great warehouses, the sole attractions of the place. Although these factories may all be equally well worth seeing, there are two which we cannot by any possibility omit to visit—these are Saltaire and the Manningham Mills.

Saltaire—so called from its founder, Sir Titus Salt—is not only a factory, it is a town—a veritable town—with churches, schools, dwelling-houses, park, and gardens surrounding an immense factory, which is surmounted by a square tower and a colossal chimney. Where Saltaire now stands grass was growing thirty years ago. The story of the creation of this town, evolved from nothing by the energy and will of one man, is one of the most curious chapters of the history of modern enterprise. Read it, it will repay the trouble. Titus Salt was born in the early years of the present century in Wakefield, a small town in Yorkshire. He was still an infant when his father, who was a manufacturer in a small way, came to establish himself in Bradford. The youthful Titus had a bias for agriculture, and no taste whatever for spinning yarn and weaving cloth. But man proposes; it was decreed that he would never be a farmer. Willingly or unwillingly, he was obliged to enter his father's business, where he passed a somewhat rough apprenticeship, and at the end of a few years he set up on his own account in Silsbridge Lane. Thither was brought to him one day a particular kind of wool, long and tangled, and so stubborn, that no one would have anything to do with it. Nothing daunted, Salt succeeded, after many efforts, in weaving this wool, which had come from Russia; then, satisfied at having conquered the difficulty, forgot all about it. Three years afterwards he found in the establishment of a consignee in Liverpool a number of bales of wool, similar to the Russian kind, which no one would take. He examined it, learned that it had come from Peru, carried home a sample of it, and decided to do his best with it. The task was not an easy one. This wool was long and glossy, and could not be carded by ordinary means, so it became necessary to make a special apparatus. For a man of such perseverance this was only a detail. Salt made his machines and reached the goal he desired. He succeeded in producing a light, silky material as lustrous as silk, such as they make certain garments of in South America, it is true;

but which no one in Europe had ever made. Titus Salt had invented "Alpaca." His first care was to collect all the capital he could dispose of and to borrow a sum of money large enough to purchase the 300 famous bales in Liverpool which had found no purchaser. Then he made alpaca of it. To make a new material is good, to get rid of it



SALTAIRE CHURCH AND PARK.

is better, but more difficult, as Salt soon perceived. Merchants had but little faith in the alpaca, and after Salt had contended against material obstacles, he found he had to combat prejudices. But he had the faith which moves mountains. Four years afterwards Titus Salt was in a fair way to make his fortune; he found his factory too

small; he built another, then a third; and these in their turn being found insufficient, he conceived and carried out the idea of founding Saltaire.

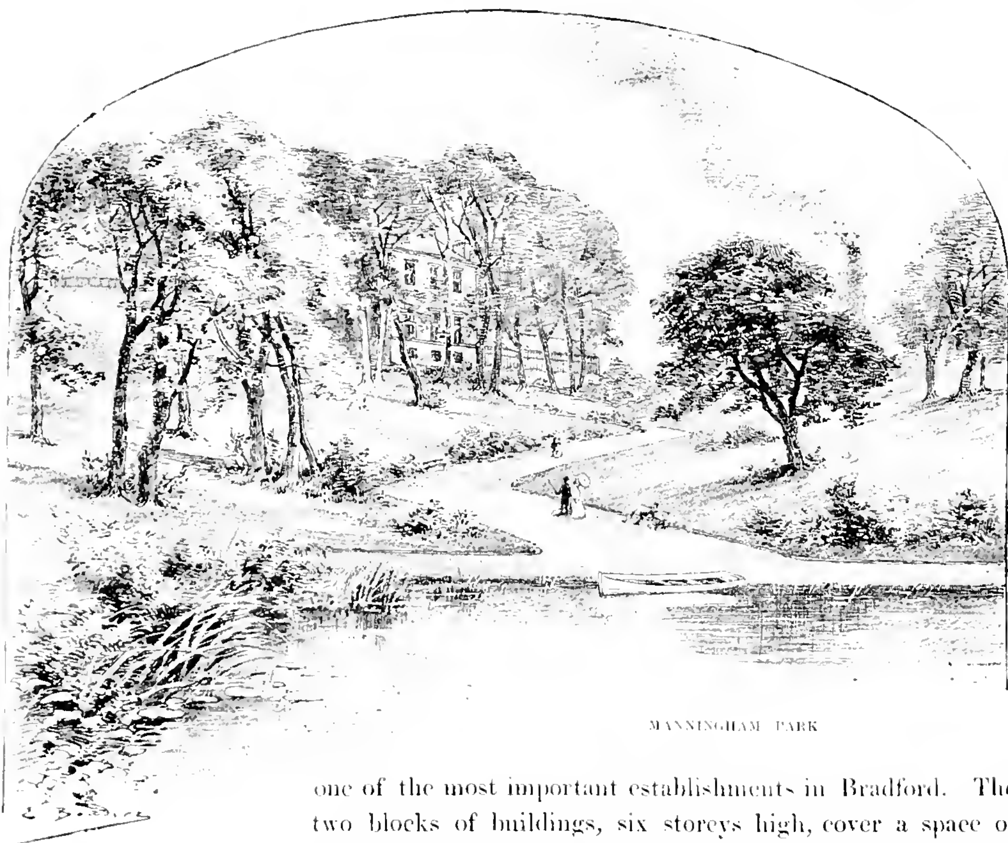
About three miles to the northward of Bradford the tourist comes upon a pretty town picturesquely situated on the banks of a clear stream, the white houses being surrounded by gardens, and all grouped around a monumental factory: this is Saltaire. This little town, unique of its kind, contains twenty-two streets, and 800 houses, in which reside some 5,000 workpeople and their families. The streets, wide and regular, are remarkably well looked after. In the centre of the town are public baths and wash-houses, which are admirably fitted up and managed. Several churches, schools, a gymnasium, a hospital, a club, a library, and a music hall, are amongst the number of the buildings which Sir Titus Salt has erected in his town. Fifty small houses are appropriated to the aged poor who can no longer work; the proprietor grants them pensions of from eight to twelve shillings a week. Lastly, there is a pretty park of fifteen acres, part of which is reserved for cricket, lawn-tennis, and bowls, the remainder, arranged as a garden, serves as a promenade and recreation ground for the inhabitants. They are remarkable for their good appearance, exemplary conduct, and really superior education. Their grade of morality is very high: you will find neither drunkards, criminals, nor idlers in Saltaire; but a hard-working population, intelligent and honest, very different from that one is accustomed to meet with in industrial centres.

The factory, which occupies a space of 12½ acres, is 495 feet long, by 45 feet wide, and is composed of a vast building of six stories about 66 feet high. It is a model of construction and arrangement. Iron and stone, artistically blended, give it solidity as well as prettiness, while it is secured, as far as possible, from risks of fire. In the interior lifts connect all storeys, or the various work-rooms, which, kept scrupulously clean and neat, are filled with a large number of workpeople. Both men and women have a robust and healthy appearance, and an air of contentment, which strikes the spectator immediately. Treated with great strictness, but with equal justice, considered as associates, not as mere beasts of burthen, they preserve their self-respect, and profess a great regard for their employer, who has made such noble efforts to ameliorate their position. A deafening noise is produced by the machines, the click-clack of the looms, the buzzing of the shuttles, as they pass backwards and forwards, and the murmur of many voices. Thanks to the system of ventilation adopted, there is very little of that nauseous and unwholesome dust which is the cause of so much disease amongst cloth-weavers.

The history of Saltaire and its founder has more than one claim to be narrated here: firstly, because Sir Titus Salt, citizen of Bradford and Mayor of that town, was a local celebrity; and also because this great trader was also an enlightened philanthropist, who has left us a noble example—an honest man in the fullest sense of the word. Sir Titus Salt was created a baronet in 1869, and in 1874 the town of Bradford raised a statue to him, which stands in front of the Town Hall. He died in 1876, full of honours, and carried with him to the grave the esteem of all his fellow citizens.

Manningham Mills is an immense establishment in the Heaton Road, near Lister Park, founded by Mr. S. Lister, for the manufacture of velvet and silk—quite novel industries in Bradford. Mr. Lister, the son of a wealthy manufacturer of that town,

had been destined by his parents for the Church; but he did not take to the profession, and went into business. Being rich, and at the head of one of the most prosperous worsted factories, he had only to exist; nevertheless, this did not suffice for his energy and indefatigable activity. Of an inventive mind, he set himself one day to utilize a certain silk called chassum, of which up to that time no one had made any use. He designed certain machines, caused them to be made, built a factory, and expended £240,000 before he realized one shilling. But since that what a return he has had! Manningham Mills is the proof; this magnificent building, which cost £180,000, is



MANNINGHAM PARK

one of the most important establishments in Bradford. The two blocks of buildings, six storeys high, cover a space of twelve acres, and are surrounded by a wall, which is jealously guarded by a Cerberus who permits no one to pass the portal who is not furnished with a special order of permission. Once inside, it is astonishing to see the machines at work. What animation—what movement! And to think that this colossal factory is only one of the many enterprises of Mr. Lister, who is at the same time a silk, velvet, and woollen manufacturer and a tea-grower besides. Yes, a planter of Assam tea in British India! This is how it happened; for it was quite by accident that Mr. Lister became a competitor of the Chinese. He had purchased about a thousand acres of land in Assam, for the purpose of rearing silkworms to provide the material for his velvet lo ms. After a while the price of silk fell so low that Mr. Lister found it more advantageous to purchase the raw material in Europe than to import it direct. He quickly made up his mind; he uprooted his mulberry trees and planted tea, so he became a tea grower as

well as a manufacturer. In his leisure moments he invents some new machine or improves the old ones, and rears cattle. There is something of the American about this man, who is endowed with tremendous activity, with such a practical mind, and so much decision. In fact, while a young man, Mr. Lister passed many years in the United States, and there he gained that confidence in himself, that boldness, which the Yankees possess in a remarkable degree. Like Sir Titus Salt, Mr. Lister has had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts appreciated by his fellow citizens, who, while he is still alive, have erected a statue to his honour, in one of the open spaces of Bradford.

Such men as Salt and Lister are the glory of a nation—the equals of the greatest warriors. Their peaceful victories conduce to the national prosperity, and it is not without reason that Englishmen have named them the "Great Captains" of Industry.

From Bradford to Sheffield, by Halifax and Huddersfield, two manufacturing towns of considerable importance, is no great distance: and if the tourist do not stop at either of those two towns the journey can be accomplished in about three hours. The route presents no interest: the country, somewhat hilly, is dotted here and there by factory chimneys, the view of which by this time is getting monotonous. A little distance from Bradford is the village of Thornton, celebrated as the birthplace of Charlotte Brontë, the novelist, better known as Currer Bell. After Bradford, Halifax, and even Huddersfield, contain nothing which merits the attention of the tourist, who is in a hurry to reach Sheffield, which is situated on the confines of Derbyshire, one of the most picturesque counties of England.

V.

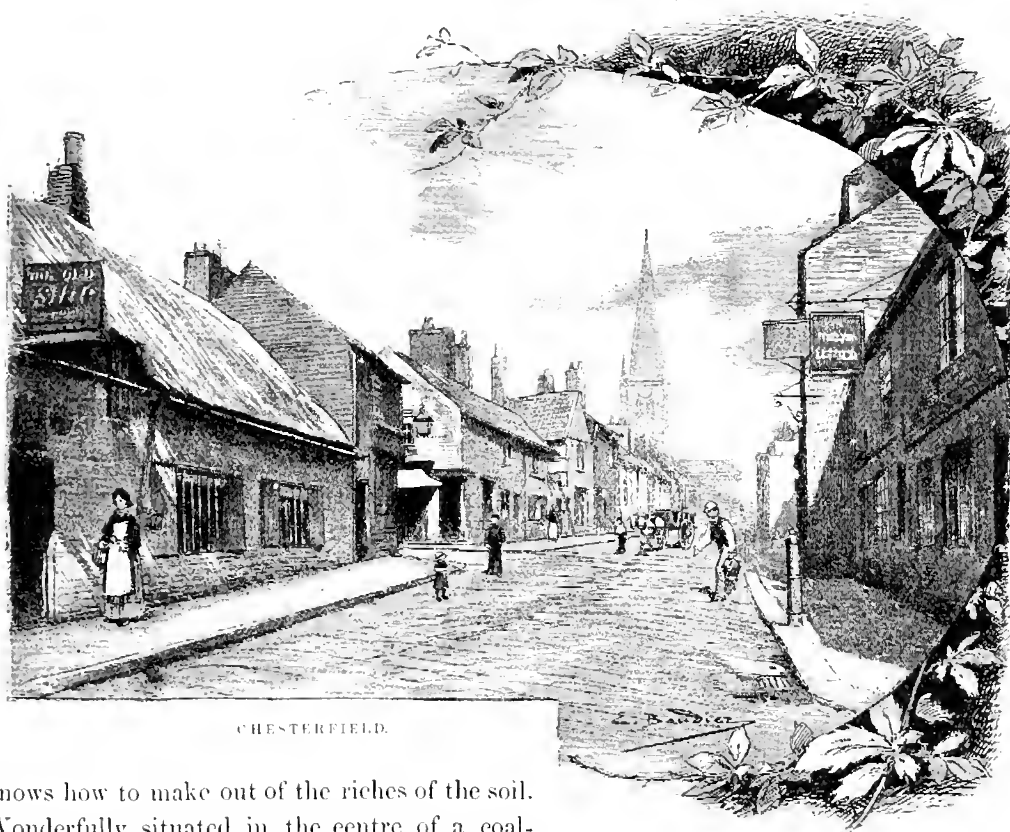
SHEFFIELD.—ITS ASPECT.—ITS MONUMENTS.—THE CUTLERY TRADE.—THE WORKSHOPS.—FORGERS AND GRINDERS.—AMERICAN COMPETITION AND THE TRADES' UNIONS.—THE VALLEY OF THE DOVE.—THE POTTERIES.

Sheffield rejoices in the well-merited reputation of being the blackest and most smoky town in the three kingdoms. It is more than a century since Horace Walpole wrote "It is one of the dirtiest towns in a beautiful situation." What would he say of it now that the factories have increased a hundredfold, and the sky is continuously obscured by the veil of smoke mingled with fog which hangs over the town like a pall? The suburbs, it is true, are charming; and it is perhaps the contrast which makes still more painful the impression that the appearance of Sheffield gives us. The streets, both narrow and tortuous, are lined with wretched, low, brick houses, reeking with depravity and vice more than with misery, and forming a labyrinth through which it is difficult to find one's way. We miss the solid buildings of Bradford or Manchester, and their wide and well-kept streets.

The working population, wretched and puny, form a separate race of beings, who, below middle height, have an unhealthy appearance. The working-men of Sheffield

have attained an unfortunate notoriety by their violence at critical periods; and their moral level is decidedly low.

Sheffield numbers 295,000 inhabitants, that is to say, the population has increased six-fold in eighty years. To its industry we must attribute this rapid increase, and as the same fact is reproduced everywhere one is stupefied at the prodigious development of the English nation, its vitality, its energy, its immense resources, and of the profit it



CHESTERFIELD.

knows how to make out of the riches of the soil. Wonderfully situated in the centre of a coal-field, the town of Sheffield possessed all that was requisite to become what it is— a manufacturing centre of the first rank.

There are no monuments except, perhaps, the old Parish Church of St. Peter, which dates from the fifteenth century. The exterior has been so often repaired and restored that but little of the original remains. The interior is interesting, chiefly on account of the tombs in the Shrewsbury chapel.

We there perceive that of Lord Shrewsbury, the sixth of the name, who was appointed gaoler of Mary Stuart during her captivity in Sheffield, and who assisted at the execution of that unhappy queen. His recumbent effigy is gilded, at his feet is crouched a hound—a talbot. We know that the patronymic of the family is Shrewsbury and Talbot, so the hound figures in their armorial bearings.

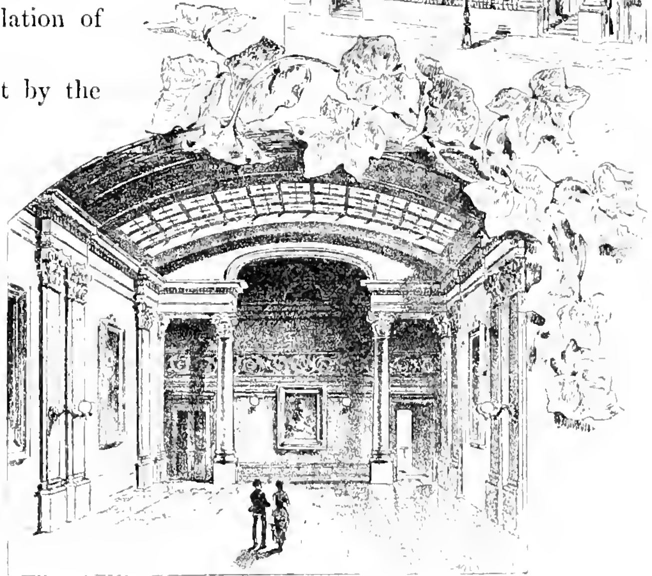
Not far from here is Cutlers' Hall, a heavy and gloomy building, with pilasters and columns. The interior is scarcely more attractive than the exterior. There are

only a few portraits of local celebrities, of no artistic value, and some equally feeble busts.

The Cutlers' Corporation, established in the reign of James I., formerly exercised domination over all the makers of cutlery; but since 1832 its functions have been restricted, and it is now only a corporation like that of the City of London. Every year the president of the Society, who is called the Master Cutler, gives a dinner to which the notables of the county are invited; a festival very much resembling, in proportion, the Lord Mayor's banquet. It is, moreover, the only duty which the Master Cutler is called upon to perform.

At the corner of Bow Street and Leopold Street is an immense building in the Italian style. This is Firth College, so called from its founder, Mr. Firth, who died some years ago. This institution, intended to serve as a technical school, has already rendered, and is destined to be of, the greatest service to the population of Sheffield.

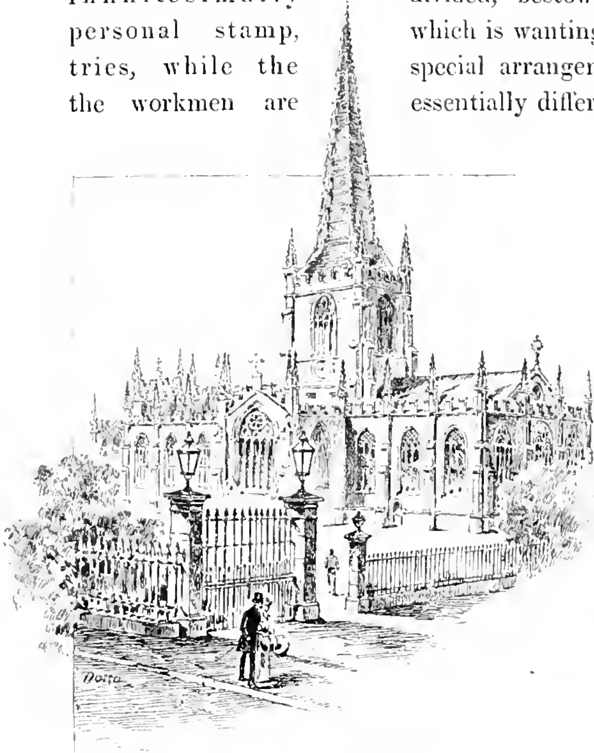
The Corn Exchange, built by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Central Market are, with the buildings we have mentioned, all that Sheffield possesses in the way of monuments. The remainder are not worthy of mention.



CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

The names of the streets —Howard Street, Norfolk Street, Talbot Street, Shrewsbury Street—suffice to remind us that the Earls of Shrewsbury were formerly the lords of Sheffield, where they owned vast properties, which, in consequence of the marriage of one of the daughters of the seventh earl with one of the members of the Howard family, passed into the possession of the Earls of Arundel, who afterwards were created Dukes of Norfolk. Thus it happens that the present Duke of Norfolk is the owner of the greater part of Sheffield, whence he derives considerable revenues, estimated at various amounts, but which cannot be less than £10,000 a year. The Manor House belongs to the Duke; it served as a prison for Mary Stuart during her long captivity. That part of the Manor House was restored a dozen years ago by the orders of the Duke, who has done a great deal for Sheffield, and bestowed upon it the beautiful park which bears his name.

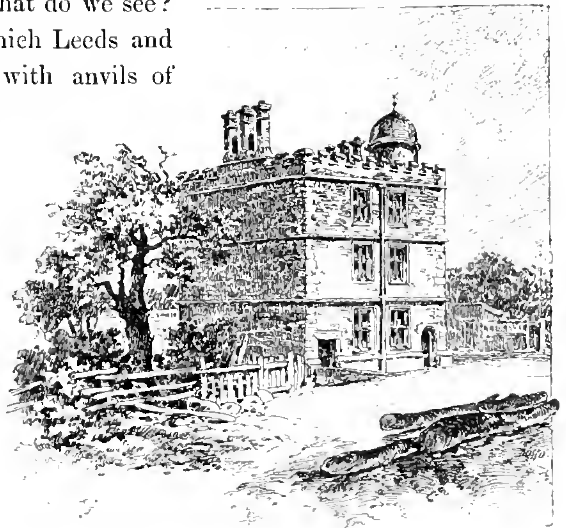
Steel working, in all its forms, is the speciality of the town. At Sheffield, work infinitesimally divided, bestows upon local productions a character, a personal stamp, which is wanting in the greater number of modern industries, while the special arrangements of the factories and the manners of the workmen are essentially different there from those of other manufacturing towns. At Sheffield, machinery has not been able to supplant hand-labour. The men work in their own houses, by the piece. Each has his speciality. One makes table knives; another, pen-knives; this man, scissors, that man, razors. And, again, the workman who forges the blades will not grind them, and he who grinds them will not fix the handles to them. The handles of metal, wood, ivory, bone, or horn, are equally the objects of various and quite distinct handicrafts.



PARISH CHURCH, SHEFFIELD.

The steel which is used for making the celebrated Sheffield cutlery is almost all produced from foreign iron imported from Russia, Germany, and particularly from Sweden. All the cutting instruments are of forged steel, the preparation of which formerly occupied three weeks; but it is now completed in a few hours by the process invented by Sir Henry Bessemer, and called by his name.

Let us enter a cutler's workshop: what do we see? None of those ingenious machines of which Leeds and Manchester are so proud, but forges with anvils of peculiar form, and troughs full of water, which are used to temper the forged steel. A forger seizes with his pincers one of the red hot pieces of steel, and with a dexterity which it is impossible to conceive, he gives it, with a few blows of a hammer, the form of a knife-blade. When he has forged the requisite number he blows up his fire, takes the blades one by one, heats them red hot, and plunges them into the trough of water; then, taking them out again, he heats them a second time to make them less brittle, and to give them the necessary elasticity. On the skill of the workman, as much as upon the



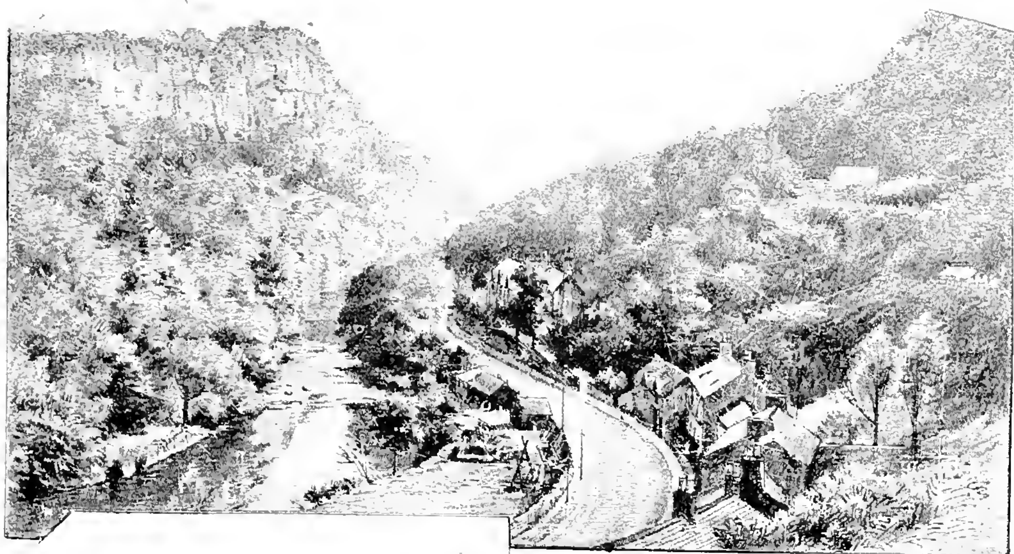
MANOR HOUSE, SHEFFIELD.

quality of the metal, the value of the blade depends, and the cutlers of Sheffield are incomparably skilful.

From the forger we pass to the grinder. A grinding mill is one of the greatest curiosities of Sheffield. In a large workroom one can see pass under the grindstone all sorts of cutting instruments, from the small penknife to the immense scythe; the most delicate of surgical instruments to the stone-cutting saws. The stones, dug from Wickersley quarries, are of various sizes: some nearly three feet in diameter, others only

MATLOCK.

eighteen inches in circumference. All these revolve simultaneously, and produce as they reduce the steel a whistling noise most disagreeable in intensity. Here a workman is fondly grinding a formidable surgical instrument, or one of those famous hollow-ground razors. There a grinder stoops holding the great blade of a scythe, upon which he is pressing with all his weight of hands and knees, only the tips of his toes resting on the ground. This is a very dangerous method of grinding scythe-blades; one false movement, a momentary dizziness, would cause him to lose his balance, when the immense grindstone would catch him up and hurl him against the wall. This is not the only danger which threatens the grinder. Notwithstanding all precautions, the stones sometimes burst, hurling pieces in all directions, causing terrible destruction and spreading death in the workshop.



HIGH TOR AND CHEE TOR.

Farther on, there are others grinding steel forks upon dry stones. These men are martyrs to the terrible trade of the grinder; the dampness of the workshops, and, above all, the particles of iron and stone which they inhale, give them lung diseases, and serious affections of the respiratory organs. It has been proved that out of 2,500 grinders, there are only forty who reach fifty years of age; and that amongst eighty fork-grinders—who, of course, work at the dry stone—there is not one of thirty-five years of age. It was a good idea to compel grinders to wear a magnetized collar to attract the particles of iron, and, better still, a gauze mask; and an apparatus has been invented which protects the workmen from this danger, but they rarely avail themselves of it, for the men themselves are the first to neglect all precautions.

After the grinder comes the polisher, who employs a wooden grinding disc, which is covered with leather, or metal

of a particular alloy, and gives to the steel that polish which is so much admired on new blades.

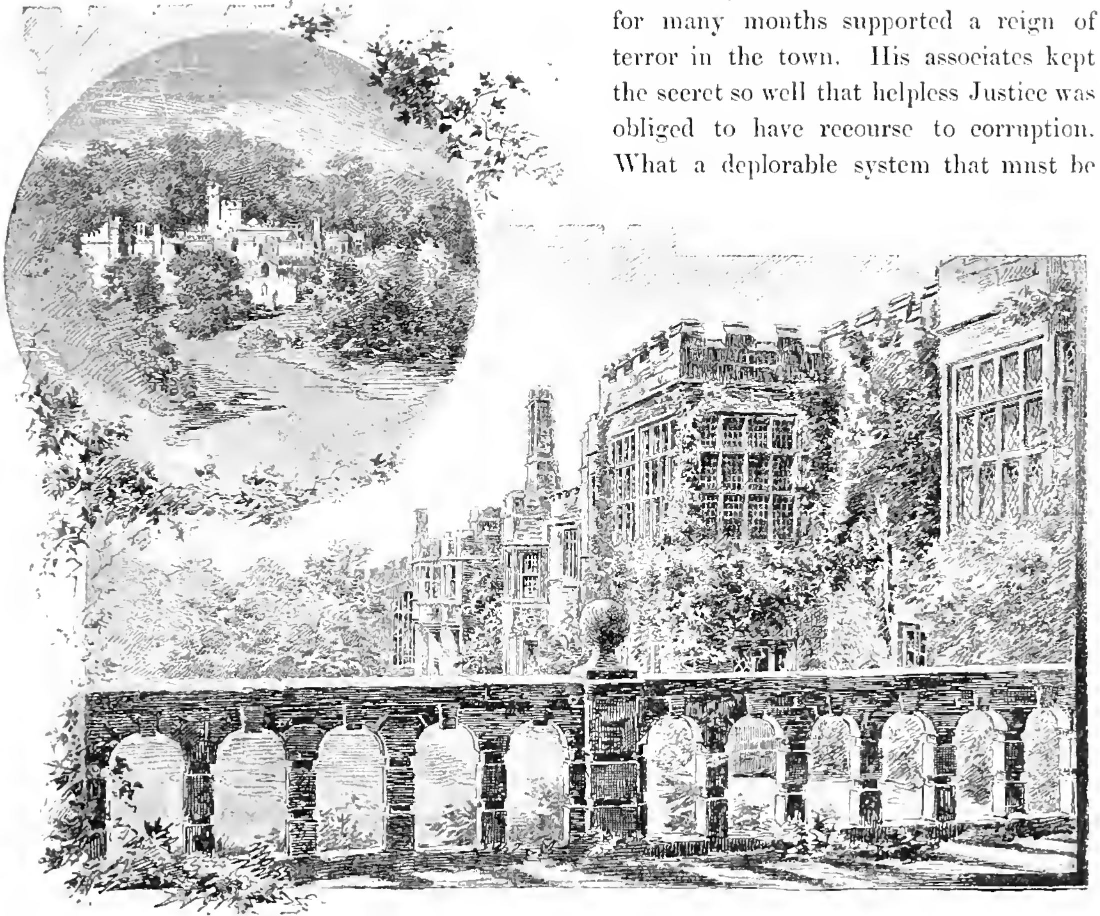
The making of files—the celebrated English files—employs a large number of workmen at Sheffield, whose sureness of hand and quickness of eye are extraordinary. All this minute work is done by hand: that is to say, the cuttings—parallel in the small files, cross-ways in the larger ones—what are called the teeth, are all cut by the workman. Armed with a well-tempered chisel and a heavy mallet, he makes at every blow a fresh cut, and such is the correctness of his eye that the grooves are exactly parallel, of the same depth, and equi-distant one from the other. Their precision is marvellous, and the Sheffield workmen are very proud of their superiority. This pride is one of the marked traits in their character; they entertain a sovereign contempt for the workmen of all other countries, whose rivalry they do not fear. Nevertheless, the scythes, the hatchets and the planes made in America are superior to the Sheffield tools. While the manufacturers in the United States have employed themselves in improving the tools they make, the masters in Sheffield have been obliged to give up the struggle in consequence of the obstinacy of their workmen, who, doing piece-work, and under the dictation of the Trades' Unions, have refused all improvements, and demanded such an increase of wages that the struggle against foreign competition becomes impossible.

MILLER'S DALE.

The Trades Unions—associations of working men established with the view to defend and maintain the rights of the "working man," and to obtain an increase in the rates of wages—have rendered great service to the labouring classes in liberating them from the yoke which certain masters would lay upon them; but they have also done a great deal of harm. They have branches in all industrial centres, and every year they hold a Congress whereat delegates from the various sections discuss questions affecting artizans, and even political and social topics. Their circle enlarges year by year, and the progress of these associations, their increasing, and often unreasonable, demands have caused the formation of an Employers' Defence League, intended to

maintain their rights, as the workmen defend their own. In general, it must be confessed that the mutual relations between employers and employed in the period of strikes are harmonious enough, and the greater number of these disputes are arranged upon a basis of mutual accommodation.

But it has not been ever thus, and people have not forgotten the outrages committed about eighteen years ago in Sheffield by the members of the Cutlers' Trades' Union, directed by the execrable Broadhead, who for many months supported a reign of terror in the town. His associates kept the secret so well that helpless Justice was obliged to have recourse to corruption. What a deplorable system that must be



HADDON HALL.

which encourages treachery and even crime, as we have recently seen some individuals planning crimes they had no intention of committing, but only in order to receive the reward given by the police to those who will bring them information! There have been spectators of the comic spectacle of four malefactors who had entered into conspiracy, and each of whom had confided to the police the secret of the association; so on a certain day each of the four accomplices were arrested at the same time on the information of one of the others. What an excellent plot for a farce!

After the cutlery, the fabrication of steel plates for armoured ships and rails for railroads are the most important business of Sheffield. In this way is employed the

celebrated foundry of Sir John Brown, which is now a limited liability company like that of Messrs. Cammell & Co.

When we have seen all we wanted to see, it is with a deep sigh of satisfaction that we bid adieu to this agglomeration of blackened houses, factories, workshops, and chimneys, without air, light, or sun, which is called Sheffield.

The Midland Railway, which puts Sheffield in communication with Birmingham, *viâ* Derby, traverses the county of that name—one of the most picturesque and hilly shires of England. This pretty district, watered by limpid streams, intersected by ravines which divide beautiful hills crowned with graceful trees, is at the same time agricultural and industrial. Rich in minerals, it boasts a hundred blast furnaces, which produce about 300,000 tons of iron, and its collieries, which number one hundred and forty, yield annually five millions of tons of coal.

BUXTON GARDENS

Leaving Sheffield, the railroad goes towards Chesterfield, a small and pleasant town, which can be seen very well from the railway carriage. Stephenson, the father of railways, is buried in one of the churches of Chesterfield.

Having passed Clay Cross, whose coal mines are celebrated, the train arrives at Derby.

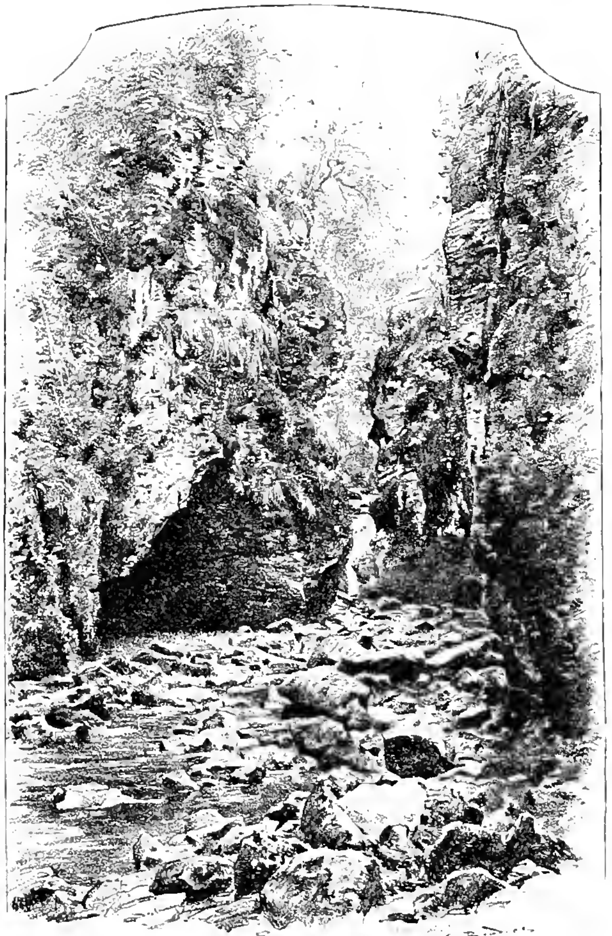
This town is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Derwent, yet there is nothing to attract or detain the tourist. But it is very different with the environs and the pretty valley of the Derwent, which the railway follows on its way to Matlock and Buxton.

Matlock is a much-frequented watering-place, which owes its celebrity to its beautiful situation in the charming valley which is dominated by High Tor, a high chalky mass emerging from a forest of verdure, opposite to which is another height named Masson. The springs of Matlock, discovered in 1698, have the property of petrifying objects placed in them. The inhabitants do a good business in objects thus solidified—flowers, plants, birds'-nests, &c.

The environs of Matlock are exceedingly pretty, and abound in interesting sites and

pleasant walks, particularly on the banks of the Derwent. The caves of High Tor and Masson reckoned among the local curiosities do not sustain their reputation; but the ascent of these two hills—arid and little frequented—will repay the tourist by the beautiful panorama they disclose.

Midway between Matlock and Buxton there is a seat belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which is very interesting as a specimen of fifteenth century architecture. Haddon Hall is a massive building, with angular towers, and battlemented walls, situated on a rising ground, at the base of which flows the Wye. Although in singularly good preservation, this lordly residence is no longer inhabited. The decorations and the old furniture in the rooms possess a great artistic value. A beautiful garden and a park of considerable extent surround Haddon Hall, which may be considered one of the most remarkable mansions in Derbyshire.



VIEW IN ASHWOOD VALLEY.

From Haddon Hall to Buxton the road passes through the beautiful valley of Miller's Dale. Grey peaked calcareous rocks bound the valley, at the bottom of which the Wye glides between banks covered with thick herbage and dark green thickets. Here and there a boulder overhangs the river, or perhaps, plunged in the stream, divides its waters, which surge against the obstacle. Emerging from Miller's Dale, which closes in and forms a narrow gorge, we come in view of the enormous rocky mass of Chee Tor, not so high as High Tor, but much more picturesque, and seeming higher, because it rises perpendicularly from the river.

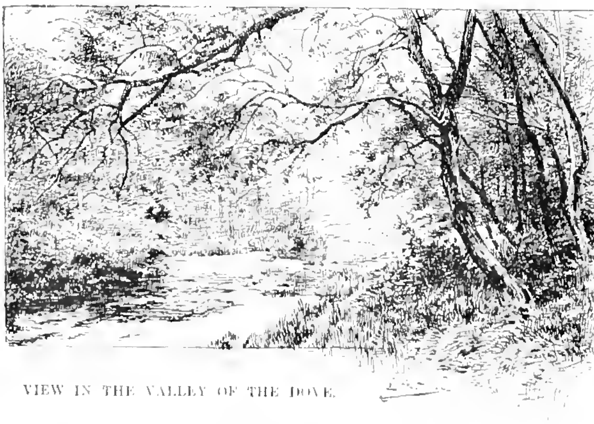
Buxton is situated upon a plateau sheltered by high hills, and almost at the source of the Wye. Its mineral springs, known to the Romans, and enjoying a high reputation in England, attract a number of visitors every year; but like all watering-places, Buxton, when the season is over, is the abode of much dulness. The environs are even more agreeable than the place itself, and the visitor can make innumerable excursions in the neighbourhood within reasonable distances and without great fatigue. We

may particularly indicate the Valley of the Dove, which is at least as picturesque as Miller's Dale.

There is no place between Derby and Burton-on-Trent that deserves special

LION ROCK, VALLEY OF THE DOVE.

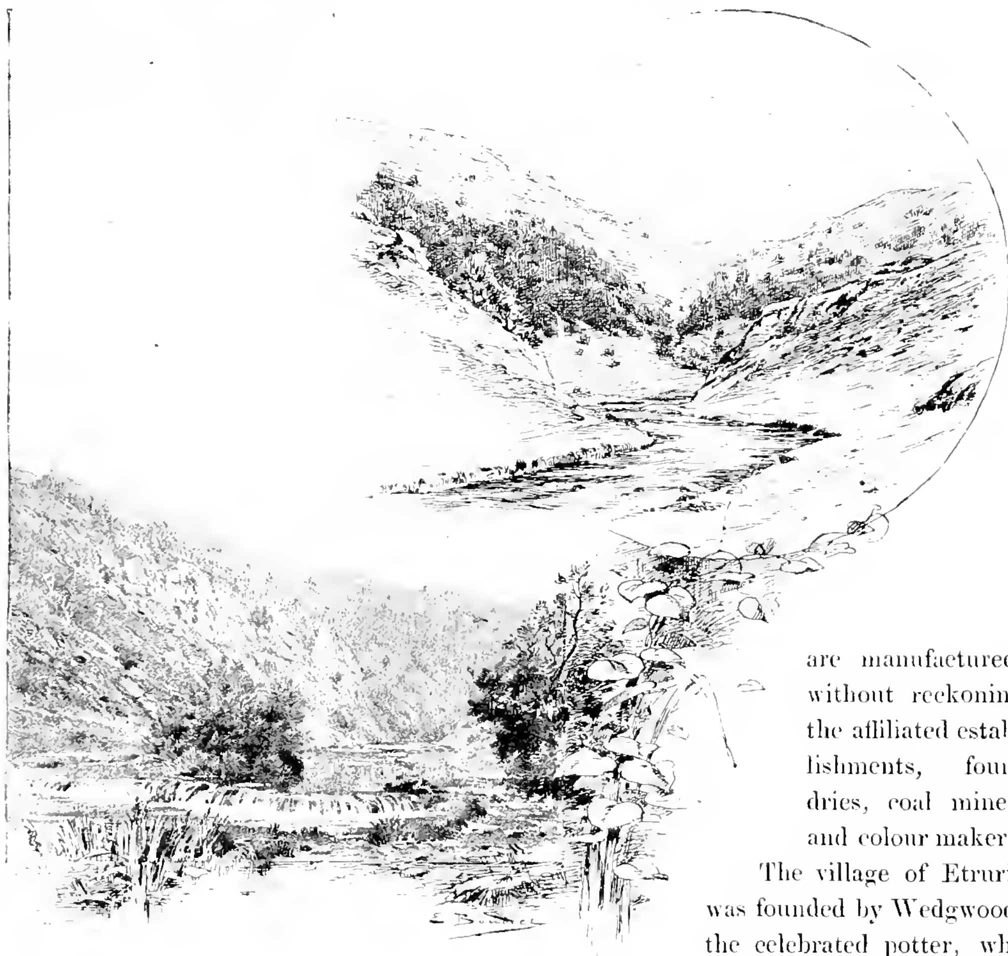
mention ; but the latter town, so well known by its celebrated breweries, is interesting to see. Here are the establishments of Bass, Allsopp, and Ind Coope, not to name more, all millionaires, vying in riches. The red triangle, which is the trade mark of the pale ale of the first-named firm, is as familiar to the Parisian lounger as to the citizen of London, so we will not comment much upon this brewery in which 2,000 workmen are occupied in concocting the liquor dear to Gambrinus and to the English. We will merely state that the brewery occupies an area of 60 acres, where are stored 500,000 barrels of beer, while the lines of rails within the establishment, if placed together, would reach a little more than five miles.



VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE DOVE.

The celebrated Potteries' District is about thirty miles from Burton, with which place it is connected by a branch line of rail. It includes the towns of Burslem, Hanley,

Stoke-upon-Trent, and Longton, and the villages of Etruria and Fenton. It is crushed into a small space ten miles long and a mile and a half wide, and, as may be taken for granted, the population is very dense, the four towns containing in the aggregate 100,000 inhabitants. There are more than 250 works in which porcelain, *faïence*, &c.,



VALLEY OF THE DOVE.

are manufactured, without reckoning the affiliated establishments, foundries, coal mines, and colour makers. The village of Etruria was founded by Wedgwood, the celebrated potter, who gave such a vigorous and prolific impulse to the English ceramic art.

All the towns in the potteries are modern and offer nothing interesting, except from the industrial point of view. They are nevertheless well built, the streets are wide and straight, and the houses have the appearance of solidity which is not without merit. Stoke-on-Trent, the metropolis of the potteries, must be named as the exception: its one wide street, dirty and irregularly built, only inspires the stranger with the determination to leave it as soon as possible. This is usually the best course to pursue when you have visited some factories and the celebrated establishments of Minton and Copeland, where strangers are always received with the greatest courtesy.

VI.

BIRMINGHAM.—ITS MONUMENTS AND ITS INDUSTRIES.—STEEL PENS.—ARMS.—GLASS-WORKS.—JEWELLERY.—ART INDUSTRIES AND FRENCH ARTISTS.

Situated in the north-west angle of Warwickshire, on the boundaries of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, with which its suburbs are contiguous, Birmingham is the centre of the district known as the Black Country, because of the numerous coal mines, foundries, factories, and the uniform blackness of its soil, covered with scoriæ and coal-dust, and overhung by a thick cloud of smoke. Surrounded by iron and coal mines, which furnish the raw material and the motive power, admirably served by a system of canals and railways, which, while putting it in communication with all parts of England, facilitate the export of its products, such a town could not help becoming an industrial centre of the first importance.

In the seventeenth century the sword manufactures of Birmingham were already celebrated, and one manufacturer alone furnished 15,000 sabres to the Parliamentary troops fighting against the Royalists. The Radicalism of Birmingham, we perceive, is not an affair of yesterday. Under William III. a new industry, that of fire-arms, was established there. Later, assisted by fashion, steel buckles and buttons were made there; scabbards, and the multitude of metal ornaments with which our fathers loved to adorn themselves. These objects, called steel toys, were exported in considerable quantities to Holland, Germany, France and Italy, and this traffic caused Edmund Burke to say that Birmingham was the toy-shop of Europe. At the end of the last century the introduction of the steam-engine gave a new impulse to local industries, and thenceforth the career of this town is identified with the history of metal industries in England. The population and the manufactories increased in equal proportion. In 1801 there were 70,000 inhabitants; in 1831, twice as many; in 1875, 350,000; and in 1883, 415,000. If we include the inhabitants of King's Norton, Aston, and Edgbaston we can, without exaggeration, estimate the total population at half a million.

The town is not attractive in appearance. Apart from the great thoroughfares, such as New Street, the streets are narrow, bordered by small, low houses, which have a melancholy and poor appearance. It is the true provincial town, shabby and characterless. Beside these stunted houses rise fine solid buildings—the factories and warehouses, which form the most interesting part of Birmingham.

Several years ago, the well-to-do merchants, the members of the liberal professions, and, in a word, all those who form what is called the upper middle class, emigrated to Edgbaston, to the south-west of the town, where they built pretty villas, half hidden in shrubs, some of which are of remarkable elegance. Thus Edgbaston, which was formerly separated from the town, is now united with it, so persistently have they built in that neighbourhood.

The monuments of Birmingham are few and very commonplace. Two parish

churches, St. Martin's and St. Philip's, represent religious architecture. The former, dating from the thirteenth century, has been almost entirely rebuilt.

St. Philip's Church, situated on rising ground, was built in 1719 by a pupil of Sir C. Wren, who was evidently inspired by the masterpiece of his master. From the top of this church, which is built on the highest ground in Birmingham, a fine view of the city and its suburbs is obtainable.

The Town Hall in New Street is a building in the Grecian style, after the model of

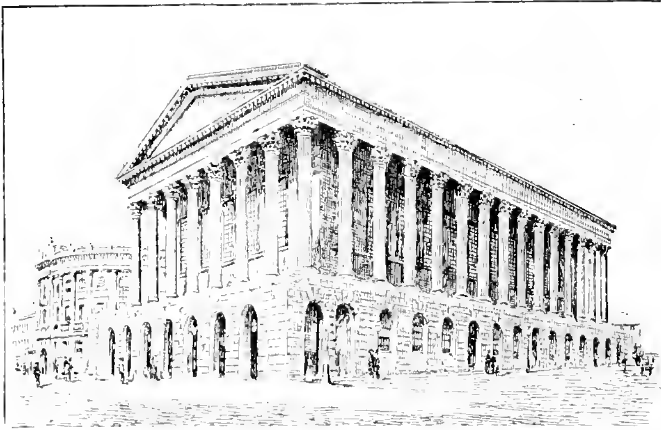
BIRMINGHAM.

the Bourse or the Madeleine in Paris. The interior consists almost entirely of a beautiful hall, 135 feet in length and 57 in width and height. On three sides are galleries, the fourth side is arranged for an orchestra, behind which there is a very fine organ.

In the vicinity of the Town Hall are found the few statues which embellish the streets of Birmingham. In a small square we notice a statue in bronze, representing Sir Robert Peel, the work of Mr. Hollins, a local sculptor, and not far from that are statues of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, of Prince Albert, and of Sir Rowland Hill, to whom the Penny Post is due.

Close to the Town Hall are the buildings which contain the municipal offices, the police courts, and the Mayor's apartments: in the same street we find the Exchange, the gothic façade of which, overlooking Seymour Place, is not wanting in character.

The Central Railway Station is in the same quarter—an hour is quite sufficient to see all these buildings, so close together are they—and is a rather pretty edifice in the Italian style, which would hold its own even with the immense termini in London. The iron and glass roof is very light and bold in effect.



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham possesses two theatres, a market, and a large number of scholastic establishments. The unfortunate are not forgotten either; the general and special hospitals, the dispensaries, the asylums, supported as they always are in England by voluntary contributions, are of great service to the working population, and to those who are precluded by age or infirmity from working at all.

The inhabitants have choice of many beautiful walks the principal recreation grounds are Aston Park in the north, Adderley Park in the east, and Calthorpe Park in the south. The two latter were presented to the town, the former by the Hon. Charles Adderley, the second by Lord Calthorpe — hence their designations.

The archæologist and the artist have nothing to do in Birmingham; but the scientist, the seeker after knowledge, and the manufacturer will carry away a plentiful harvest of facts and interesting reminiscences.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM

Those individuals will not forget that Priestley, the learned theologian, the celebrated physician, made important experiments in electricity here: that Darwin lived for many years in the suburbs, as well as Freeman, the historian. It was at Birmingham that Baskerville, the celebrated type-founder, as well known by his eccentricity as by his talent, printed those beautiful editions, over which bibliomaniacs dispute for their weight in gold. When he died, Beaumarchais purchased his founts of type, which were used to print

the famous issue of Voltaire's Works, known as the *Kehl Edition.* It was at Birmingham that Boulton and his associate Watt, a Scotchman, perfected the steam-engine and bestowed upon it the form it has ever since retained almost unaltered. Lastly, by reason of its various industries, this town, unique of its kind, is one of the most curious and most interesting in the country.

Ah! who can enumerate these industries of Birmingham? They make everything there, and a thousand things besides! Machines and toys, buttons and swords, pianos and clocks and watches, carriages and glass, screws and jewellery, ribbons and nails, and chiefly the plated articles with which England floods the universe; and the steel pens, so useful and so convenient, which seem to have existed in all time, and whose introduction is actually so recent. Whence come the so-called Egyptian antiquities which the fellaheen sell to the simple-minded traveller who makes the ascent of the great pyramid, or visits the museum of Boulak? From Birmingham! And those gigantic spurs which are used by the gauchos of South America? And the *machetes,* or knife-poinards of the Mexicans? And the German tinder-boxes? And the metal trays which are sold so readily in Eastern bazaars? All come from Birmingham, where they have well studied the art of imitating curiosities and making relics! But the reputation of Birmingham is not irreproachable, absolutely, and the term, "Brummagem goods," is in English often a synonym for rubbish. On the other hand, certain local industries are absolutely unrivalled: the swords, the rifles and guns, the silver-plated articles, the electro-plate, the ironmongery, glass, *papier maché* articles, and the steel pens of Birmingham, are justly and universally celebrated.

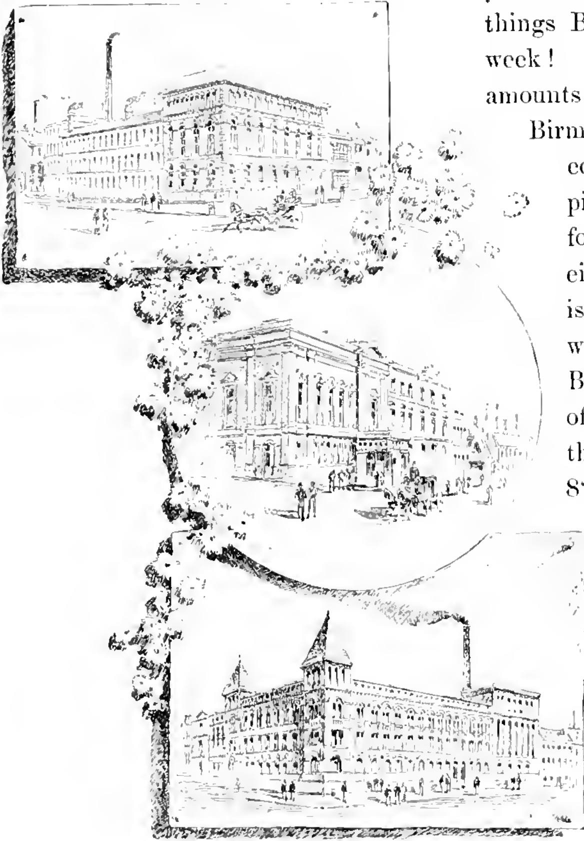
ST MARTIN'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.

It is to Messrs. Perry, Mason, Mitchell, and Gillott that we owe the wonderful little steel instruments which have emancipated us from the servitude of the quill and the penknife of our fathers. About the year 1824, Mr. Perry made the first steel pens, which were sold at three shillings and sixpence each. Mr. Mason, one of the most eminent manufacturers of Birmingham, purchased one out of curiosity, and declared he could do better. He immediately made some pens, which he sent to Mr. Perry, who lived in London. The latter gentleman hastened to Birmingham, and it was arranged that Mr. Mason should make the pens, and that Mr. Perry should sell them. So—and this is a fact little known—"Perry's pens" were really Mason's. In a short time they were sold at one shilling a-piece; a little later, nine for five shillings, which seemed the very acme of cheapness. At the present time some steel pens fetch only 2½d. per gross!

In the meanwhile a young workman of Sheffield came to Birmingham to seek employment, and applied himself to solve the problem of perfecting these pens. Being a skilful engineer, and gifted with rare intelligence, he succeeded in constructing a

machine, by the aid of which he made, in his garret, by himself, more pens than twenty workmen could do by ordinary methods. This young man was the celebrated Gillott, whose reputation and fortune rapidly increased, till he became one of the richest English manufacturers.

Every pen passes through a dozen different processes before it is finished. Would you like to know how many of these little things Birmingham turns out? 20,000,000 a week! You can calculate how many that amounts to in a year.



WORKS OF MESSRS. OSLER, ELKINGTON AND TAYLOR, BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham has a speciality of the small coin of all metals; after the pens come pins, iron and steel wire, metallic strings for pianos. One house alone makes eight tons of these a week. Jewellery is also a local industry; there are 50,000 wedding-rings made every year. At Birmingham, also, at the establishment of Messrs. Heaton and Sons, they make the bronze money, where they coin 82,000 penny pieces in twenty-four hours. Lastly, all the canaries in England live in cages made here by 1,000 workmen, who do nothing else.

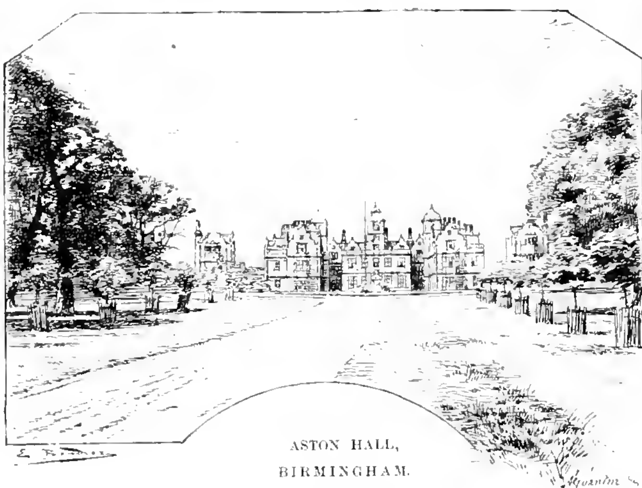
The pin manufactories are very interesting to visit; they make twelve tons of pins per week. Other establishments, where steel, iron, and brass wire hooks and eyes, screw-nuts for the railways, nails and buttons, are made, are also well worth seeing. Screw-making has become an important industry since the introduction of the American automatic machines, which, being supplied with the triangular pieces of iron of the necessary thickness, cut them into pieces, flatten them at one end while making groves in them, twist them and sharpen them at the other extremity, and "spit" out—that is the word—grosses of screws by the hour, by the day; and one woman is sufficient to attend to ten of these machines. Enormous fortunes have been made in this business during the last twenty years.

Amongst the houses which are reckoned the curiosities of Birmingham, we must mention the glass-works of Mr. Osler, the electro-plate establishment of Elkington, the pen manufactories of Gillott, Mitchell, and Perry.

At the first-named establishment they made the magnificent lustres of cut glass which adorn the tomb of the Prophet, and the palace of the Khedive at Cairo. In the house in Broad Street are to be seen lustres, table services, vases, fancy articles

in crystal, cut glass, blown glass, pressed glass, plain, cut, engraved, white or coloured. In the evening, by lamp light, the scene is fairy-like. All the articles are artistically arranged, and are of tasteful designs, which testify to the care bestowed upon them by the heads of this fine establishment—the largest in England—whose aim is to be celebrated not only for the quantity, but for the quality of its productions.

Elkington's premises are in Newhall Street, and the firm makes a speciality of plate, particularly gold or silver-plated articles, or electro-plated goods. It is *la maison Christofle* of England. Its founder, Mr. George Richard Elkington, was a well-known scientist, who had made extensive researches in the art of electro-plating, and who, in 1842, associated himself with one of those men who, by their energy, activity, and tenacious will, overcome all obstacles,—Sir Joseph Mason. In turn boot-maker, baker, and carpet weaver, Mason, who was a native of Kidderminster, came to Birmingham, where he learned to work in metals. He was soon a passed-master, and to him are due many improvements made in the manufacture of steel pens. It was a stroke of good luck to obtain the assistance of such a man, and the energy he infused into the house secured for it in a short time a well-merited reputation.



ASTON HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

The quantity of tea-pots, coffee-pots, salvers, vases, epergnes, candlesticks, sugar-basins, forks and spoons produced is positively incalculable. But what has made the establishment celebrated is the beautiful goldsmiths' work which it has produced, and is daily producing. With commendable foresight the heads of the firm called in the aid of French artists, to whom are entrusted all the designing and artistic work. They prepare the models, they chase the pieces—such as are sent for exhibition, or which are given as testimonials to illustrious statesmen, or as presents to princes and other personages. Some of these pieces, of which reproductions in electro-plate are shown to visitors, are now celebrated.

If one is proud to see English industrial art availing itself of the assistance of French artists—for there are a number of Frenchmen who put their talents at the disposal of the manufacturers of Great Britain—one cannot help regretting that our own manufacturers have not been able to retain them, and thus prevent them from carrying abroad with them, with our manufacturing processes, that taste, that delicacy of touch, that art so graceful, so refined, which characterises French productions. People have accused the artists of being wanting in patriotism. That is unjust. How can any one honestly reproach an artist, a married man who has a family to keep, for leaving his native land to gain £800 a year in London when he is only making £200

a year in Paris, without reckoning the liberty which he enjoys in England, where he is treated with much regard and consideration? Is not the want of patriotism rather more on the side of the French manufacturers, who are stingy, wishing to make money quickly and in plenty, and by a mistaken economy ruin their business in order to make a rapid fortune? False calculation! And the best proof of it is that for thirty years the potters, the goldsmiths, the glass-makers, the upholsterers in England, who have

NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

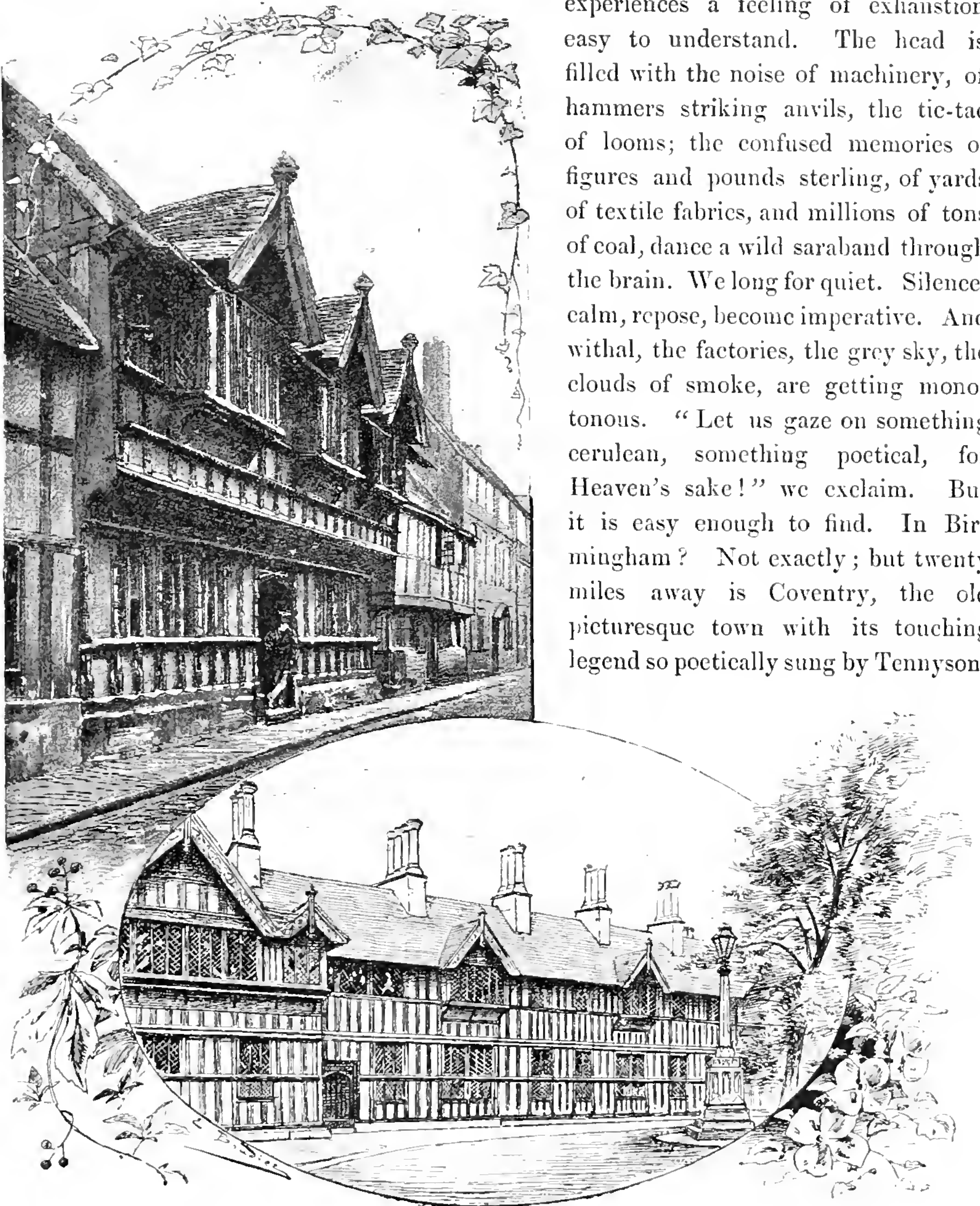
given good and lucrative employment to Parisian artists, have managed to make plenty of money, as well as great progress in their business, and have beaten the French manufacturers with their own weapons.

A great Parisian tradesman lately blamed a French artist for leaving the country. "Give me," said the artist, "two-thirds of the income I am now earning, and I am yours." The manufacturer held his peace. Have we not here an instance by which those would do well to profit who cry out against foreign competition, to which they leave the field instead of vigorously attacking it? Have not our French manufacturers to reproach themselves with some supineness and indolence in this matter? Here is a question which they may carefully ponder over. Instead of holding forth against English manufacturers who, after all, are only doing what is very natural—would it not be better to do as they do—to borrow that which is good from them, and to apply at home the principles which they know so well how to put in practice?

VII.

AN EXCURSION IN WARWICKSHIRE.—COVENTRY.—KENILWORTH.—WARWICK CASTLE.—SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

After having visited the great manufacturing towns, the works and factories, one experiences a feeling of exhaustion easy to understand. The head is filled with the noise of machinery, of hammers striking anvils, the tic-tac of looms; the confused memories of figures and pounds sterling, of yards of textile fabrics, and millions of tons of coal, dance a wild saraband through the brain. We long for quiet. Silence, calm, repose, become imperative. And withal, the factories, the grey sky, the clouds of smoke, are getting monotonous. "Let us gaze on something cerulean, something poetical, for Heaven's sake!" we exclaim. But it is easy enough to find. In Birmingham? Not exactly; but twenty miles away is Coventry, the old picturesque town with its touching legend so poetically sung by Tennyson;



BABLAKE HOSPITAL AND FORD'S HOSPITAL, COVENTRY.

a little farther on still are the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, full of reminiscences of Amy Robsart, of Leicester, of Elizabeth; farther still is the Castle of Warwick the "King Maker;" and, lastly, Stratford-on-Avon, where the greatest genius England ever produced was born and died, and where he now sleeps his last long sleep—William Shakespeare.

In an hour after leaving Birmingham the train lands us at Coventry, a very ancient town, which has preserved the flavour of antiquity—a picturesque characteristic very rare now-a-days. Situated on undulating ground, Coventry is one of the oldest towns in England. When we wander through its streets, which are lined with old houses with pointed roofs, over-

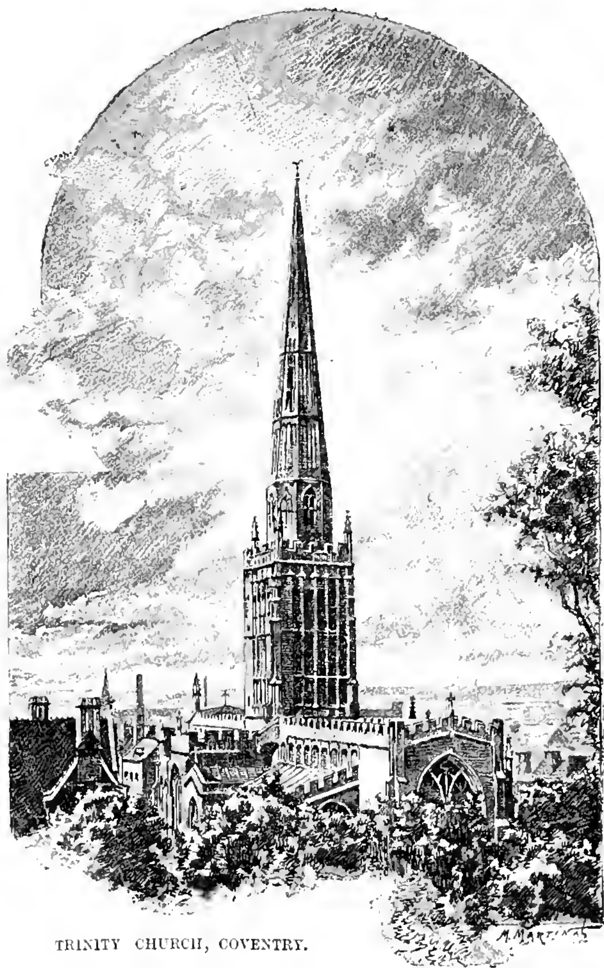
THE THREE CHURCHES OF COVENTRY.

hanging gables, galleries of carved wood, and windows, the woodwork of which is delicately worked, we fancy ourselves carried back to a former age.

In the evening, on one of those lovely nights which are not so rare in England as is generally imagined, when the town is wrapped in sleep, we love to wander in the silent streets. The house-roofs are clearly defined against the sky, and throw dark serrated shadows across the roadway. The pale rays of the moon fall between the gables, and form large white patches in the darkness. Fancy peoples the gloomy streets with chubby faced, fat, staggering monks in company with some jovial youths wearing caps, their bodies squeezed into a pourpoint, their lower limbs imprisoned in parti-coloured stockings, which are lost in the pointed shoes. They sing a merry song, or launch a gross pleasantry at some belated but not shy beauty, who salutes them with a peal of silvery laughter, and then proceed to empty many pots of beer at the Red Lion Tavern, the sign of which, in sheet-iron, is hanging from an iron rod. To this picture succeeds another. The sun is hot, the streets are deserted, the doors and windows tightly shut, so that no rubicund visage and no fresh face of woman can be perceived.

Silence reigns around. Soon the sound of a horse's feet is heard breaking in upon the solitude. Mounted on a white palfrey a lady, having no other covering but her luxuriant hair—longer than a king's robe, says Musset—proceeds adown the High Street at a foot-pace, and disappears within the gloomy portal of the Castle. This woman is Lady Godiva, submitting to the penalty enacted by her cruel husband, Leofric. The legend is as follows: it ought to be read in the beautiful language of Tennyson, to which no translation would do justice.

About the year 1050 the *châtelain* of Coventry was Leofric, Earl of Mercia, a great hunter before God and man; rough to the lowly, and one who preferred the society of his hounds to that of his spouse, the good and beautiful Lady Godiva. Leofric, amongst other arbitrary laws, imposed upon the inhabitants a heavy tax, which they had great difficulty to pay; and while they sought to satisfy their lord and master, they were dying of hunger.



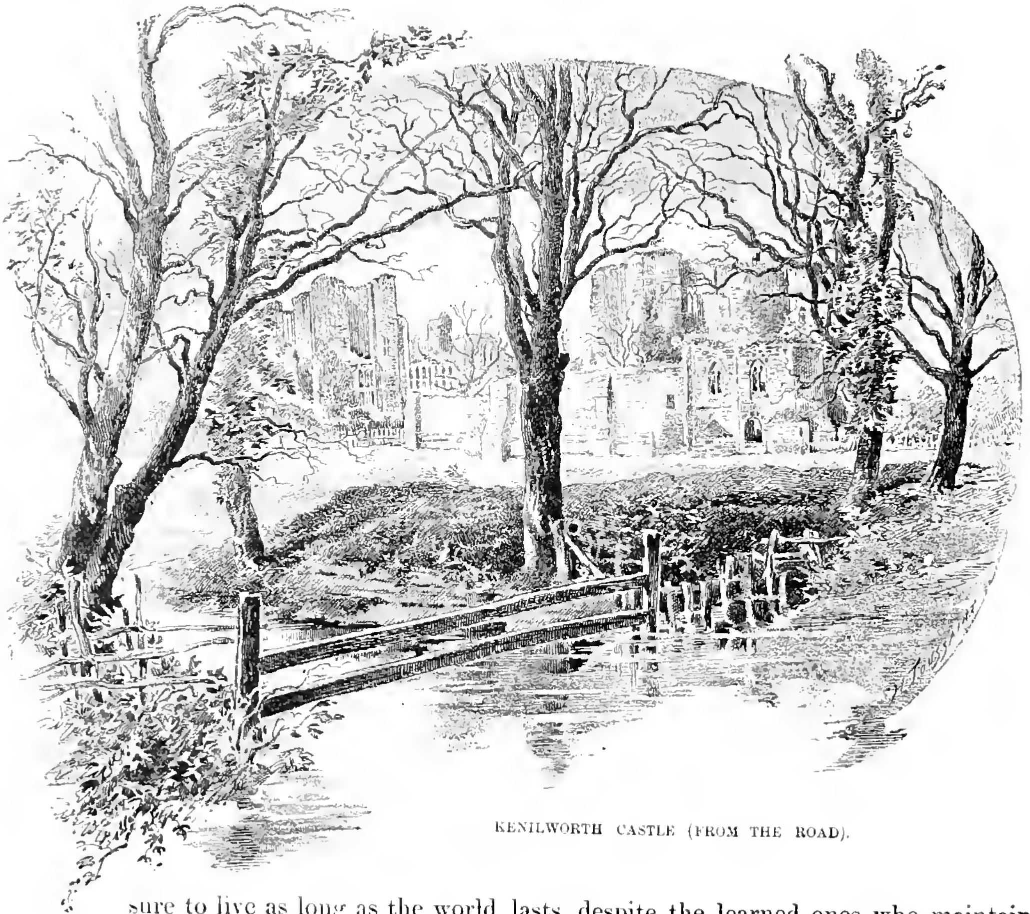
TRINITY CHURCH, COVENTRY.

Many a time had Godiva begged her husband to free them from this bondage, but he remained inflexible. But what woman wishes God wills, and Godiva was sworn to succeed. One day, determined to obtain the release of the people, she went to her husband, who was playing with his dogs, and for the hundredth time begged and prayed him, with tears in her eyes and in her voice, to remove the odious tax. Seignor Leofric was in a very bad temper that day, and the tears of his wife, far from softening, exasperated him! He conceived a strangely cruel idea. "I will grant your request," he said, "if you will ride naked through the town." "But, my lord, will you permit me to do such a thing as that?" "Yes," he replied.

On the day appointed, therefore, Lady Godiva, "clothed on with chastity," as Tennyson says, rode through the town on horseback; while the inhabitants, as if to read their lord a lesson, and at the same time respecting the modesty of his wife, kept indoors. She was thus enabled to pass through Coventry, without a single person glancing indiscreetly at the charms of the virtuous spouse of Leofric. Nevertheless,

one attempted to do so; he was a tailor, and could not resist the temptation; so he peeped through a shutter. His disgraceful action immediately received condign punishment: he had no sooner applied his eye to the opening than he was struck blind! To commemorate this event, the inhabitants have caused a figure to be made of "Peeping Tom," which one can see on the façade of a house in Hertford Street. As for the Lady Godiva, she returned to the castle, and had the satisfaction of receiving from the hands of Leofric the charter which declared Coventry free and independent.

Such is the legend which Tennyson has, so to speak, cast in bronze, and which is

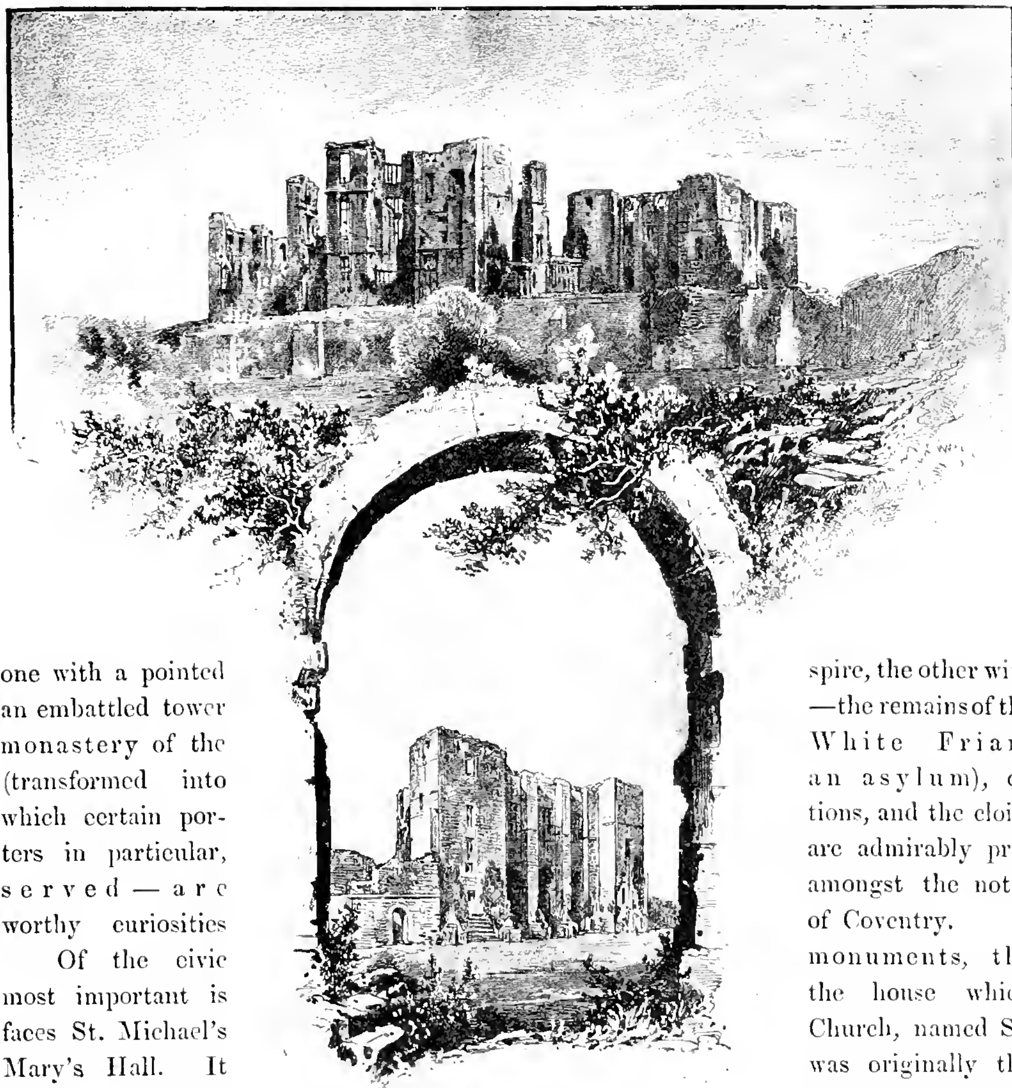


KENILWORTH CASTLE (FROM THE ROAD).

sure to live as long as the world lasts, despite the learned ones who maintain that none of the old historians mention the legend, and who attribute to the procession which formerly took place in Coventry in commemoration of Lady Godiva, a less elevated and poetic origin. They pretend that it is only a relic of the by no means moral amusements of the licentious court of Charles II. However that may be, the traditional procession has "gone to join the old moons," which is a great pity. During the last thirty years it has only taken place at intervals of two or three years; the municipal authorities, headed by the mayor, are present, and the person of Godiva is represented by a female member of a travelling circus company in "tights."

Besides its numerous old houses, Coventry possesses some remarkable monuments.

The churches of St. Michael, the Trinity, and Christ Church—whose pointed spires, so close together, have a curious effect—are, particularly the two first-named, very interesting. The third is modern, but the steeple is ancient, and was formerly a part of the monastery of the Grey Friars. The churches of the Trinity and St. John—the one with a pointed spire, the other with an embattled tower—the remains of the monastery of the White Friars (transformed into an asylum), of which certain portions, and the cloisters in particular, are admirably preserved—are amongst the noteworthy curiosities of Coventry.



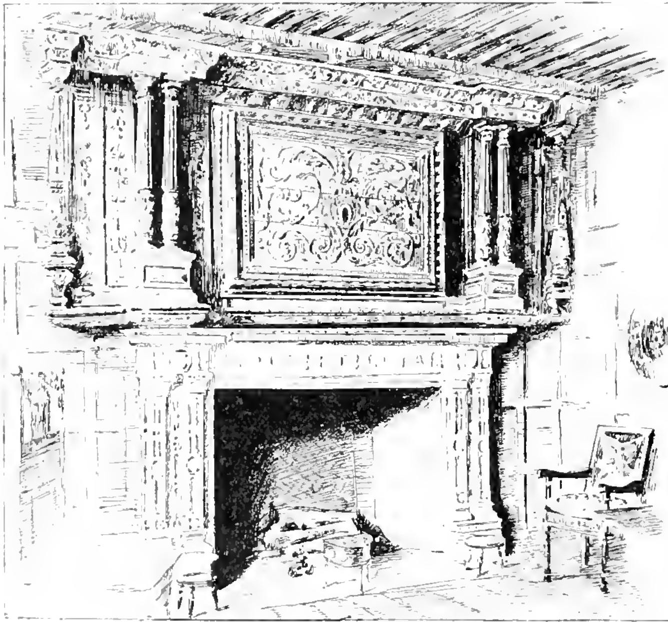
RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Of the civic monuments, the most important is the house which faces St. Michael's Church, named St. Mary's Hall. It was originally the hall of one of the Corporations of the town. The Municipality purchased it afterwards, and makes use of it for assemblies. The visitor enters through a portal of stone, ornamented with bas-reliefs, into an interior court, whence a staircase leads to the great hall, sixty-six feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high. The ceiling, in carved wood, is of great beauty, as is also the large window containing magnificent old stained glass, which fills one end of the hall, and is visible from the street.

Three ancient mansions are used as hospitals, asylums for old people, or schools.

Bablake Hospital, Ford's Hospital, and St. John's Hospital are excellent specimens of the domestic architecture of the 16th century, in which brick and timber were so agreeably mingled, and furnished to the decorators of the period the opportunity to cover the beams and posts with curious carving.

Before quitting this town, we must refer to the English phrase about sending one to Coventry. There are many versions given of the origin of it, the most plausible of which is that at a certain period the inhabitants of the town had a feeling of hostility towards the army, and would not on any consideration receive the officers of the garrison in their houses, so the soldiers were reduced to their own society. Whence the expression to send to Coventry, that is to say, to banish anyone from good company; and by extension to repulse one roughly.



CHIMNEYPIECE IN KENILWORTH CASTLE.

From Coventry to Kenilworth is a journey of a quarter of an hour by railway. Kenilworth is a small town, consisting of one wide irregular street, intersected by lateral thoroughfares, in which no one would remain were it not for the curiosity which impels tourists to visit the ruins of the famous castle of Simon de Montfort, more generally celebrated since Walter Scott adapted it to the plot of one of his novels. It was situated to the west of the town upon a rising ground, and the waters of the lake laved the foot of the wall. This lake is now only a slimy marsh. The castle, properly so called, which was protected by a double *enceinte,* consisted of many blocks of buildings of imposing appearance, whose thick, solid walls were battlemented and machicolated, and united by massive square towers. Between the outer and inner walls extended a large garden, with flower-beds and shady thickets. It was here, in the midst of the *fêtes,* that Leicester received Elizabeth, and caused to be put to death the noble Amy Robsart —foully calumniated by the traitor Varney.

What now remains of this lordly dwelling, once so rich and so magnificent, whose apartments filled with rare furniture, the richest tapestry, the most precious objects of art, presented a *coup d'œil* of the greatest splendour, and of the most refined luxury? Nothing but some ruins, covered with parasitic vegetation, beneath which has disappeared the beautiful sculptures, the escutcheons, the mottoes; honeysuckle twines itself around the delicate little columns, grasps the heavy pillars, describes graceful festoons,

WARWICK CASTLE (FROM THE RIVER).

as it passes from arch to arch, winds up the sides of the massive towers, and clings to the mouldings of the pointed windows, barring the openings with a veil of foliage like an enormous spider's web. The bases of the thick walls and of the solid towers, broken as if by Titanic agency, have disappeared beneath the growth of vegetation, which rises like a flowing tide, pushing itself against the stones as the sea dashes against a rock; and in that silent struggle between the granite and the plant the latter will win the victory. Has it no ally in Time? Well, that may be so. Though the Castle of

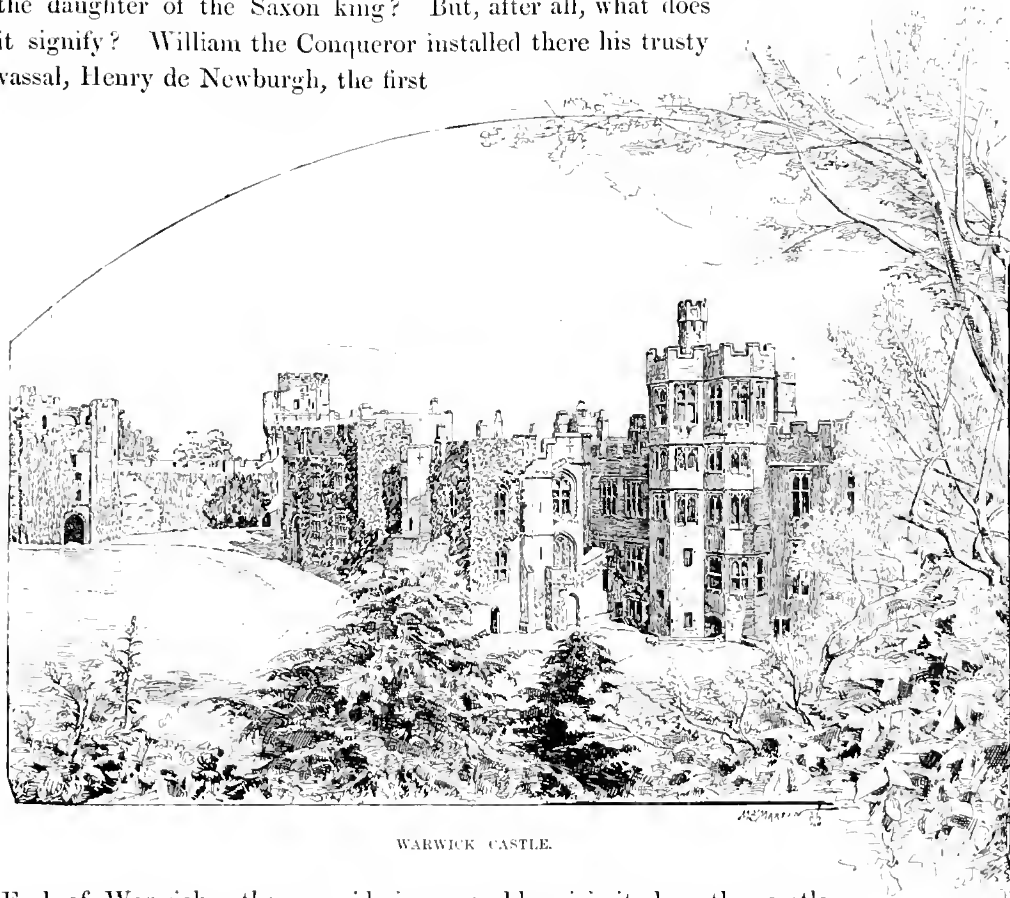
WARWICK CASTLE (FROM THE BRIDGE).

Kenilworth may disappear to the last stone, and its site, whereon it so proudly stood, be sown with salt, the works of the Scottish poet will remain. they will resuscitate it with its revels, and its tournaments, its *châtelains* and their royal friends.

Warwick Castle, too, has resisted the hand of Time, and although it has twice been threatened by fire, it is one of those few feudal dwellings which now remain. As it was in the Middle Ages, so it is to-day; washed on one side by the Avon, which reflects in its limpid waters the walls and towers, the upper parts of which, being extended and battlemented, crown them as with an earl's coronet. The square but imposing mass of this noble castle would be somewhat monotonous were it not for the relief afforded by these enormous stone cylinders. The river front, pierced by a number of ogival, salient, pointed, or corbelled windows, separated by buttresses which ascend from the base to the machicolation, and dominated by the tower, called Cæsar's tower, presents a spectacle of

rare beauty, and bears the majestic imprint of past centuries. At the foot of the wall flows the Avon, bordered by bushy trees; the ruins of an ivy-covered bridge rise from the water which turns the wheels of an old mill. A magnificent sight, and well suited to the pencil of a Constable or a Turner.

Who was the founder of Warwick Castle? Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred, say some; Cæsar, reply others; but as all the castles are said to be the work of this illustrious Roman, would it not be only polite to give the benefit of the doubt to the daughter of the Saxon king? But, after all, what does it signify? William the Conqueror installed there his trusty vassal, Henry de Newburgh, the first



WARWICK CASTLE.

Earl of Warwick; then, amid innumerable vicissitudes, the castle passed from the hands of the Duke of Clarence to the Greville family, whose head, Lord Brooke, was in 1759 created Earl of Warwick, and with them it has remained ever since.

At a short distance from the town we arrive at the main entrance of the castle. In the keeper's lodge we are shown the armour of the legendary Guy, Earl of Warwick—a fabulous hero, whose existence is far from being proved, although his helmet, his sword, his shield and cuirass, which weighs about 66lbs., have been preserved. His drinking-cup, which is a metal vase capable of containing 88 gallons, and his fork, which is a veritable stable-fork, ought to convince the most incredulous—and only faith will save us here!

We then continue our way by a path cut in the rock, and reach the staircase, which

gives access to the great hall, burned in 1871, but which has been completely restored. The banqueting hall, the dining-room, and the reception rooms are all furnished with the greatest luxury, and embellished by a profusion of art-objects of inestimable value.

The "red drawing-room" contains some splendid pictures by Rembrandt and Rubens, Vandyck and Raphael, as well as bronzes and ancient marbles of great rarity. The "gilt drawing-room," which owes its name to its magnificent gilded ceiling, is one of the wonders of the castle. In it are contained all the gems of the collection. The most important canvas is the portrait of Ignatius Loyola, painted by Rubens for the Jesuits of Antwerp, a masterpiece in which the painter has surpassed himself. Then come some superb Vandycks, and a splendid painting by Murillo. The chimney is decked with bronzes, antique vases, and other precious objects.

THE WARWICK VASE.

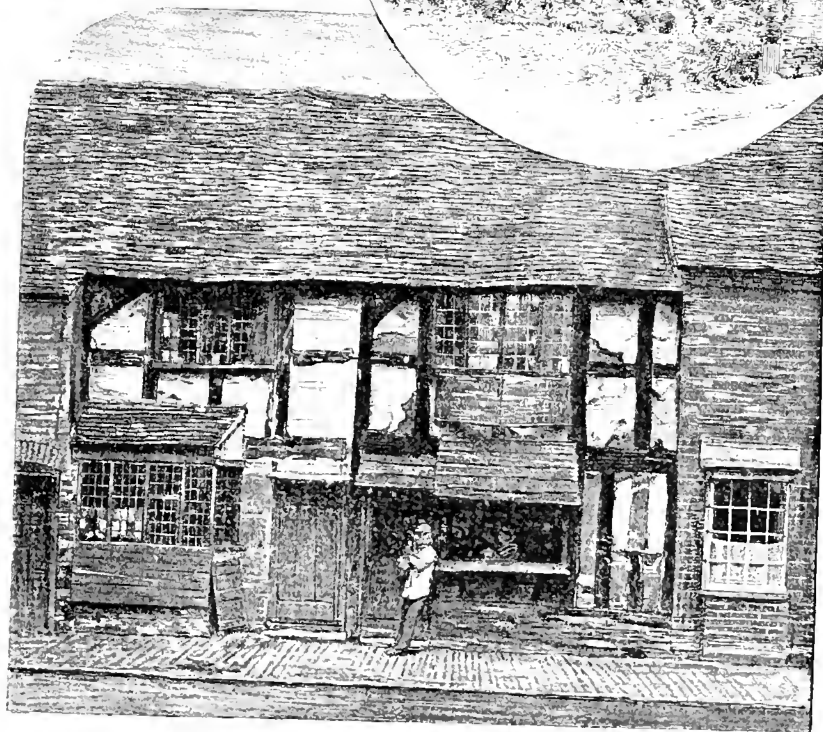
The state bedchamber, the walls of which are heavy with tapestry, is chiefly remarkable for containing the bed of Queen Anne, given by George III. to the Earl of Warwick. Lastly, the boudoir of the Countess of Warwick, and the other apartments that are shown to the public, are filled with pictures, statues, china, and bronzes, sufficient to establish the reputation of a museum.

We may afterwards visit the chapel, the towers, and the conservatory, in which is preserved one of the most beautiful specimens of ancient art, the Warwick Vase, a splendid vessel in white marble, about seven feet high. It was discovered in 1774 near Adrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and belonged to Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Earl of Warwick.

The park and gardens, tended with the greatest care, are stocked with ancient trees; amongst them are some splendid cedars of Lebanon, which are the wonder of tourists.

What riches are enshrined in this castle! what treasures of ancient art! Statues, paintings, plate, tapestry, china, bronzes, cabinets; but is it not a matter for regret that at Warwick, as in so many other places, modern art should be so little represented, and that contemporary artists should be in so little favour with the most wealthy English noblemen, who bid against each other at Christie & Manson's for pictures, statues, and objects of art, whose sole merit is their antiquity—when they are ancient?

From Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon the railway passes through a district at once

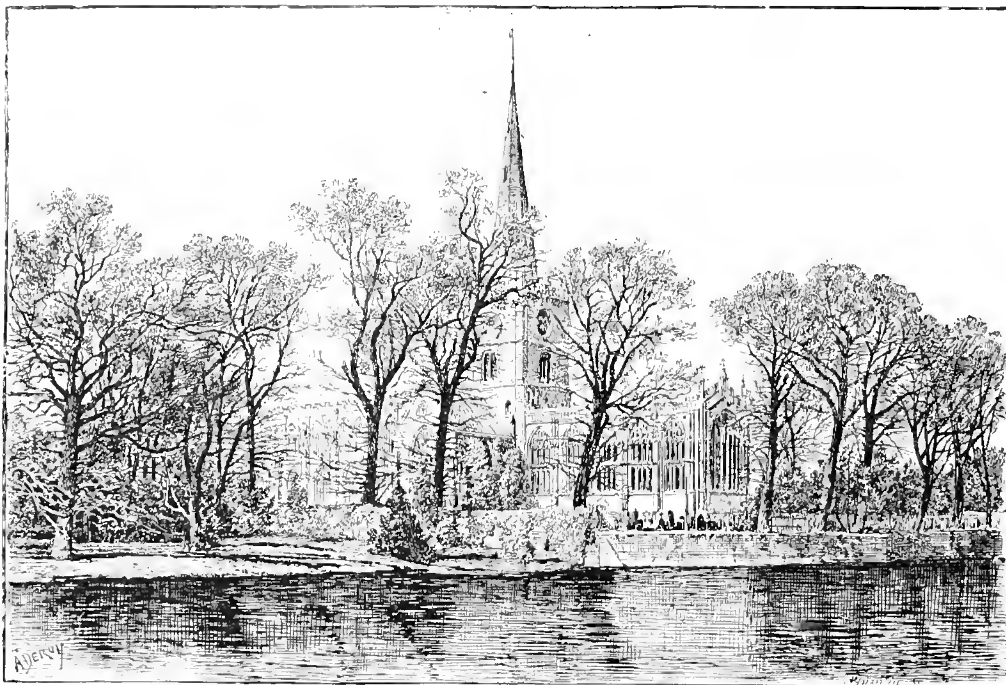


SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

1. Restored 2. Anne Hathaway's Cottage. 3. Before its restoration.

gay and peaceful. The Avon glides quietly between its banks of waving corn, meadows of tall grass, here and there broken by clumps of trees, and divided by thick and prickly hedges, which climb the gentle slopes of the surrounding hills. On the right bank of the river, on a slight elevation, is situated a small town—a provincial town if there ever was one—quiet to the pitch of desertion—without animation or movement—Stratford-on-Avon.

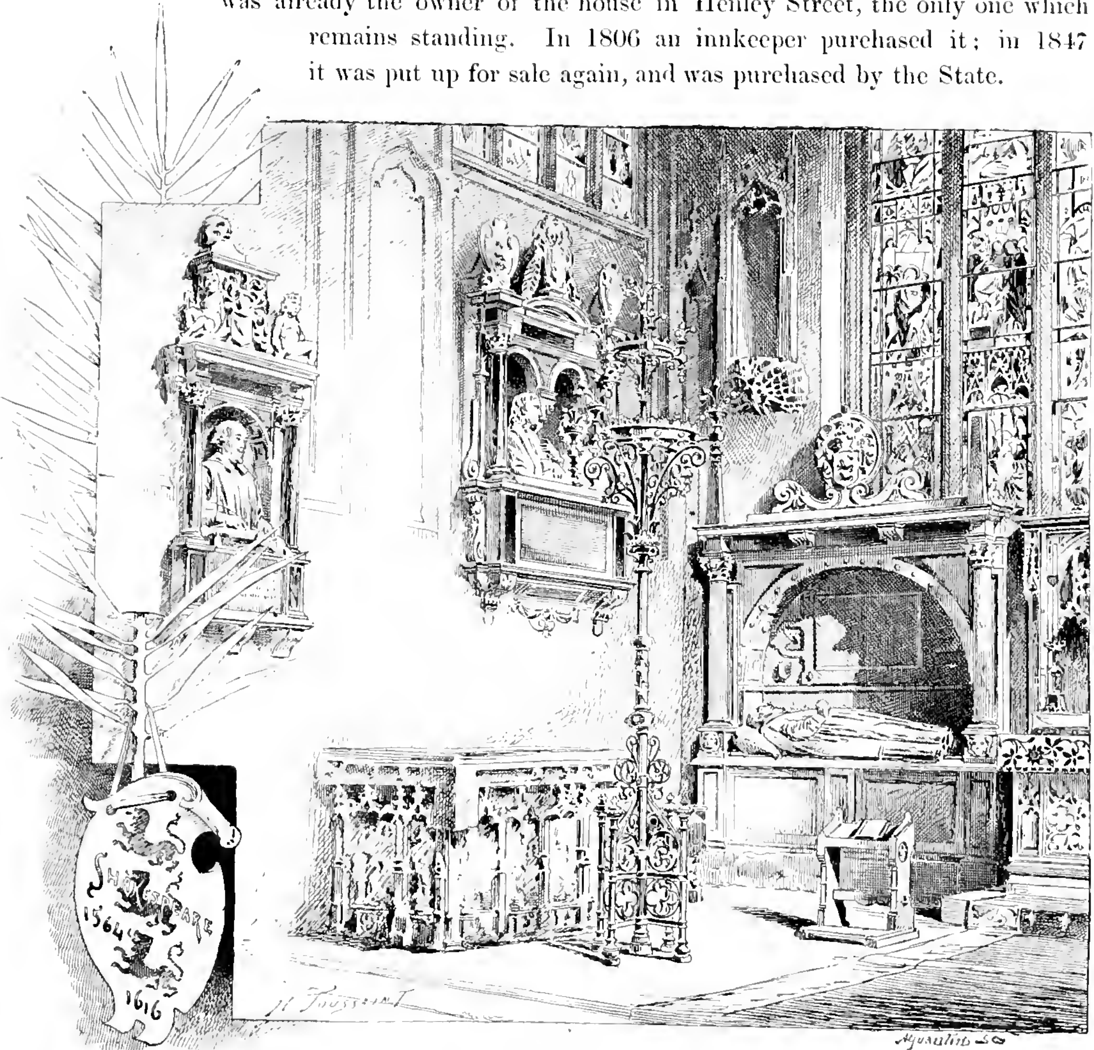
On the 23rd of April, 1564, a worthy burgess of Stratford—John Shakespeare by name—had a son born to him to whom he gave the name of William. Sent to school



PARISH CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

at an early age, the youthful William received a good education. After he left school his precocious temperament caused him to seek adventures, and at eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than he. This was in 1582. His marriage does not appear to have eradicated his quarrelsome and adventurous tastes, for three years later he incurred the resentment of Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching on his land—a circumstance capable of two interpretations, and in addressing him in scurrilous rhymes. Leaving his wife and children he fled to London, where in 1589 he managed the theatre in Blackfriars. From this period his career as author and actor is too well known to need repetition here. Although he complained sometimes of hard times, fortune smiled upon him—he prospered. With the sums he received for his plays he purchased property in his native town. In 1597 he was the owner of a house (New Place), in which he died. In 1605 he obtained other property. It was about this time that he returned to Stratford, where he expired on the 23rd April, 1616, on the anniversary of his birth. He was fifty-three years old at his death. His son having died before him, his two

daughters inherited all his wealth. Susanna, the eldest, his favourite, had a daughter, who subsequently became Lady Barnard, and was the last descendant in direct line from the poet. At her death she bequeathed the house, New Place, which she had inherited from her mother, to Thomas Hart, grandson of Shakespeare's sister, who was already the owner of the house in Henley Street, the only one which remains standing. In 1806 an innkeeper purchased it; in 1847 it was put up for sale again, and was purchased by the State.



SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT, STRATFORD CHURCH.

Shakespeare's house, like all the houses in the midland counties, is built of bricks and timber. It consists of two storeys, surmounted by a pointed roof. A penthouse protects the windows on the ground floor from rain and sunshine. Although many times repaired, the house in all probability retains the appearance it presented in the 16th century.

As soon as we enter the house we find ourselves in a small room with a low ceiling, the immense chimney and mantelpiece leaving no doubt as to its primary use. It was the kitchen. It is paved with flagstones, and the material, disjointed and split as it is,

appears to be in the same condition as it was in the poet's time. The room in which Shakespeare was born is on the first floor; it is reached by a winding wooden staircase, very narrow and inconvenient, and then we find ourselves in a small apartment with undecorated walls, covered—as is the low ceiling, which is quite within reach—with inscriptions in pencil, which indicate more enthusiasm than taste amongst the admirers of Shakespeare. On one of the window-panes Walter Scott scratched his name, which has disappeared, like the names of all the other celebrated *literati* who have made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, beneath the scribblings of those insupportable tourists and "trippers," who experience the irresistible desire to inscribe their names wherever they go. The furniture is old, but of a period posterior to Shakespeare's; and one is surprised that it is kept there, since no association attaches to it.

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

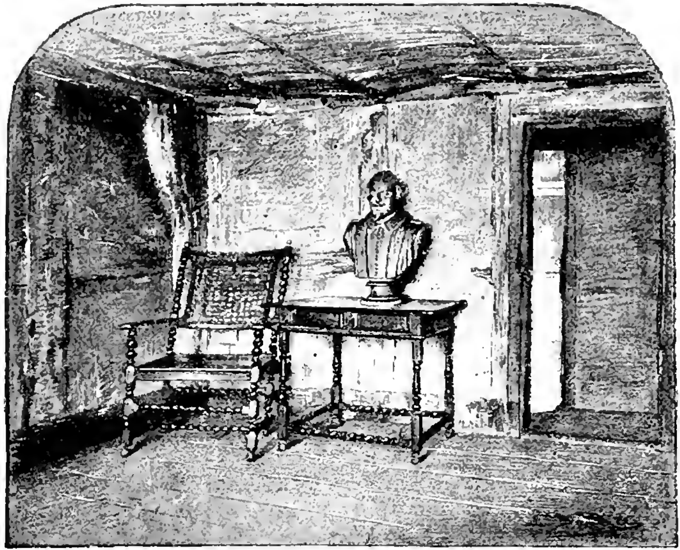
The other rooms on the first floor form a museum, as it is called, in which is preserved an excellent and, it is said, an authentic portrait of the poet, as well as a number of articles which belonged to him, and a collection of the various editions of his numerous works, which form the Shakespearean library.

After the dwelling-house, the tomb. Shakespeare was buried two days after his death in the parish church of Stratford, which stands on the bank of the Avon at the end of a long avenue of limes. The tomb is in the choir. A nameless slab covers it, on which is carved the following inscription:—

"GOOD FREND, FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE;
BLEST BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES."

It is needless to say that this verse is not Shakespeare's. Against the wall above the tomb we find the monument raised to the poet a short time after his death. It consists of a niche shading a bust of the immortal creator of "Hamlet," who is represented with his left hand resting on a sheet of paper, while in the right he holds his pen.

The bust by Johnson, which was originally coloured, was (in 1793) whitewashed. This act of Vandalism was repaired in 1861. The white layer which disfigured the bust was removed, and a skilful restoration has given it its former character. The eyes are a clear brown, and the hair, which is thin on the top of the head, is of chestnut hue, like the beard. A red pourpoint, and a sleeveless body-garment, with a wide black collar, complete the poet's costume.



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

Tradition affirms that this bust was sculptured from a cast taken after death; it should be, then, the authentic portrait of Shakespeare. A fact which seems to confirm this statement is that an engraved portrait which adorns one of the first editions of his works resembles in a striking manner the bust executed by Johnson. Besides, we must not forget that the monument was erected during the lifetime of Shakespeare's wife and children, and that if the portrait which is thought to be like him did not resemble him they would have protested against it as a profanation. Now we have no evidence of such a protest, and we are therefore constrained to believe that the statue at Stratford has transmitted faithfully to posterity the features of the immortal genius to whom England is so proud of having given birth.

On two sides of the niche small black marble columns support an entablature, surmounted by an escutcheon with the armorial bearings of Shakespeare.

In the same church we find the tombs of his widow and his two daughters.

In the square at Stratford, in front of the Town Hall, is a statue of Shakespeare, presented to the town by Garrick, the actor, in 1769, and in the interior of the Town Hall are preserved several remarkable paintings, of which the principal are the portrait of the poet and that of Garrick, by Gainsborough.

One mile from Stratford, in the village of Shottery, we are shown a picturesque cottage which tradition indicates as the dwelling of Anne Hathaway before her marriage with Shakespeare. This little house is called Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

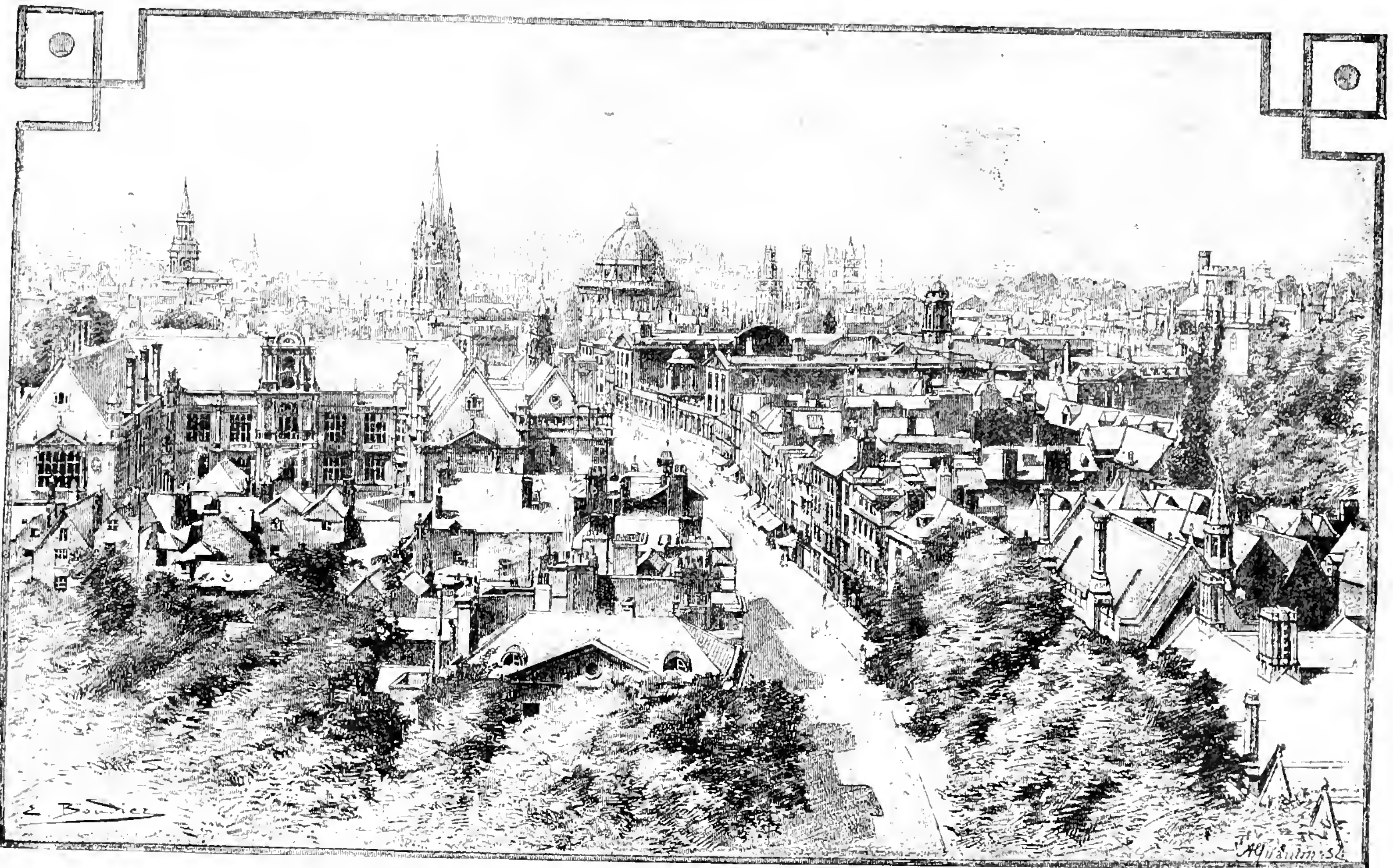
THE THAMES AT OXFORD.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

OXFORD AND ITS MONUMENTS.—THE UNIVERSITY.—THE STUDENTS AND THEIR HABITS.—CAMBRIDGE.—THE BANKS OF THE CAM.—THE COLLEGES.

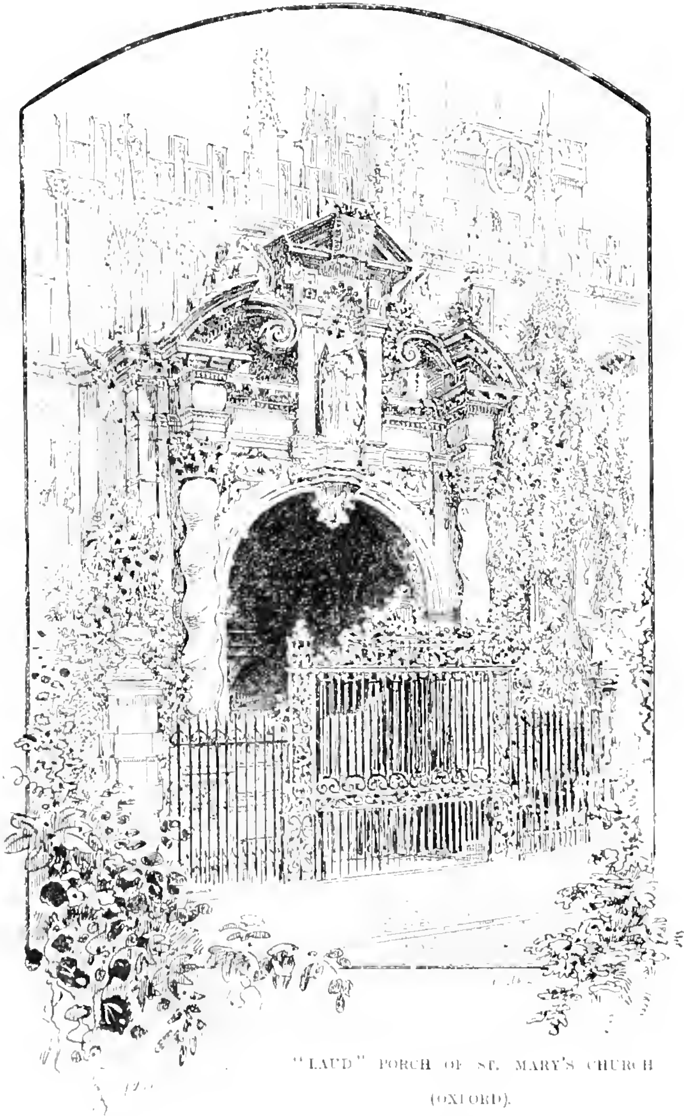
The majority of the foreigners who come to England content themselves with walking through the principal streets of London, and returning home under the impression that they have seen the country. If they get only as far as Windsor, Great Britain has no secrets from them; they have it at their fingers' ends! But there is a town, curious amongst all others, with the name of which everyone is familiar, which is only one hour and three quarters distant from Regent Street, and which, nevertheless, few people go to see. This town is Oxford, the seat of the celebrated University. We can say as much for Cambridge, the sister University; both are at about the same distance from the Metropolis.

Oxford is 63 miles from London, on the Great Western, and London and North Western Railways. The city is agreeably situated in a beautiful plain, surrounded by



OXFORD

hills, at the confluence of two rivers, the Cherwell and the Thames, which here bears the classic and poetic name of Isis. Shortly before we reach the town we perceive, rising above the willows which border the river as from an ocean of verdure, the domes and spires of Oxford. The name is not derived, as is so often stated, from *ox* and *ford*—an etymology which is ridiculous on all accounts; it is simply a corruption of Ousenford, the ford over the Ouse, a name by which the Isis was formerly known. Its legendary origin, according to some authorities, dates as far back as the year 1009 B.C.; according to others, to the year 727 of the Christian Era; but it is generally agreed that Oxford did not actually exist before the reign of Alfred the Great, who established schools there and so founded the old University, which yields only in age to that of Paris. Oxford was burnt in 1013, and in 1032 by the Danes; it was taken by storm in 1067 by the Normans. After the terrible conflagration of 1190, which scarcely left a house standing, stone was substituted for wood in its reconstruction, and since then the history of the city presents no incident of national interest, except the Convocation of Parliament there by Charles II. in 1681.



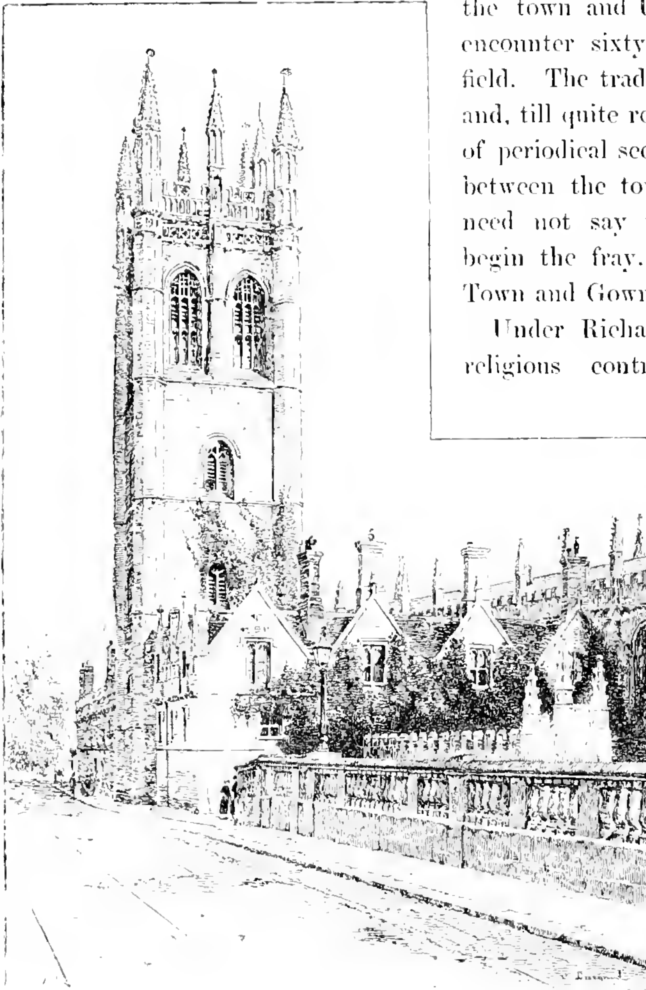
"LAUD" PORCH OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH (OXFORD).

The University on the contrary has experienced many vicissitudes. It was originally composed of houses called "Halls," of which there were a hundred inhabited by students. The University was in a very prosperous condition, possessing, it is said, 30,000 students, or pupils would be more correct, for many of them were quite young children when, in the reign of Henry III. (in 1229), the frequent quarrels between the townspeople and the students caused the dispersion of the latter, who were

HIGH STREET (OXFORD).

replaced by one thousand scholars of the Paris University, summoned to England by the King.

Towards the end of the 13th century the inhabitants petitioned that the students might be permitted to return to Oxford. The Bishop, Walter de Merton, framed the statutes of the University, which were soon afterwards adopted by Cambridge. Under Edward III. the disputes recommenced between the town and University, and in one celebrated encounter sixty-two students were left on the field. The traditional rivalry is still kept alive, and, till quite recently, too, Oxford was the scene of periodical scenes of disorder, and encounters between the townsmen and the students. We need not say that the townspeople did not begin the fray. These disturbances are called Town and Gown riots.



MAGDALEN TOWER (OXFORD).

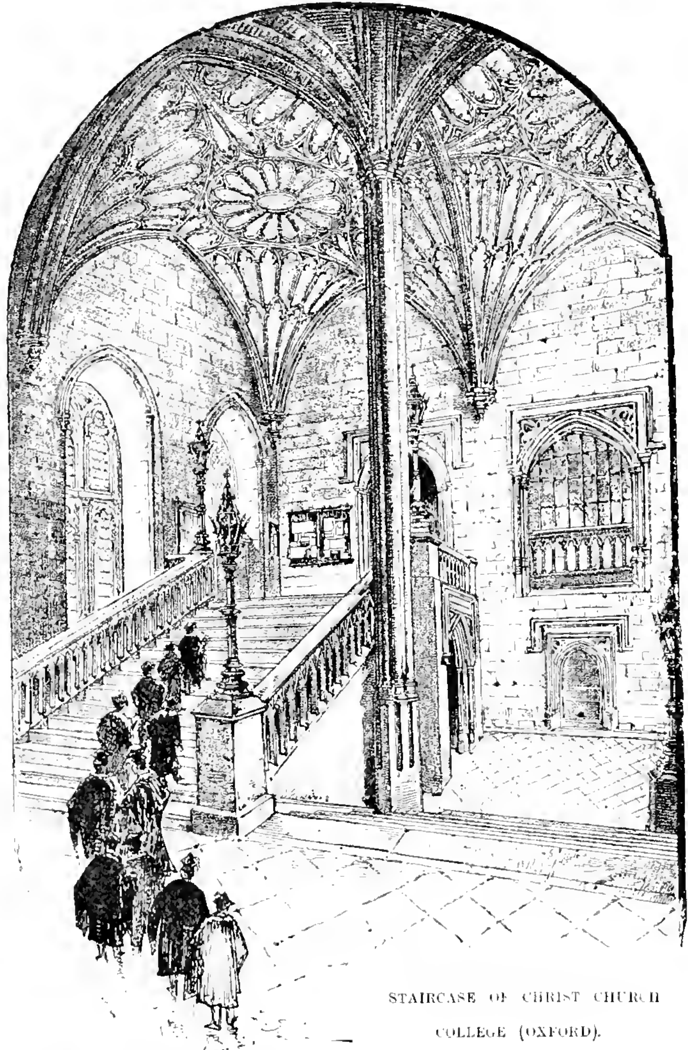
Under Richard II., and in the 16th century, religious controversy embittered all minds. Bishops Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, victims of Bloody Mary, died at the stake for their reformed faith. In later days the University supported the Stuarts, and preserved a fidelity to them against which George I. and George II. strove in vain. After the 18th century the city ceased to take an active part in politics, and contented itself by attending to its own proper business.

The University is a body constituted under that name—the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford—which has the right to send two representatives to Parliament. The Chancellor (at present Lord Salisbury) is elected for life; his functions are honorary, and he only appears on grand occasions. The Vice-Chancellor, elected for a year from amongst the principals of the colleges, is the real head of the University, which is administered by a Council of eighteen chosen members, and five *ex officio* members, who are the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, the ex-Vice-Chancellor, and the two Proctors, charged specially to maintain discipline within the limits of Alma Mater.

Instruction is given in the Colleges, which number twenty-one. The most ancient

is University College, founded in 872, and the most recent is Keble College, founded in 1870. These Colleges are also constituted bodies, each having its own special organization, which is composed of a Master, or Warden; Fellows and students. The Colleges and the University occupy relatively the same positions *vis-à-vis* to each other as the different cantons of Switzerland and the Helvetian Confederation.

The conferring of degrees rests exclusively with the University, as do also the arrangement and control of the examinations, with the exception of the entrance-examinations, which are conducted by the Colleges. When the candidate has passed his entrance examination (matriculated), and been presented to the Vice-Chancellor, he is inscribed on the books of the University. To obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the student, who after his entry is dubbed an undergraduate, must pass nine terms of eight weeks each in the University, and satisfy the examiners. There are four terms a year, but the student spends scarcely twenty-four weeks of the year at Oxford. He must reside there three years to become a B.A. At the end of three years more, and without examination, the Bachelor can, if he please, obtain his degree of Master of Arts, which gives him the right to vote for candidates for Parliament. Such, in a few words, is the constitution of the University of Oxford, and, with slight modifications, that of Cambridge also.

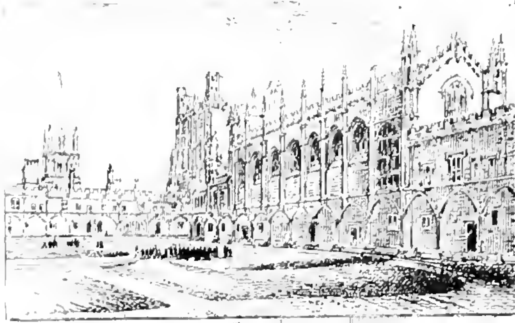


STAIRCASE OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE (OXFORD).

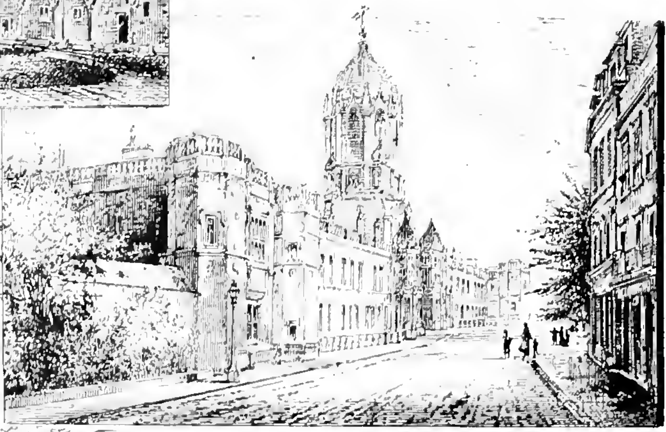
From 1630 to 1854 no alterations were made, and those which were introduced by the Act of Parliament of the latter date, while ordering necessary reforms, respected the principle of the original constitution of the University.

Nearly all the old customs have, by degrees, disappeared, but two or three still

remain. Thus at Queen's College, every Christmas, a boar's head is served with great ceremony. All the students assemble in the Hall; the Bursar, preceded by a troop of choristers and assistants, advances gravely, carrying upon a silver dish the famous Boar's Head, while the choristers sing a lay, the burthen of which is taken up by the students. Then the decorations of the dish are distributed. This ceremony commemorates the heroic conduct of a student who, surprised in the forest by a furious wild boar, and having no other weapon but his "Aristotle," which he was reading, thrust it down his open jaws, calling out "*Græcum est*," and the animal expired, suffocated by the works of the chief of the peripatetic philosophers.



At Queen's College, also, the gates are securely fastened while the meal is being eaten, a custom which arose in the Town and Gown epoch, with the view to prevent a surprise and an attack by the townspeople.



FAÇADE AND QUADRANGLE OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE (OXFORD).

Leaving the railway station, we traverse a somewhat poor quarter of the town, and after crossing the Isis, we pass the castle (a modern structure, imitating Norman architecture), which serves as a court-house and a prison. At the end of Queen Street are cross-roads, whose junction is called Carfax (a corruption of *quatre voies*), and then we come in view of the celebrated High Street, which divides Oxford into two equal parts. Lined on both sides with churches and buildings whose lofty spires, cupolas, towers—some massive, others pointed and bold, stand out in relief against the blue sky; gardens with brilliant flower-beds, thick trees, whose green branches appear above the walls of the colleges; crowded with undergraduates in University costume, the High Street presents an appearance in the highest degree picturesque, and we cannot accuse the English of exaggeration when they claim this sight as unique in the world. There is on the left, St. Martin's Church, rebuilt fifty years ago, but the tower of which dates from the 14th century; then the tower of All Saints, and, above all, St. Mary's, whose elegant spire, 135 feet high, rises proudly into the air. All Souls' College is beside it, and faces University College, the entrance to which is so remarkable. Farther on, and still on the left, is Queen's College, and, lastly, at the end of the street, Magdalen, in an admirable situation on the banks of the

Cherwell, surrounded by beautiful trees, on which looks down the celebrated tower that is one of the gems of Oxford. We must not neglect to walk through the High Street, and examine the details of its buildings, their architecture, and their various dates, but of so curious a character, and which the climate has reclothed with an

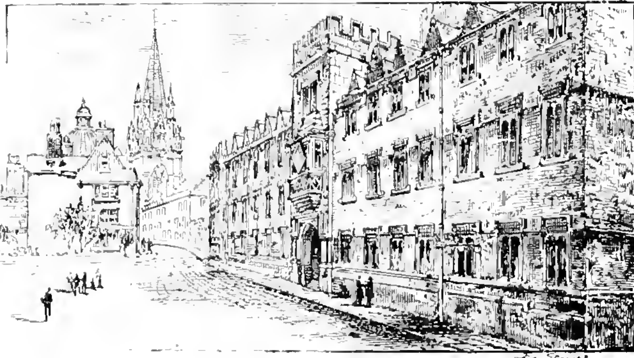
THE AVENUE, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE (OXFORD).

incrustation that gives to every one, even to the most recent, the appearance of antiquity. Antique also is the costume of the students, who, at certain hours, must not go out without their caps and gowns. The students live in the colleges, where they have two rooms each. Should there be no room in college, they live in furnished lodgings, licensed to receive students. Although enjoying considerable liberty, they must submit to a pretty rigorous discipline. They must attend chapel at least once a day, and follow a certain course of study, but there is no general rule, each college having its own. Students are forbidden to frequent hotels and taverns, and to be in the streets after nine o'clock at night. All undergraduates found out of college between the hours of ten o'clock, p.m., and six a.m., are subject to a fine. If he sleeps out of college, an undergraduate is liable

to severe punishment. The penalties in force are the money fine, rustication, or temporary expulsion, and final expulsion, which is rarely resorted to.

The English student, whether from temperament or because he goes in for athletic exercises, such as swimming, cricket, canoeing, gymnastics, and other pastimes, has not, like his French prototype, a taste for "adventure." Journeys to Paphos are not in his line; besides, in this respect Oxford is very strictly guarded, and offers no temptation. There is no large town in the vicinity, and London is rather far off. Some, however, make the journey to the capital.

Life at the University passes peacefully, but it is costly. *Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum.* The least that a student must spend is £300 a year, and, on the average, he remains at the University only six months of that time. The dinners he gives—for he must do as others do—the wine parties in the evening, at which he sometimes drinks more than he ought, cause him to spend more than his income. If he comes of a wealthy family, he gets into debt, and his father always pays his debts to avoid scandal, as the Oxford tradesmen know very well he will do. If he is poor he must borrow at exorbitant rates, and great is the number of young men who, many years after they have quitted the University, impose hard labour on themselves to pay the money-lenders.



FAÇADE OF ORIEL COLLEGE (OXFORD).

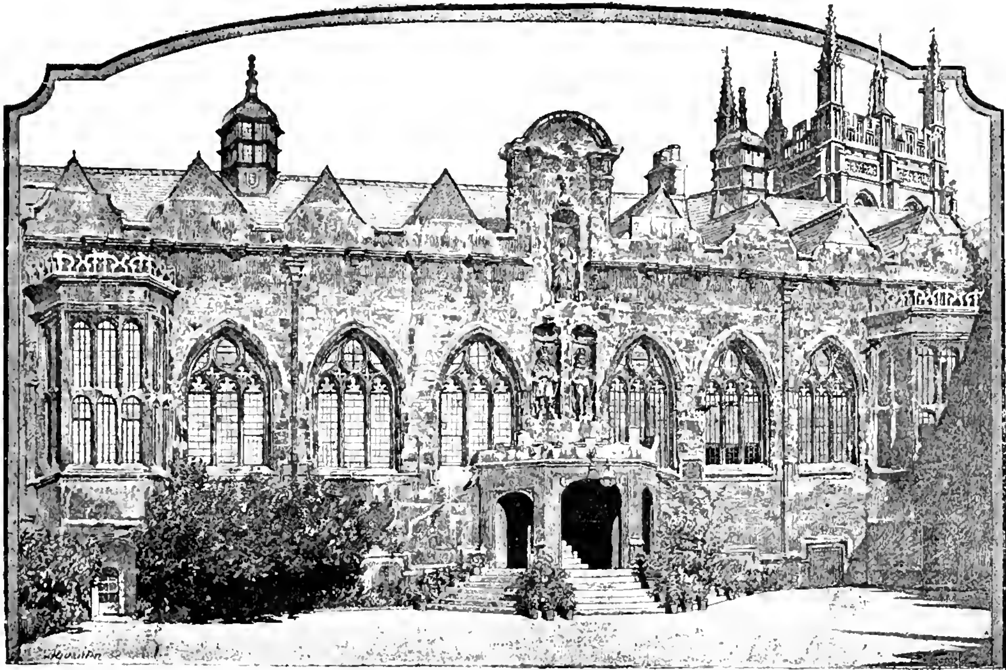
Dinner is partaken of, in common, in hall. The Fellows are seated at a special table raised above those of the undergraduates. The grace before and after meat is recited in Latin, with an accent which sounds strangely in the ears of Frenchmen. A great novelist relates in his Memoirs that at the time of the occupation he spoke Latin with an English officer who did not know a word of French. This seems absolutely incredible, for it is impossible for a French Latin scholar to understand an English Latinist, and *vice-versâ.*

There are two sets of students—the "classmen" and the "passmen." The former go in for honours, the latter, who are the more numerous, content themselves with the B.A. degree, and immediately leave the University. Besides the students who belong to the colleges, there have been introduced since 1868 "unattached" students; but of the 10,000 undergraduates on the books, scarcely 300 are "unattached."

One may easily spend two or three days, and even more, in visiting the numerous colleges in Oxford, its buildings, and its churches, without including the environs. In a short visit it is impossible to see everything; but one should not omit to see Christ Church College and the Cathedral, Magdalen College, the libraries, the museums, and the picture galleries.

Christ Church College is in St. Aldate Street—one of the four streets which radiate from Carfax. It was founded by Wolsey in 1525, and built upon the old convent of

Saint Frideswide. Its façade extends for 360 feet; in the centre an elegant gateway, flanked by two Gothic towers, with pear-shaped cupolas, and surmounted by a third and much larger tower in the same style, gives access to the grand quadrangle. The statue above the entrance gate is that of the founder of the College. At the end of this fine quadrangle a wide staircase leads to the hall, or refectory,—a magnificent apartment of carved wood, and ornamented by alternate escutcheons of Wolsey and Henry VIII. The ceiling (also of carved oak) displays the same decorations, and the walls are hung with portraits, some of which are very interesting. Those of Wolsey and Henry VIII.



COURTYARD OF ORIEL COLLEGE (OXFORD).

by Holbein, Queen Elizabeth, by Zucchero, Canning, by Lawrence, and Hooper, by Hogarth are in this category.

The Cathedral, which serves as the College chapel, and is a portion of the College, was formerly a dependence of the Convent of Saint Frideswide. Wolsey demolished a portion of it, but left the spire standing; it was found necessary to repair and strengthen this some years ago. Restored in 1856, the Cathedral is of many periods, but the Norman style predominates. The choir is particularly interesting, with its superposed arches and the ceiling with its delicate mouldings and graceful pendentives. The beautiful rose-window is modern, so are the choir stalls. The Lady, or Latin, Chapel, which opens from the choir, is so named because there prayers are said in Latin at the beginning of each term. It is embellished with antique stalls, and contains three remarkable tombs, one of which is of the 13th century. It is believed to be that of the Prior of the ancient convent. The tomb of Elizabeth de Montacute, whose tinted effigy has retained its colouring, is also very curious.

A beautiful garden separates the Cathedral from another quadrangle, called Peck-

water, surrounded by buildings that contain the College library, which is also a museum, wherein are some fine paintings of the Italian school. Behind the college extend gardens which occupy all the peninsula formed by the rivers Cherwell and Isis, and traversed by fine walks shaded with splendid old elms. Large boats—barges,—which were formerly used in the Lord Mayor's procession, are moored alongside the bank, and their cabins are adapted for "studies." The students of Oxford are great water-men, and the boat-races and oarsmen of the University are celebrated. Every year the contest of the University eights takes place on the Thames. After practising on the Isis for some weeks, the eights go into training at or near the place where the race is rowed. This event, which formerly had merely an interest for members of the Universities and their friends, has become a national, or rather a metropolitan, holiday. Six weeks in advance the newspapers give daily reports of the eights, their progress, the names of the crews, their weights, the changes that take place in the boats,—all are minutely chronicled. Betting is indulged in; during the week previous to the race the shops exhibit plentifully in their windows ties, ribbons, and rosettes of the Oxford and Cambridge colours — dark and light blue respectively. The cab-drivers and omnibus men tie up their whips with a bit of blue ribbon of the colour of the University they prefer: the City clerks wear "Oxford" or "Cambridge" ties without knowing what is an University, and still less what goes on there. But it is an opportunity to make bets, to speculate, and this aquatic Derby, like the race which is run some weeks afterwards at Epsom, is

QUADRANGLE OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE (OXFORD).

a pretext of which the English of all classes avail themselves in order to indulge in their favourite passion—gambling—disguised in the form of betting.

When the day arrives all London hurries to the banks of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake in cabs, carriages, omnibuses, boats, and railway trains. The strangest vehicles are put in requisition, and the streets of London, particularly in the City, are deserted. On the banks of the river the crowds are enormous, and nine-tenths of the spectators see absolutely nothing at all! The rival crews appear, launch their

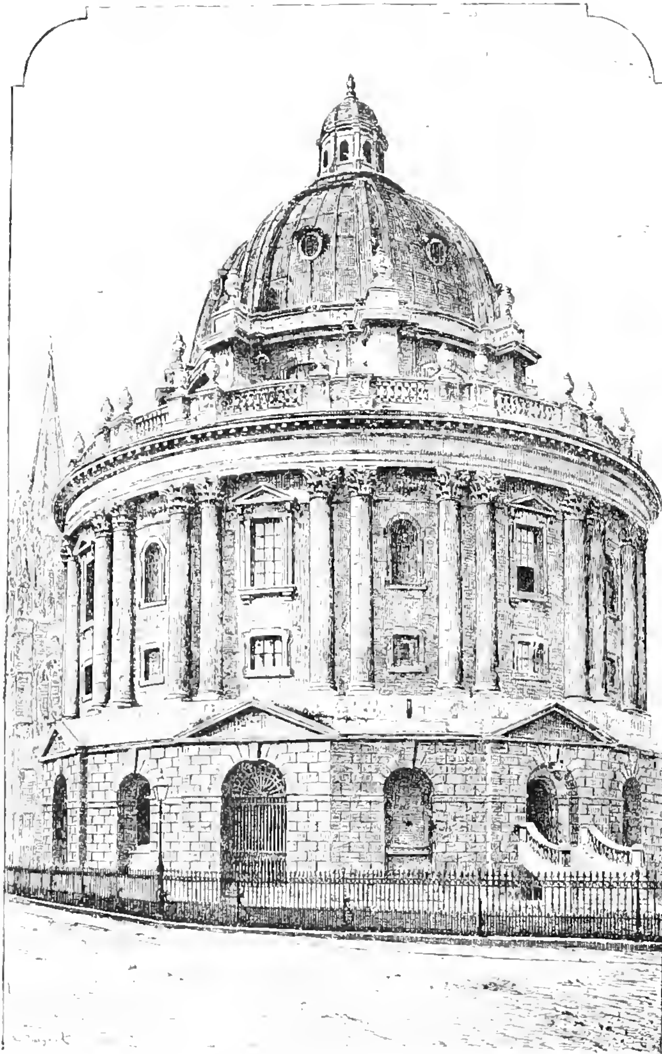
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE (OXFORD).

boats, and take up their positions. At a given signal the oars are dropped, pulled vigorously by sixteen strong arms, and the eights fly over the water, followed by four steamers,—one for the umpire, one for each University, and one for the press. The thirty-ninth annual race was won by Oxford in 1883, which put 21 to its credit. Cambridge up to that time had only won 17. (The race in 1877 was a dead heat.) Since then Oxford has won 22, and Cambridge 19, including that of 1886. In the evening the crews dine together, and fraternise over copious libations of champagne.

But we have wandered far away from Oxford; let us re-ascend the Thames, or Isis; let us traverse the quadrangles of Christ Church, and, emerging by the Canterbury Gate —a kind of Greco-Roman portal—continue our way down Merton Street, wherein we

find—on the left, Oriel College, and on the right, those of Corpus Christi and Merton. A narrow street, King Street, opening from "The High," brings us almost face to face with Magdalen College, which is pronounced *Maudlenn.*

This college, founded in 1475 by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, is perhaps the most beautiful of all. As soon as we pass the gate built by Pugin in 1844, we find ourselves in the quadrangle of St. John the Baptist, one side of which is bounded by the chapel. In a corner a low arched passage leads to the cloisters, which are surmounted by a square tower with pinnacles, and in the wall on the opposite side is a curious stone pulpit, in which the preacher formerly held forth on St. John's Day, but it is no longer used.



RADCLIFFE LIBRARY (OXFORD).

The chapel has been recently restored, after having been plundered several times. Cromwell, who was received in 1649 by the President of the college, who afforded him hospitality, could find no better way to recompense his entertainer than by carrying off to Hampton Court the organ which had delighted him.

The hall only dates from 1790: it is panelled with wood carvings, representing the chief events in the life of Mary Magdalen. The walls are decorated — like all the other "halls," with portraits of the benefactors, and the most illustrious members of the college. A narrow passage leads to the chaplain's quadrangle, from which we can admire the beautiful tower, 145 feet high, the design for which, tradition tells us, was furnished by Wolsey, and from the summit of which, on the 1st of May, the students sing a Latin hymn—an old custom still observed. However, to judge of the beautiful proportions of the tower we should stand upon the bridge

over the river, from which spot we can also see, on the left, the cathedral of Christ

QUADRANGLE OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE (OXFORD).

Church College.

Reascending the High Street, we perceive, opposite to Magdalen College, the Botanic Garden, the entrance to which is guarded by statues of Charles I. and Charles II. Farther on, behind St. Mary's Church, we find the Radcliffe Library, a fine rotunda, in the classic style, surmounted by a dome resting

upon an octagonal base, whence a splendid view of Oxford and all its buildings may be enjoyed. The panorama which spreads itself before the spectator is very beautiful, and no one will regret making the ascent. The Bodleian Library is at the back. Founded by Thomas Bodley, in 1602, it contains 100,000 volumes and 30,000 MSS., of which many are of rare value. It is enriched every year by new acquisitions, and also in consequence of an Act of Parliament which obliges every publisher to forward a copy

BANKS OF THE CAM (CAMBRIDGE).

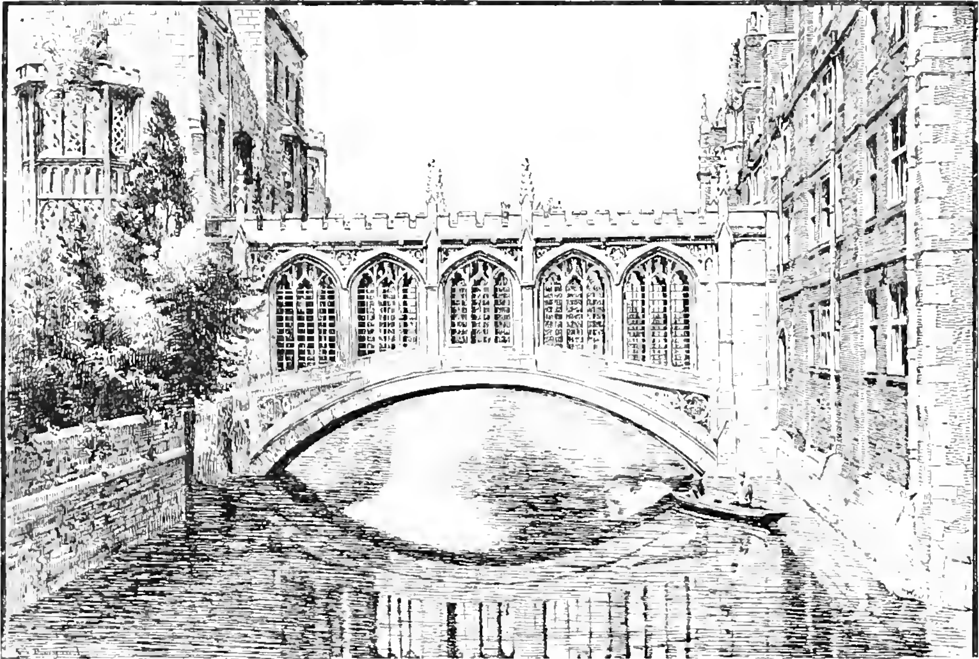
of every work he publishes to the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. Above the Library is a picture gallery, in which are some paintings, chiefly of historical value.

The Sheldonian Theatre, built by Wren, is a hall in which every year, before the Long Vacation, a ceremony called "Commemoration" takes place, in honour of the founders of the University. This ceremony chiefly consists in conferring honorary degrees upon great personages and political men of mark. On these occasions the undergraduates, who are seated in the gallery, find extreme pleasure in playing practical jokes, and passing comments worthy of the *titis* of the Paris Boulevard theatres, in throwing crackers, uttering cries of animals, and generally making a hideous uproar. To put an end to this state of things, the "Dons" conceived the idea of putting ladies

in the galleries, instead of isolating them in the body of the hall. This course, though it has not cured, has considerably mitigated, the evil.

The Ashmolean Museum, so called from its founder, Ashmole, was originally a natural history collection; a museum of books, manuscripts, and Grecian, Roman, and Saxon antiquities, collected by Ashmole in the 17th century. The Museum now contains neither a natural history collection nor books; the latter are now in the Bodleian Library, and the former in the new Museum, situated in the park.

Amongst the curiosities in the Ashmolean Museum, the most interesting are the jewel which adorned the sceptre of King Alfred ("Alfred's jewel"), the sword of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth's hunting-boots, and Cromwell's watch. The antiquities



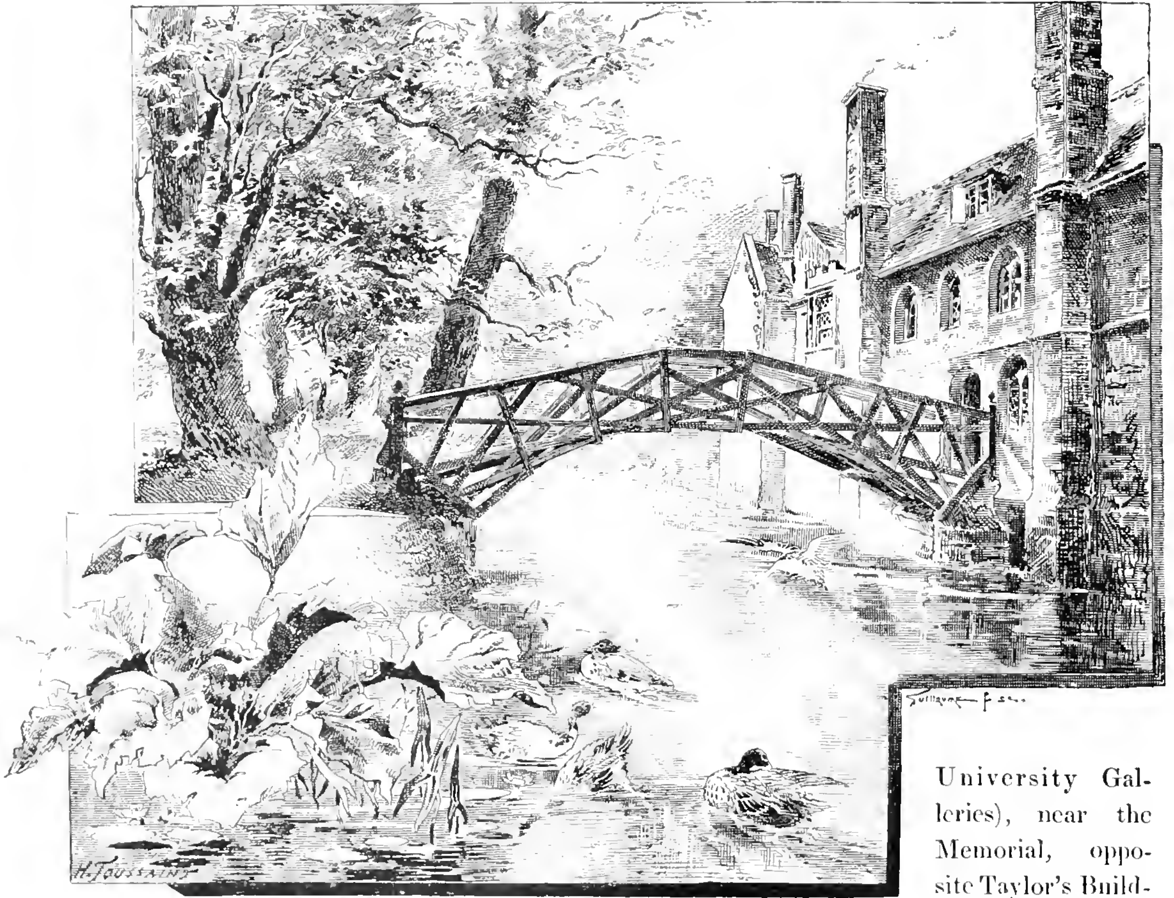
BRIDGE OF SIGHS (CAMBRIDGE).

include arms, money, and, above all, the celebrated Arundel marbles—antique tablets, engraven in Greek characters, discovered at Paros in the 16th century—which have so materially assisted us in our knowledge of Grecian history. They were presented to the University in 1867, by the Earl of Arundel.

All those buildings in Broad Street belong, strictly speaking, to the University, and form an imposing mass of great effect, architecturally. After "The High," Broad Street is the most beautiful in Oxford. The great building, which stands at the corner of Broad and Magdalen Streets, is Balliol College, in front of which Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer were burned. A monument, commemorative of this event, erected after the design of Scott, is to be seen at the side of St. Mary's Church. It consists of a Gothic spire, of the kind which stands in the court of the Charing Cross Railway Station, in London, resting upon a hexagonal basement. Three niches are occupied

by statues of the martyrs, which are from the chisel of Weeks, a pupil of Chantrey. This monument is called the "Martyrs' Memorial."

The church of St. Mary Magdalen is very ordinary, and is only remarkable by its form, being broader than it is long. It has been restored so many times that scarcely any of the original construction, built in the 14th century, remains. So we shall do better to proceed direct to the University Museum of Painting and Sculpture (the



QUEEN'S COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

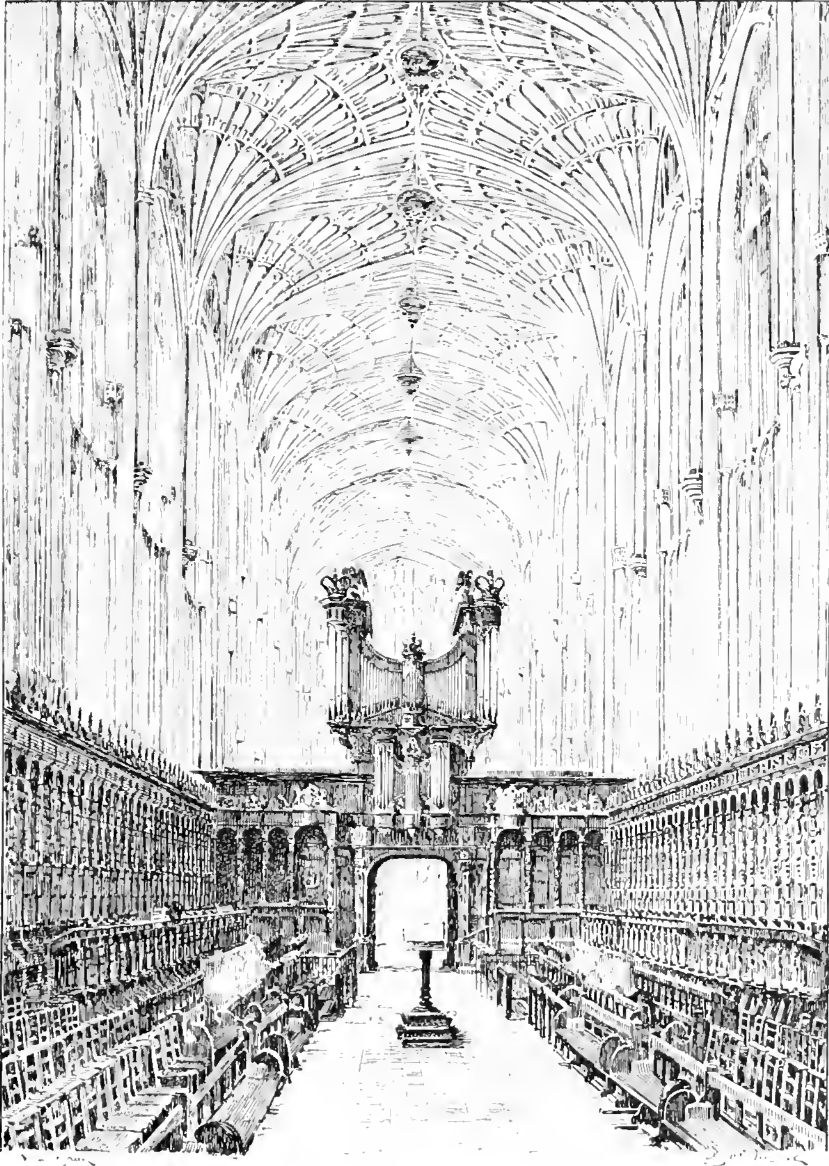
University Galleries), near the Memorial, opposite Taylor's Buildings, a comparatively recent erection, founded by Taylor in 1788, for the acquirement of living languages.

The University Galleries include one of sculpture, wherein are exhibited the original models of Chantrey's works, amongst which we find the charming group of the "Sleeping Children," the marble copy of which is in Lichfield Cathedral.

The Gallery of Paintings contains fifty designs by Turner, a collection of 162 original designs of Raphael, and 77 of Michael Angelo, the greater number of which are sketches for their best known works. Nothing can be more interesting than these sketches, in which is manifest all the primary inspiration of these masters. The pictures belong chiefly to the Flemish and Florentine schools. We remark, also, some portraits

by Reynolds, and many canvases by Canaletti, Van Ostade, and Teniers, as well as some designs of Hogarth.

Oxford possesses, besides its colleges—a complete description of which would fill a volume—a town hall, a laboratory, a museum of natural history; and many old houses,

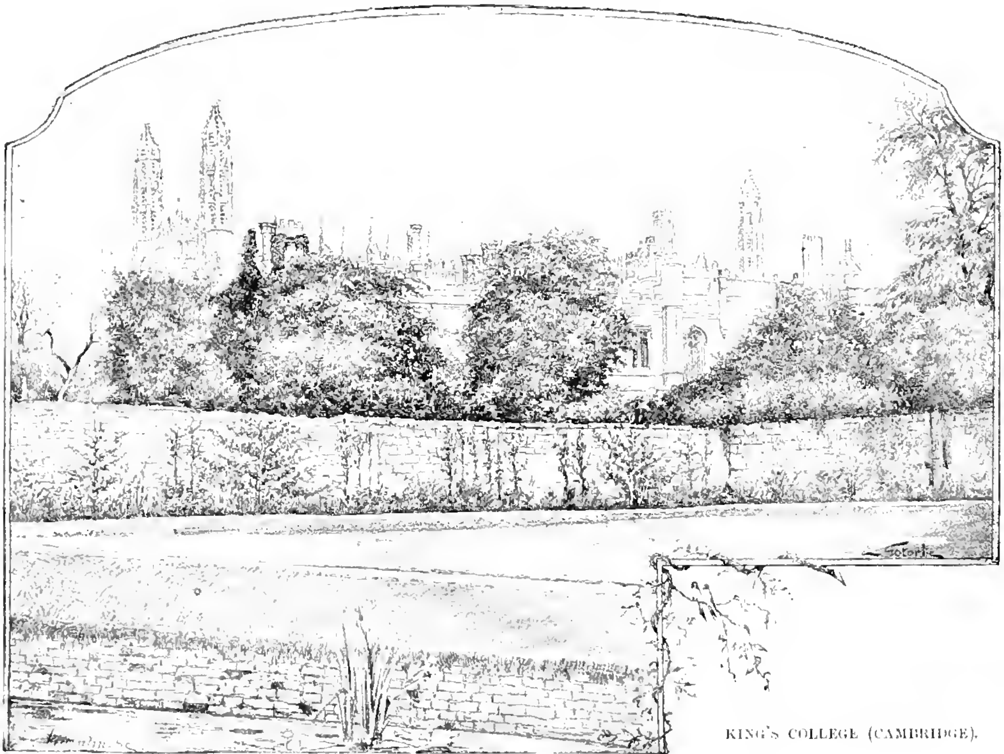


KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL (CAMBRIDGE).

the most curious of which is that of the first Bishop of Oxford; the façade, rebuilt in the 17th century, is embellished with wood-carvings and curious caryatides. This mansion—Bishop King's House—is situated in St. Aldate Street, and is well worthy of a visit. But of which of the monuments of Oxford cannot one say as much? Gothic,

Norman, or Greek—all are remarkable, in their own way, and some are admirable. This assemblage of palaces, surrounded by gardens, churches, temples—ornate with delicate sculpture, statues, colonnades, domes, cupolas, spires, and towers—affords a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.

From Oxford to Cambridge is a long distance, but there is scarcely need of the transition from Oxford to Cambridge, so closely do the two Universities resemble each other. In common parlance, Oxford and Cambridge are two words which are no more separated than the name of Orestes from that of Pylades.



KING'S COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

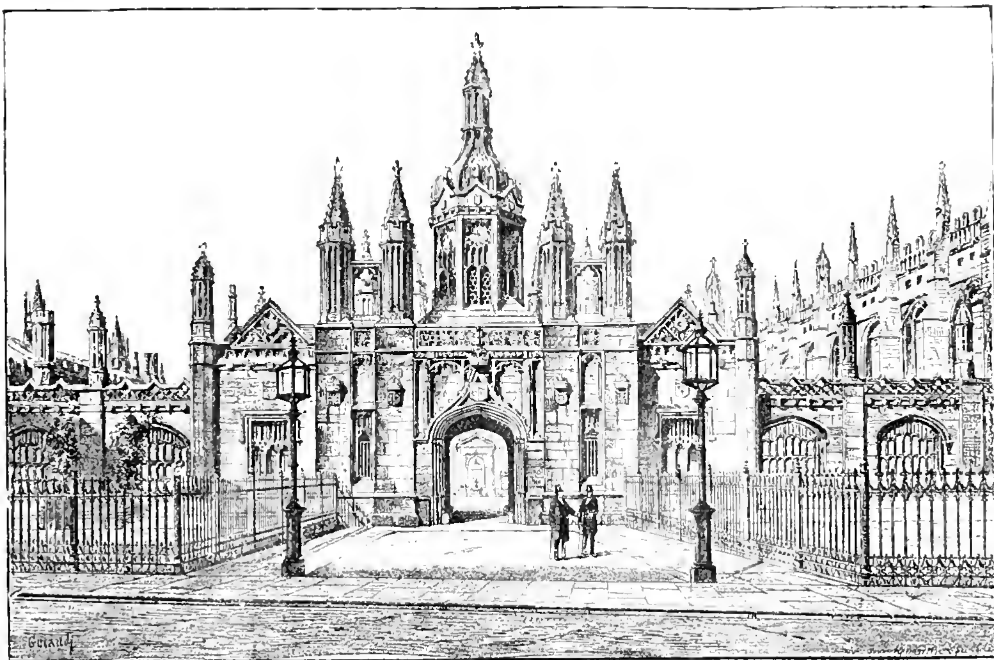
Cambridge is situated in a wide valley upon the banks of the Cam, which gives its name to it. Cambridge is very far from having such a picturesque appearance as Oxford, and at a little distance it seems very commonplace. This first impression will be modified after one has explored the town and its numerous colleges and churches.

As far as the organization of its University and the colleges—the course of instruction, the life of the students, their manners and customs—are concerned, Cambridge differs in no material degree from the sister University.

There are seventeen colleges; the number of students on the books is 11,469. The Duke of Devonshire has been the Chancellor of the University since 1860.

The principal colleges are situated on the right bank of the Cam, from which they are separated by pleasant meadows planted with old trees. The fronts of the colleges look upon the street, and are generally very beautiful; but the river-side is the most picturesque. Thence long avenues of trees lead up to the courts, or "quads.," with

pinnacles and turrets shooting up above the mass of verdure. The Cam wends its way between the wooded banks, and is crossed by numerous bridges, the effect of which is



ENTRANCE TO KING'S COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

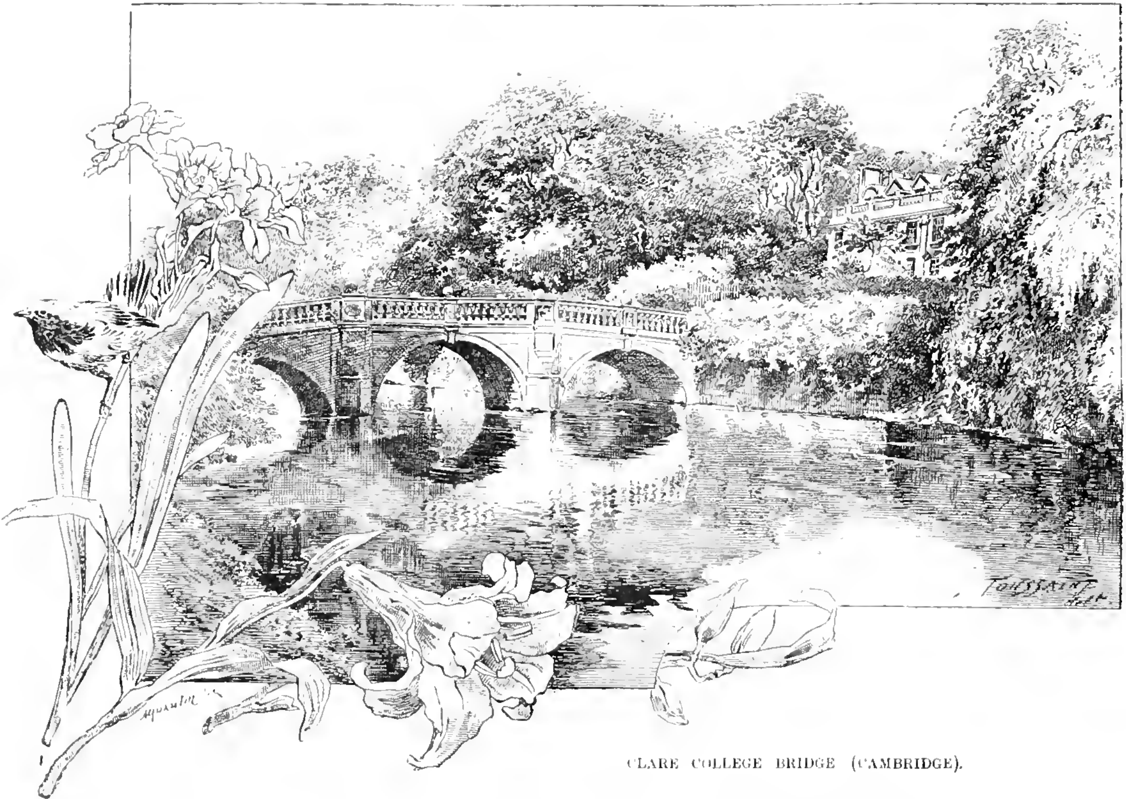
very remarkable, as nearly every college has its own particular bridge. One of the most curious is that of St. John's College, which connects the buildings on both sides of the river; it is called the "Bridge of Sighs," and as a matter of fact, there is something Venetian in the appearances of these bridges, so close together, spanning this limpid river, bounded on one side by edifices which have quite a palatial air. The chief bridges are those of Trinity, Clare, King's and Queen's Colleges.

MILTON'S MULBERRY TREE.

As the Oxonians boast, and with reason, of their High Street, the Cantabs victoriously respond that there is nothing in Oxford which can equal the beauty of the backs of the colleges of Cambridge.

The principal colleges are in Trumpington Street, which is parallel to the river, and, when coming from the railway station, we traverse it from end to end, passing successively the Museum and Fitzwilliam Library, opposite to which is Pembroke College, the façade of which is wanting in character, and, in front, St. Peter's College. We then reach Queen's College, on the left, and St. Catherine's, on the right; the

former one of the most picturesque, the latter one of the least noteworthy. The street then extends and forms an open space or "place," called King's Parade, wherein are many important monuments. First, there is King's College, founded by Henry VI. in 1440. The entrance-gate is very elegant. The "quads." and the buildings are extensive and imposing, but none of them are equal in beauty to the chapel, which is the most celebrated building in Cambridge. A portal, prettily carved, gives access to the chapel, the arched roof of which is ornamented with stone mullions of rare delicacy and elegance. The walls are panelled with wainscoting, richly carved, as well as the



CLARE COLLEGE BRIDGE (CAMBRIDGE).

organ screen. The choir stalls date from the time of Henry VIII., and the doors from the age of Charles I. Light is admitted to this beautiful building by twenty-five windows of brilliant stained glass, each divided into four compartments, placed two by two, and representing in the upper panels scenes from the Old Testament, in the lower scenes from the New. A staircase leads to the roof of the chapel, from which the view of Cambridge and its environs is extremely beautiful.

Opposite King's rises the square pinnacled tower of the University Church (Great St. Mary's Church), a building in the Perpendicular style, consisting of a nave with aisles, the whole crinilated like a fortress.

Caius College is also on the King's Parade. It was founded by Dr. Caius, a physician, in the time of Queen Mary. We remark a state entrance, which is one of the most elegant specimens of the 16th-century architecture to be found in England.

Clare College, situated behind King's, is well worth seeing, on account of its quadrangle, bordered with fine buildings of the 17th-century style; it is one of the most beautiful colleges of the University.

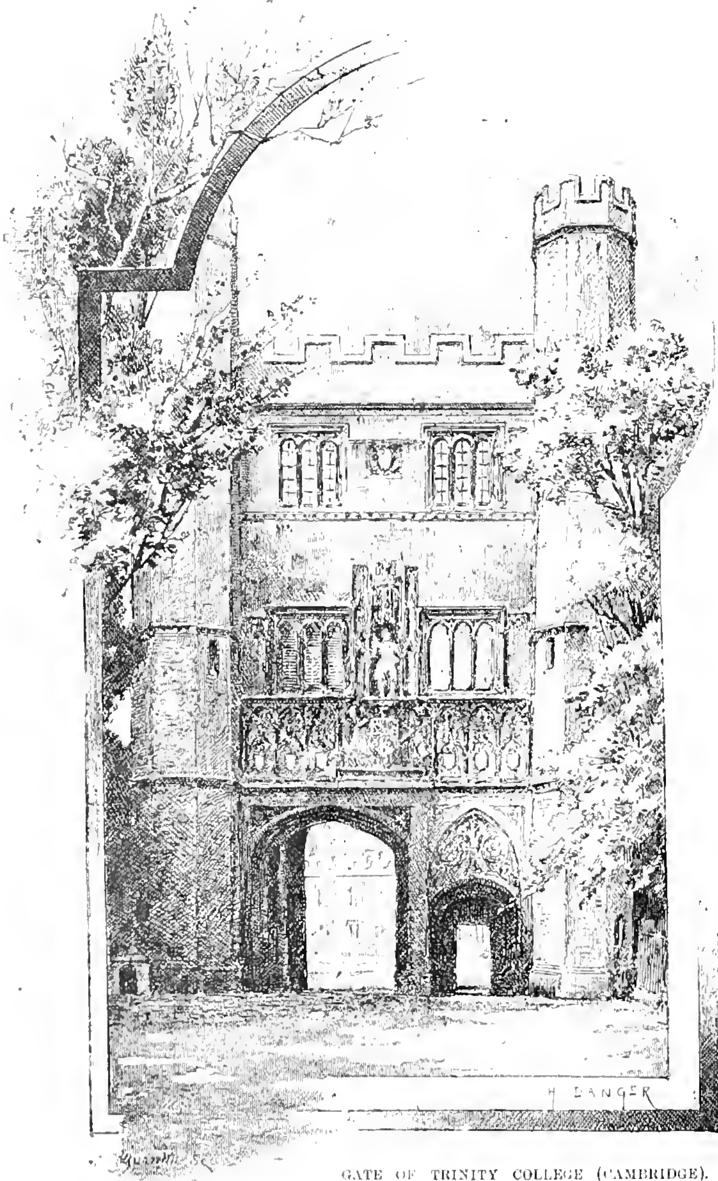
Behind Caius arises the mass of buildings comprising Trinity College, founded in 1546, by Henry VIII. It encloses four spacious quadrangles, to which access is gained by a fine entrance supported by two towers, called the "King's Gateway." The most interesting portions of the college are, the chapel, which opens from a hall

STATE ENTRANCE, CAIUS COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

embellished with statues, representing the most illustrious students of Trinity, amongst which are Lord Bacon, the Chancellor; Dryden, Newton, Macaulay, Lord Byron, and many others; then, beyond the quadrangle, the cloisters and the

library. Between the college and the river extends a magnificent avenue of trees, which is one of the curiosities of Cambridge.

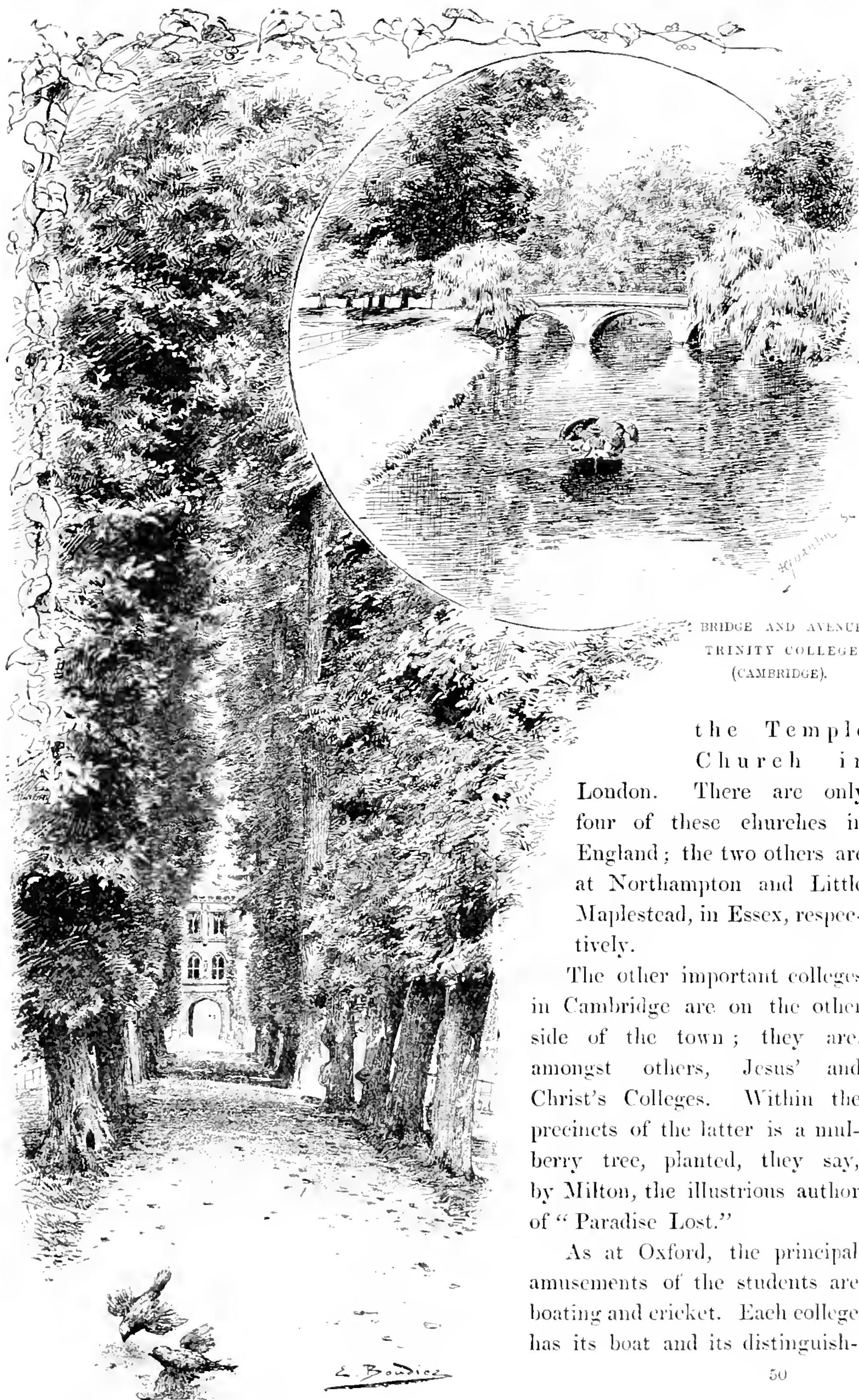
St. John's College, which comes next, also includes four quadrangles. It was



GATE OF TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

founded in 1516, and finished in 1624. One of the quadrangles is upon the left bank of the Cam; it dates from 1831; and is called the New Buildings. The others, although ancient, have nothing remarkable about them. The chapel, notwithstanding its antique appearance, was only built in 1863-69.

Near St. John's we find the Templars' Church, which is a circular building, like



BRIDGE AND AVENUE, TRINITY COLLEGE (CAMBRIDGE).

the Temple Church in London. There are only four of these churches in England; the two others are at Northampton and Little Maplestead, in Essex, respectively.

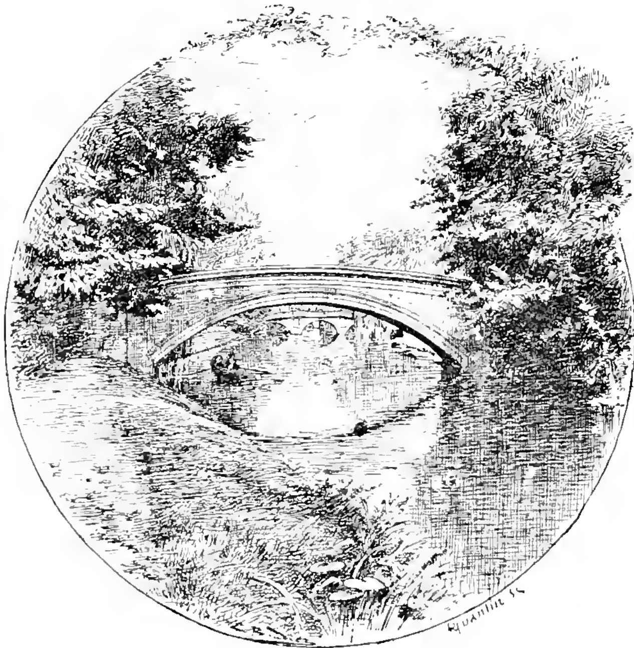
The other important colleges in Cambridge are on the other side of the town; they are, amongst others, Jesus' and Christ's Colleges. Within the precincts of the latter is a mulberry tree, planted, they say, by Milton, the illustrious author of "Paradise Lost."

As at Oxford, the principal amusements of the students are boating and cricket. Each college has its boat and its distinguish-

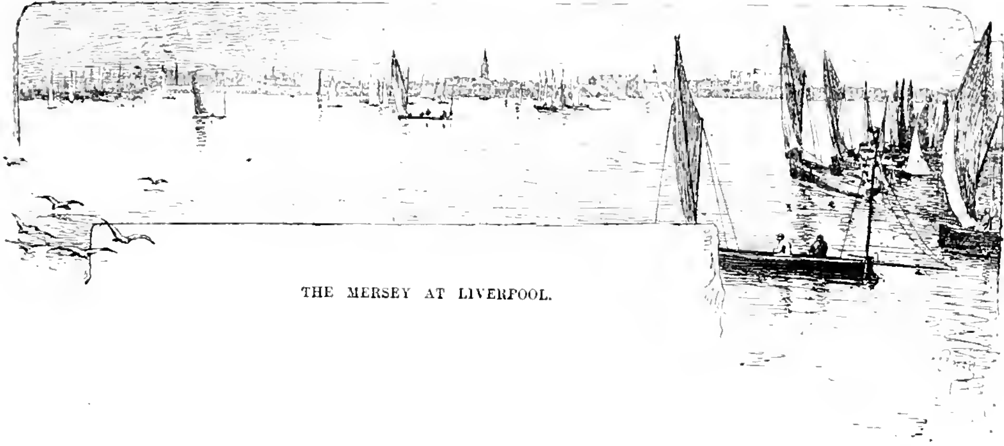
ing colour. It is very interesting to see the various boats practising on the Cam, which then assumes a most animated appearance. On certain occasions the boats of all the colleges go down the river in procession, and it is very curious to see this long file of boats gliding gently over the waters of the Cam, the banks of which are lined with spectators, who cheer the boats in a way which only those possessed of British lungs can attempt.

So far as study is concerned, the two Universities are on a par; and if Oxford has the reputation of turning out some splendid "classics," Cambridge can pride herself on her unrivalled mathematicians.

Besides the two great Universities, there are in England those of London, Durham, and Manchester (Victoria University). The University of Durham was founded in 1831, and that of Manchester in 1880. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are each represented in Parliament by two members, the London University by one. Durham and Manchester are not represented. There are ladies' colleges at both Oxford and Cambridge, and degrees are conferred upon the female students as well as upon the inferior sex.



BRIDGE OVER THE CAM (KING'S BRIDGE).



THE MERSEY AT LIVERPOOL.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.—THE SEA COAST AND THE SEA PORTS.

I.

MARITIME COMMERCE.

LIVERPOOL: CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS MONUMENTS.—THE MERSEY, THE PORT, THE DOCKS. BIRKENHEAD.—NEW BRIGHTON.—THE ISLE OF MAN.

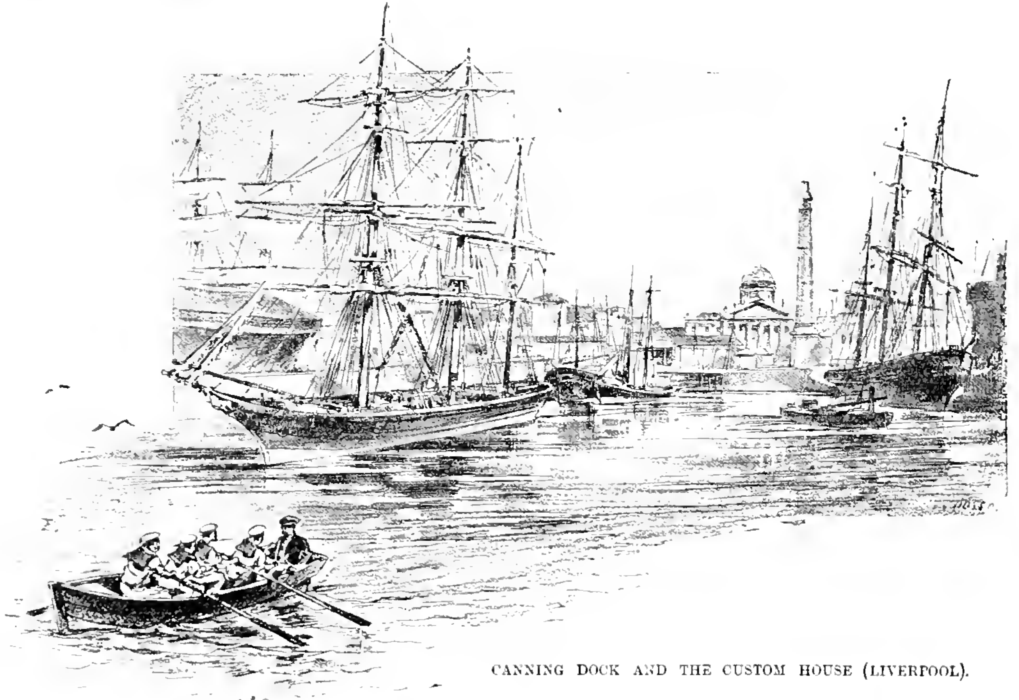
WITHOUT entering into philosophical discussions concerning the destinies of nations, it is impossible to deny that England, by its very position, must be a maritime nation: for what are you to do in an island unless you can go down to the sea in ships? The English have navigated much, and in all ages. Being an amphibious race, they are quite in their element at sea, and they have for the ocean a curious devotion. To the coast population nothing is more beautiful than a boat: to be master on board ship, to pace the deck of your own vessel, is, in the eyes of all English lads, the lot most to be envied; it is the dream of all school-boys. The inland population regard the sea as an old friend which they revisit on every occasion when a pleasure-party or a holiday permits them to leave the workshop or the counter; it is, above all, the great health dispenser. To go and breathe the sea air is the English panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to.

This love for the sea, the taste for adventure innate in the English, must necessarily bear fruit, and result in the possession of a colonial empire without a parallel in history.

In all parts of the world the Englishman is at home. His colonies, established at certain distances apart, surround the world like a chain. What prodigious strides have been made since 1583—300 years ago, when England annexed her first colony, Newfoundland—until 1883, when she installed herself in Egypt! Picture to yourselves the extent of this empire, which possesses in Europe—Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus; in Asia—Aden, Ceylon, the peninsula of Malacca, North Borneo, the East

Indies, Labuan, Hong Kong, and Burmah; in Africa—Perim, Socotra, Ascension, St. Helena, Mauritius, the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Lagos, the Cape, Natal, and Griqualand; in America—Newfoundland, Canada, Guiana, Honduras, the Bahamas, Bermudas, the Falkland Islands, Jamaica, the Windward Isles, Trinidad, and the Leeward Isles; in Oceania—New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, West Australia, and the Fiji Islands.

Now just glance at the map of the world, and if you find a single strait, a single maritime passage which is not marked as a British possession, or over which the British flag does not wave, you may be sure that that passage leads nowhere—or if it does, that



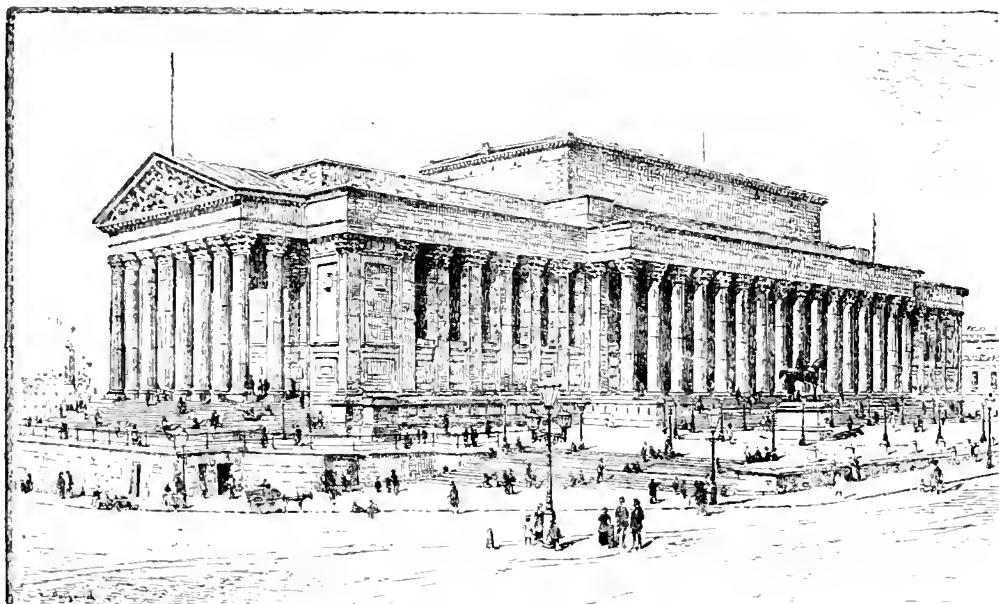
CANNING DOCK AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE (LIVERPOOL).

the English have found another, shorter, or less dangerous way to its termination. And all these colonial possessions are flourishing; inhabited by English people, who establish themselves there, and bring about, by means of their aptitude for negotiation and colonisation, an ever-increasing prosperity.

England in this manner disposes of her surplus population, and the emigrants who quit the mother country are for her a new source of strength and riches, by creating in all parts of the world outlets for her commerce and national industries. When we think that a man has actually been discovered who could write upon the "Decadence of England," we stand confounded in the presence of so much bigotry—or blindness! How otherwise is it possible not to see that these colonies growing up, living a life of their own, like Canada, and more particularly like Australia, enjoying complete independence, performing their own business, governing themselves as they please, far from weakening Great Britain, are just so many young Englands, whose federation will, one of these days, assure to the Anglo-Saxon race the Empire of the World! By the very

fact of its organization, "shreds and patches," united by the strong ties of patriotism, England can resist crises and storms which would sweep a homogeneous country off the face of the earth; even one, or several, of the colonies could detach themselves from the whole body without the Empire suffering in any sensible degree. But that is a very far-fetched hypothesis, for English politicians rarely commit the same mistake twice over, and the American War of Independence will not have a second edition.

In contradistinction to what occurs in other countries, the British colonies, like the institutions of the mother country, suffice for themselves. They are essentially self-supporting, and every colony which, not being strictly necessary from a strategic point



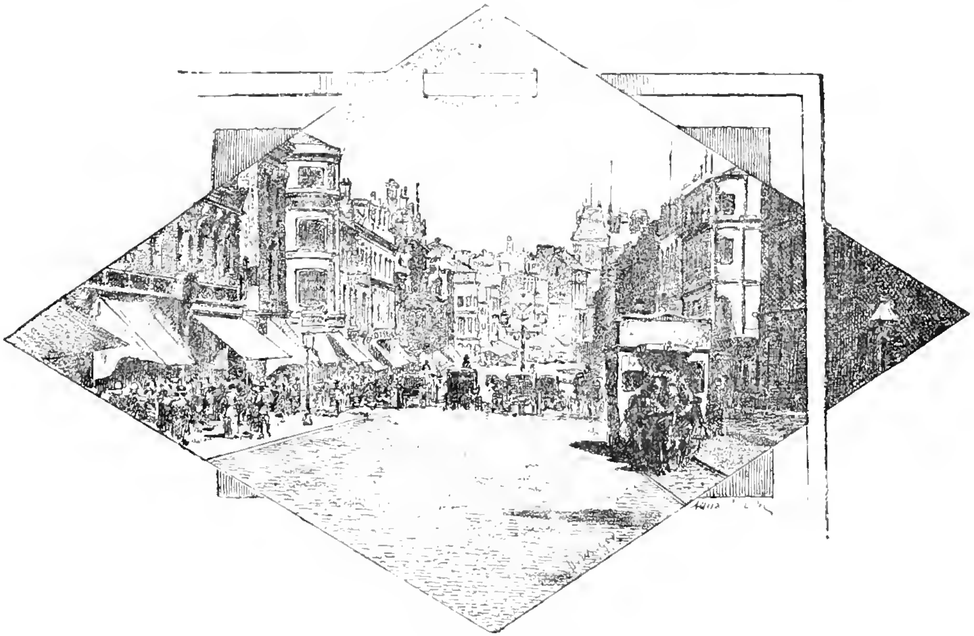
ST. GEORGE'S HALL (LIVERPOOL).

of view, would cost money, if only a few hundred pounds, to English tax-payers, would be very quickly left to its fate.

But there is no need to speculate upon this, firstly, because the English take good care only to choose profitable colonies; and secondly, because commercial transactions with the British possessions increase every year something like £5,000,000 sterling. In such cases as these we must resort to figures, nothing being so convincing, as lawyers say. Here they are. In 1882 the British colonies sent to the mother country £100,000,000 worth of commodities, and have bought of her more than £92,000,000 worth (millions sterling, be it understood). So the commerce of England with her colonies amounts to nearly £200,000,000 sterling annually. Nevertheless, this respectable sum amounts only to two-sevenths of the value of the commerce of England, which in the same year (1882) reached £719,680,322 sterling. It may be stated that in this total the imports figure for £413,019,608, and the exports for £306,660,714 sterling only.

This enormous traffic being conducted by sea—an axiom of La Palisse, which they

forget too often on the continent, where a ton of merchandise can be transported from one end of Europe to the other without transhipment—depends exclusively upon the merchant navy, and on the ports of Great Britain. The latter, like the conduits of some immense suction and force pump, attract from all corners of the universe, their various commodities, which are thence distributed to all nations of the globe. This work of centralization and distribution keeps employed, on the average, a fleet of 24,000 vessels, steamers and sailing ships, of an aggregate of 7,000,000 tons register, manned by 200,000 sailors, without reckoning the colonial vessels. As every ship makes several voyages yearly, the movement of the British merchant marine is continuous. Here are the totals officially published by the Board of Trade for the year 1882:



LORD STREET (LIVERPOOL).

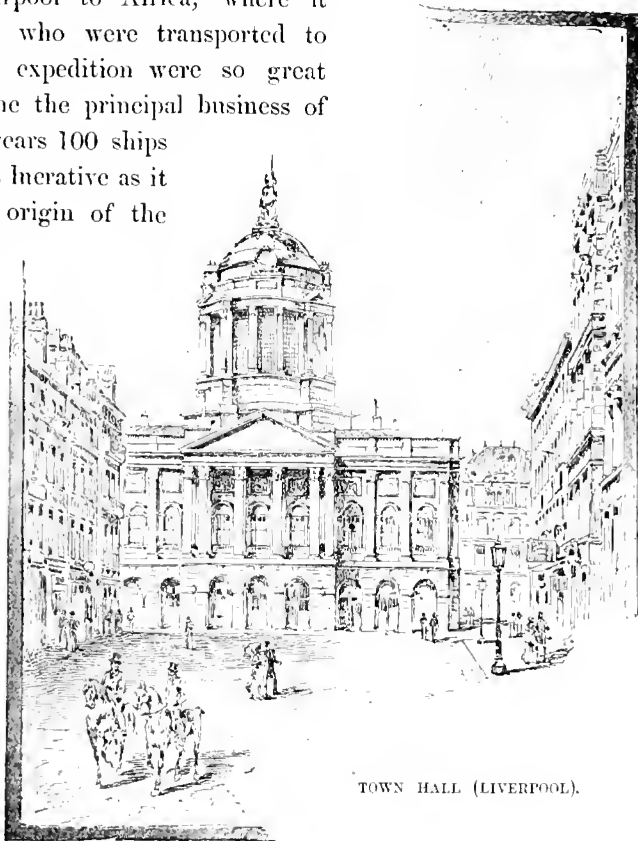
English vessels entered and cleared, 79,110; foreign vessels, 51,485. Adding up these totals, we find that in that one year the ports of the United Kingdom recorded the entry and clearing outwards of 130,595 ships, of an aggregate burthen of 61,000,000 tons. And we must remember that the coasting trade is not included in these figures.

The principal ports of the United Kingdom on the western coast are: Liverpool, Cardiff, Swansea, and Bristol. In the Channel: Plymouth, Southampton, Portsmouth, Newhaven, Folkestone, and Dover. On the east coast: Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Goole, Harwich, Rochester, Queenborough, and London.

Of the £719,000,000 sterling to which the exports and imports amount, three ports by themselves account for £496,500,000; these three are Liverpool, London, and Hull. We have already described London, with the Thames, its docks, its animation, and its extraordinary commercial activity. So it is needless to recapitulate all this. We will only recall the fact that the metropolis did business in 1882 to the amount of £241,000,000 sterling.

Liverpool is the capital of the north of England, the second town in the kingdom, and, after London, the most important port in Great Britain.

The history of Liverpool does not go back very far; it existed, certainly, in the 12th century as a small village of the name, but of so little importance was it that it does not figure on the map of England published in 1635; when, that same year, Charles I. levied a contribution for war purposes, Liverpool was put down at £50, while Bristol paid no less than £1,000. Up to the 18th century the port, access to which was difficult and dangerous, was only visited by a few coasting vessels. In 1709 a small vessel sailed from Liverpool to Africa, where it embarked a cargo of negroes, who were transported to America. The profits of this expedition were so great that the slave trade soon became the principal business of the port, and in less than fifty years 100 ships were engaged in this traffic—as lucrative as it was inhuman. This was the origin of the prosperity and wealth of this important city. To the traffic in negroes were added the exportation of woollen goods from Manchester, and the importation of rum and sugar from America. Leaving Liverpool laden with British merchandise, the vessels exchanged it on the African coast for a cargo of negroes, who were carried to America, where the human freight in its turn gave place to sugar and rum. The abolition of the slave trade did *not* ruin Liverpool, as the adversaries of Clarkson and Roscoe pretended. The ship-owners sought another channel, and developed their commerce with North America—a trade which has since become the chief source of the wealth of Liverpool.



TOWN HALL (LIVERPOOL).

The town is situated at the mouth and on the right bank of the Mersey, four miles from the sea, at the narrowest part of the estuary, the width of which is only three-quarters of a mile between Liverpool and Birkenhead; but extends both up and down stream, forming in the interior a vast lake, four miles wide and twelve long. Liverpool is built somewhat in semi-circular form, the river being the chord of the arc. The banks of the Mersey, for about six miles, are occupied by the docks, which may be reckoned amongst the most curious objects in the world. Long, wide streets radiate towards the centre of the city, intersected at intervals by smaller streets. In those nearest the docks are situated the offices of the principal shippers and merchants.

The immense houses, the banks, and particularly the palatial edifices erected by the insurance companies, give to Liverpool a monumental aspect quite as imposing as that of the new streets in the city of London. All that portion of Liverpool which extends beteewn the Mersey and Lime Street is the head-quarters of business. A busy, cosmopolitan, polyglot, motley, ever-changing crowd surges over the quays. We hear every language under the sun, while at the same time there defile before the bewildered spectator the most varied types of humanity, in the most fantastic costumes. Everyone rushes hither and thither, apostrophising, abusing one another, shoving and buffeting each other. The passing of the tramcars and of heavily-laden waggons cause sudden dispersions in this sea of humanity, similar to the waves thrown up by the prow of a vessel at speed, which close again behind the ship, agitated and surging.

By degrees, as we ascend towards Lime Street, the offices and shops are replaced by dwelling-houses occupied by the rich merchants who have not yet deserted the city for the suburbs. The very wealthy prefer to live at the sea-side or on the banks of the Mersey. Others cross the river, morning and evening, from and to their homes in Cheshire on the opposite bank, where from Eastham to New Brighton the coast is covered with those charming cottage residences so dear to English people.

Opposite Liverpool, on the left bank, stands the borough of Birkenhead, which is in the same relation to Liverpool as Southwark is to London—a suburb. Numerous steam-ferries leaving at ten minutes' intervals, place the two towns in communication, and add to the encumbrances of a river which, after the Thames, is the most animated in the world. Besides, a tunnel is now pierced under the Mersey, and permits the merchants of Liverpool to pass backwards and forwards, to and from business, without any risk of sea-sickness. The North-Western Railway Company now run trains through their tunnel direct to Liverpool. The passage under the river may be made every five minutes. The ferries used to transport every year from one bank to the other 26,000,000 of passengers; so it is easy to imagine what a boon the tunnel is which unites the 800,000 inhabitants of Liverpool with the 120,000 inhabitants of Birkenhead.

As a rule, the houses and streets are modern, the old quarters having been pulled down and entirely rebuilt. Nevertheless, we meet with courts in which are miserable hovels, dignified by the name of cottages, which serve as dwellings of the working-classes, whose morality leaves a great deal to be desired. This is characteristic of most sea-port towns, where the assembly of sailors from all parts of the world detract somewhat from good morals, although they aid powerfully in increasing the population. Few towns have in this respect made more rapid progress than Liverpool, which, having had in the year 1700 only 5,800 inhabitants, a century afterwards numbered 75,000, and is now rapidly approaching 1,000,000 souls.

As we proceed along certain streets, such as Lord Street and Bold Street, which are lined with elegant shops, we perceive at once that we are in a wealthy city. That is plain enough. The linen-drapers' establishments, which, not contented to display the Parisian fashions and elegant modes, assume even the titles of the Paris warehouses, and call themselves "Bon Marchè" (almost always with the grave accent), are filled with a profusion of costumes and head-gear in the latest Paris fashions. The goldsmiths and jewellers, which have made Church Street a Rue de la Paix, dazzle the passers-by

with the glitter of precious stones and the gleaming plate which they expose for sale in their windows, whereat the loungers station themselves. All this indicates considerable wealth. The majority of these merchants are prosperous; some are very rich. One of them, Mr. Joseph Mayer, a goldsmith by trade and a collector by taste, has bestowed upon the town a gallery of ancient objects of art, which are valued at £2,500,000.

As at Manchester, there are no squares or public gardens in the interior of the town; the parks are at a great distance from the centre of the city. A fine avenue planted with trees, Prince's Road, leads to Prince's Park and Sefton Park at the south side of the town.

EXCHANGE (LIVERPOOL).

If Liverpool has no squares, it possesses, on the other hand, many remarkable monuments, some of which merit special description. The principal of these enclose the fine open space which is in the centre of the town, and where is situate the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway; so when the tourist arrives from London he experiences a very favourable impression.

In the midst of this space St. George's Hall, the most beautiful building in Liverpool, first attracts our attention. It is a vast edifice of the Corinthian order,

consisting of a central building flanked by two smaller wings; the situation of the whole upon a rising ground enhancing still more the effect of its imposing proportions. The principal front facing the Lime Street Railway Station is 378 feet in length. The great hall, which we enter through a lobby, is a majestic apartment of 153 feet in length, 63 in width, and 69 in height. The vaulted ceiling in sunken panels is supported by beautiful porphyry columns. The Liverpudlians are proud of their splendid organ which stands at the end of the great hall, and which cost £10,000. Twice a-week, on Thursdays at 8, and on Saturdays at 3 p.m., popular concerts are given in this Hall, where 2,000 people can be accommodated. These concerts are very well attended.

The two wings of the building contain the Courts in which the assizes are held. St. George's Hall was built in 1854, after the designs of Mr. Elmes, and cost more than £400,000 sterling.

There are many statues in St. George's Square, and we remark two in particular in bronze, representing the Queen and the Prince Consort on horseback, and four lions in Scotch granite, modelled by Landseer.

On the other side of the square are three other monuments: these are Brown's Free Library, the Walker Art Gallery, and the Picton Reading Room.

The general appearance of these buildings is of no ordinary kind. The library was built at the cost of Sir William Brown, a very wealthy merchant, who presented it to the city. As the reading-room had become too small the municipality built the Picton Reading Room as an annexe on the plan of that of the British Museum. It is about 90 feet in diameter.

The Walker Art Gallery, which is a counterpart of the library, is built in the same style, but of a more ornamental character. It was presented to the city by a rich brewer, Sir A. B. Walker, formerly Mayor of Liverpool, who expended £22,000 upon it. Though only opened in 1877, this gallery already contains a considerable number of important works. An annual fine-art exhibition is held from the 1st September to the end of December. In 1882 there were nearly 3,000 works exhibited there.

Close to the Walker Gallery, at the angle of the London Road, stands the monument to the Duke of Wellington, which consists of a Doric column, 75 feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of the illustrious warrior.

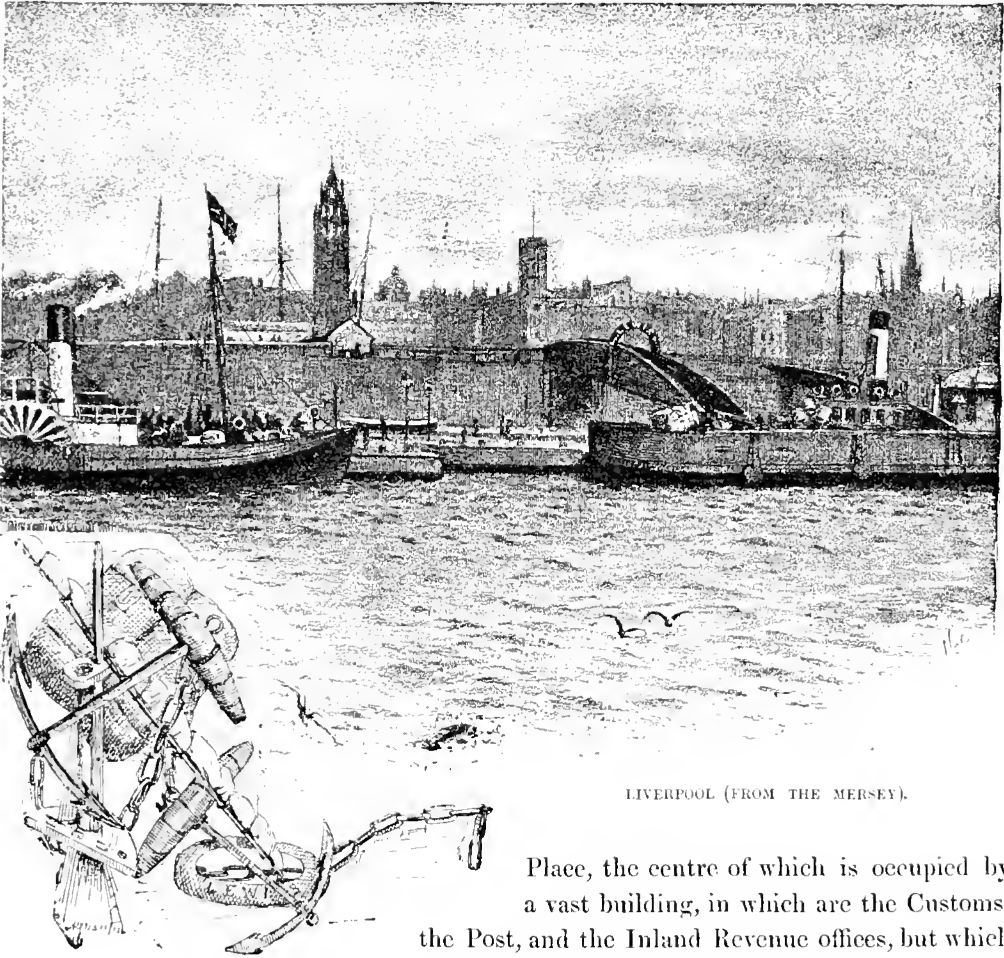
The other monuments belong chiefly to the utilitarian order, and are found in the district extending between St. George's Square and the docks. The first we meet as we descend Duke Street is the edifice which contains the civic offices—Municipal Buildings. Behind this is a large building looking on Victoria Street, in which is the County Court.

Continuing his walk, the tourist will soon reach the Town Hall, an elegant building in classic style, erected in 1749 after designs of the architect Wood, and partly rebuilt in 1795 after a fire. A wide entrance hall leads us to the grand staircase, which conducts us to the upper floors. On the first floor is the banqueting hall. The dinners given by the Mayor of Liverpool have some reputation, and the hospitality of the municipality is proverbial. It is related of a worthy Mayor that, delighted with the presence of a Royal Prince at one of his banquets, and observing him do honour to the repast, he cried out, "Eat away, your Royal Highness, eat away; there's plenty more in the kitchen!"

Behind the Town Hall is the Exchange, an imposing building, the centre of which

is occupied by a fine well-lighted hall, called the News Room, to which only subscribers are admitted, though they have the privilege of introducing strangers. In the open space round the Exchange we find the Nelson monument by Westmacott, which is rather remarkable. Certainly with respect to public statues, Liverpool stands in the front rank of provincial towns.

Castle Street, which extends in front of the Town Hall, leads direct to Canning



LIVERPOOL (FROM THE MERSEY).

Place, the centre of which is occupied by a vast building, in which are the Customs, the Post, and the Inland Revenue offices, but which is generally known as the Custom House. Then we find ourselves in the wide thoroughfare which runs parallel to the Mersey and alongside the docks.

The Mersey, which divides the county of Lancaster from Cheshire, is rather a gulf than a river; for the tributary streams are certainly not sufficient to supply this kind of inland sea, which has taken the name of a small water-course. The port of Liverpool, from an administrative point of view, extends from the mouth of the Dee to that of the Ribble, and consequently embraces both banks of the Mersey. By an Act of Parliament of 1859 a council, called the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, was constituted, which is charged with the supervision and administration of the docks of Liverpool and

Birkenhead, and with the care of the ports. This Board is composed of twenty-eight members, of whom four are nominated by the Board of Trade; the other twenty-four are elected by the dock ratepayers, that is to say, by the merchants and commercial men who possess dock premises. The duties of the Board are absolutely gratuitous, and are far from being sinecures, for the members meet five times a-week; and it is by no means a trifle to manage these twenty-seven docks, into which more than 17,000 vessels enter annually, the aggregate tonnage being 7,800,000 tons. If we add up the number of vessels that entered and cleared during the year 1882, we find the total exceeds 34,000 vessels, and the tonnage 15,000,000. A hundred years ago all the commerce in Liverpool did not employ 100,000 tons; in 1840 there were only about two millions of tons of transport employed; and we see to what this has extended in the year of grace, 1882! Is it not surprising to see the prodigious development of English commerce thus manifesting itself throughout the length and breadth of the country, and marching at an even pace amid all branches of business? What elasticity! What resources! What vitality!

As is the case in London, the exports are inferior to the imports. The latter, in 1882, reached the value of £112,334,000 sterling, against £102,000,000 only of the former. The imports, chiefly from America, consist principally of cottons, cereals, hides, provisions, fruits, and tobacco. The exports are cotton goods, woollens, metals, machinery, clothing, hats, and innumerable quantities of various industrial products.

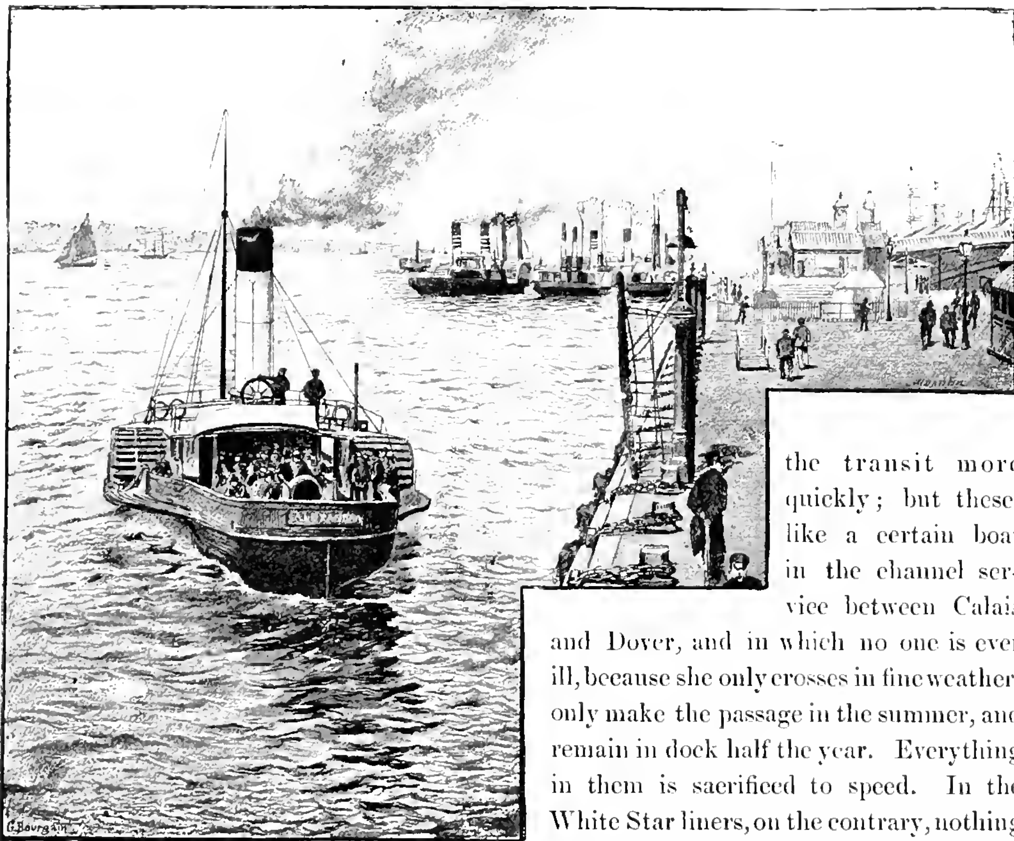
Nine-tenths of all this cotton imported by England arrives in Liverpool, which is the great market for the raw material as Manchester is that for the manufactured article. All Lancashire comes thither to be supplied. There were imported, in 1882, 700,000 tons, which came almost exclusively from America, whence were also sent 1,550,000 tons of cereals and farinaceous foods; 14,850,000 gallons of petroleum, 100,000 tons of salted foods, 154,000 dozen of eggs, 46,000 head of cattle, and 86,000 sheep, and more than 19,800,000 lbs. of tobacco. Let us finish our rough notes upon the business of this port by stating that the customs duties in the same year amounted to £3,096,000 sterling.

As regards the capacity, if not the number of its ships, Liverpool is the greatest port in the world. To it belong 2,543 vessels of 1,704,000 tons burthen. Of these 1,793 are sailing vessels, and 750 steamers; 801 are of more than 1,000 tons; and amongst the steamships there are thirty-five whose register is between 2,500 and 3,000 tons, and thirteen of more than 3,000 tons.

Besides its enormous traffic in merchandise, Liverpool is the principal port for the embarkation and disembarkation of travellers for and from America. The magnificent steamers of the White Star, Cunard, Guion, Inman, National, and Allan Lines, which perform the service between the United States and Liverpool, are veritable floating palaces which no one ought to omit to see when in Liverpool. Not a day passes without witnessing the departure of one of these superb steamers for New York, and it is most interesting to watch the departure of a crack steamer, such as the *Britannic* or the *Germanic* of the White Star Company. Admirably officered, these vessels accomplish the voyage with perfect regularity and punctuality. In these respects the White Star Line is unrivalled; the thirteen steamers which compose its fleet are all of modern build (the oldest is only fourteen years of age), and realise the most perfect type of the

Atlantic liner, for they unite speed, comfort, and security, without which attributes even the smartest vessel is worth nothing. The average duration of the passages of the White Star steamers between Queenstown and New York is nine days, eight hours; and between New York and Queenstown (eastward) eight days, fifteen hours.

The two fastest ships, the *Britannic,* and her sister ship, the *Germanic,* steam fourteen to fifteen knots an hour, while the slowest of all makes over thirteen knots easily. Some vessels of other companies, it is true, have been mentioned as performing the transit more quickly; but these, like a certain boat in the channel service between Calais and Dover, and in which no one is ever ill, because she only crosses in fine weather, only make the passage in the summer, and remain in dock half the year. Everything in them is sacrificed to speed. In the White Star liners, on the contrary, nothing has been neglected to enable them to brave all weathers. As good sailing vessels as steamers, they can, should necessity arise, dispense with steam-power, and cross the Atlantic under sail. This actually occurred during the winter of 1883 to the *Celtic*—names ending in "ic" distinguish the White Star steamers—which, twenty-four hours after leaving New York, was disabled by the breaking of her screw-shaft. Notwithstanding contrary winds and heavy weather, she arrived in Liverpool after a voyage of about a month, without having experienced the least injury. The officers—excellent seamen—are selected from the ships' companies, and gain their promotion in regular rotation. None of them belong to the Royal Navy, but sometimes the Government recruits the Inspectors of the Board of Trade from amongst them. These details sufficiently explain the popularity of these steamers, which carry every year 40,000



FLOATING QUAY (LIVERPOOL).

passengers from America to Europe, and *vice versâ;* more than 15,000 sacks of mails, and 200,000 tons of merchandise.

With perfect courtesy, the directors of the White Star Line make no difficulty in granting permission to strangers to inspect their fine ships, of which they are justly proud. A brief description of the *Britannic,* which has made nearly a hundred voyages, will give an idea of what the steamers are like.

On deck, order and cleanliness are absolute. In the centre, or nearly in the centre of the deck, is the bridge where the commander stands. The captain transmits his orders to the helmsman and to the engineer by an automatic telegraphic arrangement; two dials placed in full view inform him that his orders have been received, understood, and executed. The engines and boilers occupy a space of about 100 feet long, and are of 5,100 horse-power (actual). They were built by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, & Field, of London, the celebrated engineers who furnish engines to the navies of all foreign States in Europe, and amongst others those for the Italian Leviathans, the *Dandolo,* the *Ruggiero di Lauria,* and the *Andrea Doria.*

Three dangers are to be feared at sea—water, fire, and collision. To provide against these, the *Britannic* is divided into seven water-tight and fire-proof compartments. When a leak is observed, the automatic doors and iron shutters, hidden in the thickness of the bulkheads, isolate the portion affected. In case of fire, the same means are applied, while powerful pumps, worked by steam, deluge the compartment with water, saturated with carbonic acid.

We descend into the saloon and the cabins situated amidships by a fine staircase, which many hotels would envy. The saloon occupies the whole width of the ship; it is 48 feet long and 38 feet wide. The floor is of variously coloured wood, and the sides are panelled in maple with white and gold borders. A real marble chimney-piece faces a well furnished bookcase, so passengers can while away the time by reading the principal English and American works. Commodious sofas, and easy chairs on pivots, are set around the tables, at which 200 persons can be seated comfortably, and enjoy the delicate meals prepared for them by a *chef* who is an *artiste* of the first order.

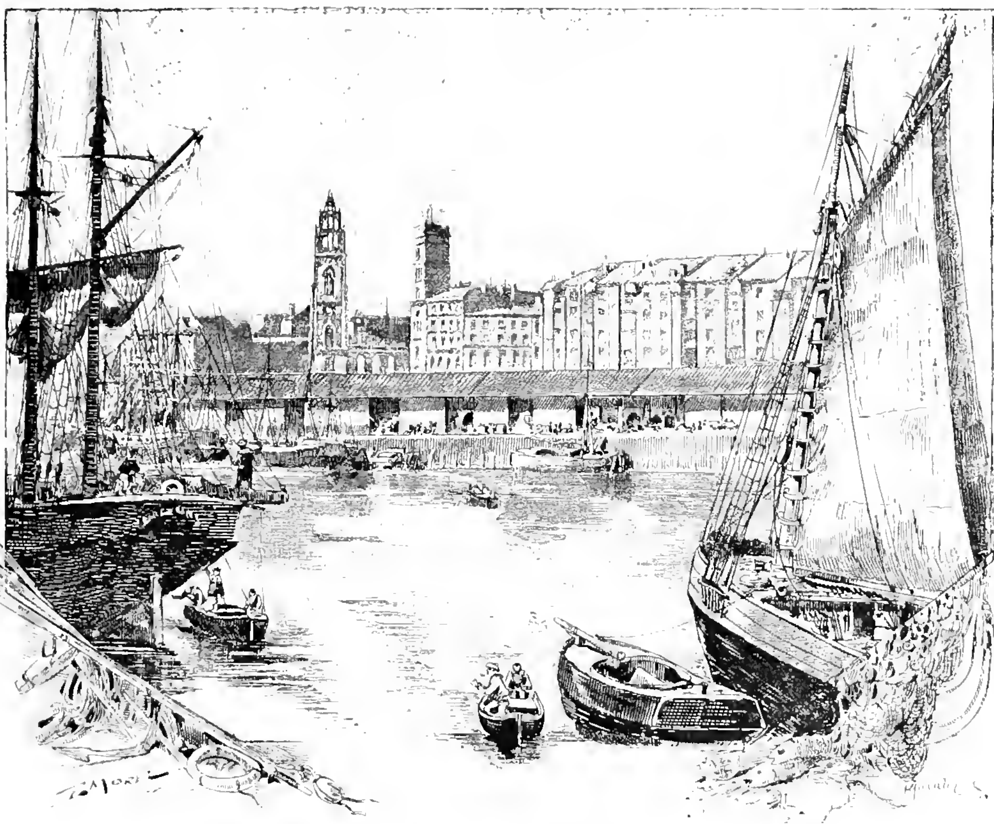
The ladies' cabin, elegantly furnished, is a marvel of comfort; and, so that there can be no jealousy, a smoking room has been provided for the sterner sex, furnished in a manner which is the acme of comfort to a smoker. Adjoining the grand saloon is a hair-dresser's establishment, in which a tiny steam engine provides the "brushing by machinery." People are not yet shaved by steam, but that will come—it is inevitable! Below are the bath rooms, and farther away the nursery in which the young children are strictly under the eyes of their governesses. Those who have travelled with children will understand what solicitude for the comfort of passengers this arrangement displays. Better still, so that the little ones shall not interfere with their elders, the children's dinner is served an hour before the seniors sit down.

As for the cabins, they are as spacious as become such a vessel, kept scrupulously clean, well lighted, and well ventilated. The passengers have only to touch an electric button to summon the stewards who are appointed to wait on them.

As regards the navigation, all the steamers of the company follow the routes

recommended by Lieutenant Maury, which lengthens the passage by 100 miles, but greatly diminishes the risk of collision.

We carry away with us from our inspection of an Atlantic liner a profound admiration for British maritime enterprise. In an old piece at the *Cirque* in Paris, one of the characters in the play used to exclaim every few moments, with the conventional English theatrical accent:—"England is the first nation in the world!"



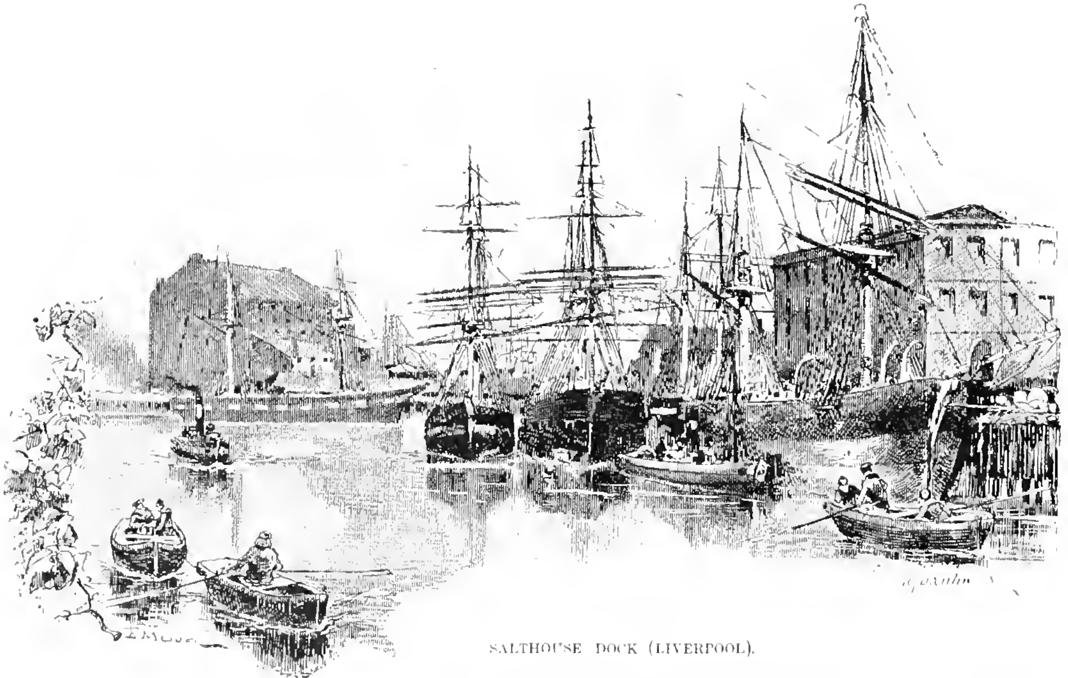
ST. GEORGE'S DOCK (LIVERPOOL).

That is a question which we need not discuss here, but it is very evident that after having seen London and Liverpool, one cannot help repeating:—"Decidedly the English are the very best navigators in the world!"

From Liverpool emigrants proceed to the United States and Canada. Of the 279,366 individuals of British nationality who expatriated themselves in 1882, 234,232 sailed from that port; 189,000 chose the United States as their destination: 40,000 selected Canada. English emigrants are the most numerous—they are in the proportion of 58 per cent.; then come the Irish, 30 per cent.; lastly, the Scotch, 12 per cent. Thirty years ago the exact contrary obtained: the Irish furnished 60 per cent., the English 30 per cent. only of the total number.

Merchandise or passengers, all pass through the docks, which are the centre of constant movement from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, and particularly

between the hours of ten and four. To ascertain this we have only to walk along one of the fine terraces—or parades, as they are called—which are situated between the river and the docks, and whence a magnificent view of the Mersey, Birkenhead, and the Cheshire coast, can be obtained. The most beautiful is the Prince's Parade, 700 yards long and 10 yards wide, and at the extremities of which are shelters, in which pedestrians can take refuge from rain or bad weather. By this parade we reach the Prince's Landing Stage—a large floating quay, 660 yards long. This magnificent pier is supported by seven floating bridges, which rise and fall with the tide, and many

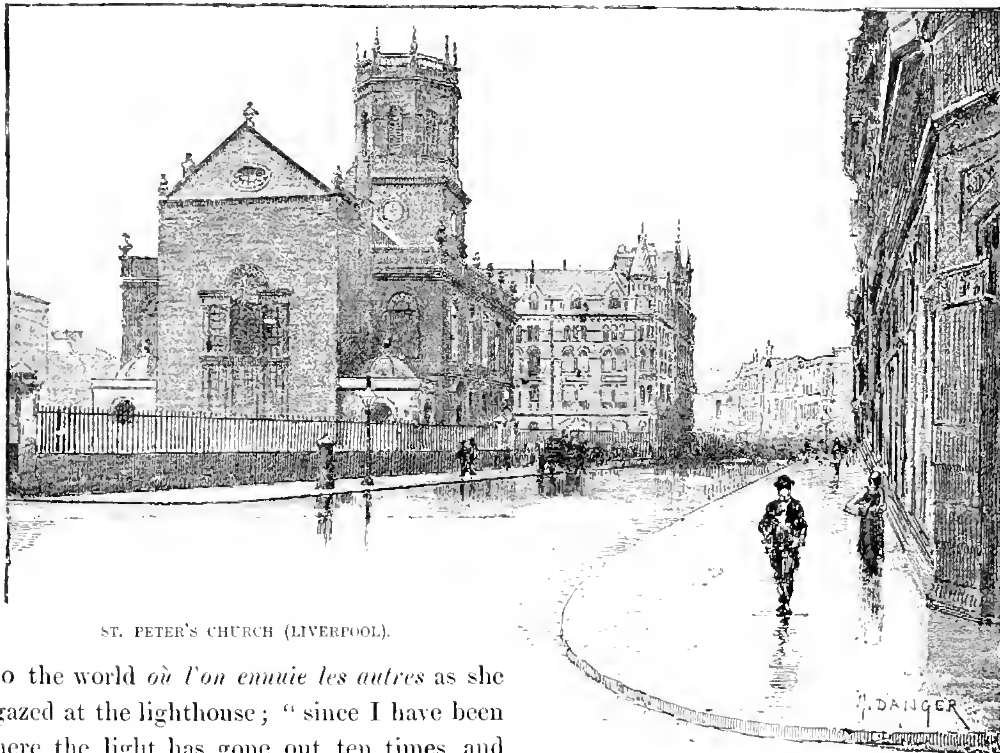


SALTHOUSE DOCK (LIVERPOOL).

of which are covered. Some buildings on this floating quay serve as waiting rooms, refreshment rooms, and offices for the various steam-boat companies; one is a police station. A wide bridge gives access to carriages. The great Transatlantic steamers, and those for Scotland and Ireland embark and disembark their passengers at the Prince's Landing Stage, which is the most favourable place from which to judge of the business of the port. The extreme southern part of the landing stage is reserved for the steam ferry-boats, which ply between Liverpool and the various places on the opposite coast.

From the centre of this stage the prospect embraces all the Mersey, ploughed by myriads of vessels of all kinds and of all nations: heavy sailing ships, graceful steamers with slim bows and raking masts, thick-set and short tug-boats, whose powerful engines make a deafening noise; swift ferry-boats, which pass between Lancashire and Cheshire, threading their way amid a crowd of boats which encumber the river; small rowing boats, which alternately appear and disappear on and between the enormous waves; lastly, all those little skiffs, which look like the small change of the enormous vessels of 1,000 and 3,000 tons, which cover the waters of the Mersey.

Opposite, and rather to the left, is Birkenhead, with its docks and quays, like a reduced copy of Liverpool, or Liverpool seen through the larger end of an opera glass. To the right are Seacombe and Egremont, and farther still, New Brighton. At night the scene is fairy-like. The vessels at anchor carry a white light at the mast-head, while the ferries glide from side to side of the river, showing alternately red and green lights. In the distance the gas-lamps of Birkenhead and the villages on the coast, guard, with a luminous rampart, the Cheshire side of the river. Quite away on the right is the lighthouse of Rock Perch, a revolving light, which blazes out, and disappears again every moment. "What patience those sailors must have," said a young lady belonging



ST. PETER'S CHURCH (LIVERPOOL).

to the world *où l'on ennuie les autres* as she gazed at the lighthouse; "since I have been here the light has gone out ten times, and they have relighted it every time!"

To visit all the docks would be a Herculean task, and would occupy many days. The total extent of these establishments is 1,017 acres, of which about 250 acres are occupied by the basins, the rest by the warehouses. The quays are thirty-eight miles long. Birkenhead, which is advancing rapidly in the footsteps of her elder sister, has already 500 acres of docks, and they are continually being added to.

The public can circulate freely in the docks, but access to the warehouses and storehouses is only permitted to those having passes. It is a very good plan, while travelling, to remember the American axiom: "Keep going ahead and straight on until you are stopped;" that is the way to see what you want. Starting from the neighbourhood of the Custom House, the first important dock is King's Dock, wherein is stored tobacco —each dock has its speciality here. In these enormous magazines are stored about 39,100,000 lbs. of this weed, of which every Englishman consumes about 22 ozs.

annually, which is, on the average, about one half more than in 1843, when no gentleman smoked a pipe in the street, and when the consumption only averaged about 14 oz. per head, per annum.

Alongside, the Salthouse and the Albert Docks are worth notice; the former, because it is now the oldest—it dates from 1753—and the latter, because of its immense warehouses which receive the merchandise imported from the Indies, China, and South America.

The Prince's Dock claims the attention of the visitor, because there the great transatlantic steamers are laid up, and we can inspect them by giving a little "tip" to the steward.

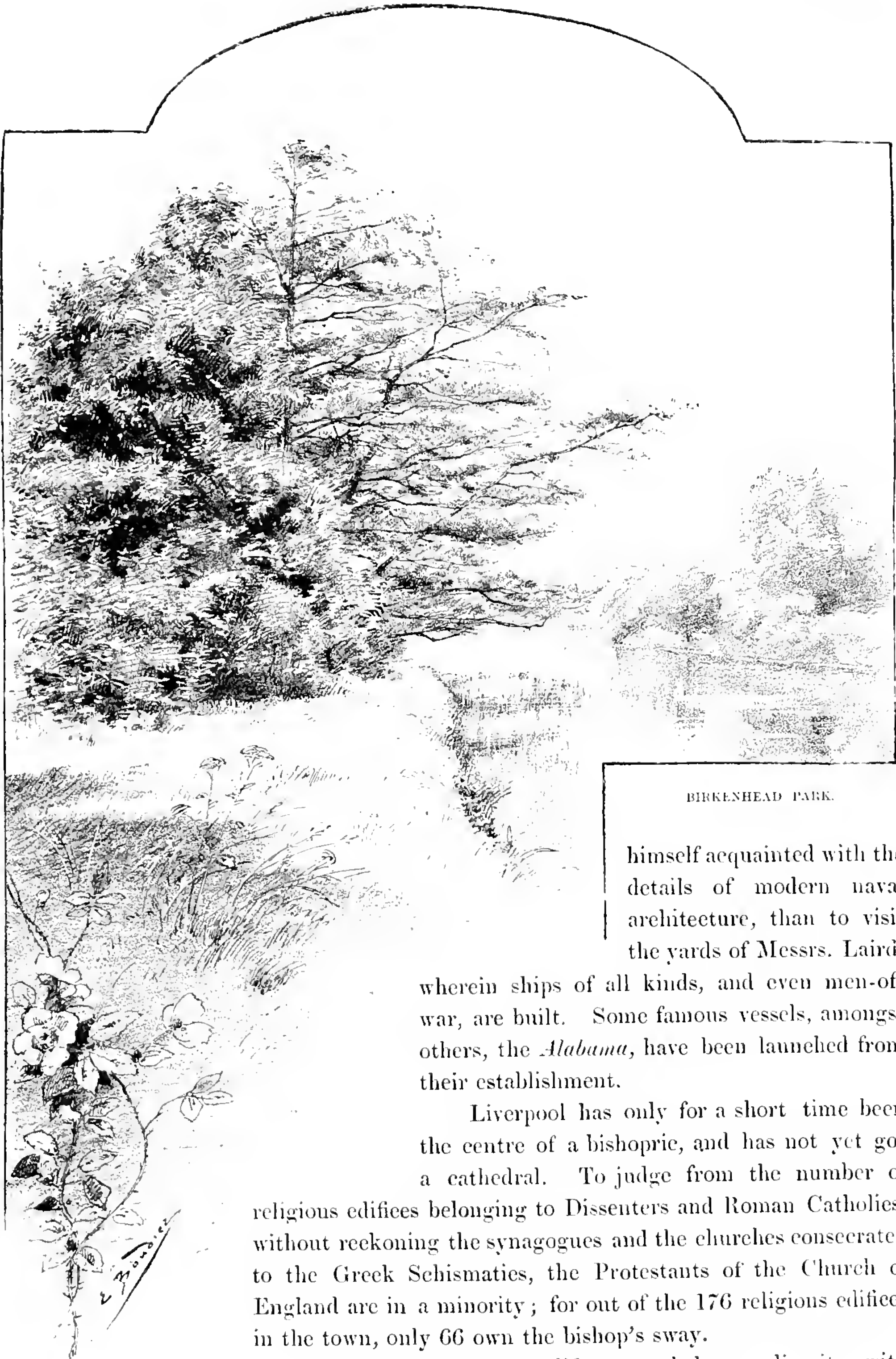
The Waterloo Docks have the speciality of the American cereals which are stored in the enormous buildings which fill up three sides of it, and can accommodate 52,000 tons of grain. The grain is discharged by means of enormous Armstrong steam cranes, and pass direct from the vessels' sides to the different floors of the warehouses by an ingenious system of endless bands and metal cylinders.

PRINCE'S PARK (LIVERPOOL).

Going on from thence, the best thing to do is to take the tramway which runs through the street, or the streets that are parallel to the docks, and proceed to the Canada Docks, whither come all the timber ships from North America, Mexico, and Scandinavia. The quays are more than half a mile long, and the basins, covering a superficies of twenty acres, communicate with the river by sluice-gates ninety feet wide.

These form, with the Huskisson Dock, what are called the New North Docks; and are of colossal proportions, inferior, nevertheless, to those of Langton Dock, and far less than the Alexandra Dock opened in 1881, and which is the largest of all. This last-named dock is so extensive that twenty-two of the largest transatlantic steamers can lie alongside its quays to load or to discharge their cargoes.

Although Liverpool is not actually a manufacturing town, it contains a certain number of important factories, workshops, and foundries. Shipbuilding is one of the chief local industries, and the vessels built on the Mersey have a well-merited reputation. The yards of the Messrs. Laird—one of the first establishments in England—and those of the Mersey Iron and Steel Works, are the most important. In 1882, there were launched from the Mersey building yards twenty vessels: twelve sailing ships and eight steamers, of a total burthen of 30,000 tons. One cannot do better, if he desires to make



BIRKENHEAD PARK.

himself acquainted with the details of modern naval architecture, than to visit the yards of Messrs. Laird, wherein ships of all kinds, and even men-of-war, are built. Some famous vessels, amongst others, the *Alabama*, have been launched from their establishment.

Liverpool has only for a short time been the centre of a bishopric, and has not yet got a cathedral. To judge from the number of religious edifices belonging to Dissenters and Roman Catholics, without reckoning the synagogues and the churches consecrated to the Greek Schismatics, the Protestants of the Church of England are in a minority; for out of the 176 religious edifices in the town, only 66 own the bishop's sway.

As monuments, these edifices are below mediocrity, with

the exception of St. Nicholas' Church, the oldest, and St. Peter's, the parish church, they are not worthy our attention. On the other hand, the Synagogue and the Greek Church, situated in Prince's Park Road, are modern buildings of good appearance, and very richly decorated.

The charitable institutions, hospitals, and others, are numerous and well managed. Charity is extensively practised in England; if we consider that all these institutions, without any exception, are kept up by the liberality of the well-to-do, and that the State does not contribute one farthing to their maintenance, we shall arrive at the secret of the veneration and respect which surround the rich and noble, who generously disburse a large portion of their incomes to relieve the misery of the labouring classes. Two establishments of this kind are remarkable. One is the Seamen's Orphanage, in which 350 orphans are received, brought up, and taught a trade; the other is the Sailors' Home, where they can lodge cheaply, and out of the influence of the Sirens of the Port, whose charms are all-powerful with Jack Tar when he comes ashore after a long voyage. This establishment, every year, receives 6,000 or 7,000 sailors. The Savings Bank attached to the Home is the depository of about £20,000, more advantageously employed thus, than if it had fallen into the laps of the Danäe of the streets. The Sailors' Home, built in the Elizabethan style, is situated near the Custom House; it is a very striking edifice.

Amongst the educational establishments with which Liverpool is abundantly provided, we must mention the Liverpool College or Institute, the College for Girls, the Royal Institution Schools, the schools specially for orphans, for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, industrial schools, and others.

Liverpool supports nine daily papers, for the most part ably edited. The principal are the *Liverpool Albion*, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Liverpool Mercury*, and, for business news, the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce*. The *Albion*, which costs only a halfpenny, is of the usual size, and publishes four editions daily between mid-day and five o'clock. The *Daily Post*, whose circulation is 40,000, is the most read. A dozen other (weekly) journals appear on Wednesdays and Sundays.

With respect to theatres and concerts, the Liverpudlians are very well off, for they have six large theatres and a considerable number of music halls, concert halls, skating-rinks, and various exhibitions; principally frequented by sailors, who are great pleasure-lovers.

When the weather permits, the inhabitants go and breathe the fresh air in the six parks, which are situated in the environs. The two most beautiful are Sefton Park and Prince's Park. The latter was presented to the town by Mr. Yates, who paid £18,000 for it.

Liverpool is in direct communication with all parts of England. A great number of lines converge into its three large termini. That in Lime Street belongs to the London and North Western Railway, one of the four lines which connect London with the Mersey port. The station is faced by a fine hotel belonging to the railway company, arranged with every comfort and luxury, and one of the finest in Liverpool, where hotels are numerous and generally very well managed.

The Great Northern, the Midland, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire

Railways put Liverpool in direct communication with London, Scotland, the midland counties, and the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire.

The terminus of the Great Western Railway was at Birkenhead, on the opposite side of the Mersey; but now the tunnel is finished, the trains run direct into Liverpool, which is by it connected with the western counties and the coal fields of Wales.

The canals, which have lost much of their importance since the establishment of railways, are not the less useful. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal, that which connects

PEEL CASTLE (ISLE OF MAN).

Liverpool with Manchester; the Bridgewater Canal, which connects the Mersey with Staffordshire, where the famous potteries are; and the Ellesmere Canal, which penetrates into North Wales, are the chief of these silent highways. It is in contemplation to cut a ship-canal between Liverpool and Manchester; with that and the Mersey Tunnel, nothing will be wanting to complete the happiness of the inhabitants.

To explore the different quarters of the town, the tourist has the choice of cabs, omnibuses, or tramways. *A propos* of this last-mentioned mode of locomotion, so popular in France and England, it may not be undesirable to state that the first English tramways were started in Birkenhead.

Every ten minutes a steam-boat leaves the Prince's landing-stage for Birkenhead, and in a few minutes the passengers are landed at Woodside. In a town which dates

only from the beginning of this century, and which in 1800 had not 100 inhabitants, which was only built as an annexe to Liverpool, and which is primarily a commercial depôt, there are, it is needless to say, docks, which are the principal, and, indeed, the sole local curiosity.

GLEN HELEN (ISLE OF MAN).

These are managed, like those in Liverpool, by the Mersey Dock and Harbour Board, and are chiefly remarkable for the two immense basins, one of fifty acres and the other of sixty acres in extent, which are surrounded by immense warehouses, built on the model of those in St. Katharine's Docks, in London. All the coal forwarded from Wales to the Mersey is deposited in the Birkenhead Docks; but now that the tunnel is open, it is to be feared that Birkenhead will lose something of its importance.

The five churches of Birkenhead, its schools, its hospitals, its library, and its theatre, cannot be considered interesting monuments from any point of view; but Claughton Park, situated to the north-west of the town, will repay a visit. Well planted, and possessing pretty artificial lakes, which wind through wide grass-plots and flower-beds, Birkenhead Park presents a charming scene.

In summer, tourists should proceed as far as New Brighton, the suburban retreat of the Liverpudlians — an assemblage of villas and houses, built upon a nice, sandy beach, where from those who are not afraid of a roughish sea can bathe in its waters somewhat muddy withal.

The southern portion of Lancashire, as we have seen, is somewhat flat and monotonous. The suburbs of Liverpool have no great charm; so there are comparatively few excursions to be made except along the sea-coast and the borders of the river.

But there is on the Irish Sea, at equal distances from England, Scotland, and Ireland, a small island, very curious and very picturesque; we mean the Isle of Man.

This island, which measures thirty-two miles by ten, is divided into two portions, lengthwise, by a chain of hills which crosses it from north-east to south-west. Of these hills the highest is about 2,000 feet; down their sides run many streams, which fertilise the land and water the pretty valleys. The inhabitants are of Celtic origin, descended from the primitive races of Great Britain. First a Danish colony, like Ireland, the Isle of Man, conquered by the Scotch in the 13th century, passed, in the following century, and after many vicissitudes, into the possession of the Earls of Derby. In the

RAMSAY (ISLE OF MAN).

18th century it became, by heritage, the property of the Dukes of Athol, who sold to the Government, for a sum of £2,000, the sovereign rights of the island, but retained seignorial and territorial rights. As the island is rich in minerals, it was a good property. The Athol family retained it until 1825, when the then Duke sold it to the Crown for the round sum of £400,000.

So the Isle of Man has been an appendage of the British Crown for sixty years. It nevertheless preserves its independent form of government, its laws and judicial organization. The island is ruled by a Lieutenant-Governor, and the laws are made by the Upper and Lower Chambers. The latter is called the House of Keys.

The principal town is Douglas, which is in direct communication with Liverpool by means of a regular service of steamers; but Castletown is the capital of the island.

Douglas is relatively a modern town, the new portions of which situated on the cliffs, are invaded in summer by a crowd of bathers, attracted from the northern counties

by the agreeable climate and charming situation of Douglas, which has become a bathing station of some importance. Seen from the sea, the town, backed by hills, and built in semi-circular form, on the shore of a beautiful bay, presents a very charming picture.

The Isle of Man, considered by geologists as a fragment of the Lake District, really recals the features of that region. There are the same geological characteristics, the same mountains, with waterfalls and pretty-wooded heights.

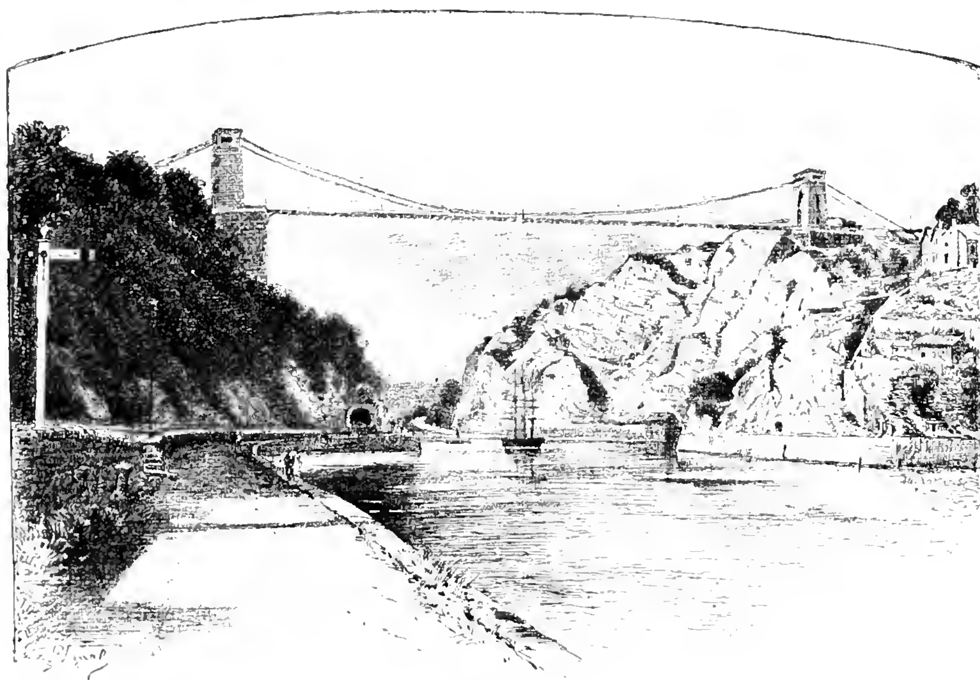
The Isle of Man—who will believe it?—has a railway connecting Douglas with Castletown and Peel.

The second of these two towns offers nothing of interest, but Peel still possesses the ruins of its ancient castle and of its cathedral, which, fortified and embattled, formed part of the defences of the town. The northern portion of the island has no railway, and the road along the coast traverses the copper and zinc mining districts, of which the richest and most abundant are those of Laxey. These mines, with the herring fishery, constitute the wealth of the Isle of Man, whose picturesque localities and the manners and customs of the inhabitants, render it one of the most curious places in the British Isles, which contain so many surprises for the investigator and for the tourist.

II.

BRISTOL: THE DOCKS, COMMERCE, INDUSTRY.—GLOUCESTER.—CHEPSTOW CASTLE.—TINTERN ABBEY.—CARDIFF.—SWANSEA.—TENBY.—PEMBROKE.—MILFORD HAVEN.

Between Liverpool and the Bristol Channel the coast of England, or rather of Wales, possesses only ports of little consequence. As soon as we have passed the Dee, Cheshire, the Isle of Anglesey, and the end of Carnarvonshire, we enter the beautiful



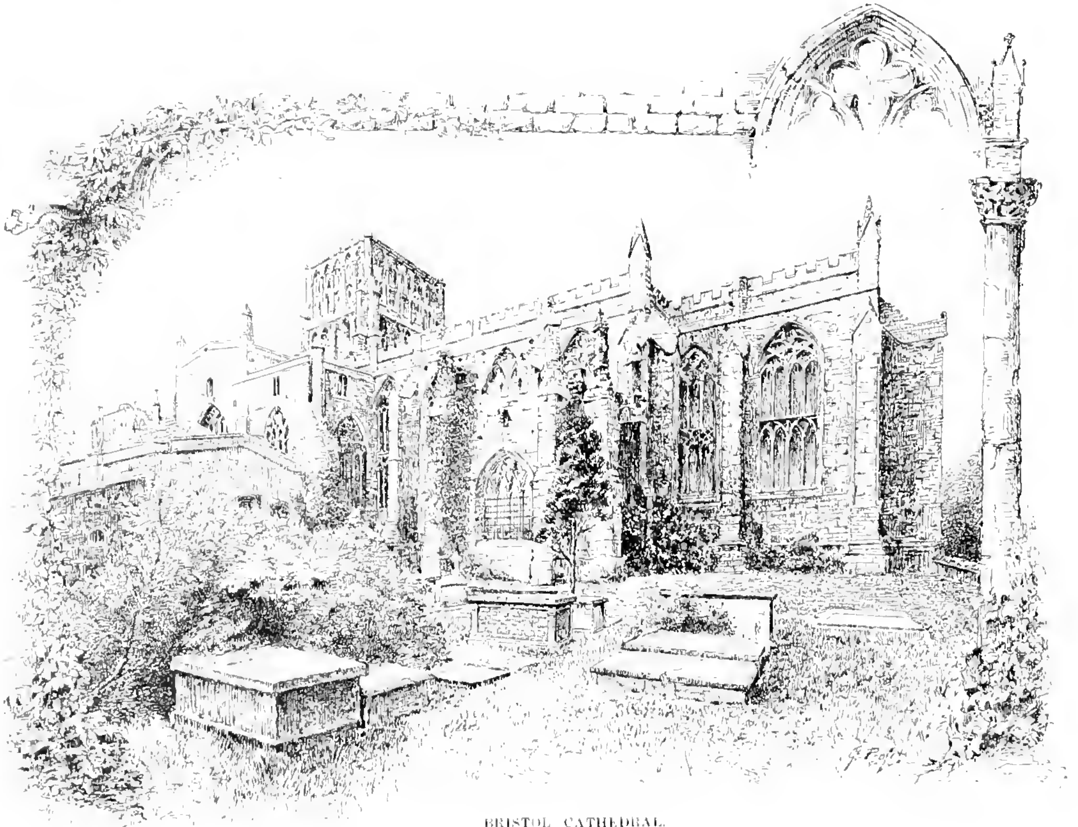
CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Cardigan Bay, which, if it contains no harbours of importance, is plentifully dotted with towns and picturesque villages. It is here, actually on the coast, or at a small distance from it, that we see Harlech and its old castle; and Barmouth, with its sandy beach, very much frequented during the bathing season. Here is Aberystwith, the Brighton of Wales, whose cliffs are dominated by the ruins of a castle built in the Middle Ages; then come Fishguard and Cardigan; lastly, as soon as we have rounded St. David's Head, we reach the mouth of the immense estuary, at the side of which, on the Avon, Bristol is situated.

Between Liverpool and Bristol, the simplest, the most rapid, and most agreeable means of communication is the railway. When the Severn Tunnel is in working order, direct communication between Liverpool and Bristol will be established.

Bristol, a very ancient town, whose foundation has been attributed to Brennus, was first called, by the Saxons, Bright Stow—a name corrupted to Bristowe, Latinized to Bristollum, and finally transformed to Bristol. Situated at the confluence of the Avon and the Frome, seven miles from the sea, with which it is connected by the Avon and the Bristol Channel, this town was destined to become a port of considerable importance; so for a long time it was considered as the most extensive port in England, London excepted.

Up to the last century, Liverpool and Bristol disputed for the commercial supremacy



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

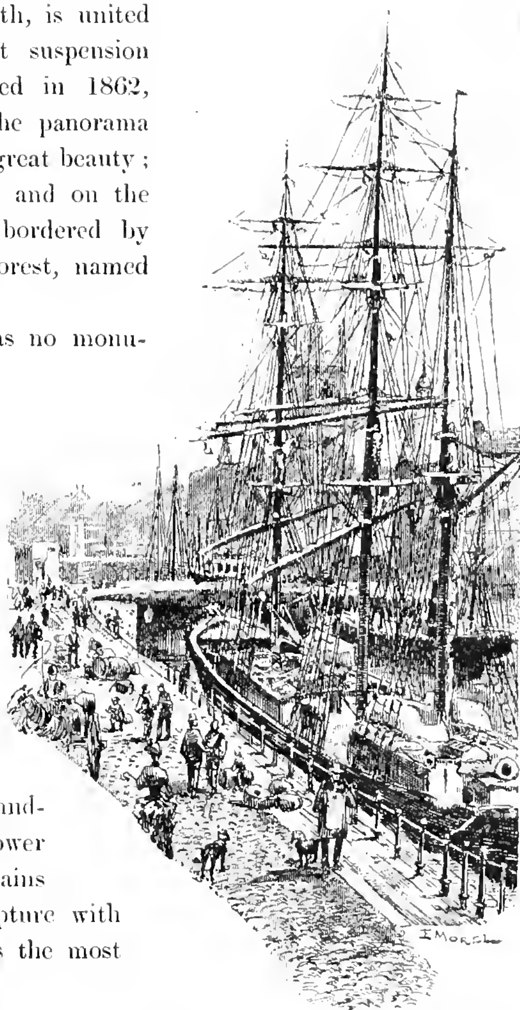
of the West of England; the struggle was long and obstinate, but Liverpool, situated on the vast Mersey, was bound to advance before Bristol, so ill at ease on the mud-banks of the Avon. After slowly declining for a long time Bristol has at length taken up a secondary position amongst the ports of the West of England.

It is now a city of 207,000 inhabitants, picturesquely situated upon a hilly ground, and divided into two parts—the lower town and the upper town. The lower, the business quarter by the docks, is included between the two rivers. The narrow and tortuous streets are bordered with old corpulent gabled houses which overhang the pathway, giving to these old quarters the aspect of a Flemish City. It is said that certain wooden houses still standing were brought from Holland in pieces, which sounds reasonable enough. The upper town, comprising the old suburb of Clifton—now a part

of Bristol—is inhabited by merchants and well-to-do people, who have built some elegant houses there, after the style of those which are so numerous in the suburbs of London. To reach Clifton, we must pass by Brandon Hill, an ascent which was at one time crowned by a fortification, and from whence a magnificent view of the town and the surrounding country may be obtained. Clifton, built upon a steep cliff, the base of which is washed by the Avon, which runs a hundred feet beneath, is united to the opposite bank by a magnificent suspension bridge, commenced in 1836 and finished in 1862, which cost about £100,000 sterling. The panorama which is unfolded to the spectator is of great beauty; at the foot of the down rolls the Avon, and on the opposite side lies Nightingale Valley, bordered by heights, and covered with a luxuriant forest, named Leigh Woods.

Apart from its churches, Bristol has no monuments. The cathedral, situated near the port, is a Gothic building, the nave of which is modern; the choir and transepts date from the 12th century. With its unfinished towers the cathedral presents but a mediocre appearance.

The church of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, situated a little distance from the railway, in a somewhat low quarter, is one of the most elegant Gothic churches in this part of England. It was founded in the 13th century by the merchant princes of Bristol. Its lofty spire of red sandstone, 180 feet high, overlooks all the lower town. The harmony of its style, which obtains throughout, and the beauty of the sculpture with which it is decorated, stamp it certainly as the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifice in the city.



BRISTOL PORT.

Like Pisa, Bristol has its leaning tower, represented by the clock tower of the Templars' Church, recently restored within, but very dilapidated exteriorly, and surrounded by miserable hovels.

The Bristolians have always had the reputation for prodigality and love of luxury, which, perhaps, were accounted for by the traditional want of beauty of the female population, who had recourse to art to supply the want of those gifts which nature has refused them. It is commerce which paid their foolish expenses—and what commerce? Truth obliges us to say that it was the slave trade, of which the Bristol merchants made a speciality, and which returned them such large profits, that it was only with great reluctance, and after as much delay as possible, that they renounced it. Was it not

against them that the singer Incledon, when hissed, launched this scathing apostrophe: "There is not a brick of your houses which is not cemented with the blood of a negro."

It is to the suppression of this traffic, doubtless, that the decadence of Bristol is partly attributable, and its merchants were obliged to seek in some other kind of speculation more honest profits. So it is to Bristol belongs the honour of having launched, in 1838, the first steamboat which crossed from England to America. It became the town which gave birth to Cabot, the celebrated navigator who discovered Newfoundland, and saw the coasts of Florida a year before Columbus did, to open a new route to English maritime commerce.

The *Great Western*, built at Bristol, and which we now-a-days would look upon as a nut-shell, was then so enormous that it was necessary to enlarge the dock gates to permit her exit from the building yard. The docks at that time were only basins cut in the bed of the Frome and the Avon. The development of the commerce of Bristol, and the increased dimensions of the merchant vessels, necessitated the construction of new docks at the mouth of the Avon, which are connected with Bristol by a special line, called the Bristol Port Extension Railway. These docks were opened for business in 1876.

CIVIC CROSS (BRISTOL).

Since 1848, the maritime commerce of Bristol has considerably extended. The imports particularly have vastly increased; the exports, on the contrary, have markedly diminished. The principal articles imported are American cereals; in 1882, there were entered in this port 400,000 tons of grain and flour. But this is not all; in the same year Bristol imported 550,000 gallons of petroleum, over 800,000 pounds of tobacco, and a large quantity of wine, spirits, and timber.

The business of the port is, of course, considerable. The published reports of the Board of Trade inform us that the total tonnage of ships entering the port in 1846 was 100,722 tons; in 1870, it amounted to 348,556 tons; in 1875, 402,234 tons; and in 1882, 502,088 tons.

So far as the Customs' receipts are concerned, Bristol is the fourth port in England, the duties of all kinds amounting to about £800,000 sterling, annually.

As an industrial city, Bristol occupies a very honourable position, and contains numerous factories. The most important industries are those of glass, pottery, chemical products, tobacco, sugar, shoes, and soap. The boot and shoe trade employs about 5,000

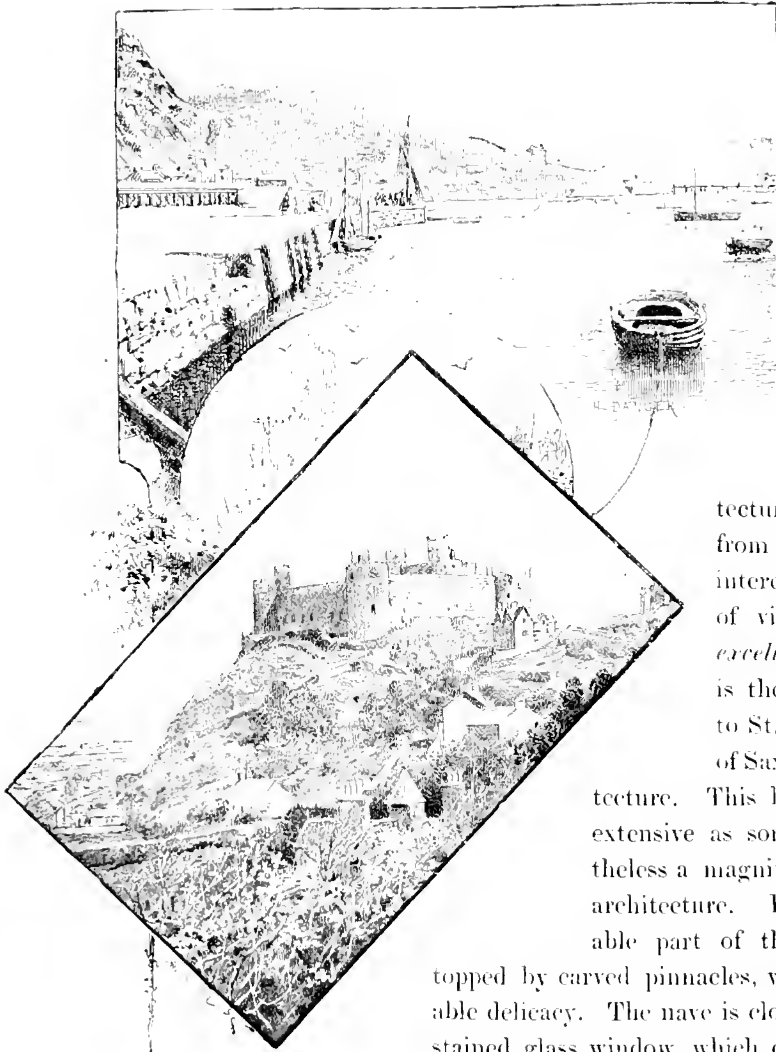
workpeople, the soap works about 400. The Great Western Cotton Works employ 1,500 persons, and it is estimated that about 2,000 hands are employed in the making of

HIGH STREET (BRISTOL).

corsets, which forms an important branch of Bristolian commerce.

Bristol, separated from Wales by the Severn, has to suffer for its position, which renders communication with the Welsh colliery districts somewhat difficult. The opening of the Severn tunnel, a gigantic enterprise, will put an end to this state of things. The work is just now finished, and would have been completed ere this, had it not been for an accident which happened in the summer of 1883, when the tunnel was inundated in consequence of a fissure in the roof. The fault was repaired, and the delay was not so considerable as at first was feared.

Before speaking of the other ports of the Bristol Channel, let us say a few words about Gloucester, which is about thirty-five miles from Bristol, a distance quickly accomplished by railway. Gloucester is a very ancient city, situated on the banks of the Severn in a large and fertile plain, bounded at a distance by picturesque hills, and is the centre of an important agricultural district.

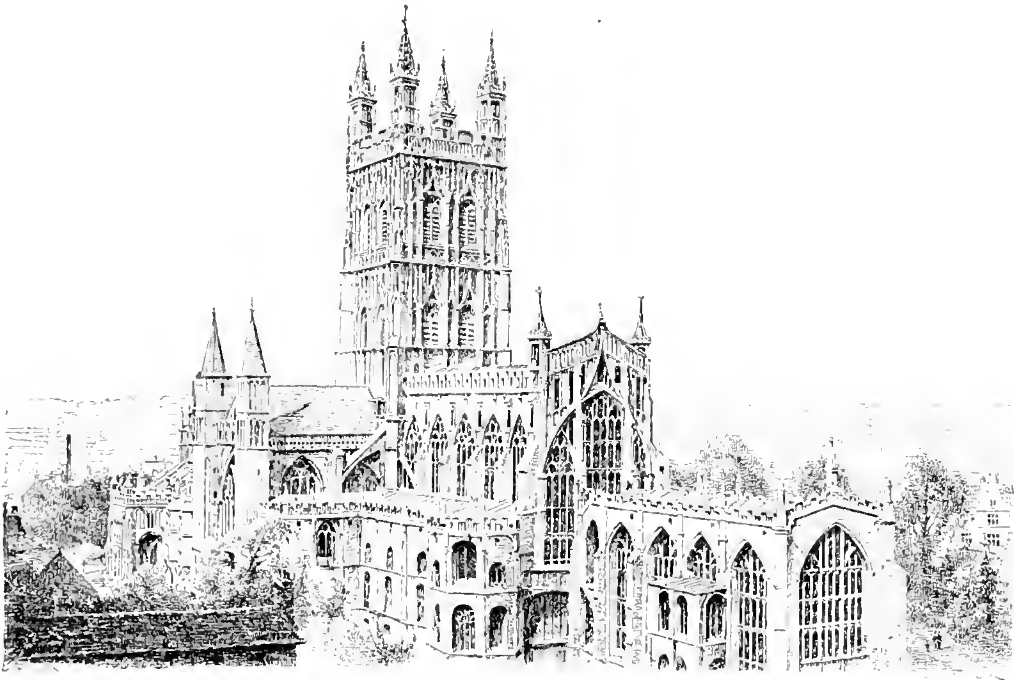


BARMOUTH AND HARLECH CASTLE.

It owes to the Roman occupation the termination of its name and the arrangement of its principal streets, which, like those of Chester, start from a common centre towards the four cardinal points. The old quarters of the city, both curious and picturesque, preserve an appearance peculiarly their own; the houses, lofty and of various styles of architecture, dating for the most part from the time of Queen Anne, are interesting from more than one point of view. But the monument *par excellence*, the "lion" of the place, is the beautiful cathedral dedicated to St. Peter, in which we find traces of Saxon, Norman, and English architecture. This beautiful edifice, though not so extensive as some grand cathedrals, is nevertheless a magnificent specimen of the pointed architecture. Exteriorly, the most remarkable part of the edifice is its lofty tower, topped by carved pinnacles, which are chiselled with admirable delicacy. The nave is closed at the east end by a superb stained glass window, which does not yield in richness and purity of style even to that of York Minster. The choir, recently restored, is in the Perpendicular style, and the Lady Chapel, built in the 15th century, contains a reredos which is a masterpiece of decorative art.

The tombs, which embellish the interior of the cathedral, are numerous, and some of them remarkable; the principal ones are those of Robert Courthose, the son of William the Conqueror, and of Edward II. At the side of the nave is the cloister, a magnificent specimen of the national architecture, whose delicate mouldings and rich ornamentation constitute it a very gem.

From Gloucester to Newport and Cardiff, the railroad passes near some celebrated localities. The most curious, unquestionably, is the town of Chepstow, picturesquely situated on the right bank of the Wye. It is dominated by the beautiful ruins of its celebrated castle, which overhang the river. This castle, which dates from the 13th century, stands on the summit of a steep hill, and encloses four courts forming as many lines of defence. About five miles from Chepstow are the beautiful ruins of Tintern Abbey, which belong, as does Chepstow Castle, to the Duke of Beaufort. The abbey is a magnificent monument of the ornate style, which succeeded to the primitive English



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

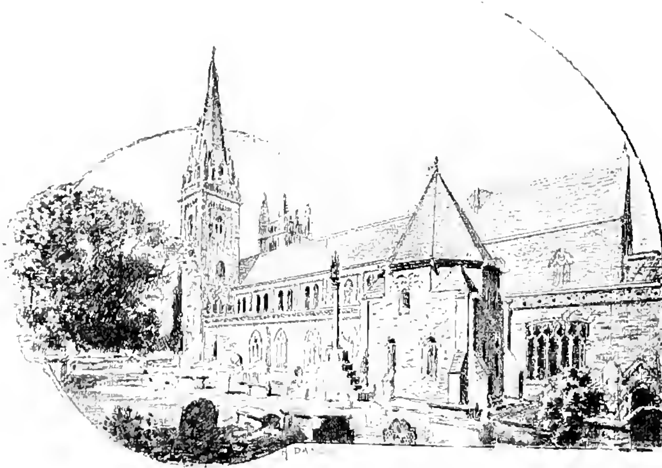
architecture, whose characteristic was, as its name indicates, profusion and beauty of decoration. The roof no longer exists, but the walls are standing, and the fragments of sculpture which are still visible give one a high opinion of the art displayed by the monks, who built this beautiful edifice.

Newport, which is only seventeen miles from Chepstow, is a very flourishing place, situated on the right bank of the Usk, which is so far navigable and accessible by the largest ships. The docks, finished in 1875, are extensive and well arranged. As for the town, it is dirty and melancholy, and possesses no monument worthy of the name.

Cardiff, on the contrary, is doubly interesting. It is, in the first place, a striking example of what can be accomplished by a man of large views, and of a bold and enterprising mind, for Cardiff has been solely created by the efforts of the Marquis of Bute, who, while increasing his own fortune enormously, has made that of the country; besides, for those who wish to visit the coal districts of South Wales, it is an excellent centre whence it is easy to reach the principal coal-mines of that region.

The population of Cardiff was, in 1801, 1,018 inhabitants; in 1851, 18,000; and in 1883 there were 90,000 souls in it. These figures need no comment, and fully justify the foresight of the Marquis of Bute, to whom the town owes its existence and its prosperity. The Marquis of Bute, owner of nearly the whole of the Rhondda Valley, and of the mines of iron and coal which it contains, was struck with the difficulty experienced in the shipment of the products of the mines, and conceived the idea of excavating the Cardiff docks, which belong to him almost entirely. Full of confidence in the correctness of his views, he did not hesitate to risk his whole fortune in this vast enterprise. The success of this venture has exceeded all expectations, for Cardiff is now the principal port for the shipment of the coal and iron furnished by the whole of the district.

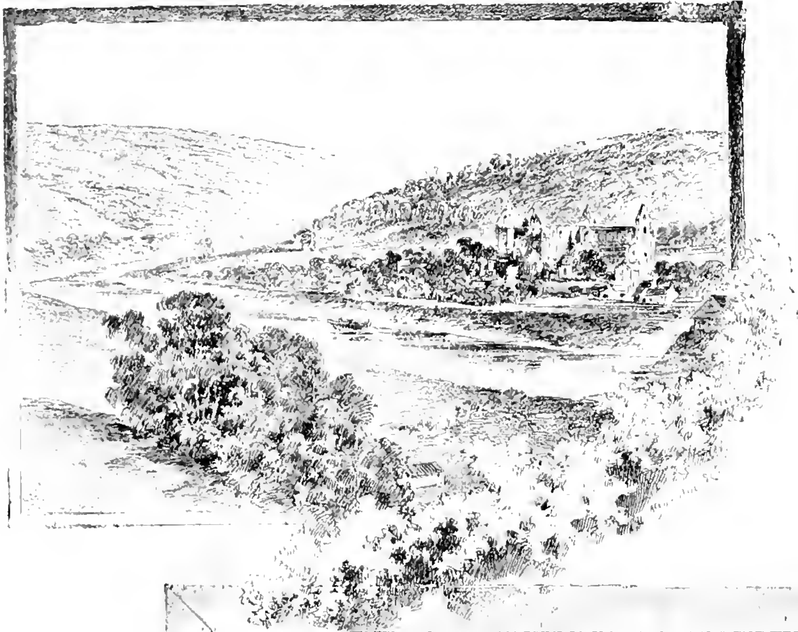
In 1839, when the first docks were opened, more than 160,000 tons of coal were exported from Cardiff. Nine years afterwards the Marquis of Bute died, with the satisfaction of knowing that his task which he had half accomplished would be continued by his executors, and that his son, then only a year old, would be one of the richest men in England. In 1859 it was found necessary to build new docks; in 1864 the trustees asked Parliament for authority to expend £1,200,000 to enlarge the harbour and the dock basins. But Lord Bute being a minor, the House of Commons refused to sanction this project, and they were obliged to modify the bold plans they had conceived. While the commerce of Cardiff continued to extend, houses sprang up like mushrooms; the streets were continually being added to, and the population increased with such rapidity that in eighty years it had augmented nearly a hundredfold. Newcastle was superseded by Cardiff in the export of coal, for in 1882 the latter port despatched nearly 6,000,000 tons, as well as 150,000 tons of iron, the total value of which amounted to more than £4,000,000 sterling. These two minerals are the chief exports of Cardiff, and are now valued at about £4,440,000 sterling, while the imports do not reach more than £2,000,000.


LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

Such an amount of business causes great activity in the port; in that same year, 3,765 vessels entered the docks, and 5,929 cleared outwards, of which the greater part were colliers.

When we have perambulated the extensive docks, alongside of which mountains of coal are ranged, and strolled through the streets of the town, which are neatly kept and bordered with houses of a very simple style, there only remains to be seen the castle,

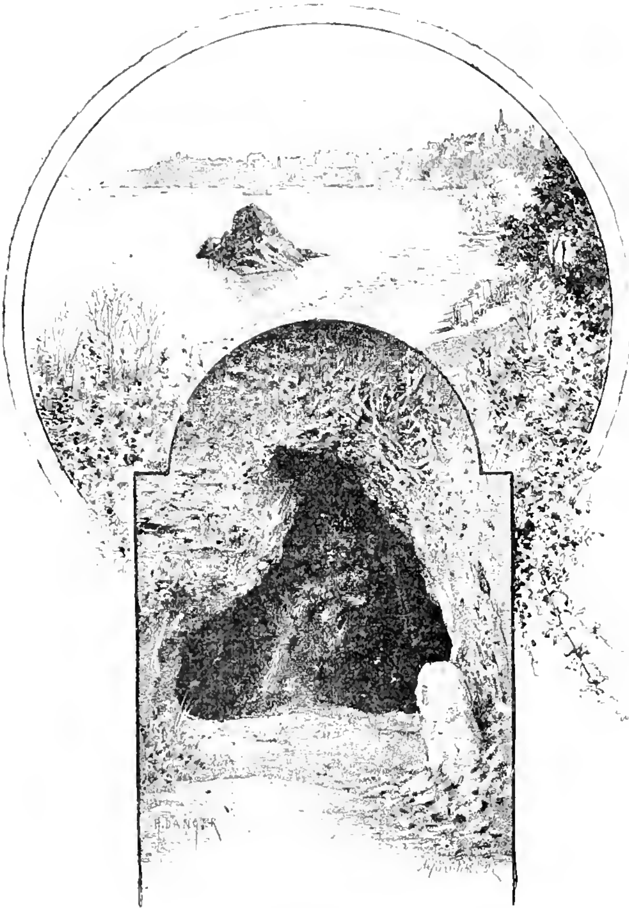
the noble residence of the Marquis of Bute. It is situated at the end of the town, on the banks of the Taff, which is very shallow here, although only two miles from its mouth. Successive restorations have left little or nothing of the ancient edifice which dated



TINTERN ABBEY

from the Norman period, but from a distance the embattled towers, the pinnacles, and the walls which surround it on three sides, present a very picturesque appearance. The castle is sumptuously furnished; the summer and winter smoking rooms of the Marquis of Bute have a legendary reputation.

Two miles away, on the right bank of the Taff, stands Llandaff Cathedral, a monument of the 11th century, which was permitted to go to ruin, but which during the last fifty years has been skilfully restored. The village of Llandaff, which contains only 700 or 800 inhabitants, is nevertheless the seat of an Anglican bishopric. According to tradition, at Llandaff was erected the first Christian church in Great Britain. The cathedral, of early English Gothic, consists of a nave, two aisles, and a choir. The roof and the stained-glass windows are modern, as well as the spire, which is 195 feet high. Notwithstanding its curious position at the foot of the hill on which the village is built, contrary to all rules, perhaps even on this account, Llandaff Cathedral has an extremely picturesque appearance.



VIEW OF TENBY
AND HOYLE'S MOUTH CAVERN.

From Cardiff to Swansea the railroad strikes inland, passing Llantrissant, a horrible little town in a picturesque situation, the appearance of which is remarkable, but which it is as well to see from the outside and without entering it; then, by Bridgend, the rail turns towards the coast again and traverses the valleys of Afon and Neath, on its way to Swansea. All this region is crowded with factories, chiefly copper, zinc, and lead foundries. The smelting of the ores and the working of the copper are the chief industries of Swansea and of the district, over which hangs continually a cloud of smoke and steam most unpleasant to the sight and smell, and very injurious into the bargain. The ore manufactured at Swansea does not come solely from Cornwall and Devonshire, but a little from everywhere; Cuba, Valparaiso, and other places in South America, furnishing a considerable quantity of it.

Swansea is beautifully situated at the end of an extensive semi-circular bay, forming a natural harbour, well sheltered from all winds, which serves as a port of refuge for hundreds of vessels at the same time.

The town possesses no important buildings, and, with the exception of the docks,

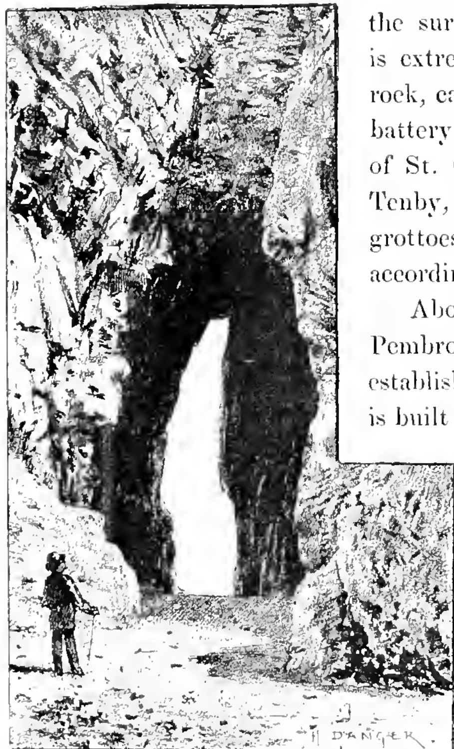
there is nothing worth seeing. Even the docks, after those in Liverpool, for instance, have but a secondary interest.

On the other hand, the environs are charming, and an excursion along the bay is

HIGH STREET AND THE DOCKS (CARDIFF).

one of the most agreeable trips that can be made. Before we reach the Mumbles, we perceive Oystermouth Castle, which overlooks the sea from the top of a picturesque rocky eminence. The beauty of Swansea Bay is enhanced by the luxurious vegetation, the leafy trees, and the verdure which meet one on every side, and which contrast so

pleasantly with the high smoky chimneys in the direction of the town. From Swansea the coast to Tenby is less interesting, although very picturesque. Tenby is situated on a rocky promontory, which stretches into the sea at the southern extremity of Carmarthen Bay. Thanks to its pleasant situation and to its climate, temperate in summer and mild in winter, this very old little town, which in the time of Henry VIII. was an important commercial centre, has now become one of the most frequented watering-places of South Wales. Its only drawback is its great distance from London and other great towns. On the extreme point of the promontory are the ruins of an old castle, from which the view of the sea, the surrounding country, and the Bay of Carmarthen, is extremely beautiful. At some distance is an isolated rock, called St. Catherine's Rock, which is crowned by a battery. At low water we can walk across to the island of St. Catherine dry-shod. In the neighbourhood of Tenby, near the village of Lydstep, are some beautiful grottoes, which can only be visited at certain times, according to the state of the tide.



ST. CATHERINE'S GROTTO (TENBY).

About a dozen miles from Tenby is the town of Pembroke, which owes its prosperity to the Arsenal, established there by the Government in 1814. Pembroke is built on a promontory, extending into Milford Haven, and consists of one long thoroughfare, intersected by smaller streets. It is a melancholy town, of very commonplace aspect, interesting chiefly because of the beauty of its surroundings, and from the ruins of its castle, which occupy the extremity of the headland, and whose walls are continually battered by the waves. Pembroke Castle, built in 1092, consists of two *enceintes*, bristling with enormous towers. Henry VII. was born there in 1456, and the tourist is shown the room in which the event took place. From the centre of the castle rises the keep, a massive round tower, 75 feet high, and 163 in circumference. The walls are 17 feet thick at the base, and 14 at the summit. The exterior rampart is now covered with grass, and the walls and the towers are clothed with ivy.

The dockyard, two miles from the town, encloses an extent of about 80 acres. It is surrounded by high walls, and defended by a fort and two Martello towers. The establishment is complete. There are not less than a dozen covered slips for the building of vessels of all classes. More than 2,000 workmen are employed there, and Pembroke is entered in the naval estimates for an annual sum of nearly £160,000.

A steam ferry connects Pembroke with Milford, which is in a beautiful situation on the opposite side of the haven. Milford was founded in 1790, and the dockyard was first established there; but when it was removed to Pembroke in

1814, Milford gradually lost its importance. For some years, however, the establishment of a regular service of steamers for Waterford and Cork has given it some little animation.

This town has given its name to the magnificent roadstead of Milford Haven, which is unique in the world, and in which the entire British fleet could find shelter. Milford Haven extends about ten miles inland; and has an average width of a mile and a half. It is quite sheltered by the bare hills, which surround it on all sides like a vast amphitheatre.

The whole of the southern coast of Pembrokeshire is very beautiful, and presents an aspect of high perpendicular cliffs, bristling with rocks of curious forms like those known as the Stock Rocks, natural pyramids which serve as resting-places for innumerable sea-birds. In certain places, as at St. Gowan's Head, deep ravines form terrible precipices of a wild and desolate appearance. These natural curiosities are the objects of many trips and excursions, which can easily be made from either Pembroke or Tenby.

III.

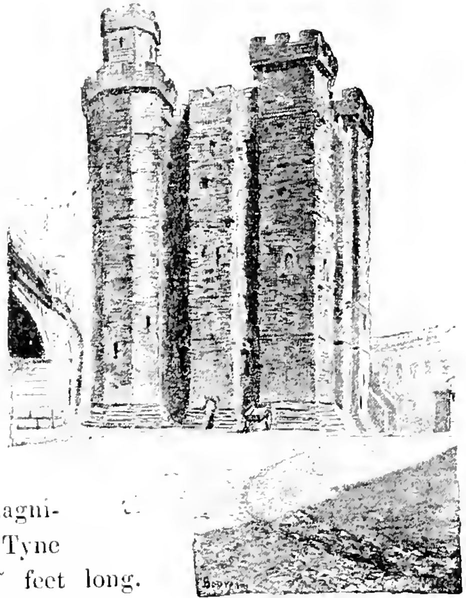
NEWCASTLE.—COMMERCE AND ANIMATION OF THE PORT.—THE YORKSHIRE COAST.—WATERING-PLACES.—WHITBY.—SCARBOROUGH.—HULL.—THE THIRD PORT OF ENGLAND.—THE DOCKS.

The Eastern ports are naturally less important than those of the west and south. Situated on the North Sea, opposite to Northern Europe, it is with Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, and Russia that they principally have dealings. As the commerce of England with these countries is not so considerable as that which it carries on with other parts of the globe, these ports are, from their very position, inferior to those on the western side. The principal ones are Newcastle, Shields, Hartlepool, Hull, the most important of all, Goole, Great Grimsby, and Harwich, scattered between the Tyne and the Thames.

Whitby and Filey in Yorkshire, Yarmouth in Norfolk, and Lowestoft in Suffolk are rather fishing than commercial ports, Yarmouth in particular being the centre of the herring fishery, which from September till the end of December occupies the greater portion of the population.

Proceeding along the coast from north to south, the first considerable port we come to is Newcastle. Newcastle-on-Tyne, to give it its true name, is a town containing 145,000 inhabitants, and situated on the left bank of the Tyne about ten miles from its mouth. It is placed on the side of a hill, upon which the houses are built in tiers, and dominated by its churches, and the old Norman keep of the castle. The aspect of this town, enveloped in the thick clouds of smoke poured forth from the numerous factory chimneys which surround it, is far from being agreeable; and it is certainly not by its beauty that Newcastle recommends itself to the tourist. Its industrial and commercial importance,

and the animation which characterises its manufactures, have made it one of the most important towns in the north-eastern counties. Its position at a little distance from the sea, on the borders of Northumberland and Durham, separated only by the river, and at the point of intersection of numerous railways, which place it in communication with all the manufacturing districts of the interior, is one of the most advantageous; to this and to the enterprising spirit of its inhabitants it owes its prosperity and its renown. Newcastle is connected with the town of Gateshead, situated on the opposite bank, and consequently in the county of Durham, by two bridges, one of stone, and the other a magnificent viaduct, which spans the valley of the Tyne 75 feet above it, and not less than 1,337 feet long. It was built by Robert Stephenson, and consists of two bridges, one above the other; the upper bridge is reserved for the railroad, the lower one suspended from the other in a most daring manner, is used by carriages and pedestrians. The platform of the railroad bridge serves as a covering for the lower one, and gives it the appearance of a long gallery. This magnificent bridge cost more than £180,000.

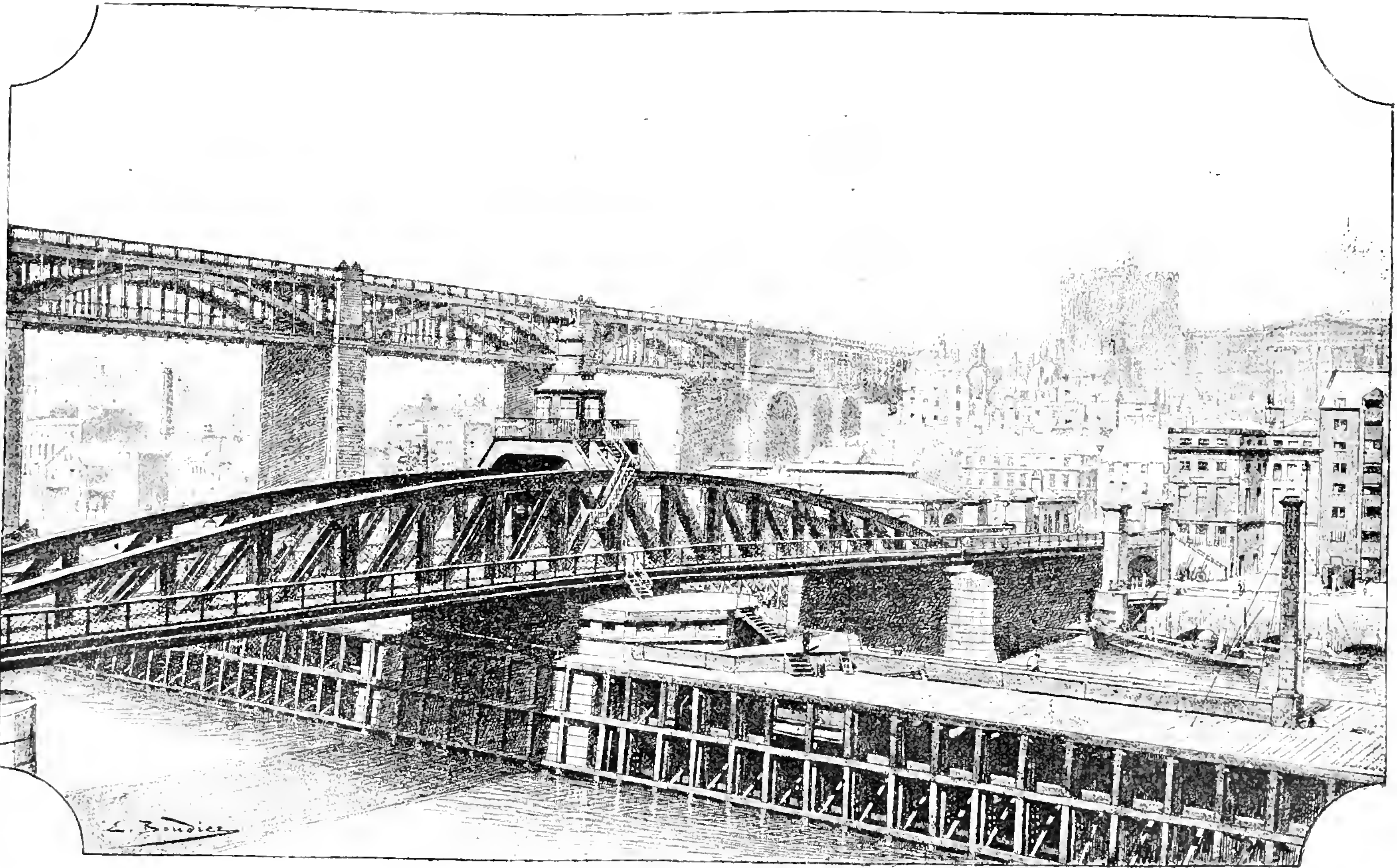


NEWCASTLE CASTLE.

ELSWICK PARK (NEWCASTLE).

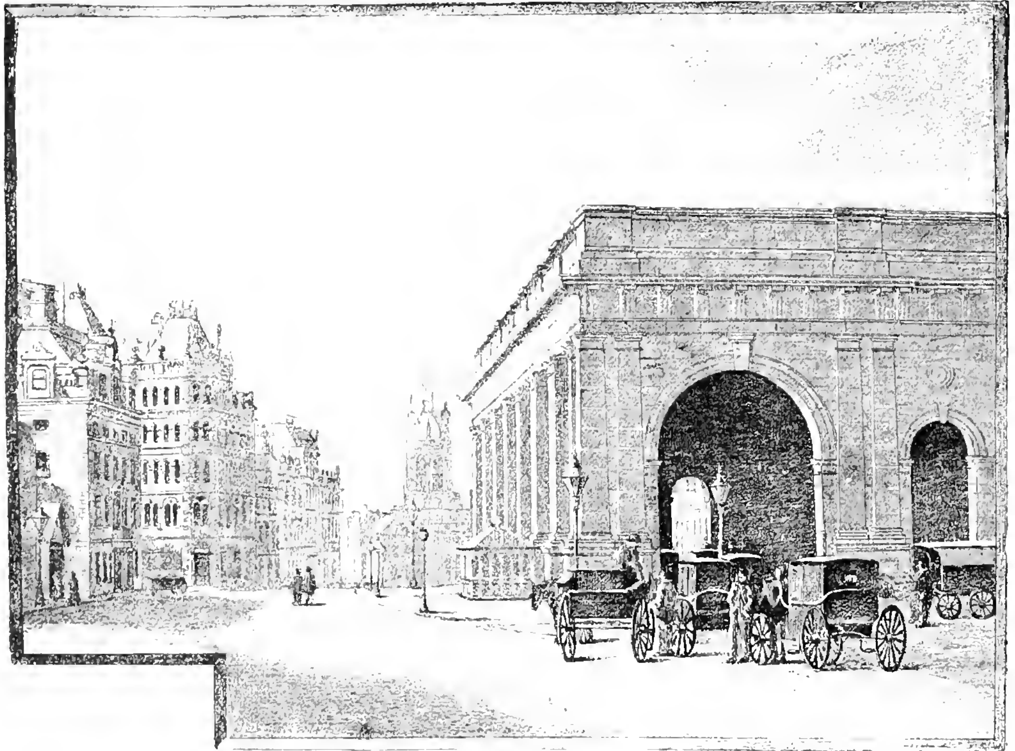
Like all towns, whose rapid commercial development increases their extent, Newcastle is composed of two parts, the old town with its steep and narrow streets, called "chares," and the modern town with its wide thoroughfares, bordered with fine stone houses and gay shops.

The castle, which has given its name to the town (New



NEWCASTLE

Castle), dates from the 12th century, and was one of the strongest forts on the Borders. It now serves as the Museum, and as a place of meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. From the summit of the square tower, a kind of battlemented keep, about 84 feet high, of a gloomy and melancholy appearance, we may obtain a beautiful view of the town, and of the Tyne dotted by innumerable vessels, as well as of Gateshead, a suburb of Newcastle. The tower contains on the first story a Norman chapel, with semi-circular arches, which contains some ancient tombs. The museum is on the second floor, in a vast vaulted gallery, supported by a central pillar. Here is displayed an interesting



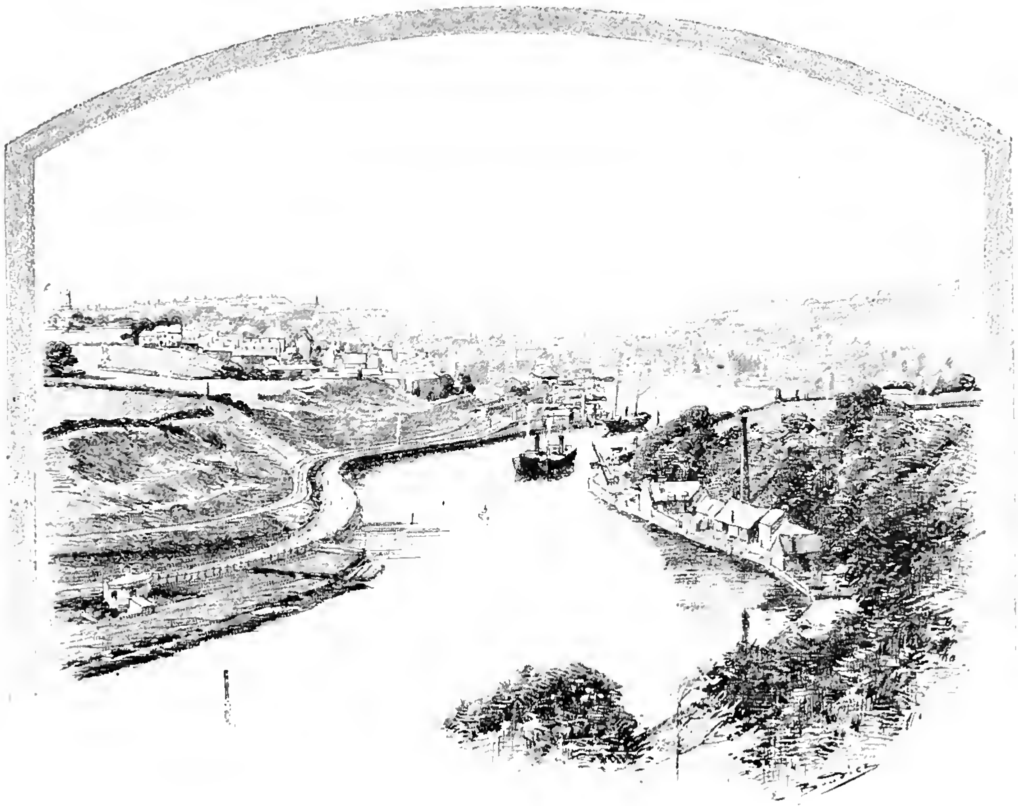
NEVILLE STREET (NEWCASTLE).

collection of Roman and British antiquities, vases in bronze, glass, and earthenware, statuettes and Roman altars, of which the greater part has been dug up in the town and neighbourhood. The great hall is above the museum; it is 36 feet high, surrounded by galleries, and also contains many Roman antiquities. Charles I., while a prisoner with the Scots, lived here some time before being delivered to the Parliament; the room which he occupied is called the King's Chamber, but there is nothing remarkable about it.

After the castle, the church of St. Nicholas is the most interesting monument in the town. Built in the 14th century, on the site of an ancient church, erected by Osmund the Good, Bishop of Salisbury, and nephew of William the Conqueror, it consists of a fine nave, paved with grave-stones, and surrounded by tombs, embellished with statues in the English fashion. We remark those of Collingwood, one of the heroes

of Trafalgar, and of Sir M. Ridley, the eminent magistrate and benefactor of Newcastle. St. Nicholas' also boasts some beautiful stalls of carved wood, a picture by Tintoretto, "Christ washing His disciples' feet," and two beautiful stained glass windows; one which adorns the north transept is modern. The most interesting portion of the church, from an archæological point of view, is the tower with its four flying buttresses, which support an elegant pointed clock tower, 90 feet high.

The Town Hall and the Corn Market, quite modern buildings, are a little distance



WHITBY

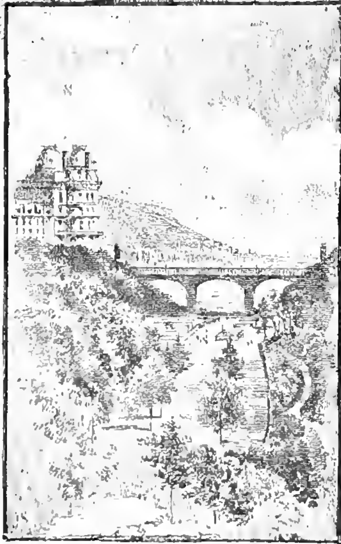
from the church. The Theatre, the Central Exchange, and the new Market, are situated in the modern part of the town, in which we also perceive a lofty column, surmounted by a statue of Lord Grey, by Baily.

The lower town and the banks of the river are the business centre of the city. There factory chimneys rise high in the air like the masts of vessels without yards, from which escape multi-colored clouds of smoke that hang over the town, and through which the sun penetrates with difficulty. The air is laden with pestilential vapours from the chemical manufactories, which form one of the most important branches of the local industry. But the forges and foundries are really the speciality of Newcastle.

The most celebrated establishment is that founded in 1824, by one of the most illustrious sons of Newcastle, George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, who, before Davy, invented a miners' safety lamp, and who revolutionised the world by the invention

of the locomotive engine, perhaps the most marvellous of all the machines created by man. Stephenson's Iron Works still exist, and there we can follow the construction of the iron horse in all its details, from the moment it is designed upon paper till the time it is placed upon the rails, ready to draw the long goods train, or to transport from one end of the kingdom to the other the loungers and the curious who, for the most part, forget the name of the poor working miner, whose genius did so much for the

SCARBOROUGH.



welfare of his fellow-men. The inhabitants of Newcastle have not been ungrateful towards the man to whom they owe, in a great measure, the prosperity of their country. They have raised to his memory, in one of the public places, a monument worthy of him. The statue of Stephenson, by Lough, is placed on a pedestal, adorned by four statues representing a miner, a mechanic, a journeyman, and a blacksmith, his faithful and devoted assistants.

Ship-building is one of the most important local industries, and employs a large number of hands in Newcastle and its neighbourhood. When iron was substituted for wood in the construction of ships, it was the Tyne which gave the initiative, and from one of its dockyards the first iron ship was launched in 1842. The competition between the railroad and sailing ships which carried the coal to London, necessitated a reform in the means of transport by sea. Then iron-screw colliers were built. The first was launched in 1850. In four hours it had taken in a cargo of 650 tons of coal; five days later it returned ready to receive another shipment. To accomplish the same work, it would have been necessary to have employed two sailing vessels, which would have occupied a month in doing it. At present, a collier manned by twenty-one hands makes

on an average fifty trips a year, carrying to London 60,000 tons of coals. It would occupy sixteen sailing vessels, and 150 hands to obtain the same result.

Faster than they were twenty years ago, these vessels have been considerably improved, and the employment of water-ballast economises much time and expense every voyage. Every collier is built in water-tight compartments, in which it can carry the desired quantity of water ballast. As soon as one of these vessels has discharged

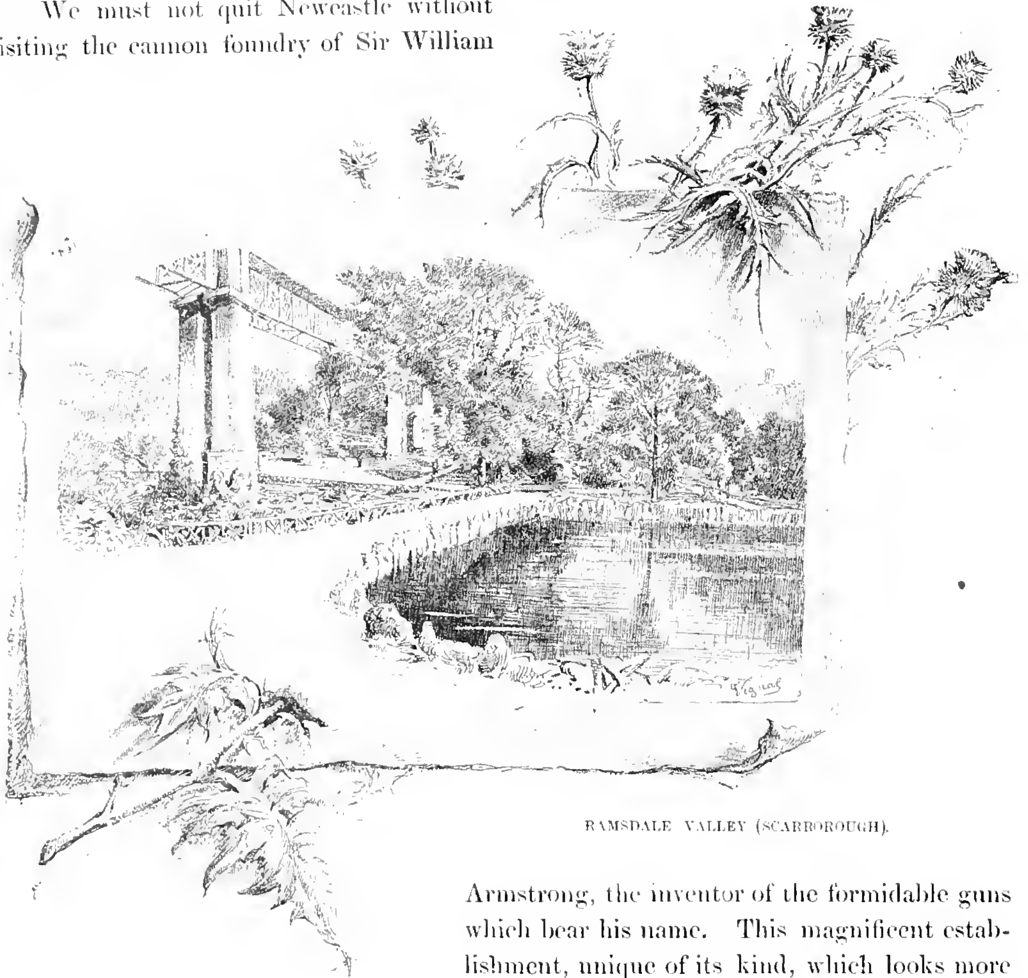
SCARBOROUGH BEACH.

its cargo, it immediately returns to Newcastle with its valves open. By the time it reaches the mouth of the Thames it is ballasted, and ready to encounter the waves. When it enters the Tyne the water is pumped out, and by the time it comes alongside the quay, it is ready to receive a new consignment. This arrangement is very ingenious and very simple.

As a rule, the ships which are turned out from the Tyne yards are destined for the transport of merchandise. They are for the most part large ships of not great speed, but admirable sailers, and of proved solidity of construction. In 1882, there were built upon the Tyne 114 vessels, of which 107 were steamships, of a total capacity of 107,303 tons. One hundred and one were iron ships, three of steel, and only ten of wood. All were merchant vessels. But ships of war are also built there; during the Crimean War an iron floating battery of 250 horse-power, and carrying thirty-six guns, was laid down,

launched, armed, and completely fitted out in three months and a-half. This *tour de force* shows the resources at the disposal of the shipbuilders of Newcastle, and the energy which they can bring to bear in emergencies.

We must not quit Newcastle without visiting the cannon foundry of Sir William



RAMSDALE VALLEY (SCARBOROUGH).

Armstrong, the inventor of the formidable guns which bear his name. This magnificent establishment, unique of its kind, which looks more like an arsenal than a private enterprise, is situated at Elswick, two miles from the town. Four thousand workmen are employed, and the machines which bore the enormous guns which are made there, are, in the opinion of competent persons, the most perfect ever invented.

Newcastle is more interesting from the pacific and commercial point of view, than in its military aspect, and it is time that we should occupy ourselves with the various businesses which are carried on there. This is a less stirring subject, but quite as important, if not more so, than the other. Newcastle may be considered as the fourth port of England, so considerable are its transactions. Every year some 12,000 vessels of an aggregate burden of 5,500,000 tons, enter and leave the port. The imports, consisting principally of food commodities (particularly grain) and iron ore, reached the figure of £7,650,000 sterling in 1882; the exports only £4,597,000. The latter

included, besides coal, which is the principal commodity exported, iron and copper, in ores and manufactured, soda, glass, arms, and chemical products.

The Customs duties in the same year only amounted to £372,000 sterling. This small total is explained by the fact that the raw materials and all articles of consumption pay no duty, tea and wine excepted, two commodities which Newcastle does not import.

While descending the Tyne, which is in reality the port of Newcastle, we pass between two almost uninterrupted rows of quays, ship building yards, and factories, till

A STREET IN SCARBOROUGH.

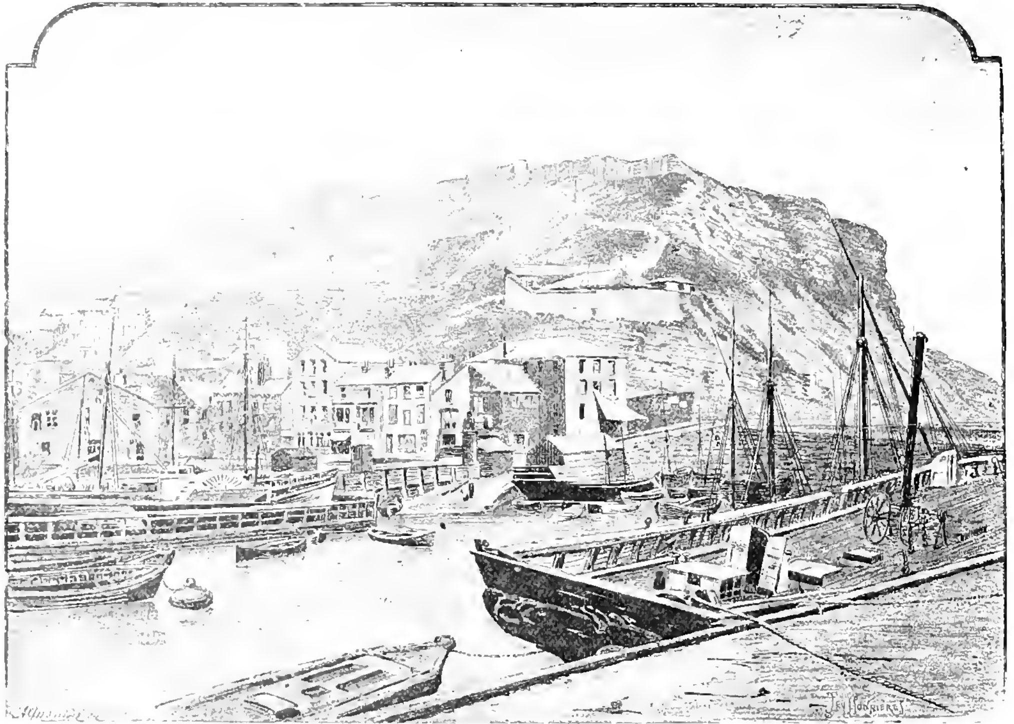
we reach the mouth, where are situated the two small towns of North Shields on the left bank, and South Shields on the right bank, where it is said the lifeboat was invented by Mr. Greathead. The hills we perceive upon the banks were formed by the deposits of sand, which the colliers used to carry as ballast, and which they threw out at the mouth of the Tyne. A steam ferry plies between North and South Shields, and deftly makes its way amongst the lines of ships which are ever passing up and down the river.

At some distance from North Shields, the little town of Tynemouth, a watering place, frequented by the inhabitants of the neighbouring counties, well deserves a visit, if it were only for the sake of the ruins of the castle and of St. Mary's Priory, which are very interesting and most picturesque.

The other important ports of this district are Sunderland, at the mouth of the Wear, and Hartlepool at the extreme southern limit of the county of Durham.

The coast of Yorkshire is, perhaps, the most beautiful and picturesque of all England, although certain parts of the Devonshire coast present equal beauties. The Yorkshire littoral, too, is dotted from the Tees to the Humber—that is to say, throughout its whole extent—with pleasant watering-places, whose attractions are, so to speak, unrivalled.

First there is Whitby, an ancient fishing village, but which for some years has been



PORT AND CASTLE OF SCARBOROUGH.

regarded as a famous watering-place. It is a very quiet little town, built upon the steep shores of the Esk, and it needs no small effort to descend and remount these slopes when proceeding from one side of the town to the other. But the neighbourhood is charming, the beach is delightful. The ruins of the abbey (a curious monument of the 12th century) are amongst the most important and beautiful specimens of ancient religious architecture.

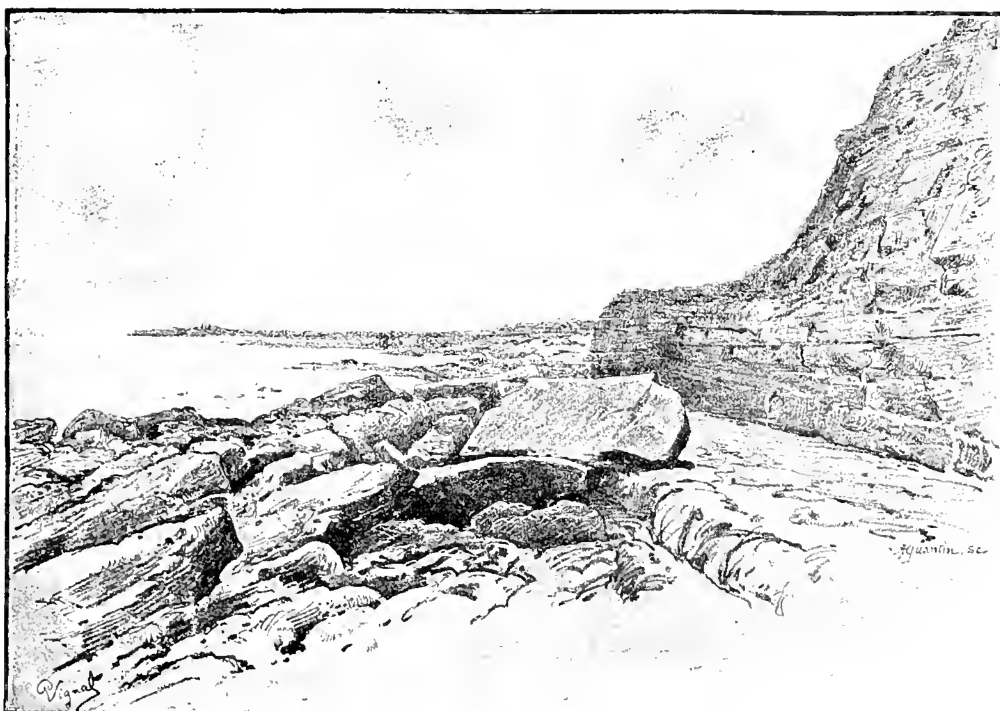
The cliffs, which extend from Whitby to the southern extremity of Robin Hood Bay, have great interest for the geologist, because of the varieties they present; and for the mere idler their height and picturesque aspect suffice to explain the increasing popularity of Whitby. A local industry, due to these cliffs, is the manufacture of a multitude of ornaments in jet, which is found in abundance, and which the inhabitants are very skilful in working. Whitby jet is celebrated, and during the season a considerable sale of it is effected.

Whitby is at the eastern extremity of the Cleveland district, the moors and hills of which are easily accessible, and offer to visitors an infinite variety of pleasant sites and of curious places to explore.

Following the coast, we soon reach Scarborough, which is called by its inhabitants "the queen of watering-places."

The well-merited reputation of Scarborough has made it a fashionable watering-place, whither people come from all parts of England.

Scarborough is admirably situated on a promontory, at the extremity of which stands an old castle. North and south of the town extends a beautiful semi-circular



ROCKS NEAR FILEY.

beach. Of Saxon origin, as its name would indicate, it was as early as the 12th century a town of some importance. The castle, built by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, in the reign of Stephen, was in the Middle Ages the scene of many a conflict, and in 1665 George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, was imprisoned there.

The principal occupation of the 30,000 inhabitants of Scarborough consists in letting lodgings and in amusing the 200,000 visitors who come there every year. Like ants, they lay up an ample provision for the winter; so living is very dear there, as it is in all other fashionable watering-places. In the months of August and September the season is in full swing—the hotel-keepers are intractable, rooms are at a premium, and everything is very expensive

The best hotels, the museum, the aquarium, and the promenades are upon the South Cliff, where we also find the Spa Saloon, for Scarborough possesses two some-

what celebrated springs of ferruginous waters. The South Cliff is connected with the town and railway station by a wide avenue and a bridge, which crosses the Ramsdale Valley, 80 feet below. It contains some very beautiful shady walks, and tastefully laid-out gardens. The favourite promenade is the esplanade. Between this and a terrace overlooking the bay is the saloon—a vast stone building, containing a concert room, a theatre, a lecture room, and a restaurant—in a word, the casino, which is incumbent on every watering-place which has any self-respect. The interior decoration, in the Renaissance style, is very elegant, embossed gilding alternating with brighter colours. The principal hall is capable of containing 1,500 persons. A terrace, supported by small cast-iron columns, runs round three sides of the saloon, thus forming, according to circumstances, a balcony to the first floor, and a covered promenade to the ground floor. Besides concerts of vocal music, which are given in the hall, the casino orchestra plays twice a day on the terrace, which is thronged night and day by a well-dressed crowd.

The aquarium, which is claimed to be the most beautiful in the world, is enclosed in the ravine that cuts the cliff into two parts, which are united by the cliff bridge that passes over this establishment, whose Moorish architecture is not particularly attractive. Within the building are twenty-six tanks, containing a number of specimens of sea and river fishes, alligators, tortoises, and the inevitable seals, whose evolutions so greatly amuse children of all ages. There are also grottoes arranged with chairs and tables, wherein one can read the papers, or chat while listening to the harmonious strains of the orchestra, which constitutes the great attraction of the aquarium.

We descend to the beach by an ingenious tramway, which saves bathers the trouble of walking up and down the steep cliffs. This is an immense boon to invalids, and there are a great number of bathing places in England and France which would do well to imitate Scarborough in this respect—Biarritz for example.

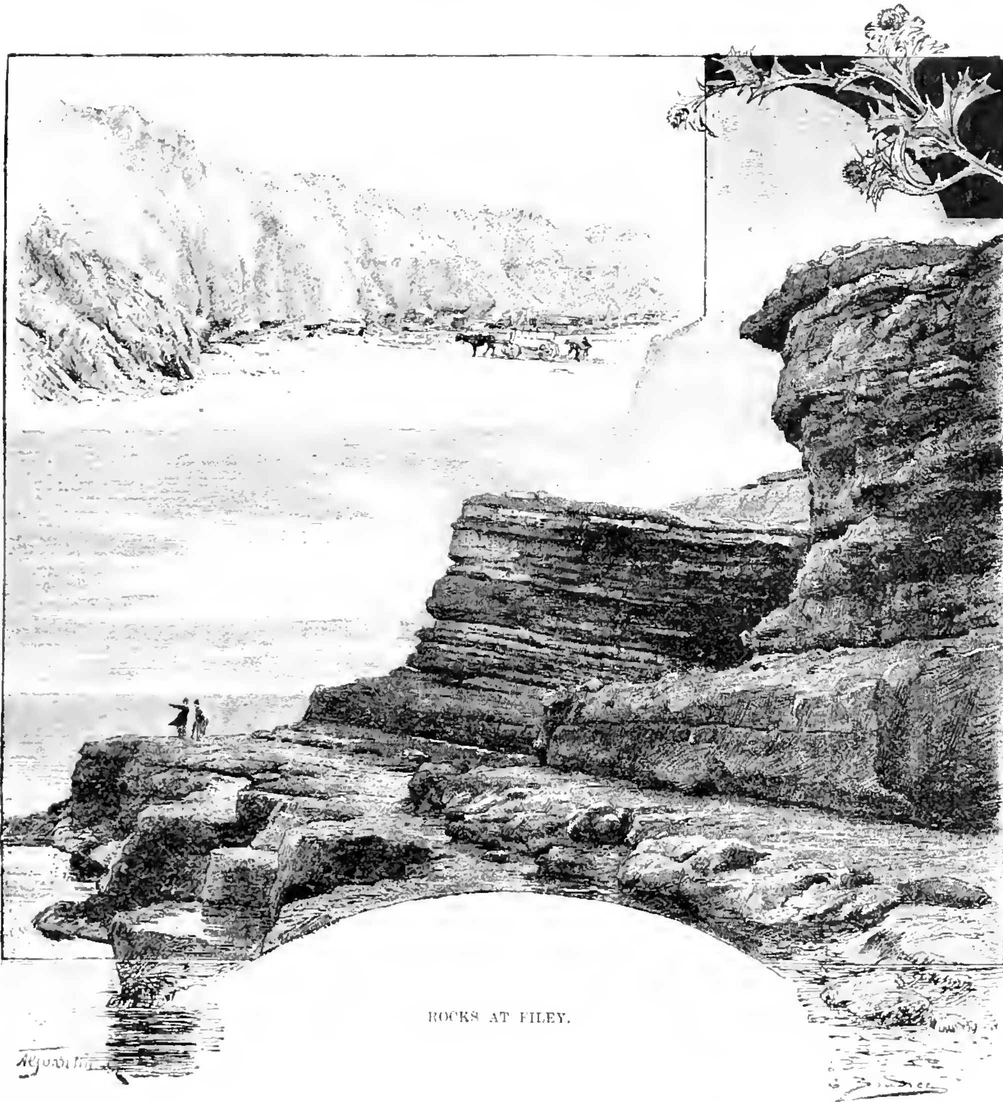
Sandy, soft, and firm, the beach is covered with bathing machines. According to English custom, ladies bathe on one side and the gentlemen on the other. Children play on the sand, construct redoubts and fortifications, on which they plant the British flag. A considerable number of equestrians, some mounted on hired hacks, others upon the modest donkey, plunge through the sands in every sense of the word. In this respect, Scarborough does not set an example worthy of imitation, the presence of these riders being a source of danger to the children, and an annoyance to the promenaders.

From the beach, the view of the castle crowning the rock or scar, 300 feet high, is very fine, particularly the old square and massive keep, still imposing, notwithstanding the ravages of time.

The cliff to the south of Scarborough, on the side opposite to the castle, is of great interest to geologists; for the tourist, the horizontal bands of varied colours of which it is composed have a very picturesque aspect. Nevertheless, it is as well not to venture too far in the direction of Filey; the coast is dangerous, the sea which does not go far out rises very quickly, and accidents are by no means infrequent. It is therefore preferable to proceed to Filey Bay prosaically by the railroad. This is certainly a less picturesque, but a much more prudent course.

One scarcely comes to Scarborough to walk through the town; nevertheless, some

of the old narrow streets inhabited by the fishing population have a particular complexion, full of local colour. They are situated near the old harbour, in the neighbourhood of the fish market. From there, we can ascend by St. Mary's Street to St. Mary's Church,



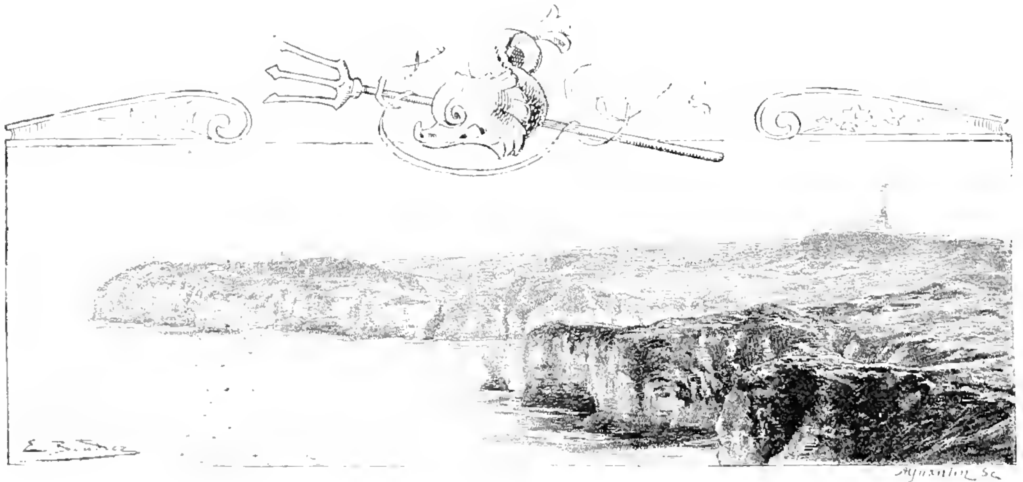
ROCKS AT FILEY.

built in the 12th century, a very curious specimen of Norman architecture. It was very skilfully restored in 1850.

From the church to the castle the distance is easy to traverse. We get there by a barbican and a narrow way. A ruined double *enceinte*, courtyards, overgrown with grass, portions of dilapidated walls dominated by the keep 72 feet high, only three sides of which are now standing; this is all that remains of the old fortress. But what a lovely view we obtain from the summit of this rock, whence we perceive to the north the Long Nab, to the south Flamborough Head, which encloses Filey Bay! In front of us extends the North Sea, its rolling waves reflecting the rays of the sun, rushing to break in foam

against the rocks, which they undermine continually, and of which they have already carried away a portion.

The neighbourhood of Scarborough is, like the whole district, exceedingly interesting; in the immediate vicinity are Cornelian Bay and Oliver's Mount, so called, because, as reputed, Oliver Cromwell established a battery there when he was besieging Scarborough. The Mount is a hill 600 feet high, from which a beautiful view of Scarborough and the bay can be enjoyed. At about eight miles from Scarborough is another bathing-place, Filey, where the pretty sandy beach extends for a distance of five miles, describing a graceful curve from the rocky point of Filey Bay as far as Flamborough Head. At Flamborough Head the cliffs are disintegrated, and present the appearance of a series of needles, grottoes, caverns, and natural arches, which succeed each other in picturesque



FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

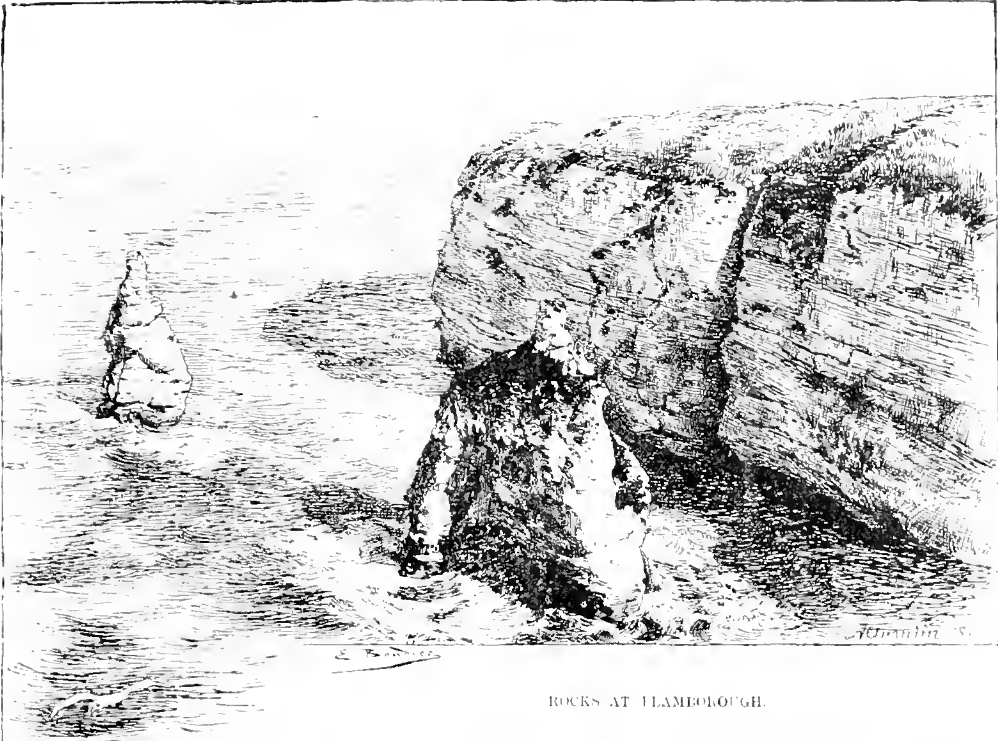
confusion, and serve as resting places and shelters for innumerable sea-birds. Two of these rocks, presenting a vague resemblance to the human form, are called the King and Queen, and are, besides, the most remarkable of all.

Flamborough Head separates the Bay of Filey from Bridlington, and protects the latter place from the north winds.

Bridlington is also a bathing place, which is chiefly frequented by the inhabitants of Hull. From Bridlington Pier the view of Flamborough Head is very fine, and the terraces which extend along the sea-shore form, as well as the pier, very agreeable promenades.

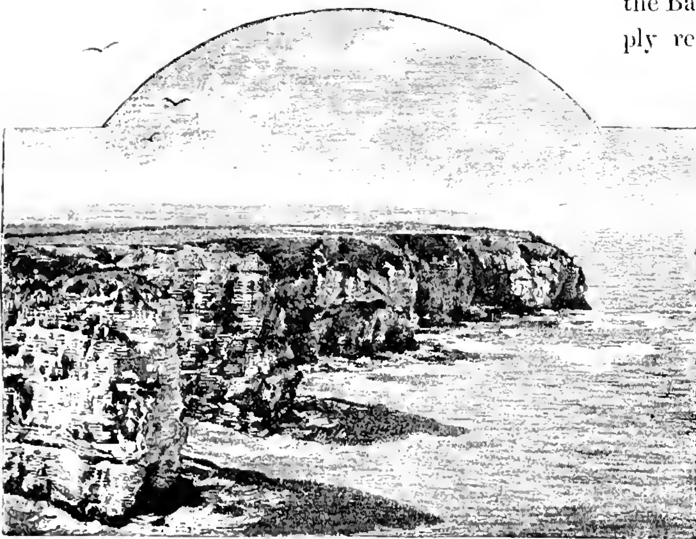
Passing on from this place, the coasts and the cliffs gradually become lower, and lose their character of imposing grandeur; between Bridlington and the mouth of the Humber, the cliffs are not more than 30 feet high, and in all that extensive coast there is not one really picturesque or even pleasant locality.

Kingston-upon-Hull, more commonly called Hull, is a town of 176,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Humber, twenty miles from the sea. Built upon a plain at the confluence of the Humber and of the river Hull, which has given it its name, the old town, founded by Edward I in 1256, with its brick houses and narrow streets, has



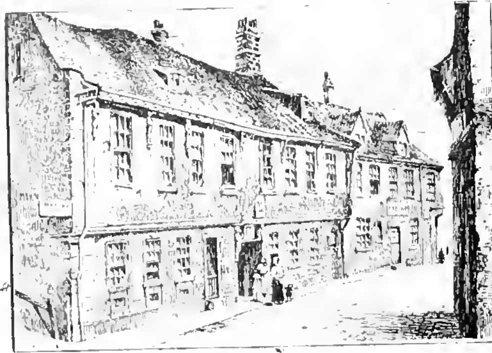
ROCKS AT FLAMBOROUGH.

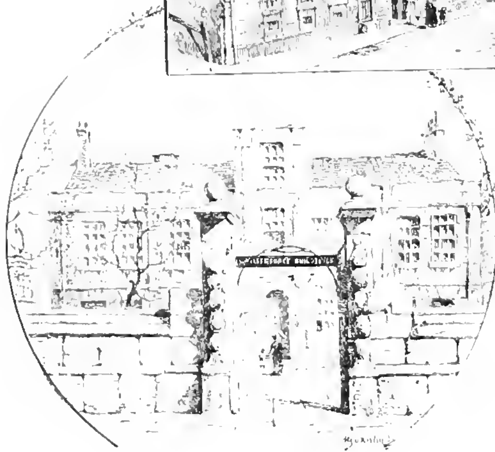
no picturesqueness to recommend it. It redeems its commonplace and provincial appearance by the animation which pervades its docks, and the Humber, which is here about two miles wide, and covered with a forest of masts. Hull is the point of departure most in vogue with travellers to the eastern and northern countries, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and all the Baltic ports. Lines of steamers ply regularly between Hull and Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Christiania, St. Petersburg, and many other towns in the North of Europe.



Hull is divided into two portions, the old town and the modern town. The former, of half moon shape, is completely surrounded by water, bounded as it is on one side by the river Hull, and on all the other

sides by the docks, which describe an almost perfect arc. The only monument which repays the trouble of a visit is Trinity Church, situated in the Market Place. This is an edifice on the cruciform plan, and of Gothic style, from which rises a central tower 150 feet high. Commenced in 1312, and finished at a much more recent period, this church presents examples of different styles; the nave is Perpendicular, while the transepts and the tower are Ornate, as well as the choir, which is peculiar, inasmuch as it is chiefly built of brick, a very rare feature at that time. The aisles are continued on each side to the level of the choir. This arrangement, peculiar to Yorkshire churches, gives to Trinity Church an exceptional width. The choir is very extensive; it is lighted by five large bays, and embellished with arcades and pillars very light and lofty. The monuments and tombs which are in the aisles, as well as the modern stained glass windows, are but mediocre, but the mouldings of the windows of the nave are curious.





OLD HOUSES (HULL).

Quitting the church we notice in the open space a statue of gilt bronze, by Schœmaker, representing King George III.

The docks, though far from equalling those of London and Liverpool in extent, are of considerable dimensions, the basins alone occupying a space of about 110 acres. The commerce of Hull consists in the importation of all kinds of grain, of timber from the Baltic, of hides and tallow from Russia, and of iron from Sweden, which the manufacturers of Sheffield convert into steel. As for the exports, which, contrary to those of London and Liverpool, exceed the imports, they are composed of cotton stuffs from Lancashire, woollens from Yorkshire, laces from Nottingham, and of salt. The value of the exports was, in 1882, £20,000,000 sterling, and of the imports £23,000,000. During the same year 5,662 vessels of a total burden of 3,000,000 of tons, were entered inwards and outwards.

A stroll through the docks of Hull is not wanting in interest. There we hear all northern languages spoken in guttural tones, in which the consonants come into collision in monosyllabic words. Barrels of grease, heaps of hides, piles of wood, ranged upon the quays, infect the atmosphere with an odour *sui generis*, and very disagreeable.

Between the Queen's Dock and the Prince's Dock, near the church of St. John, we remark a Doric column 72 feet high, which serves as a pedestal to the statue of Wilberforce, the celebrated philanthropist, who, by his writings and his speeches in Parliament, contributed so greatly to the abolition of the slave trade.

In Hull is still shown the brick house faced with stone, in which he was born, in 1759. It is separated from the street by a wall; a gate between two massive pillars protects the entrance.

Not far from the Queen's Dock is the Dock Office, a building in the Renaissance

HULL DOCKS.

style, surmounted by three small domes, imitated from those of St. Paul's, and ornamented with a profusion of allegorical sculptures.

The most animated part of the town is the quay, which extends along the Humber exactly to the entrance of the docks. The bustle here is always considerable, and the arrival or the departure of a steamer is always an interesting sight. The curious and the idle assemble on the bank; the sailors of the port wearing heavy boots and sou'wester hats, hands in their pockets, and pipes in their mouths, examine the ships with the critical eyes of connoisseurs, and content themselves with replying in monosyllables, with a certain air of patronising superiority to the landsmen who address them.

Hull possesses one of the three Trinity houses in England. This Corporation is charged with the management of the lighthouses, beacons, and buoys of the coast of Yorkshire and of the Humber, and with the nomination of pilots. Liberally endowed, it relieves and takes care of the disabled seamen of the merchant marine of the port of Hull. The Trinity House contains some interesting pictures.

The strange boat hanging from the ceiling in the lobby is a kaïak captured at sea in 1613, by some Hull sailors. It was manned by a Greenlander, who refused all nourishment, and died of hunger. They kept his clothes, with which they dressed an effigy, which was placed in the kaïak.

The Town Hall, situated in Lowgate, a little distance from the market place, is an elegant building in the Italian style, topped by a high steeple, the façade of which, in various coloured stones, is enhanced by the gilding of the balconies. It was erected after the design of Mr. Brodrick, who was also the architect of the Royal Institution, which contains a library of 4,000 volumes, and the Museum of the Literary and Scientific Society. The museum boasts of an interesting collection of local antiquities, amongst which we find a group carved in wood representing eight persons, the eyes of which are formed with small pieces of quartz. This curious specimen of the art of the "Northmen" was discovered in 1836.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

Hull possesses a botanic garden, in which the conservatory and the lake are very remarkable; and a park which was bestowed upon the town by its former mayor, Mr. Pearson. These are the only promenades in the town, the neighbourhood of which is very interesting. In the first place, we must mention Beverley, twenty minutes' run by rail from Hull, where the church, Beverley Minster, is one of the most beautiful Gothic monuments in the district.

There are two other ports on the Humber of considerable importance and easily accessible from Hull. These are Goole on the Ouse, and Great Grimsby, down stream from Hull, on the opposite bank, about seven miles from the sea.

Between the Humber and the Thames, on the eastern coast, we meet with a number of ports and watering-places which possess only a secondary interest. The

coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, open to the North Sea, exposed to all the force of the east wind, that "mistral" of England, are not very agreeable. The towns of Cromer, Yarmouth, Harwich, and Walton-on-the-Naze do not attract bathers and tourists to the same extent as do the Yorkshire watering-places.

IV.

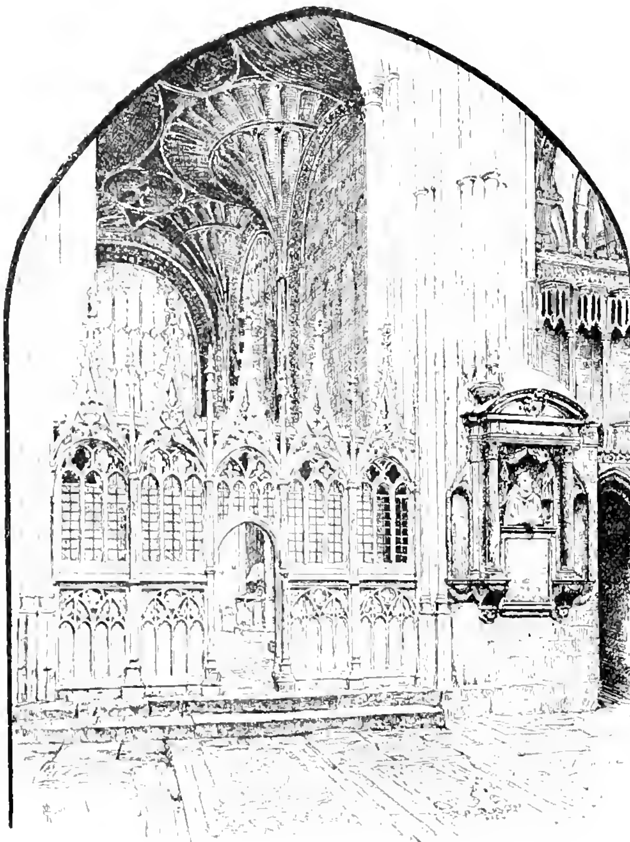
THE COMMERCE OF THE SOUTHERN PORTS.—THE DOCKYARDS.—ROCHESTER, CANTERBURY, DOVER, HASTINGS, BRIGHTON, CHICHESTER.—PORTSMOUTH, AND ITS DOCKYARD.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The commercial ports of the southern coast are of very slight importance, relatively

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

with London, which is, as we have seen, the most considerable, not only of that part of

England, but of the entire United Kingdom. Nevertheless, Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven, besides being the principal ports of embarkation for travellers to the Continent, receive considerable quantities of food-stuffs from France, Spain, and Italy; silks and French fabrics, besides those thousand and one objects of little bulk constituting the commerce of luxury, which it is necessary to bring over by the shortest routes. These three ports admit every year, amongst other things, mountains of fruit, 8,000,000 dozens of eggs, 50,000 cwts. of butter (the greater part of which is furnished by Normandy and Brittany), silks to the value of £7,000,000 sterling, and 1,200,000 dozens of pairs of gloves. But the exports are insignificant.



MARTYR'S TRANSEPT (CANTERBURY)

Southampton is the most important port of the south coast, although it is declining. It has had its prosperous days, but it is to be feared they will never return.

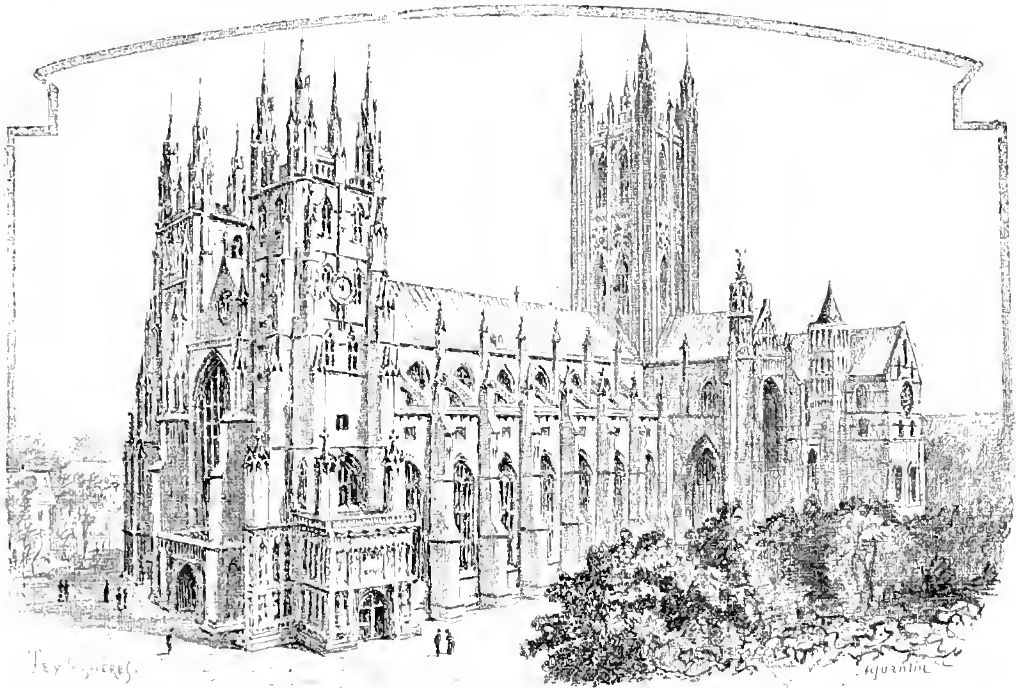
Plymouth, in Devonshire, is far from equalling, as a commercial port, the towns of which we have spoken, and owes its importance to the dockyard established in Devonport, a sort of suburb of it.

The dockyards and the military ports, six in number, are, with one exception, situated in the south of England. This will be at once understood, for this portion of the country is the most vulnerable; it is the "heel of Achilles" of Great Britain; it is the portion of the coast opposite the continent of Europe, from which she can throw herself on her enemies, and on which she is herself most exposed to their attacks. So these arsenals, fortified with the greatest care, and according to the most approved rules of military art, form, with the system of fortifications along the coast, a formidable line of defence, which extends all along the littoral.

The dockyards are Deptford on the Thames, near London, which is only a provision depôt, as Woolwich is only a military arsenal, pure and simple, and no longer a port as formerly; Chatham and Sheerness, on the Medway, the former a dozen miles from the sea, the latter at the mouth of the river; Portsmouth, on the English Channel, opposite Cherbourg; Devonport, to the south of the peninsula formed by the counties of Devon

and Cornwall; and Pembroke, at the end of Milford Haven. These five dockyards, omitting Deptford, employ 18,200 men, who are engaged in the building and repairing of ships of war and their machinery; and their cost figures in the Estimates for an annual sum of about £1,600,000 sterling. There are at present (or were lately) in the Government building-yards, thirty-five men-of-war, of which twelve are armoured ships, and ten gunboats.

Besides its triple importance, from the military, strategical, and commercial points of view, the south coast is also, in consequence of its situation, that which the English—and, above all, Londoners, of all classes—most willingly frequent. Whether it be in the



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

winter, when certain localities enjoy a mild and temperate climate, or in the summer, during the bathing season, the shores of this district are unquestionably the most beautiful and the pleasantest. They also possess the inestimable advantage of being within a railway journey of an hour or an hour-and-a-half from the metropolis.

The Medway is a small river, which rises in the Kentish hills, and falls into the wide estuary of the Thames, below Gravesend. Just before it mingles its waters with those of the Thames, it suddenly widens, and at that place Chatham has been built, a town which is passed by travellers who go from Dover to London by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Chatham consists of a long tortuous thoroughfare, intersected at irregular intervals by side streets, all very untidy. The dockyard, which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, was, according to Camden, the best organized establishment under the sun; so, during the war with the Dutch, Admiral Ruyter, when ascending the Thames and the Medway, came to bombard it, and very nearly took

possession of it. Enlarged by successive Sovereigns, the dockyard of Chatham is now one of the strongest and most important places in Great Britain; it occupies a space of nearly 500 acres, and in the work of improvement the Government has expended more than £2,000,000 sterling in twenty years. Convicts are chiefly employed on the works, and by that means great economy has been effected. All round the town a very complete system of defence has been established; commenced in 1758, and finished in 1807, it now comprises detached forts, earth-works, and trenches of a formidable character. Nevertheless, these fortifications are somewhat old-fashioned, and, in the opinion of competent authorities, insufficient to resist modern artillery. Consequently, the authorities are now constructing new "lines" to shelter Chatham from any operations which an enemy might attempt in case of a war with England. The English fully carry out the precept—"*Si vis pacem, para bellum!*" If English subjects can visit the dockyard without difficulty, foreigners cannot; for they are only admitted by special authority to inspect the building-yard, slips, basins, workshops, and the artillery park. Many people are thus exposed to disappointment, for want of being furnished with the permit which admits them to the dockyard. Those who have suffered in this way may easily console themselves by going to Rochester, which is only a part of Chatham under another name. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Chatham is a part of Rochester. The question is a difficult one to solve, for the two towns are one. The principal street of Rochester is the principal street of Chatham; and one would not know, in following this road, bordered with a continual line of houses, that we pass from one to the other, were it not for the notice-board placed on the walls by the considerate municipal authorities.

WEST GATE (CANTERBURY).

There are in Rochester two objects to be visited—the castle and the cathedral.

The castle is situated on the banks of the Medway. The exterior walls of Rochester Castle are in a very lamentable condition; but the keep, a massive tower, 70 feet square and 100 feet high, is one of the most interesting specimens of the military architecture of the 13th century. From the summit of the tower the prospect embraces a superb panorama of the two towns, the dockyard, the fortifications, the Medway, the Thames, and the pastures of Kent—the "Garden of England."

At some distance from the castle we find the cathedral, which was founded in the 11th century by Bishop Gundulph. The most interesting portion of it is the western façade, the great door of which is a superb specimen of Norman architecture. The nave, in the same style, is richly decorated, and embellished with beautiful arches, as are the transepts; but the choir has been almost entirely re-constructed, and is quite modern. One of the most beautiful things in the cathedral of Rochester is the door which opens from the transept to the chapter house; it is ornamented with very curious

DANE JOHN PROMENADE (CANTERBURY).

symbolical carvings, most beautifully executed. The significance of these symbols is uncertain; for they have been interpreted in various ways.

Before leaving Rochester, we cannot fail to recollect that Charles Dickens passed his youth there; and in after years, when fortune smiled upon him, he purchased near the town, at Gad's Hill, a house, in which he died on the 9th of June, 1870.

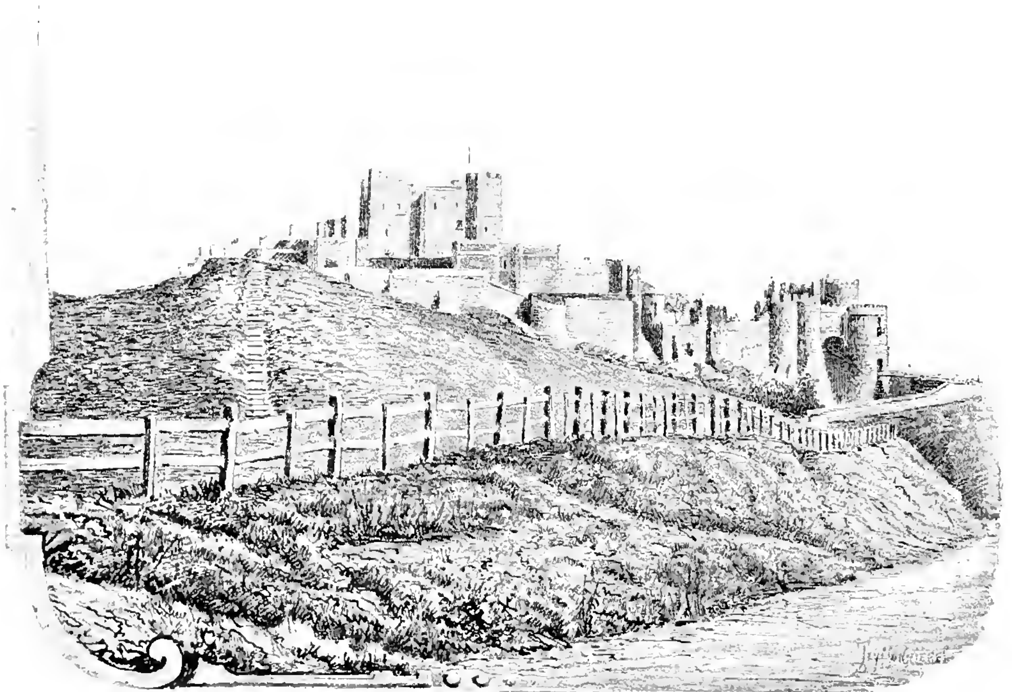
When we have explored the county of Kent, and before returning to the coast, there is one town which particularly attracts our attention. This is the old city of Canterbury, the seat of an Archbishopric, whose titular is styled the Primate of all England; we have already noticed that the other English Archbishop, his Grace of York, is Primate of England; let him who can explain these two titles.

The Ancient Britons, the Romans, and the Saxons, successively occupied the site where now stands Canterbury, the first Christian town in England. When Saint Augustine came there in 597, it was only a collection of miserable huts; in 851 the town was devastated by the Danes, who in 1011 burnt it to the ground. At this period it already possessed a monastery and a cathedral, on whose site now stands the magnificent monument, which is the glory of Canterbury.

Begun in 1070 by Lanfranc, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, after the Norman Conquest, the cathedral was not finished till nearly 1500 A.D., and presents specimens of all periods of Gothic architecture.

It possesses an imposing façade, flanked by two high embattled towers, each surmounted by four pinnacles; of these towers, one, the north, is modern; it dates from 1840, and replaced the Arundel tower which fell to ruin. From the centre of the edifice rises another tower, called Bell Harry. It was built by the prior, Goldstone, in 1495, instead of a clock tower, called the Angel's tower, because it was surmounted by a gilt statue. The present tower, 210 feet high, is one of the most beautiful specimens of Perpendicular architecture which England possesses.

Having passed Christ Church Gate, an elegant construction of the 16th century,



DOVER CASTLE.

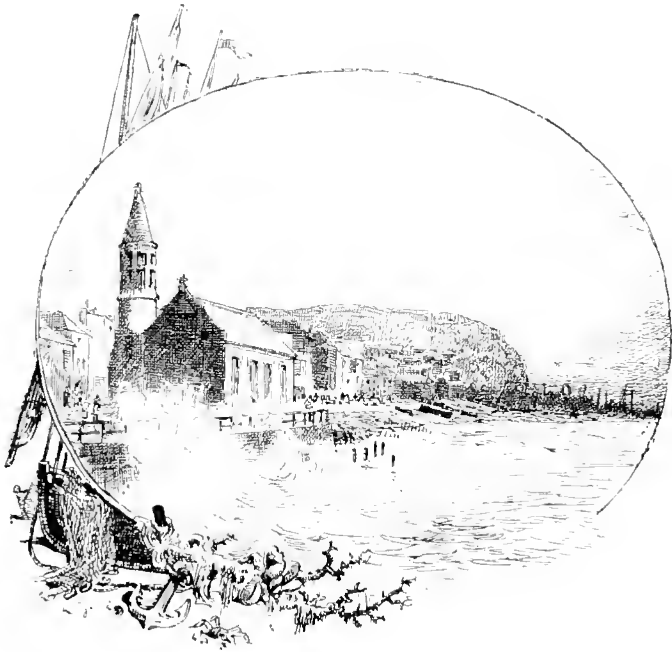
we enter the church by the south porch. As soon as we enter we are struck by the vast proportions and the regular arrangement of this immense building, which measures no less than 514 feet in length, and 80 feet in height. The nave dates from 1380; it is separated from the choir by a carved screen, which is a marvel of 15th century art. By a somewhat singular arrangement, the walls of the choir—which is the longest in England, being 180 feet from one end to the other—are not parallel, but approach each other towards the eastern extremity like the two limbs of a V.

A door at the western end of the choir leads to the Martyr's Transept, where Becket was murdered on the 29th December, 1170. We are shown the stone on which the Archbishop fell beneath the swords of his murderers, and although this chapel has been altered since the 12th century, there are certain portions which still remain intact and unchanged, for instance, the walls, and the door which leads to the cloister, by which Becket and the Knights entered. Lastly, the stones are the same that were there

at the time of the murder, and the small piece that was carried away from one of them was, it is said, taken to Rome with other relics of the Saint.

At the eastern extremity of the cathedral is a circular chapel, called the Crown of Becket, which, in consequence of its fine proportions, is one of the most beautiful parts of the fane; there, for a long time, have been preserved in reliquary some fragments of Becket's skull. We know that in 1538, in the reign of Henry VIII., the cathedral was wrecked by the fanatical Protestants, incited by the king, and that the tomb and remains of the Saint were profaned and burned in the open square. The Crown of Becket is the work of English William, who succeeded William of Sens as architect.

In the south transept is preserved the Archbishop's throne, a kind of marble chair, which tradition states, dates from the time of Saint Augustine, but which is not older than the 13th century. This is the venerable seat on which the Archbishops of Canterbury are enthroned.



HASTINGS.

The crypt which extends beneath the choir was built before the year 1085. At the eastern extremity we find the chapel and the shrine of the Virgin, which was of great richness, if we judge by the remains of the niche which sheltered the statue. This portion of the crypt is covered with French inscriptions, which reminds us that in 1561 Queen Elizabeth permitted the French and Flemish refugees to put up their silk looms here. Their descendants, who now number about twenty, still come to worship in the crypt.

All round the cathedral, in what is called the Close, we find at every step traces of the Monastery of St. Augustine. Here are the cloisters, there the Chapter House, farther off the Norman arches, which were part of the Infirmary, and beyond the limits of the monastery an ancient gate, which is now almost the only relic of the palace of the Archbishops.

As a town, Canterbury is of little interest—it is only visited for its cathedral; some of the streets, however, still preserve the character of the Middle Ages, which is not unbecoming to a locality so full of historic memories. The Missionary College is one of the remarkable edifices in the town, and although modern, contains some portions of the Monastery of St. Augustine, on the site of which it was built in 1848. Canterbury

also possesses a very ancient portal, called the West Gate, the only one now standing; some fragments of its old ramparts, and the keep of the old castle, now enclosed within the premises of a gas factory, and situated at the extremity of a pretty promenade planted with oak trees, called the Dane John, a corruption of the word donjon.

The country round Canterbury, as in all Kent, is pleasing and fertile. It is in the region included between this town, Maidstone, and Faversham, that we find the famous hop gardens, which cover more than 30,000 acres, and contribute largely to the prosperity of the county.

The sea-side places most frequented, not only by the English, but by strangers, are those on the Channel. From Margate in Kent, to Penzance in Cornwall, the whole of the south coast is studded with delightful watering places, where the mildness of the climate in winter, the sea breeze in summer, and the pleasure of bathing in calmer waters than those of the Atlantic or North Sea, attract a large number of invalids, idlers, and tourists. In summer, Margate and Ramsgate, places dear to the lower middle class and their *employés*; Dover, Folkestone, Eastbourne, and particularly the Isle of Wight, more aristocratic watering places, are filled to overflowing with a well-dressed crowd of bathers of both sexes, yachtsmen and *yachtswomen*, who wear with a charming swagger the coquettish costumes made fashionable by a very great lady, who wields the sceptre of elegance for want of a better. In autumn and winter, Hastings, Brighton, Bournemouth, and Torquay, as well as the southern portion of the Isle of Wight, offer to people of delicate constitutions, who fear the London fogs and the east winds, a pure and mild air, with some few rays of sunshine.

FAIRLIGHT GLEN (HASTINGS).

The ideal line of demarcation which separates the aristocracy from the democracy is as noticeable in these watering-places as elsewhere. The members of the upper classes do not like to find themselves in contact with the tradespeople, who, on their part, feel uncomfortable in the presence of their patrons. Thus there is a difference between the watering-places frequented by the former and the latter sections of society.

Margate and Ramsgate are situated, the one on the north and the other on the south, of the Isle of Thanet, which forms the extreme border of Kent. These are typical places. The meeting places of the lower middle class and of clerks, these two towns offer a rich harvest of observation to the looker-on. Here popular English life shows itself in all its sincerity—in all its originality. Paterfamilias, accompanied by his wife, and followed or preceded by a numerous offspring, paces the sandy beach, where a multitude of children with naked limbs, clothed in summer frocks and wearing

sun-hats, roll over the sand, or paddle in the rippling waves. Perambulating photographers take, for sixpence, portraits, of which they guarantee the resemblance, and are as importunate as the "niggers" who, dressed in striped cotton suits, play the banjo while drawling out the latest comic song, the words of which are generally silly. On the pier engaged couples walk up and down with arms round each other, with that sublime indifference which characterizes English lower middle-class lovers, or perhaps leaning over the balustrades or seated on benches, remaining for whole hours hand in hand, staring vacantly, without speaking. After some years, during which Sundays and holidays have been passed in this fashion, the love-making is ended by marriage, or

BATTLE ABBEY (NEAR HASTINGS).

perhaps by one of those amusing, scandalous actions, called breaches of promise. Seldom, very seldom, is it that the "capital" of the young lady is encroached upon, but if she is pretty, if she possess what the police-court reporters call a prepossessing appearance, the sympathetic jury never fails to award her substantial damages; but, if these two could not get on together, is it not much better to find that out before marriage than afterwards? This truth, so long in coming to light, appears likely to triumph at last, for parliament is occupied with an act to abolish definitively these ridiculous and unfair actions for breach of promise.

Dover and Folkestone, so well-known to all who have crossed the channel, have been for many years frequented by bathers, whose greatest amusement consists in watching the disembarkation of the unfortunate passengers who have suffered in the transit, and who, more dead than alive, with faltering steps, make their way towards the trains which are in waiting. A cruel and formidable ordeal is this passage between a double row of curious spectators of both sexes, exchanging remarks more or less good-natured or facetious upon the appearance of the unfortunate travellers. But,

patience; every one will have his turn, he who laughs on Friday, on Sunday will be in a pitiable condition, and on the deck of one of the mail steamers will render up—his soul!

A sojourn at Dover is very expensive and the game is not worth the candle. Nevertheless the castle is a curiosity which it is as well to see in passing. It is situated on one of the two hills which overlook the town from east and west, and viewed from the sea, or from the extremity of the pier, has an imposing aspect, with its girdle of walls and towers, above which rises the massive square keep built by Henry II. On the summit a bomb-proof platform is furnished with formidable artillery. When the weather is clear, the coast of France can be seen, and may be plainly distinguished from Boulogne as far as Gravelines.

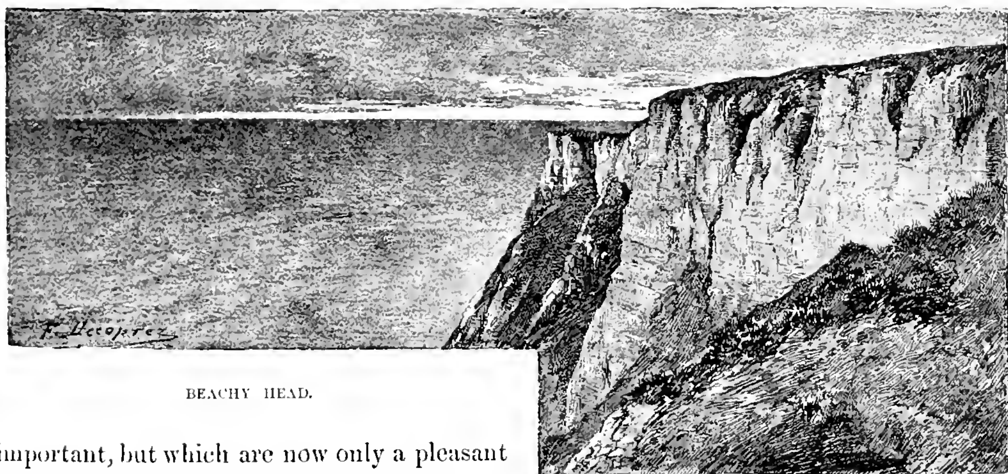
BODIAM CASTLE.

Dover has only a shingly beach, dangerous because of its rapid slope. We have already seen in what the only amusement of the bathers consists. Notwithstanding this, Dover is much frequented during the summer by holiday-makers, and at all seasons by people on their way to the continent or returning, who are waiting for a calm day to cross, or reposing after a rough passage. These are the people who are so anxious for the Channel tunnel, but unfortunately they have no voice in the matter. We must wait, then, for the carrying out of this project until the English authorities have discovered some means of preventing an army from passing through the twenty-five miles of tube, and of attacking the garrison unawares; or until all European nations disarm and disband their troops. Without hazarding too much we may believe that the former hypothesis is much more likely to be realised than the latter. In the meanwhile

the Government has forbidden the English company to proceed with the works, and travellers are still condemned to the miseries of sea-sickness.

Dover is the principal and now the only one of the Cinque Ports, which as far back as the Norman Conquest were obliged to furnish for the defence of the kingdom fifty-seven vessels, each manned by twenty-one sailors and a midshipman. Of the other four ports, Sandwich, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, the three first are no longer harbours, the sea having retired and left them high and dry, and the fourth is not much better, for as a port Hastings is insignificant.

These towns were placed under the jurisdiction of the Lord Warden of the Cinque ports, who was also Constable of Dover Castle, a personage whose functions were formerly important, but which are now only a pleasant sinecure. The fortunate holder of this appointment receives £3,000 a year, and an official residence at Walmer Castle, situated on the coast between Dover and Deal. The present Lord Warden is Earl Granville, whose immediate predecessor was Lord Palmerston. The Duke of Wellington, who was Lord Warden for many years before Lord Palmerston, died at Walmer Castle on the 14th September, 1852. The room in which he breathed his last is still shown, but no stranger is admitted to the castle except during the absence of the Lord Warden.



BEACHY HEAD.

To enumerate all the watering-places in Kent and Sussex would be equivalent to giving a list of all the villages and hamlets ranged along the coast, and God knows how many there are. Hastings, which is not by any means the place at which the famous battle was fought—the field is seven miles away at Battle—is a bathing place, strongly recommended for the mildness of its climate, which is due to its position, sheltered as it is from the north and east winds and open only to the south. It is the resting-place in winter for sufferers from rheumatism and consumption, who are unable to proceed to the south of France.

Hastings, which forms but one town with its neighbour, St. Leonard's—a more modern and more elegant place—is rich in historical associations. On the beach there, William the Conqueror disembarked on the 20th. September, 1066, full of hope and

ardour; and there, eight centuries later, at a distance of a few years apart, two dethroned and fugitive sovereigns landed on the hospitable shore of Britain:—King Louis Philippe, in 1848; and the Empress Eugénie, in 1870.

There is at Hastings a picturesque castle, perched on the summit of the cliff. This was the dwelling-place of the Earls of Lee, who held their domains from William the Conqueror. Destroyed, in the 11th century, by fire, it has remained in a ruinous condition ever since.

If Hastings is an agreeable resting-place, the neighbourhood is charming: the downs, which extend right and left, provide delightful excursions, of which the most celebrated is to Fairlight Glen, about two miles from Hastings.

The battle-field is, as we have said, nearly seven miles from Hastings, and there has been built on it, in commemoration of the event, an abbey, of which there remains naught but the ruins, enclosed within the extensive domain of the Duke of Cleveland, who only opens his gates to the public once a week.

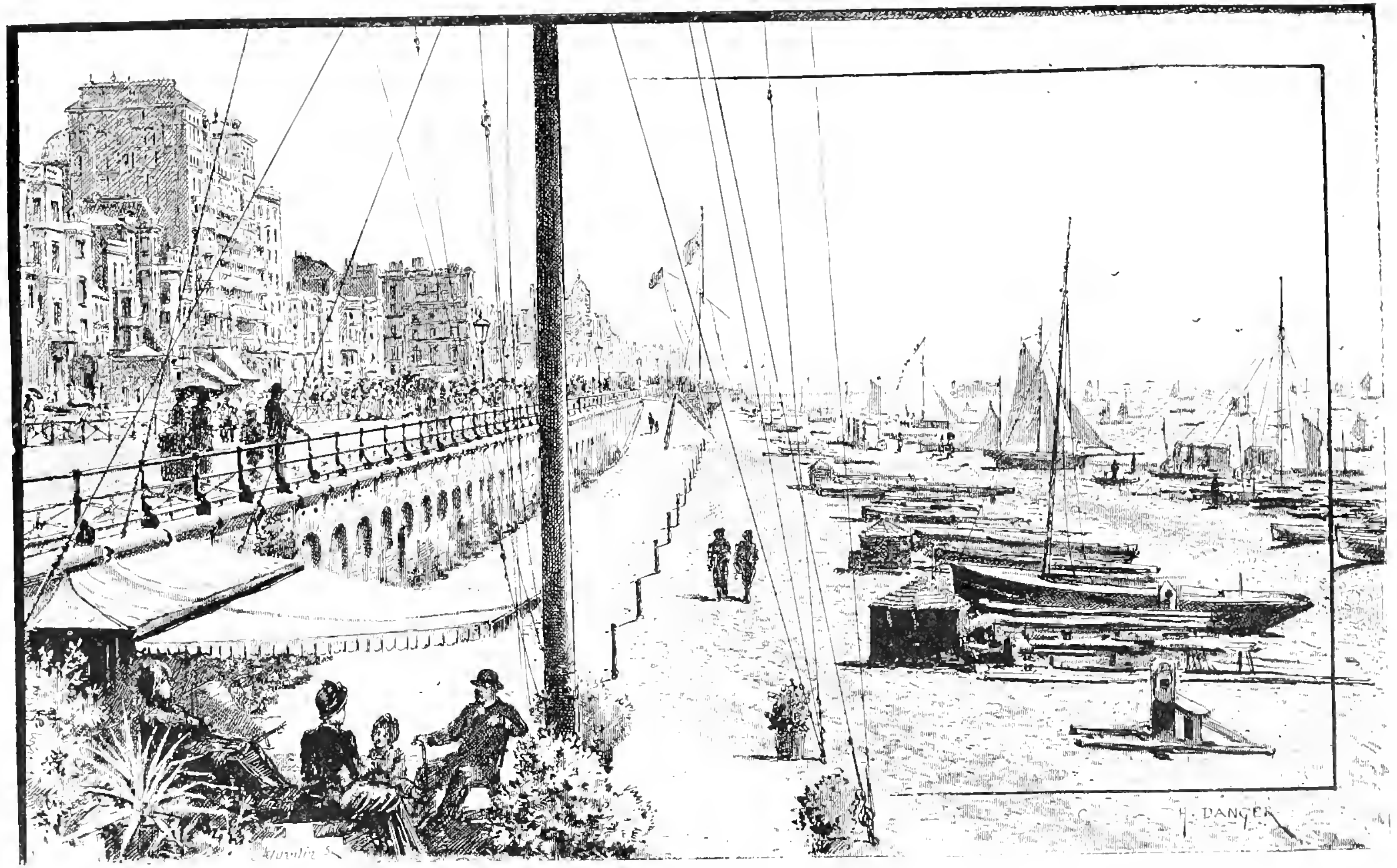
Very interesting, also, are the picturesque ruins of Bodiam Castle, to which the external walls, still well preserved, give an imposing appearance. We almost expect, as we gaze upon these lofty embattled towers and the thick walls, surrounded by a moat full of water, to see the drawbridge lowered to give passage to a troop of men-at-arms, headed by a noble knight wearing helmet and cuirass, clad in armour, and altogether redoubtable, going forth on an expedition from which he will return a conqueror to a *châtelaine*, whose pleasant face our imagination causes to appear at one of the casements of the highest tower.

Between Hastings and Brighton, the most remarkable places on the coast which is traversed by the railway are Pevensey and Eastbourne.

Near Eastbourne the cliff is steeply cut away and forms a precipice, the base of which is washed by the sea. This promontory, which is called Beachy Head, is feared by sailors, and has been the scene of many disasters, of which the memory is still preserved.

We must not leave Eastbourne without making an excursion to Hurstmonceaux Castle, the most picturesque ruin in this district. This magnificent castle, which is called after its founder, Wallerand de Monceaux, passed afterwards into the hands of the Fiennes family, in whose possession it remained until the 17th century. Situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded by a moat which is now dry, the castle, carpeted with ivy and climbing plants, which cover its walls and wind around its towers, offers a spectacle of rare beauty. Half fortress, half dwelling place, it presents an *ensemble* of battlemented towers, walls pierced with ogival windows, and turrets defended by ditches, drawbridges, portcullis, and everything that the military science of our ancestors could devise as means of defence. There certainly are ruins more majestic, more imposing than those of Hurstmonceaux, but it would be difficult to find any more picturesque.

"It is the fashion to run down George IV.," said Thackeray, "but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton." It is, in fact, to this prince that this pleasing and cheerful watering-place owes its existence, or, at least, its popularity—a popularity which has never ceased to increase, for Brighton is now as



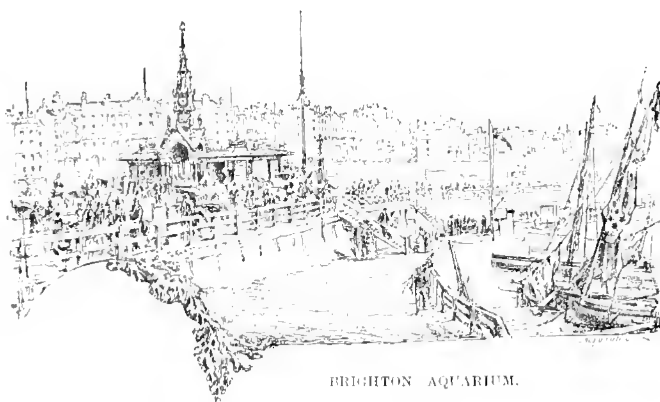
BRIGHTON BEACH.

frequented as ever it was. The preference of the English for this town is easy to understand.

It is only about fifty miles from London, and the express traverses this distance in an hour and five minutes, so a great number of people whose business is in the city pass a portion of the winter at Brighton, making the journey morning and evening as if they lived in a suburb. Although everybody goes to Brighton, it is essentially the *rendezvous* of the aristocracy, particularly during the winter.

The town is built along the sea front for a distance of about three miles. Fine houses, elegant villas, and sumptuous hotels face the sea, the view of which from all points of the long road which separates the houses from the beach is very beautiful.

Under two different names—the King's Road and the Marine Parade, this charming sunny drive, bordered with elegant shops, extends the whole length of the town. It is a scene of continual animation, promenaders and equestrians of both sexes, donkey-carriages and goat-chaises, carrying delighted children, pass backwards and forwards in continual streams. Everybody seems happy in the bright sunshine, which warms the body and cheers the mind. It is the West End of London, transported to the seaside, with all its aristocratic residents, its luxury and elegance—in a word, London-super-Mare.



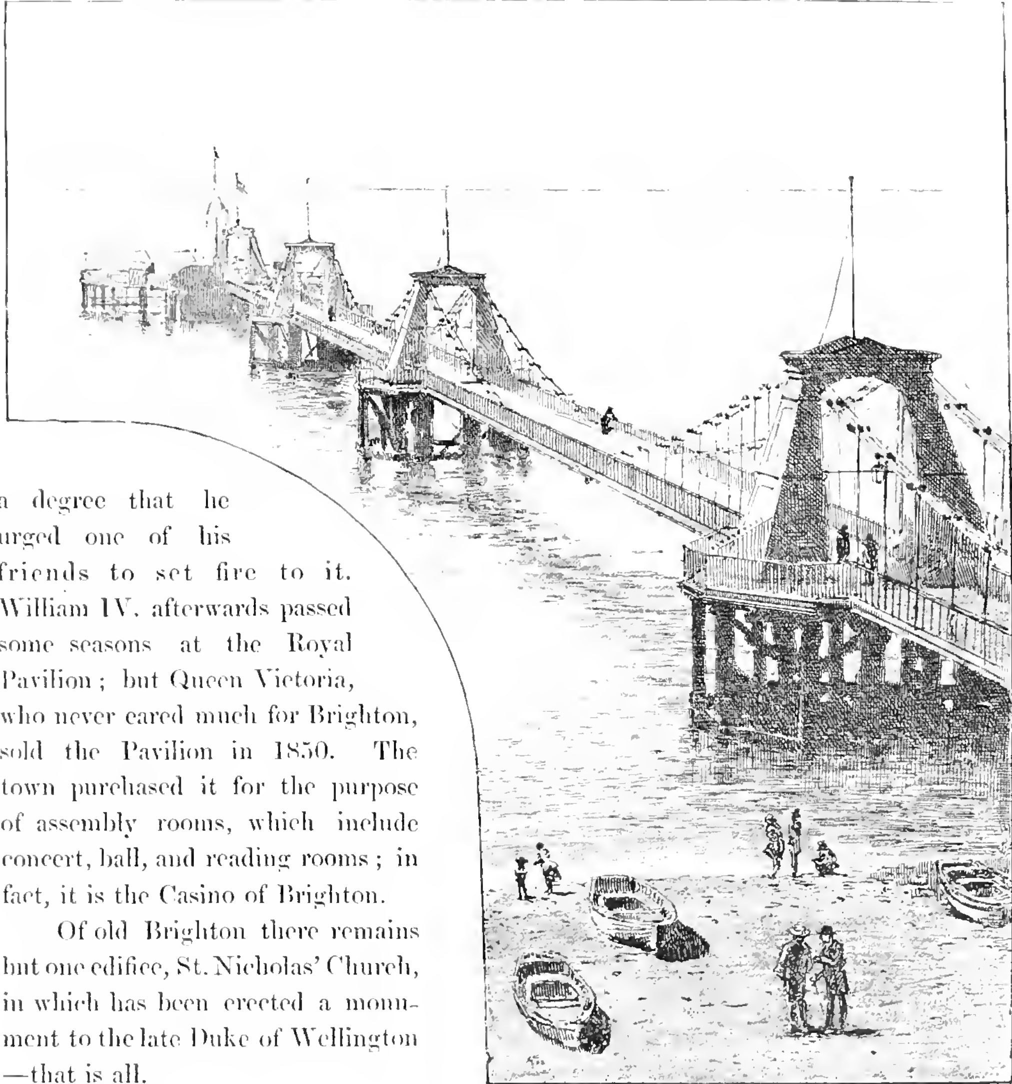
BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

Two good piers, the West Pier and the Chain Pier, each about 350 yards long, extend seawards, and form most agreeable promenades. The former, opposite Regency Square, terminates with a large platform, sheltered from wind and rain, where a band plays every day. The latter, on the suspension principle, is sustained by four pairs of cast-iron pillars, at equal distances from each other. This is the less frequented of the two, but the better situated to judge of the appearance of the town from the sea.

Between the two piers is the aquarium, built in 1872; a large building, measuring 630 feet, which cost more than £40,000. This is the most agreeable place in Brighton, and in which the time can be most pleasantly passed. Besides the aquarium, properly called, that is to say, in addition to the fifty tanks in the naves, which are stocked with every species of fish, the edifice includes reading-rooms, a concert-hall, a conservatory filled with aquatic plants, and a restaurant.

The most remarkable building in Brighton is the Pavilion. Erected in 1784 by Holland, for the Prince Regent (George IV.), it was at first merely a pleasure-house, where the Prince, in company with the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert and the *débauchés* of his suite, passed the time joyously—even too joyously; and to such a point did they carry their enjoyment that the stern Lord Chancellor Thurlow, when invited to dine

with the Prince Regent replied, "I cannot, your Royal Highness, until you keep better company." In 1818, when China and China-wares were all the fashion, as "Japaneserie" is now-a-days, the Regent caused his house to be pulled down, and Nash built him a Chinese Pagoda with cupolas, domes, and minarets, which irritated Walter Scott to such a degree that he urged one of his friends to set fire to it. William IV. afterwards passed some seasons at the Royal Pavilion; but Queen Victoria, who never cared much for Brighton, sold the Pavilion in 1850. The town purchased it for the purpose of assembly rooms, which include concert, ball, and reading rooms; in fact, it is the Casino of Brighton.



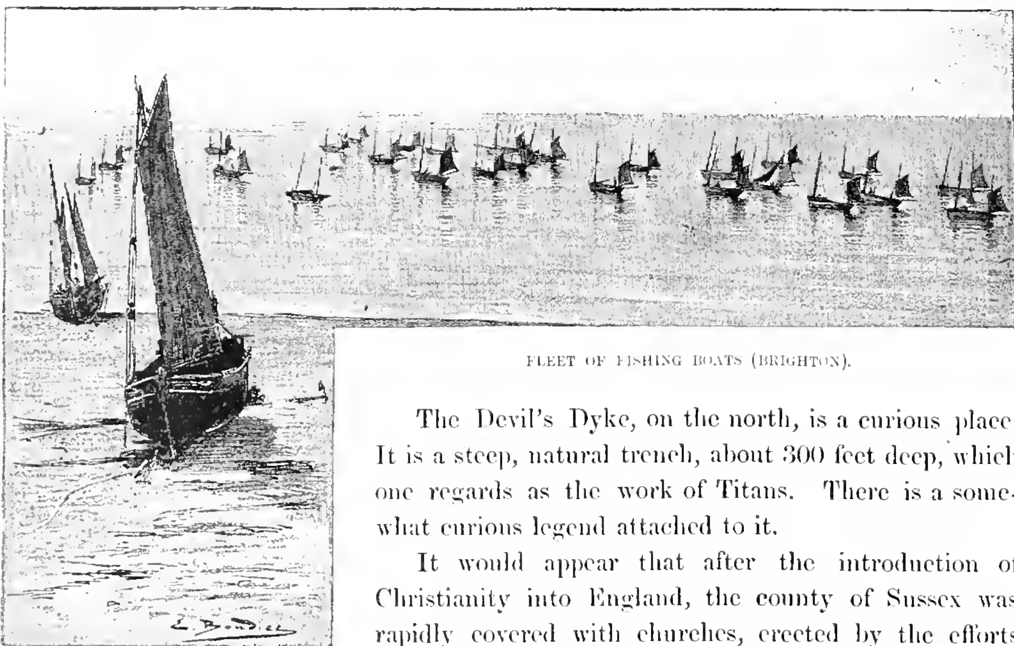
CHAIN PIER (BRIGHTON).

Of old Brighton there remains but one edifice, St. Nicholas' Church, in which has been erected a monument to the late Duke of Wellington—that is all.

But the charm of Brighton consists in its pure air and climate, temperate even in winter; its blue sea, with its ever changing reflections, the rippling waves, which are ever gilded with the sun's rays, and whose crests are sometimes coquettishly fringed with white foam, beneath the warm breath of the south wind. And the sea, the sun, and the air cannot be described. We love them, we admire them, we seek for them. When, one hour away from London and its fogs, we find them united, a source of pleasure and of health, we are ready to exclaim with the illustrious author

of "Vanity Fair," and we cannot do better than borrow his words—"One of the best physicians our city has ever known, is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton."

For those who only go to Brighton for pleasure there is an extremely well managed theatre, balls, concerts, and well-conducted clubs, without reckoning cricket and lawn-tennis. In winter the visitor can ride with the harriers and foxhounds; in the summer there are races, for Brighton possesses an excellent race-course, with a good stand, boating parties, yachting excursions, sea-bathing, and the thousand and one amusements of a fashionable watering-place. The neighbourhood abounds in charming walks, particularly across the south downs, which extend along the coast as far as Newhaven.



FLEET OF FISHING BOATS (BRIGHTON).

The Devil's Dyke, on the north, is a curious place. It is a steep, natural trench, about 300 feet deep, which one regards as the work of Titans. There is a somewhat curious legend attached to it.

It would appear that after the introduction of Christianity into England, the county of Sussex was rapidly covered with churches, erected by the efforts of the faithful. The devil was very much put out about this, and determined to inundate the whole county by cutting a canal by which he would introduce the water from the sea. This was not a bad idea, but Messire Satanas, instead of undertaking the work himself, confided it to one of his aides-de-camp, a young devil, rather new in the business, as we shall see. This horned engineer had orders only to work during the night, and to retire at daybreak. But it happened that one night an old woman heard him picking up the ground, and looked out of the window to ascertain the cause of the sound which had so greatly astonished her. As she could not see very well, she lighted a candle, whose flickering gleam was taken by the inexperienced devil for the first rays of the rising sun. To throw down his tools and decamp was, for the imp, the work of a moment. When he reached the ordinary residence of his Satanic master, he was received with all the honour his unworthy cowardice deserved, and, out of spite, Satan resolved to abandon his project of inundating the county of Sussex. The moral of this story is that the devil sometimes thinks the moon is made of green cheese, and that if women are curious, this great fault has at least, in one instance, been the means of doing good.

The little town of Chichester, celebrated for its cathedral, although situated inland, is so near the coast, that we cannot think of passing it in silence while speaking of this part of Sussex.

An ancient Roman station, as its name indicates, Chichester, like Chester, and many other English towns, still preserves the arrangement of the Roman camp. It consists of two streets, at right angles to each other, at whose intersection an octagonal cross, one of the most graceful constructions of its kind, has been erected.

The cathedral, which was built in the 12th century, on the site of a Saxon monastery, has been so often repaired and restored that scarcely anything of the ancient building, except the nave, remains. This nave is flanked with aisles, which give it a width out of all proportion to its length, and equally shortens the transepts. The choir, of Norman architecture, is long and narrow, and contains some curious grotesque sculpture. It is closed by a screen, erected in the 15th century by Bishop Arundel.

Of the exterior the most remarkable part of the cathedral is the pointed spire, 270 feet high, recently built in place of that which fell down in 1861, and of which it is the exact copy.

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The oldest as well as the most important of all the royal dockyards is that of Portsmouth. As at Chatham, every stranger who wishes to visit the establishment must be provided with a card of admission, otherwise entrance will be peremptorily refused. Having obtained the permit, he has only to present it at the dockyard gate, when all doors will then, and only then, be opened to him.

Although as early as the 13th century mention is made of Portsmouth in ancient documents, it is to Henry VIII. that the honour of founding this port, as well as those of Woolwich and Deptford, is due. Chatham and Sheerness date from the time of

Elizabeth; Devonport from the reign of William and Mary; and Pembroke from George III.'s time.

From the time of its foundation till the 16th century, Portsmouth underwent successive alterations, and its fortifications were not greatly modified since the latter period to our own days—even during the wars at the end of the last century. But the introduction of rifled cannon necessitated a radical change in its defences; and the Royal Commission of 1859, after long and minute examination of the question, recommended new fortifications, armed with more than a thousand guns, and of which the cost was estimated at nearly £2,500,000 sterling for the masonry only. The works, as well as many others rendered necessary by the constant improvements in the armament of European vessels of war, have been carried out. Portsmouth is considered impregnable, but that fact does not prevent the addition of a fort every year, or of a new battery. To account for the lines of defence it is necessary to be acquainted with the situation of the place.

FORTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

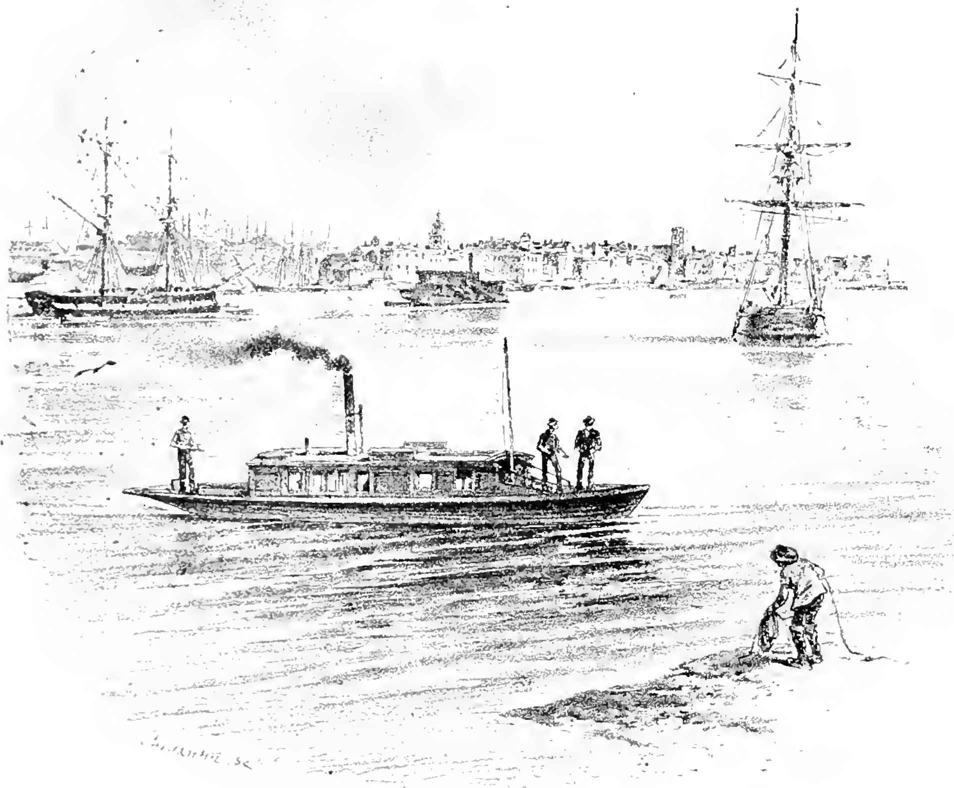
Portsmouth is situated on an island (Portsea Island), four miles long, two-and-a-half wide; bounded on the north by a narrow canal called Portsbridge Creek, which separates it from the mainland; on the west by Portsmouth harbour; on the east by Langston harbour; and on the south by the famous roads of Spithead, formed by the arm of the sea which divides the mainland from the Isle of Wight. The latter plays the part of an immense dam, and contributes not a little towards making Portsmouth harbour a safe anchorage for men-of-war.

Portsmouth is composed of four towns, namely, Portsmouth proper, Portsea, Southsea, and Gosport. It has a total population of 131,000 inhabitants. The three first-named towns are in the same island. Gosport is situated opposite to Portsmouth, on the tongue of land which encloses, on the west, the harbour. This harbour, the entrance of which is only 270 yards wide, is defended by Blockhouse Fort on the Gosport side, and the Point Battery on the Portsmouth side, forms, as it extends inland, a beautiful basin four miles in length, and of an average width of about two miles.

The line of defence includes the two straits of the Solent and Spithead, between the mainland and the Isle of Wight, which bristles with fortresses and batteries, and a girdle of forts extending all round the harbour from Browndown, on the west of Gosport, to Portsea, passing by the heights of Portsdown to the north. Lastly, on the sandbanks lying between St. Helen's and Portsmouth, five granite forts have been constructed, incased with iron plates, and armed with guns of the largest calibre. One of these forts, built entirely of iron, is surmounted by four revolving turrets, each containing two guns which throw projectiles weighing 600 lbs. In order to build these formidable fortresses

it was found necessary to lay the foundations, walls of masonry, fifty feet thick, twenty-one feet below the level of low tides. It will thus be perceived that the key of England is well guarded.

Portsmouth is the dockyard. There is nothing else to see in it unless No. 12, High Street, which is the house where the fanatic Felton assassinated the Duke of Buckingham. The entrance of the dockyard is at Portsea. We reach it by the Hard, and after having penetrated into the sacred enclosure,



PORTSMOUTH ROADSTEAD.

one of the dockyard police takes the visitor in charge, and pilots him amid this collection of magazines, building yards, and docks, which cover an area of not less than 250 acres. First, we see the mast ponds (basins in which is immersed the timber for the purpose of seasoning), and the workshops in which it is fashioned into masts. The rope-house is an enormous three-storeyed building, 1,100 feet long, in which are made cables thirty inches in circumference; but chain cables have now superseded these ropes.

All around are stacked gigantic anchors, seven yards long, and thick in proportion, weighing nearly five tons. A vessel like the *Minotaur* carries four of this size.

Having passed the sail-yard, we reach the dry docks, of which there are eighteen. The largest are 200 yards long. In 1864 there were only eleven of these docks; since that period, when the dockyard had only one basin of a little more than two acres in extent, four have been constructed to the north of Portsea, of a total area of more than 70 acres. Farther on, are five covered sheds, in which ships of all sizes are built, surrounded by the various workshops, forges, and a foundry.

The dockyard hands for many years have been, as it were, permanently employed and not liable to be dismissed at a day's notice—at least, this is generally the case. After a certain number of years they can claim a pension. The State is thus assured of a selected staff of men who are more trustworthy than those which they used formerly

THE DOCKYARD (PORTSMOUTH).

to take on according to their needs. Besides the workmen attached to the arsenal, the authorities, in times of emergency, engage men by the day.

The block machinery is the great curiosity of Portsmouth. By the aid of this ingenious series of forty-four machines, invented by the French Engineer, Brunel, in 1808, ten men can make 140,000 blocks of various sizes in a year. We may estimate the importance of this invention when we consider that a man of war has 1,500 or 2,000 blocks, and that there are 200 different kinds of blocks in use in the Royal Navy.

The gun wharf is in that part of the dockyard situated between Portsea and Portsmouth; and occupies about fifteen acres. Here we see mountains of projectiles and cannons of all sizes; not far from there are the store-houses of arms, which contain sufficient to equip 25,000 sailors.

In the harbour, opposite the dockyard, is moored the *Victory*, Nelson's flag ship at the Battle of Trafalgar. Visitors are admitted, and are shown the spot where the hero fell mortally wounded, as well as the cock-pit in which he breathed his last sigh.

This vessel, a very beautiful specimen of the old line-of-battle ship, contrasts strangely with the modern men of war, lying low in the water and without masts.

Special permission must be obtained to visit the *Excellent*, the gunnery ship, the *St. Vincent*, in which is the naval school, and the great Indian troopships. We must also have leave to view the Queen's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, a magnificent vessel, of 1,000 tons and 500 horse-power, the length of whose deck is 414 feet. The saloons and cabins of this yacht are marvels of order, elegance, and taste.

Portsmouth dockyard is under the orders of a Rear-Admiral, who is assisted by a numerous military and civil staff. Portsmouth is also an important military command.

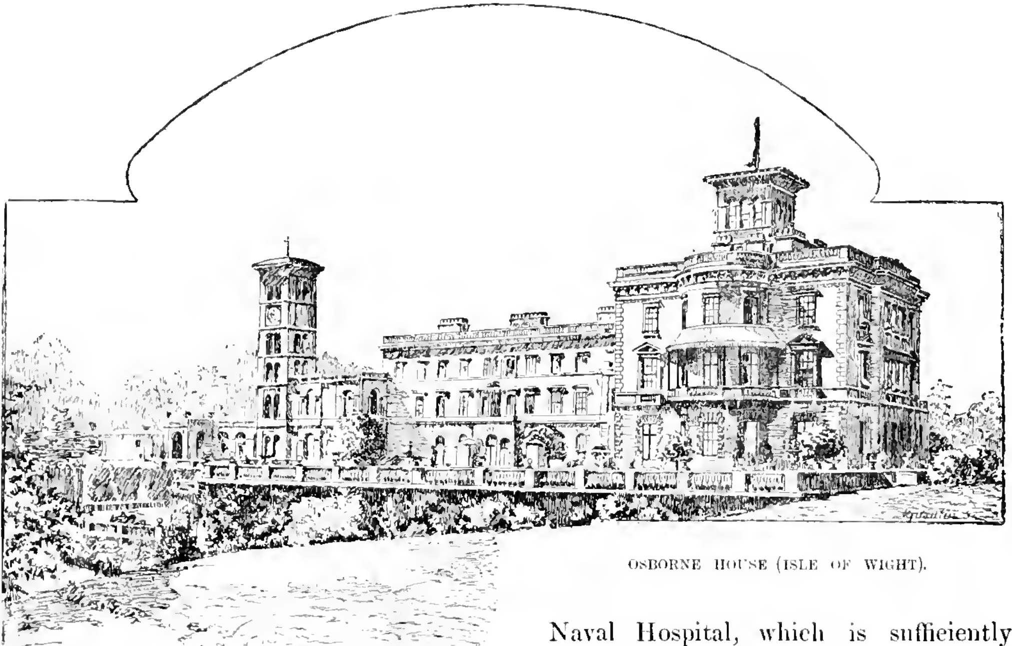
HIGH STREET (PORTSMOUTH).

Gosport, a suburb of Portsmouth, is the food depôt of the Royal Navy; there we find the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard. We cross the harbour in a steam ferry or floating bridge built of iron. This is a curious boat, 90 feet long and 54 wide, in which 10 carriages and 500 passengers can easily be accommodated; a kind of draw-bridge fixed at either end facilitates the embarkation and disembarkation of horses and carriages. Two steam engines propel this heavy mass, which passes to and fro every quarter of an hour. There are besides this floating bridge small steamers plying between Gosport and Portsmouth.

The Victualling Yard consists of a series of immense warehouses, in which are stored enormous quantities of food of all kinds, bread, salt, meat, wine, rum, flour, biscuits, and beer. A special building serves as a clothing store, and there is an enormous reservoir, fed by wells, 360 feet deep, from which the vessels procure their supplies of fresh water. In the dietary of the English sailors, cocoa plays a great part,

and in the Royal Navy they consume eleven times more of it than of coffee, and nearly four times as much of it as of tea. In the year 1882 there were stored about 1,152,656 lbs. of cocoa, 100,240 lbs. of coffee only, and 308,359 lbs. of tea.

The Queen invariably embarks at Gosport for Osborne, a private landing-place and a waiting-room in the Victualling-Yard being always reserved for Her Majesty's use. Behind the storehouses are immense barracks. Passing in front of these, we reach the town of Gosport itself, which is absolutely devoid of interest, and, like Portsmouth and Portsea, dirty and untidy. After having traversed it, and it is not a great distance, and crossed the Haslar bridge, we find ourselves in front of the magnificent Royal



OSBORNE HOUSE (ISLE OF WIGHT).

Naval Hospital, which is sufficiently large to accommodate 2,000 invalids. It was built in 1762. It is composed of a central building and two wings, forming three sides of a garden, the centre of which is occupied by a chapel, and the houses inhabited by the commandant, and the members of the medical and administrative staffs. The hospital, four storeys high, contains 114 rooms, with 20 beds in each, and is the largest establishment of its kind in England.

Behind it we find the building-yard for the gunboats, and a little farther on towards the sea, Haslar Barracks. All this part of the coast bristles with forts and batteries, armed with triple rows of guns, the cross-fire of which would render any attempt at landing impossible.

The Bay which extends between the mainland and the Isle of Wight, which can clearly be seen, and where we can perceive the high towers of Osborne, is called Stokes Bay. The branch of the railway runs down to a landing-stage, whence one can cross to the island in about twenty minutes.

If we wish to return to Portsmouth, we must retrace our steps, and cross by the Floating Bridge. As we go over this bridge we will be reminded that there, on board

COWES (ISLE OF WIGHT).

the *Monarch* on the 14th of March, 1757, Admiral Byng was shot, sacrificed by the ministry of which the Duke of Devonshire was the head, to public opinion which had been wrongly aroused against a brave sailor who had been betrayed by the fortune of war. "In that country," said Voltaire, "it is good to kill an admiral occasionally, to encourage the others." The Floating Bridge lands us at the end of Broad Street, which leads to the Parade, at the end of which is the Esplanade of Southsea, which has now for some years been a well-frequented watering-place in summer.

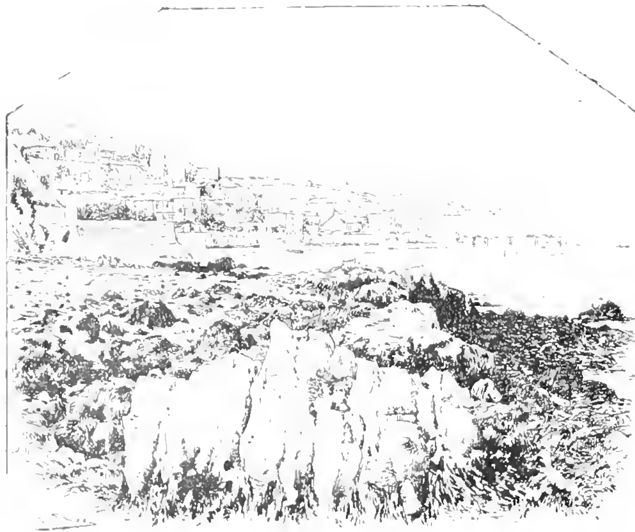
At some distance from Southsea, in Spithead-roads, a red buoy marks the place where, on the 29th of August, 1782, the *Royal George*, three-decker, suddenly foundered, with nearly 1,200 sailors and soldiers on board, of whom only 300 were saved. The ship had been hauled down to caulk a small leak (a very frequent operation in those days, and one attended with so little danger that the Admiral had not even sent the women and children ashore), when a sudden gust of wind heeled her over. The ports had been left open, the water poured in, and the *Royal George* went to the bottom. The admiral and his officers perished with the ship, and the only persons on board who escaped death were those sailors who were on watch at the time of the disaster.

For many years the hull of this enormous ship remained at Spithead, a standing menace to navigation, and without anyone being able to remove it. It was not until 1839 that Colonel Pasley, an officer of Engineers, assisted by a number of divers, succeeded in demolishing the *Royal George* in about 18 months. At that time a most stirring incident happened, a regular drama at the bottom of the sea, and such a one, which if invented by a novelist, would have been thought exaggerated. Two rival divers quarrelled concerning a piece of wood, which both seized at the same time, and then

commenced a terrible struggle between them, ten fathoms beneath the surface. The varied incidents of this duel under water, in the solitude of the ocean, far from human ken, are more easy to imagine than to describe. By an almost superhuman effort one of the two men, named Girvan, broke the glass eyes of the helmet of his adversary, Jones, who, blinded, and almost suffocated by the water, had the presence of mind to pull the alarm cord. He was hauled to the surface more dead than alive.

Leaving Portsmouth, we cannot but regret the absence of any monument or statue to recall the fact that it was at Landport that Charles Dickens was born on the 15th of February, 1812.

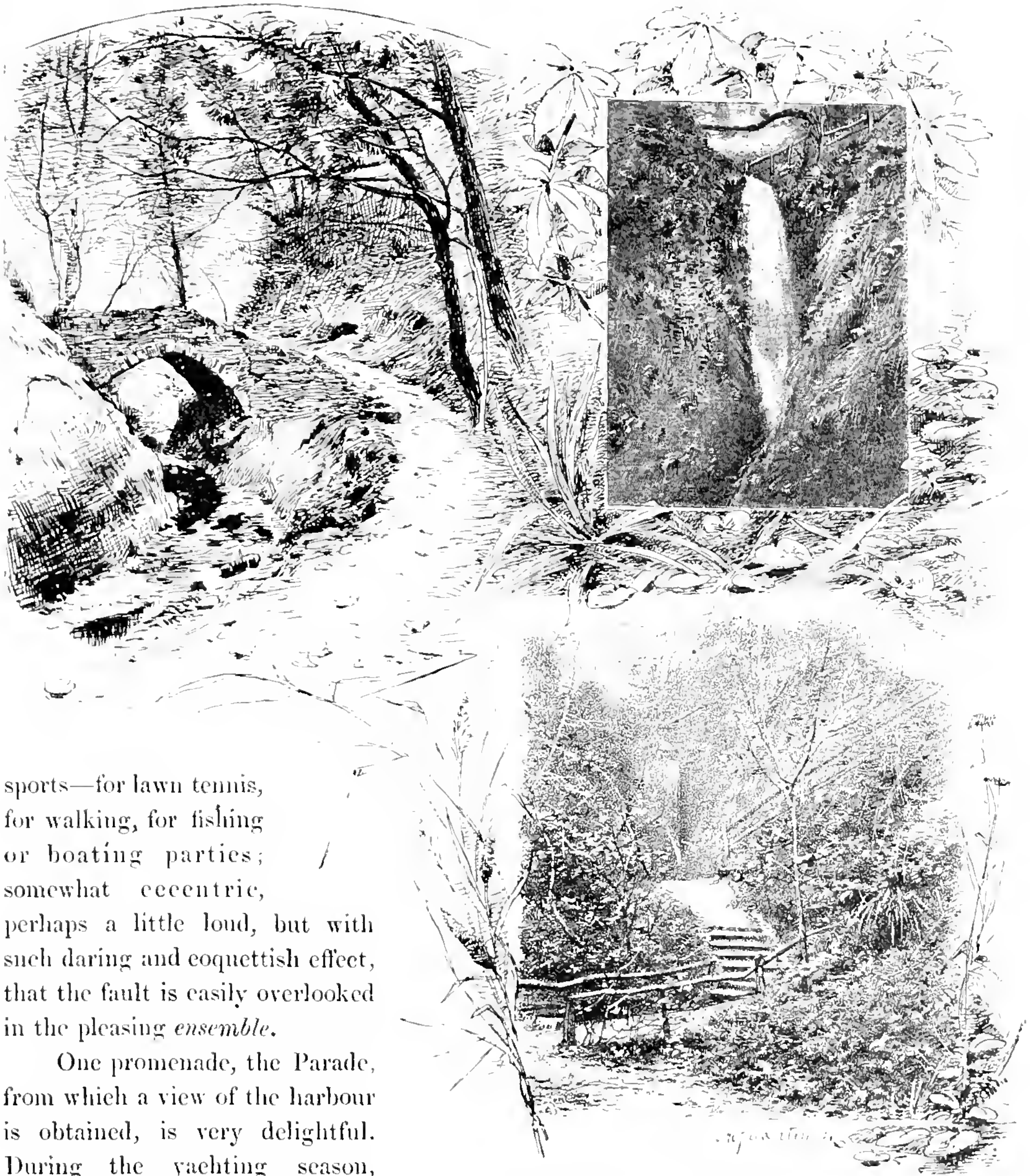
The Isle of Wight occupies a unique position in the series of English country resorts and watering places. This little lozenge-shaped island, which measures twenty-two miles from east to west, and fourteen from north to south, is a privileged spot. It is easily accessible from Portsmouth or Southampton: the former route is the shorter, the latter the more picturesque. When we go by Southampton, as soon as we have got out of Southampton Water, we perceive the island rising from the waves like a basket of flowers. In the foreground, the small white houses of Cowes stand out against the darker colouring of the wooded hills which rise in gentle slopes, and unite with a second line of heights less distinguishable in the distance. The river Medina, which separates the island into two parts, also divides the town of Cowes, half of which is romantically placed on either bank. East Cowes, on the left, is overlooked by Osborne House, the private residence of the Queen, the towers of which are visible from a distance. West Cowes, on the other side, is the most animated part of the island. The steamer touches there. At the mouth of the Medina stands Cowes Castle, a kind of fortess built by Henry VIII., which now serves as the Club House of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which Cowes, in the yachting season, is the head quarters.



VENTNOR (ISLE OF WIGHT).

The town is commonplace enough; its narrow streets, the houses in which are small but neat, the steps being whitened, and the brass polished according to English fashion, are lined with shops in which articles of yachts' equipment are principally sold, such as ropes, sails, blocks, compasses, provisions, flags and lanterns, which are heaped up in picturesque confusion. The tailors, costumiers, and hatters offer you nothing but yachting costumes and yachting hats.

Ladies and gentlemen are clothed in blue or white serge, the men wearing yachting caps, the women sailor hats or caps, which they sport with a charming ease of carriage. Very elegant are these costumes which English women love to wear for their different



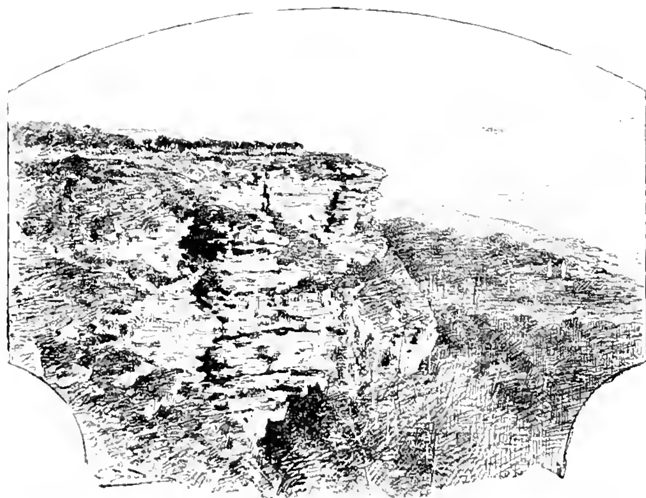
SHANKLIN CHINE (ISLE OF WIGHT).

sports—for lawn tennis, for walking, for fishing or boating parties; somewhat eccentric, perhaps a little loud, but with such daring and coquettish effect, that the fault is easily overlooked in the pleasing *ensemble*.

One promenade, the Parade, from which a view of the harbour is obtained, is very delightful. During the yachting season, which lasts from May 1st to November 1st, a number of yachts are at anchor, and as many of the owners of these pretty vessels live on board of them, the passing to and fro of the boats between the town and the yachts, give to the "roads" an incessant animation and movement. In the evening there are dinners, concerts, and dances on board the yachts, and the sounds of the bands, and the peals of laughter

carried shorewards by the breeze, echo in the streets. In August the regatta attracts a great number of visitors. The Prince of Wales, the Commodore of the Club, is invariably present, and takes part in the racing; the Queen contributing a cup of the value of 100 guineas for the chief prize.

A ferry plies between West Cowes and East Cowes, situated on the right bank of the Medina, which is here about a mile wide. On the other side of the town, in the midst of a park of 5,000 acres, is Osborne House, built after the designs of Prince Albert. This residence does not belong to the Crown; it is the private property of the Queen who purchased the domain in 1840. Osborne House is in the Italian style, of irregular plan, consisting of a principal building, flanked by a tower 90 feet high, enclosing a clock, and of a very high lateral pavilion surmounted by a square tower. In this latter portion are the Royal apartments. Osborne House is very richly and very elegantly furnished and decorated. It contains a beautiful collection of modern objects of art. The gardens and the park extend down to the sea, and a special pier has been constructed for the exclusive use of the Queen. Strangers are not admitted to Osborne under any pretext whatever. Enclosed in the Park are a Swiss chalet and a farm, wherein Prince Albert loved to follow his favourite occupation—agriculture. Thanks to his enlightened ideas, the soil, naturally poor, has been improved and fertilized.



UNDERCLIFF (ISLE OF WIGHT).

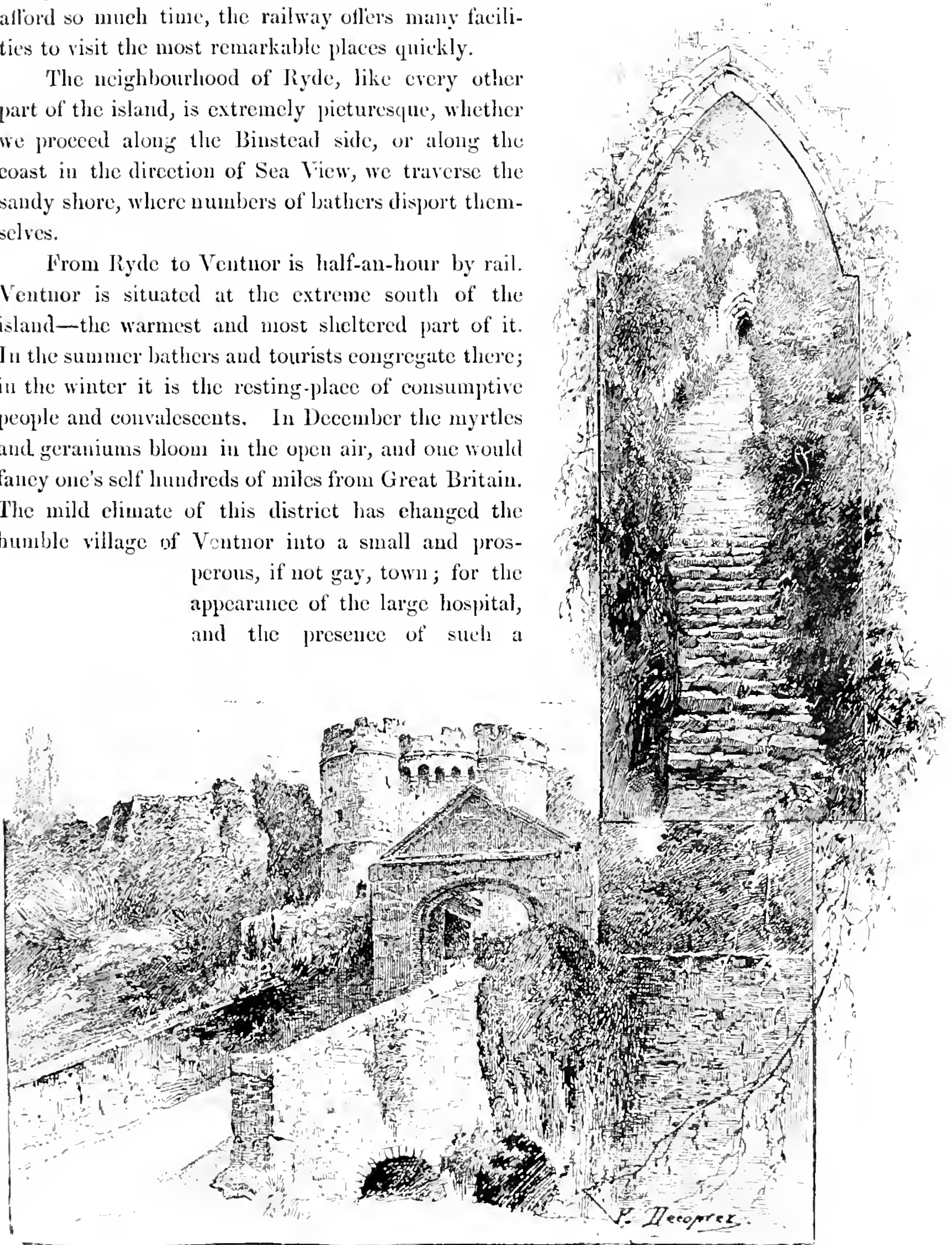
Ryde, about six miles from Cowes, is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, situated opposite Portsmouth, and which, by its amusements and resources, is much more agreeable than Cowes, where the stranger, if he is not a friend of one of the yachtsmen, does not know how to pass his time. He is like a man who has been pitchforked into an assembly in which he knows no one, and where the sight of people amusing themselves renders his isolation more complete.

Seen from the end of the Pier, the town, which is built on the slope of a gentle eminence, the houses being surrounded by pretty gardens, presents a pleasing and gay appearance. On the right the coast, wooded and covered with luxuriant vegetation to the very edge of the water, is undulating and broken; on the left extends the wide esplanade, and on a hill is a fine turreted mansion of red brick, rising proudly in a beautiful situation. When we arrive at the end of the Pier, Union Street, the principal thoroughfare of Ryde, is before us, the arcades of which form a covered promenade in case of rain. Ryde is chiefly the *rendezvous* of bathers and tourists, for it is the most

convenient point of departure for those who wish to make the tour of the island by land or sea. This latter excursion is extremely agreeable on a fine summer's day, and occupies about seven hours. When one cannot afford so much time, the railway offers many facilities to visit the most remarkable places quickly.

The neighbourhood of Ryde, like every other part of the island, is extremely picturesque, whether we proceed along the Binstead side, or along the coast in the direction of Sea View, we traverse the sandy shore, where numbers of bathers disport themselves.

From Ryde to Ventnor is half-an-hour by rail. Ventnor is situated at the extreme south of the island—the warmest and most sheltered part of it. In the summer bathers and tourists congregate there; in the winter it is the resting-place of consumptive people and convalescents. In December the myrtles and geraniums bloom in the open air, and one would fancy one's self hundreds of miles from Great Britain. The mild climate of this district has changed the humble village of Ventnor into a small and prosperous, if not gay, town; for the appearance of the large hospital, and the presence of such a



CARISBROOKE CASTLE (ISLE OF WIGHT).

number of invalids detract somewhat from the pleasure one feels in exploring this charming place.

Between Ventnor and St. Catherine's Point extends the Undercliff, a kind of plateau, seven miles long, and about half-a-mile wide, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by precipitous cliffs nearly 600 feet high. The broken ground offers a most pleasing and yet very strange appearance, here and there forming bays, caverns, and grottoes, where thick and tenacious vegetation clings to the side of the cliff, and covers the fallen boulders. The dark green of the ivy is relieved by the bright colours of the roses and wild flowers which grow in abundant and most admired disorder. Deep clefts and piles of stone, caused by the breaking away of the cliffs, are met with at every step; here is a pyramid, there an enormous rock, whose grey mass throws curious shadows upon the green sward. Then the clumps of hawthorn and other trees, such as chestnut and ash, extend their leafy branches far and wide, and have insinuated themselves, one cannot tell how, amidst the grey rocks in a sublime confusion.

This picturesque chaos is the result of a series of landslips, of which the most recent occurred between 1810 and 1818. In 1799, a farm and a hundred acres of land were overwhelmed at once. These catastrophes, scientists say, are no longer to be feared. Let us trust they are right.

From Ventnor, we can, by following the path, reach Shanklin on foot; this is a very agreeable walk. Here there is a Chine, that is to say, a wooded ravine, through which a stream tumbles from a height of about 20 feet, and rejoices in the name of a cascade. The entrance of this miniature valley is defended by a gate; for all the curiosities in the Isle of Wight are carefully guarded, and exploited very skilfully by the intelligent natives, who make considerable profits from them. It will be understood, therefore, that it is necessary to give a few pence to the guardian, who takes care of the walks, trims the trees, and looks after the rocks, so as to give Shanklin Chine the appearance of an artificial ravine. Too many flowers! Too many flowers! Now one remark by the way.

If the dollar is all powerful in America, the shilling in England has almost magic qualities; it is astonishing how much may be accomplished in the matter of opening gates, conciliating policemen, caretakers, and railway *employés* with the aid of this little round piece of money which no one ever asks for, but which everyone accepts so discreetly, and which procures for the traveller—who knows how to make use of it--so much comfort, and the avoidance of so much trouble and formality. Here we may ask a question, the drift of which will be evident to every one. Is the immoderate bestowal of *baksheesh* in the east an English importation, or have the English borrowed it from the Orientals?

The gate of the chine being opened, the gratuity having produced the ordinary effect, the caretaker conducts the visitor through the whole extent of his little domains and does the honours with remarkable courtesy. The visits last only a few minutes, and as there is nothing else to see in Shanklin we have only to take the train to Newport, the capital of the Isle of Wight.

This is a little town situated in the centre of the island, on the Medina, which is so far navigable. Newport is without any particular characteristics, but is clean, and on

market days very animated. It possesses no monuments, with the exception of St. Thomas' Church, in which is the tomb of Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles I., who died at the age of fifteen, on the 8th September, 1650, in Carisbrooke Castle, where she was in prison. A beautiful marble monu-

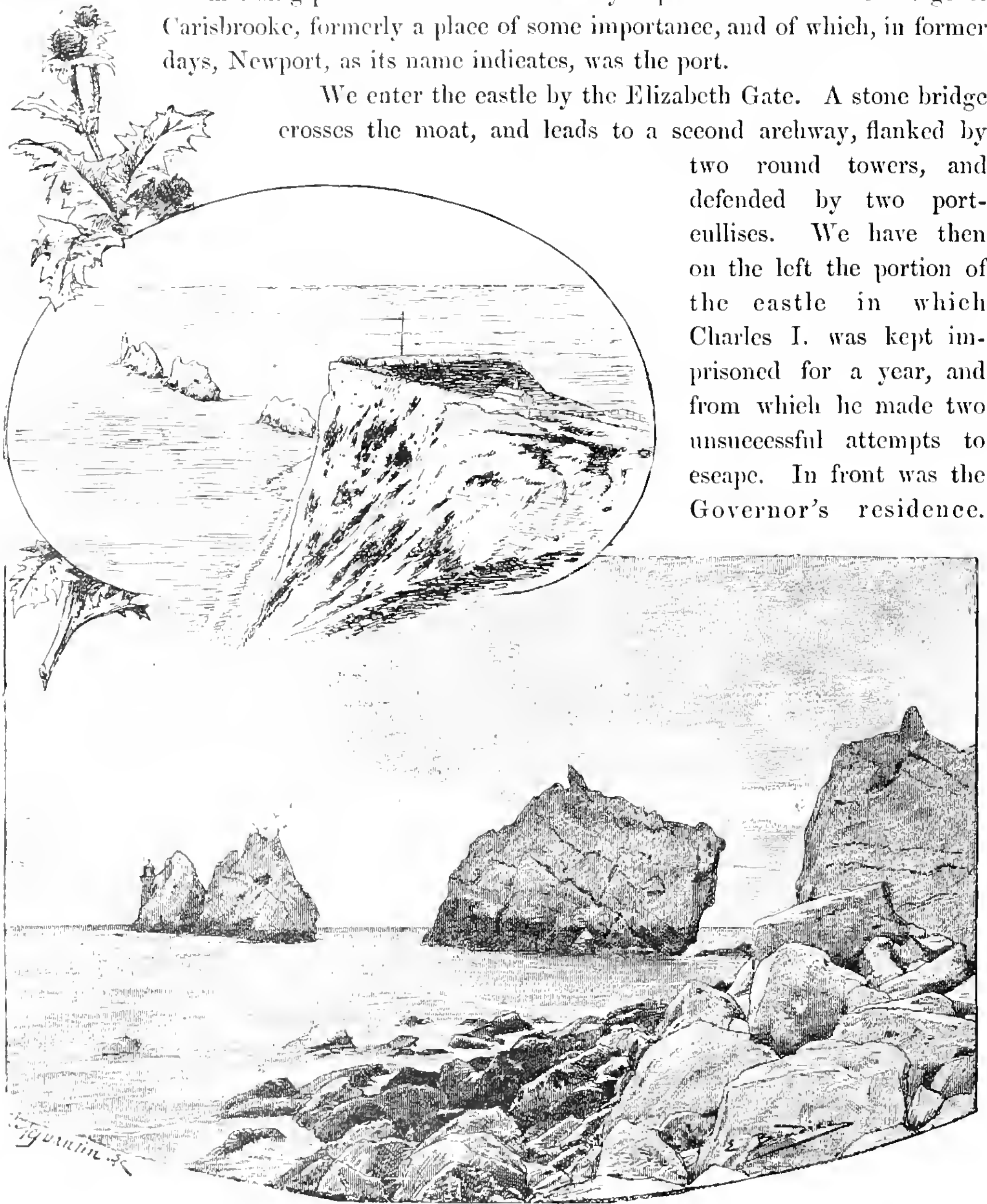
VIEWS IN ISLE OF WIGHT.

ment was raised to the memory of this princess by Queen Victoria in 1856.

Carisbrooke Castle, a mile from Newport, is a very interesting historical monument, part of which dates from the Saxon times; it was repaired by the Normans, and

finally surrounded by fortifications, of which nothing now remains but the ruins, in the reign of Elizabeth. It is situated on a hill, 240 feet above the level of the sea, in a commanding position. A narrow valley separates it from the village of Carisbrooke, formerly a place of some importance, and of which, in former days, Newport, as its name indicates, was the port.

We enter the castle by the Elizabeth Gate. A stone bridge crosses the moat, and leads to a second archway, flanked by two round towers, and defended by two portcullises. We have then on the left the portion of the castle in which Charles I. was kept imprisoned for a year, and from which he made two unsuccessful attempts to escape. In front was the Governor's residence.



THE NEEDLES (ISLE OF WIGHT).

These several apartments have been skilfully restored by Mr. Hardwick, as well as the framework that covers the well, which is 300 feet deep.

The keep occupies the site of the ancient Saxon fortress. From the summit there is a beautiful view. At our feet lie Carisbrooke and Newport, whence the Medina, like

a silver ribbon, winds its way to mingle its waters with the Solent between the two parts of Cowes. In the distance the Hampshire coast may be distinguished in a warm haze, from which rise the heights of Portsdown, crowned by their formidable batteries. To right and left extends the chain of hills, which, running north and south, divides the island into two parts.

At a short distance from the castle we find the ruins of a Roman villa, discovered in 1859, and which has since been carefully protected.

An almost straight road leads from Newport to Parkhurst Forest—an ancient royal chase, now a nursery ground. At the entrance are the barracks, erected in 1798—extensive red brick buildings capable of accommodating 3,000 troops,—and Parkhurst Prison.

It is as well to take advantage of a stay at Newport to visit the western side of the island, the little village of Yarmouth (which must not be confounded with the town of the same name in Norfolk), and the peninsula and bay of Freshwater. There are omnibuses which ply regularly between Newport and these localities, but it is better to hire a carriage and proceed at one's leisure. Lord Tennyson, the poet laureate, owns a pretty mansion in the neighbourhood of Freshwater, called Farringford House, which he occupies during the greater part of the year.

Returning from Newport, at which we stay only long enough to make these excursions to Carisbrooke and Freshwater, we take the railway to Cowes, whence we can embark for Southampton or Portsmouth, or to go round the island by sea, which is a most agreeable way of winding up a visit to the Isle of Wight. From Cowes the steamer passes through the Solent, the arm of the sea which separates Hampshire from the Isle of Wight, and gets narrower up to Yarmouth. We pass between Hurst Castle on the mainland, and the three forts which face it, and defend the entrance to the strait forming the advanced defences of Portsmouth. The steamer, doubling the extreme point of the island, passes round the Needles—three sharp rocks which stand up like cathedral spires, and are inhabited by flocks of sea-birds. Then we come in sight of the cliffs of Freshwater Bay, St. Catherine's Down, and Ventnor, where sometimes the steamer puts in. We then continue our course northwards, passing in succession Shanklin, Sandown, and Bembridge Point, which is defended by a powerful fort. Thence we regain Ryde, passing the Spithead forts, which are built on the sand-banks in the middle of the strait.

V.

SOUTHAMPTON. — SALISBURY. — THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. — JERSEY. — GUERNSEY. — BOURNEMOUTH.—WEYMOUTH.—DEVONSHIRE.—EXETER.—TORQUAY.—DARTMOOR.—EXMOOR.—THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.—PENZANCE.—ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.—THE LAND'S END.

SOUTHAMPTON, the chief town of Hampshire, is also the chief town of the county of Southampton, which includes the limits of the town. This may seem strange, but granted the anomalies so frequent in England, and to which one must accustom one's self without seeking to fathom them, there is nothing in this fact which ought particularly to astonish everyone who travels through this interesting county, respecting which ought to have been written the pretty line:

"Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas!"

Well situated at the end of a wide and navigable estuary (Southampton Water), near the junction of the rivers Test and Itchen, Southampton was evidently destined to become a considerable port. In fact, in the 15th and 16th centuries it carried on a large commerce with the Levant; but in the following century the prosperity of Southampton was arrested in consequence of the development of its rival Portsmouth, and of the arrival of the plague in 1665, which decimated the inhabitants. For a hundred years Southampton continued to decline, but at the commencement of the 19th century the Duke of Bedford, who from time to time resided there, brought it temporarily into fashion again; about 1840 the railroad connected it with London, and the docks being opened, the prosperity of the port and town rapidly increased. For many years eight great lines of steamers communicating with all parts of the world, and numbering amongst them more than a hundred ships, made it their headquarters; but recently some of these companies have removed their business to London, whence the embarkation and disembarkation of merchandise and passengers is effected more quickly and at less cost.

Nevertheless, Southampton is still the most important port in the district, commercially speaking. Statistics value the imports at £9,000,000 sterling, and the exports at £7,750,000. But since the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company—that famous association designated by the English as the "P. and O."—a title which, pronounced quickly, sounds to French ears like the word *piano*—since the vessels of this company, which has established its headquarters in London, no longer start from Southampton, and now that one or two other great lines have followed its example, the port has received a shock from which it will suffer for a long time to come.

Southampton is certainly one of the most essentially English towns which one meets with in the southern counties; it has preserved its national characteristic in a very

remarkable manner which strikes one at the first glance. Of very ancient origin it possesses monuments of great interest, although they are few in number.

These are for the most part in the old quarters in the neighbourhood of the river Test. The principal thoroughfare is the High Street, itself one of the local curiosities.

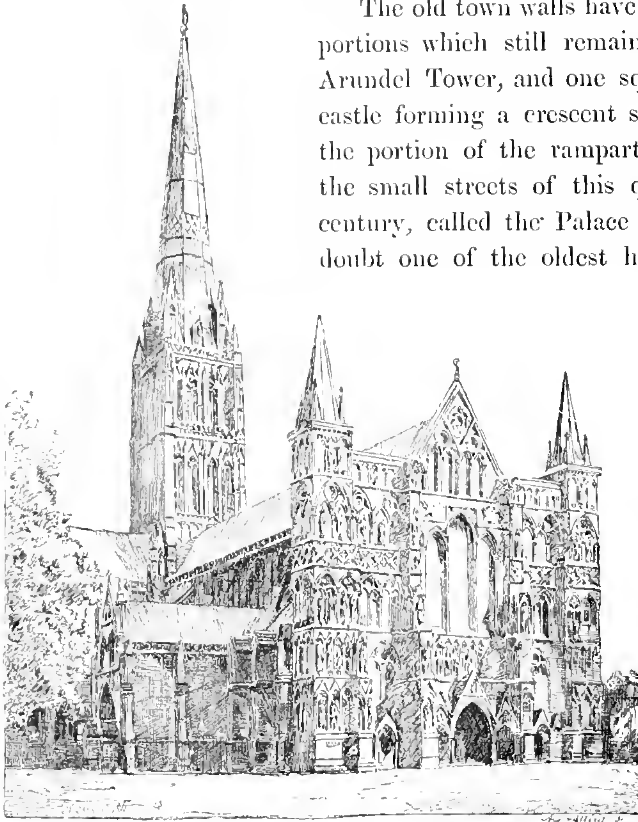
BARGATE (SOUTHAMPTON).

It is a fine wide road, almost straight, which has been, with some exaggeration, compared to the High Street of Oxford, and is bordered with houses of curious style, which bestows upon it an air of antiquity that is not wanting in picturesqueness; the greater number of them, in fact, display windows surrounded by semi-circular and polygonal projections, ornamented with mouldings and carvings, which are in keeping with the fronts and signs of the shops. This street is divided almost exactly in the centre by a fine gateway, called the Bar Gate, which formerly was a portion of the ancient fortifications, and is an excellent specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages.

Sixty feet wide and as many deep, the Bar Gate seen from the south side displays a central arch flanked by two smaller ones, supporting an embattled structure pierced by four pointed mullioned windows, and containing a niche which sustains a statue

of George III. in Roman garb. The southern or exterior façade is different from the other, the central arch which projects being flanked by two pilasters decorated with paintings and defended by two heraldic lions.

The upper storey follows the same lines, and is machicolated and embattled.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

The old town walls have almost entirely disappeared; the portions which still remain are a round tower called the Arundel Tower, and one square tower, the walls of the old castle forming a crescent supported by curious arches, and the portion of the rampart called the Arcade. In one of the small streets of this quarter is a building of the 12th century, called the Palace of King John, which is without doubt one of the oldest houses in England. Two other gates, the West Gate and South Gate, older than the Bar Gate, are also interesting, although less ornamented and less beautiful.

At Southampton is the office of the Ordnance Survey Department. There are two editions of their excellent map—one on the scale of 25, and the other 6 inches to the mile; the latter is reduced from the former by an ingenious photographic process. This map, which corresponds with the French *Carte de l'état Major*, is got up with the greatest care, and constantly revised by a staff under the control of the Secretary of State for War. Four companies of Royal Engineers, and 2,000 civilians under the order of a colonel, are constantly employed in this work. The Ordnance Survey figures in the Estimates for a sum of £260,000 sterling.

At some distance from Southampton, on the left shore of Southampton Water, are the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey and the Military Hospital erected in 1856, after the Crimean War.

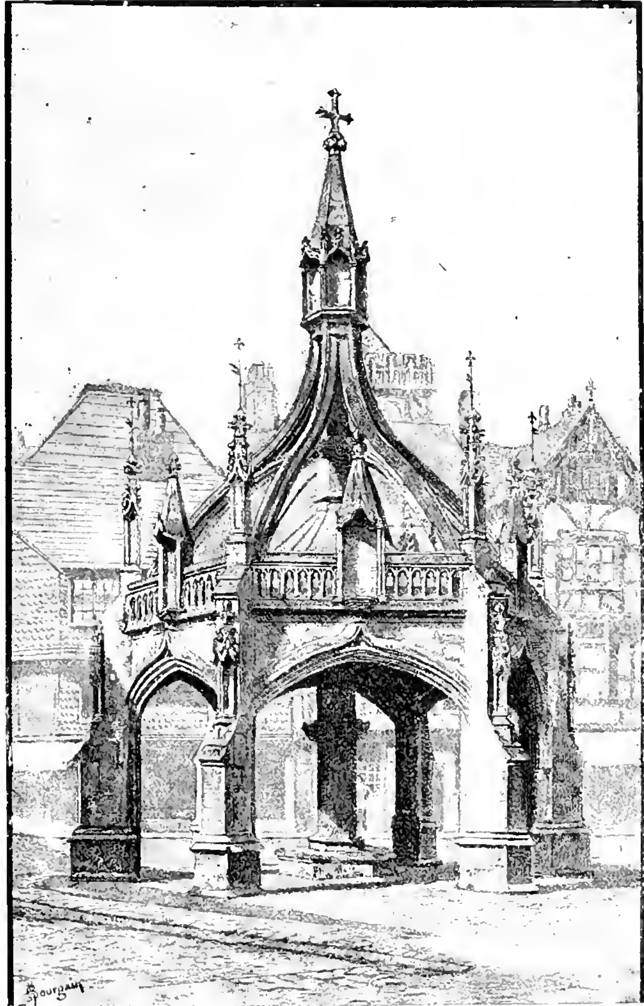
This fine building, 1,200 feet in length, of red brick dressed with stone, has no merit from an architectural point of view, but is admirably arranged as a hospital. It contains 138 rooms and 1,000 beds.

Some miles inland from Southampton stands a very ancient and interesting town. We refer to Salisbury.

Salisbury or New Sarum is situated in a pretty and fertile valley at the confluence of three rivers. It is a well-built town with regular streets; the houses, for the most part, are of brick, but some of the oldest buildings are of wood.

The origin of Salisbury is rather curious. In the 13th century a quarrel arose between the Bishop and the clergy and the Commandant of the castle of Old Sarum. In consequence of this dispute, the dignitaries of the Church emigrated and founded a new town, New Sarum, about a mile and a half from the old one. The majority of the inhabitants followed the clergy, and Old Sarum was soon abandoned; no trace of it now exists, while Salisbury continues to prosper.

The principal monument in the town is the cathedral, which rises majestically from the midst of a beautiful garden called the Close, to which access is obtained by three curious gates. This is probably the only one of the ancient English cathedrals whose history is known to us from its foundation to the present time. The first stone was laid on the 28th of April, 1220, by Bishop Poore.



MARKET PLACE (SALISBURY)

This beautiful monument is in the form of a double cross; it is one of the purest examples of the early English Gothic, and, above all, remarkable for the regularity and unity of its style—due to the fact that the whole edifice, with the exception of the west front and the spire, was erected in the short space of thirty-eight years. This spire, the highest in England, and one of the most elegant that ever was seen, is 400 feet high. The western façade, very richly ornamented, is flanked by two massive square towers surmounted by pinnacles.

Salisbury Cathedral is chiefly interesting from its exterior aspect; the interior is far from being so majestic and so harmonious; nevertheless, the nave is a beautiful structure, a little cold, perhaps, and would be improved in this respect if the light, which is admitted by numerous windows, was tempered by the introduction of stained glass.

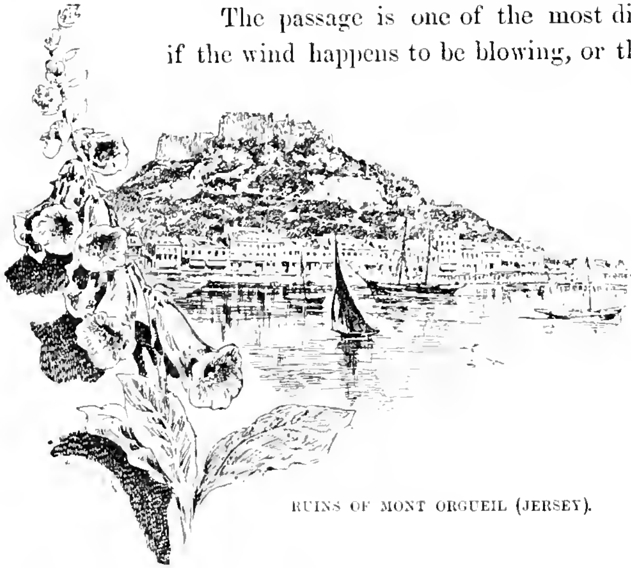
The cloisters, which are of a period subsequent to the cathedral, are of a more florid

style, and present a beautiful series of arcades with elegant windows and decorations of great richness.

Salisbury possesses numerous buildings, erected in the Middle Ages, such as the house of John Halle, in which the great hall is ornamented with wood carvings of great artistic value, Joiners' Hall, the elegant façade of which dates from the reign of Elizabeth, and Tailors' Hall. Lastly, in the Poultry Market is a beautiful hexagonal cross of the time of Edward IV.

From Southampton, whither we return quickly by the railroad, we shall continue our excursion; but first, we must say a few words concerning the Channel Islands, which are in regular and direct communication by steamer with Southampton.

The passage is one of the most disagreeable it is possible to make, if the wind happens to be blowing, or the sea is a little rough; in winter and in foggy weather it is very dangerous, because of the girdle of rocks just flush with the water, and the currents which hurry vessels towards them.



RUINS OF MONT ORGUEIL (JERSEY).

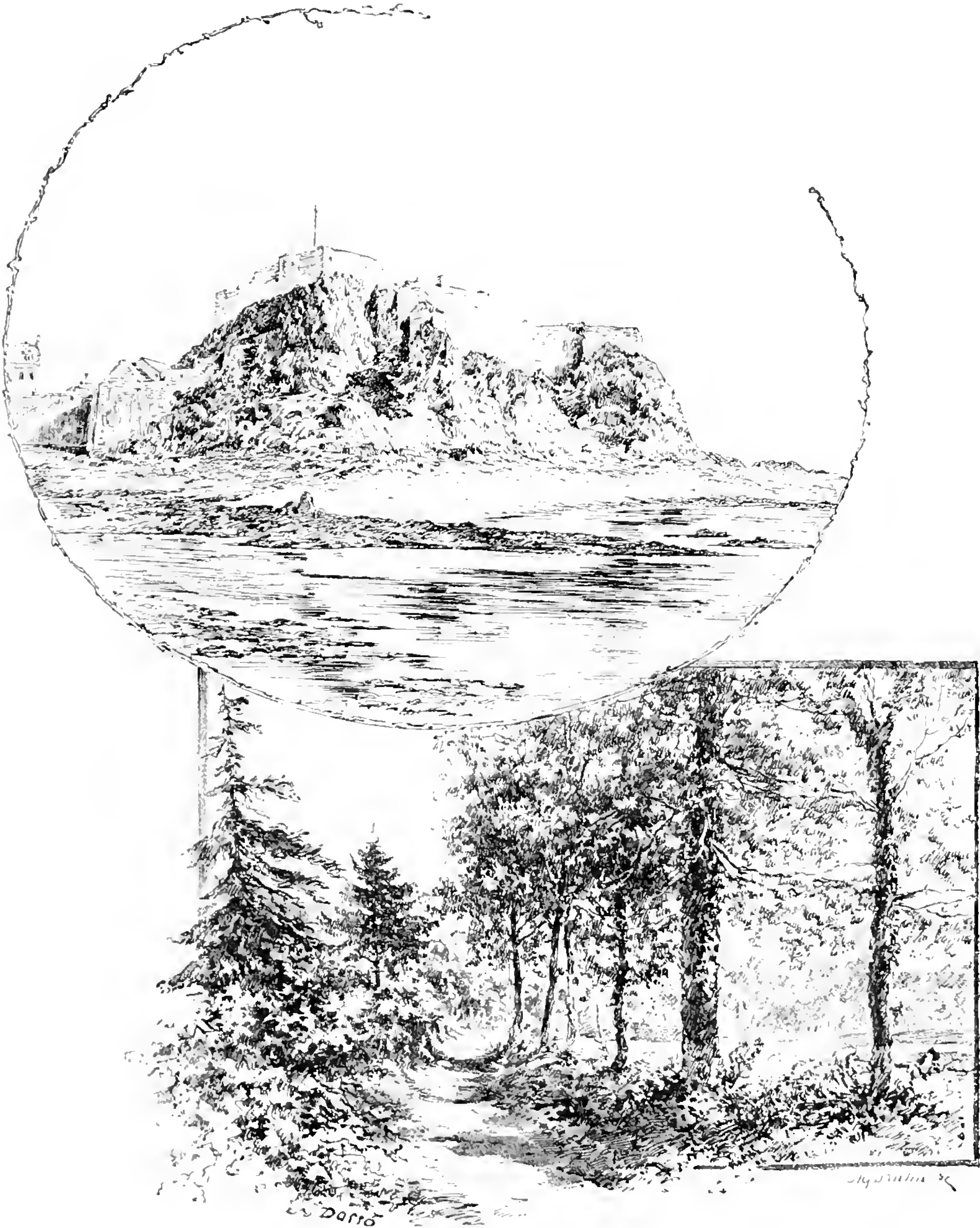
The Channel Islands include the two bailiwicks of Jersey and Guernsey. To the latter are affiliated the small islands of Alderney (Aurigny), Sark, and Herm. Without being colonies in the strict sense of the word, they are, nevertheless, not considered as forming part of the territory of the United Kingdom, but they are dependent on the Crown, and are the only portions of the ancient Duchy of Normandy now belonging to England. They have a superficial extent of 73 square miles, and their population which, in 1871, was 90,500, in 1884 only amounted to 87,000.

For administrative purposes the islands are placed under the direction of a lieutenant-governor, who represents the Queen; they have a Parliament, called "the States," and a tribunal denominated the Royal Court. The members of "the States" in Jersey number fifty-two, and thirty-seven in Guernsey. The official language of "the States" and of the Tribunals is French; the well-to-do classes speak English, and the people express themselves in a Norman *patois*, which is changing its character by degrees in consequence of the introduction of English words, and which will end by disappearing altogether. As a rule, everybody in the islands understands and speaks both French and English.

There are no import duties levied in the islands, and the consequence is living is cheaper there than in England and France. But compulsory service is retained; every citizen between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five being liable to serve. Nominally, the militia number 15,000 men, but there are only 1,000 under arms. There is stationed in Jersey an English infantry regiment, and in Guernsey a battery of artillery.

For ecclesiastical purposes, Jersey and Guernsey are included in the diocese of Winchester.

The climate being very equable and of exceptional mildness, the islands are, in



ELIZABETH CASTLE (JERSEY).

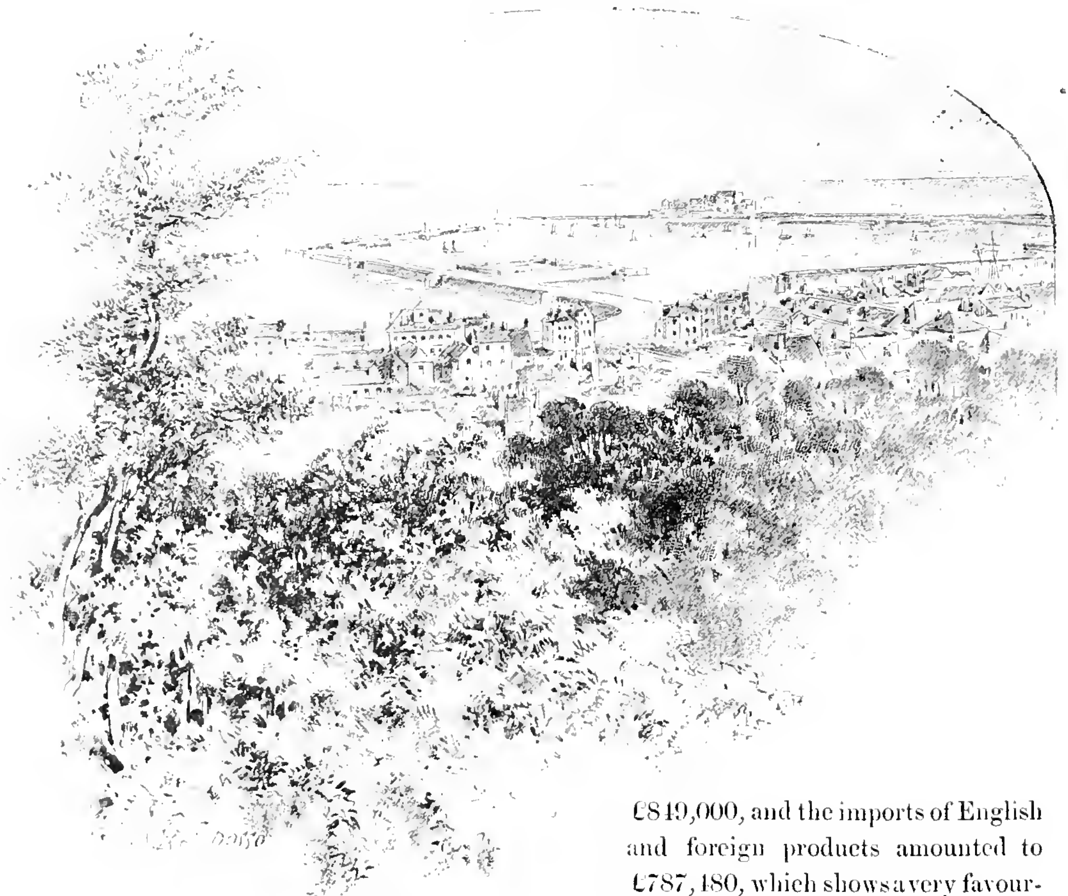
winter, the resort of a number of invalids, and, at all seasons, of a large number of retired officers and other functionaries who form what is termed the "society."

The inhabitants, being excellent farmers, have succeeded in obtaining splendid

crops, and the islands have become very rich agricultural districts. Fruits and corn are chiefly raised. Jersey boasts a race of very celebrated milch cows, and, with a view of keeping their breed pure, the importation of cattle is rigorously interdicted.

Industry is little developed; it consists in the fishing; and at Guernsey in the quarrying of stone, which is very valuable for paving the streets.

The two principal islands export great quantities of fruit to England, particularly apples, pears, grapes, and potatoes. The exports, in 1882, attained the value of £849,000, and the imports of English and foreign products amounted to £787,180, which shows a very favourable condition of affairs, since the exports exceed the imports.



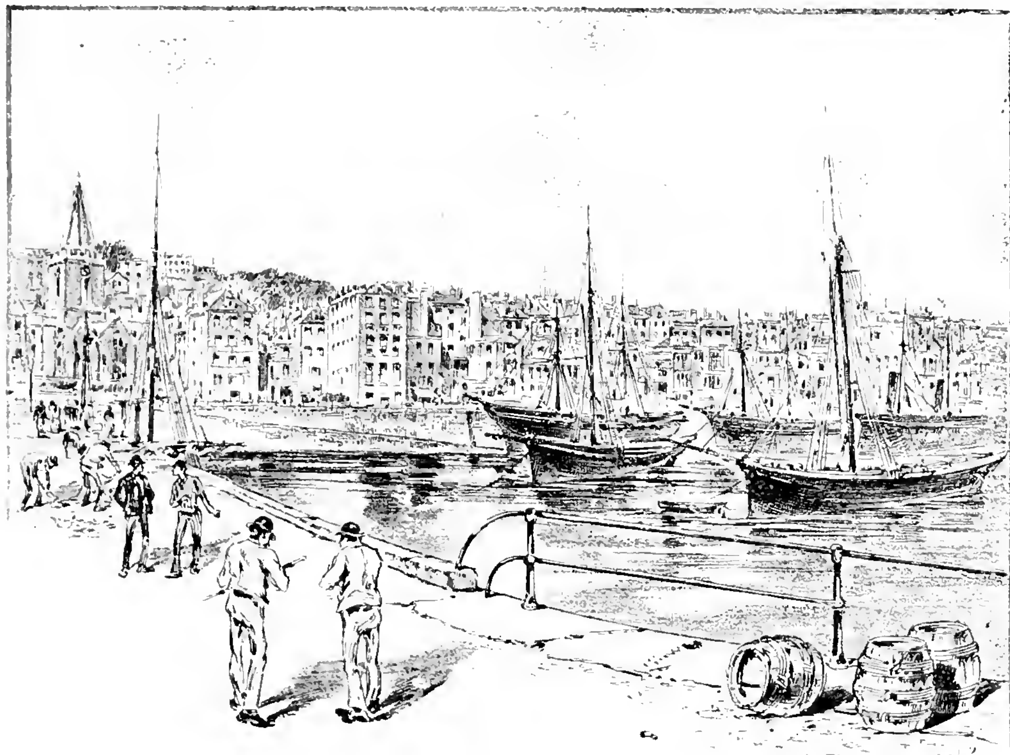
VIEW OF ST. PETER PORT (GUERNSEY)

Jersey, the largest of the islands, is the nearest to France; the country is undulating and the northern portion of it encloses a chain of hills, which descend with gentle slope, southwards. Small watercourses wind through the miniature valleys, and the central part, well wooded, is intersected by good shady roads bordered by green hedges. The southern coast bristles with formidable rocks, which render access to the harbours difficult.

Jersey is unquestionably one of the most picturesque places in Europe; nevertheless, on arrival, the appearance of St. Helier's is not prepossessing. We have to traverse, first of all, small narrow streets, which produce by no means a favourable impression on

strangers. But soon clean and well-paved thoroughfares, lined with houses, and gay with handsome shops, succeed to the narrow alleys. The dwelling-houses between two gardens nearly all possess a greenhouse; hydrangeas, camelias, and particularly geraniums, flourish in winter, as they do at Gibraltar or Malaga; the magnolia here assumes the proportions of a tree, and the myrtle climbs up the houses, frames the doors and windows, and even clings to the chimney-pots.

St. Helier's is a small provincial town, which possesses no monument, either ancient or modern, worth mentioning, except Fort Regent, which stands on a rocky eminence



ST. PETER PORT (GUERNSEY).

to the east of the harbour, to which Castle Elizabeth, built on an isolated rock, but accessible by a causeway at low water, is the counterpart. Close by is a ruin called a "hermitage," a sort of cell, formerly inhabited, tradition says, by St. Helier himself.

In the neighbourhood of the town are two beautiful valleys—*Val des Vaux* and *Grand Val*. The former, four or five miles in length, is watered by a small stream, on which many mills are situated. We perceive also a modern tower, built upon a hill, which is believed to be an ancient *tumulus*. From the top of the tower we can see the greater portion of Jersey, the country unrolling itself in graceful undulations.

Grouville Bay, to the east of St. Helier's, is truly picturesque. On it stands the little fishing-village of Gorey, and at the northern extremity of the bay, on a granite promontory, uprise the imposing ruins of Mont Orgueil. Surrounded on three sides by the sea, united to the island by a narrow tongue of land, and defended by fortifications

hewn in the rock, this ancient fortress presents a formidable appearance. It is said that certain portions of Mont Orgueil were built in the time of Julius Cæsar. In the reign of King John it was a place of considerable importance, and Charles II. when he sought refuge in Jersey was lodged there in apartments which are still shown. The most curious portions of the castle, besides these apartments, are the wells, which date from the Roman epoch; and the ruins of the old prison.

PRINCE'S TOWER AND CORBIERE ROCKS (JERSEY).

Guernsey, twenty-five miles to the north-west of Jersey, is the chief of many rocky islands, or islets, which are separated by shallow little straits. This island, which is highest in the southern part, falls away in a northerly direction; while the south coast is abrupt and inaccessible. There are no hills, but Guernsey, like Jersey, is divided by little valleys. It is less wooded than its rival, and decidedly less picturesque, although presenting many views of wild grandeur in certain districts. With respect to administration, law, commerce, and industry, what we have said about Jersey will apply equally to Guernsey.

The principal town is St. Peter Port, the houses of which are scattered along the sea-coast for about a mile. The only interesting edifice is the parish church, a beautiful monument of the ornate Gothic style.

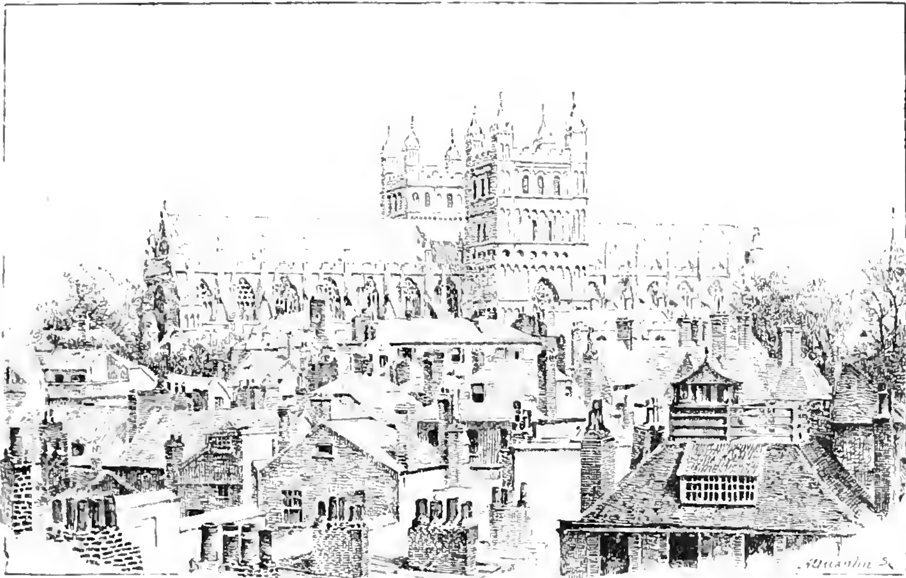
Besides the somewhat irregularly-built High Street, St. Peter Port possesses two fine thoroughfares, Grange Road and Hauteville, separated by a deep ravine. In this latter street, which is situated, as its name denotes, in the highest portion of the town, is Hauteville House, which was, during many years of exile, the residence of the greatest French poet of the century, Victor Hugo.

Everyone has read *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and the admirable descriptions of Guernsey, written by the author of *Les Châtiments*, so we shall not presume to attempt to depict any of the remarkable sites of this island.

Opposite St. Peter Port are the small islands of Herm and Jethou. The former,

belonging to a private individual, was purchased by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse at the time of the execution of the decrees against religious communities, and was resold by them in 1884. Sark, a little to the south of Herm, is a rocky island in two parts, Great Sark and Little Sark, connected by *la Coupée*, a long and very narrow ridge, 300 feet high, perpendicular on each side, along which a road has been made. The caverns of Sark are celebrated, as well as the enormous pyramidical rocks called the *Autelets* (little altars).

Alderney, more thickly peopled than Sark, is really an advanced fortress of England, for it bristles with forts and batteries which extend over a length of five miles. "It is to this harbour that our merchant ships would look for safety in the event of war. It



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

is here that gunboats and other ships of war would collect; to this place they would repair for coals and stores; here they might refit; and hence they might issue to cut off and destroy an enemy stationed at Cherbourg." So says an English author whom we have quoted word for word.

However, for one reason or another, Alderney has been made a considerable port of refuge, and £1,000,000 sterling has already been expended on its works.

Let us now return to the south coast of England.

The portion of Hampshire included between Southampton water, the Solent, and Dorsetshire is entirely occupied by the New Forest. In English the word forest has not the same signification as the French word *forêt*. According to English law and custom, a forest is an extent of wooded land, belonging to the sovereign, and reserved to him as a hunting ground, and moreover guarded and protected by special laws, the execution of which is confided to functionaries specially appointed for the purpose.

This interesting forest is about the size of the Isle of Wight, that is to say, 66,000 acres in extent, of which about 14,000 are pasture land.

Just on the borders of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, at the end of the Bay of Poole, we find the pretty little town of Bournemouth, well sheltered from cold winds, which in consequence of its mild and equable climate, is a winter watering-place, and a renowned bathing resort.

A little farther on is Weymouth, which George III. loved to visit, and where he built a house, now a hotel. Alongside of the old quarter, a new town has been built, and is now much frequented in summer by bathers and tourists, for Weymouth has become a packet station of some importance, and is in direct and regular communication with the Channel Islands and Cherbourg.

A narrow natural causeway unites Weymouth to the peninsula of Portland, which is only an enormous rocky promontory, bounded on all sides by precipitous cliffs. A semicircular breakwater forms with this road a harbour of refuge of great importance.

The works, commenced in 1847 and finished a few years ago, cost £1,000,000 sterling, and were executed, as well as the fortifications with which the island bristles, by the convicts.

Devonshire forms, with Cornwall, the peninsula which separates the Bristol Channel from the English Channel, and is the extreme south-west portion of England.

We may divide it into two parts, North and South, which are also the electoral divisions.

The inhabitants love to call their county the garden of England; this name, we have already seen, is bestowed upon Kent. Devonshire, a very hilly, rocky, marshy, desert, and desolate county throughout a great portion of its extent, presents, nevertheless many fertile districts, particularly in the south, which is washed by the waters of the Channel.

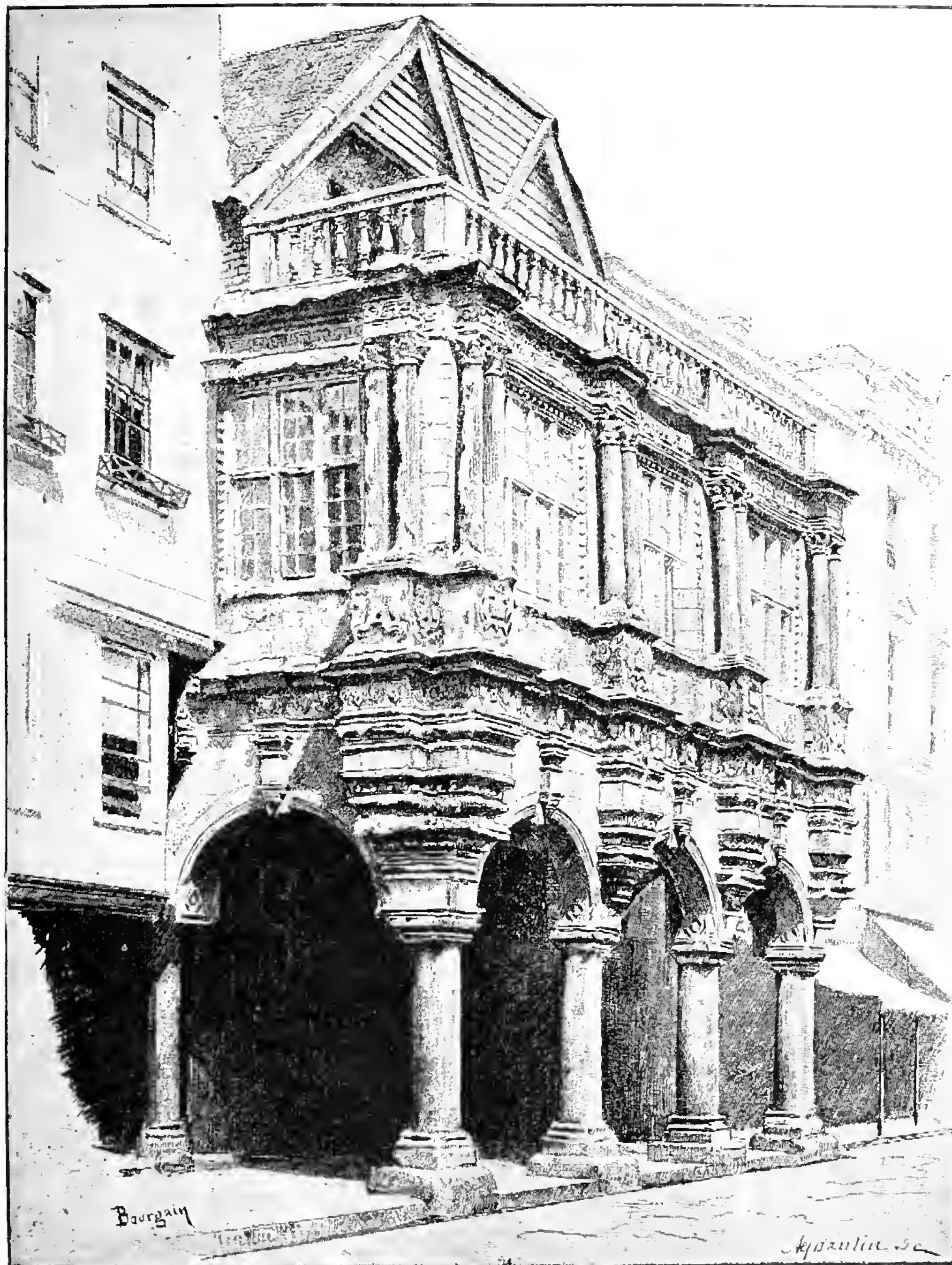
Exeter, the chief town of the county, is a very ancient city, built upon the left bank of the Exe, on the sides of a steep hill. Its foundation has been attributed to various primitive tribes, but we do not know exactly to what period its history goes back. The ancient Britons called it *Caerwise,* the Romans *Isca.* Isca became Exancaster, which ended by being contracted to Exeter, the city on the Exe. It was formerly an important fortress, and sustained long sieges, particularly at the time of the Norman Conquest; under Henry VIII., during the Wars of the Roses; and in the Parliamentary Civil War. Considering its ancient origin, Exeter has very few interesting monuments; however, a few traces of its castle and of its walls exist, but one expects better things from the Queen of the West, and the capital of the West Saxons.

We need scarcely say that the cathedral is, *par excellence,* the monument of Exeter. It occupies the site of an ancient church, commenced by Bishop Warelwast, nephew of William the Conqueror, and of which now nothing remains but the towers, standing on each side of the present church, which was erected in the 14th century.

Built in the form of a cross, the church has a perfect regularity and unity of style that are very rare. It is one of the most remarkable and best preserved specimens of the florid Gothic.

It consists of a nave and choir with aisles. The nave and choir are of the same length, and, from inside, make its proportions appear enormous; but, from an exterior point of view, the church appears heavy and disproportioned. The two towers on each

side of the cathedral, where the choir and the nave meet, serve as transepts; it is probable that they formed a part of the façade of the primitive church.



TOWN HALL (EXETER).

The interior, which is of great length, is very beautiful. The nave and choir, as well as the chapels, are admirable, particularly by their richness, delicacy, and finish.

The windows are filled with beautiful stained glass. The wood earvings are most artistically executed, as also are the corbels between the arches, and the bosses of the roof, the leafy decoration of which, enhanced by colouring, is excessively beautiful.

After the cathedral, the oldest building in Exeter is the Town Hall, the front of which consists of an arcade supported by massive pillars, above which open wide windows, separated by coupled columns, the whole crowned by a balustrade. This picturesque monument, dating from the 15th century, has been compared, with due regard to relative proportions, to the Hôtel de Ville, of Cologne.

The south coast of Devonshire, from the mouth of the Exe to Plymouth, is dotted by numerous watering-places, of which the principal are Dawlish, picturesquely situated at the mouth of a small stream which emerges from a green valley; Teignmouth, at the mouth of the Teign, which is crossed by a curious wooden bridge of thirty-four arches, 1,672 feet long; and, most important of all, Torquay, which is to this part of England what Brighton is to the south, and Scarborough to the eastern coast, that is to say, the watering-place *par excellence*.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

Torquay is charmingly situated at the end of a beautiful bay. At the commencement of this century it was only a fishing hamlet. The mildness of the climate, and the beauty of its neighbourhood attracted tourists, and gradually Torquay became the fashion. The town is built on the side of a hill, and on the summit of a cliff. The white houses surrounded by trees, and pretty lawns, soft as velvet, stand out from the background of cliff which they so gaily climb, and have a cheerful aspect, which is very characteristic. This flourishing little town is rather composed of isolated villas than of streets, the houses having been built irregularly and with a charming disorder which is almost artistic.

Anstis Bay, situated on the other side of the promontory on which Torquay is built, is both charming and picturesque, the verdure descending almost to the pebbly beach which underlies the high chalky cliffs.

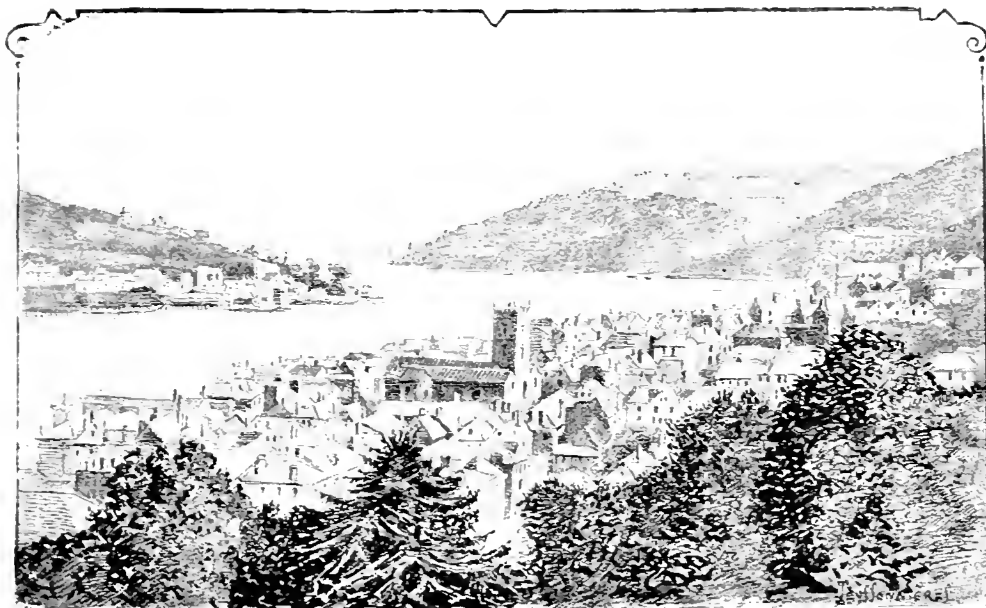
Opposite Torquay, on the other horn of the crescent which the bay forms, we find the little town of Brixham, celebrated in history by the landing of the Prince of Orange there, on the 5th November, 1688, an incident which is recalled by an obelisk erected in the market place.

A few miles to the south of Brixham is the picturesque town of Dartmouth, whose old 17th century houses, curiously ornamented with turrets and pinnacles, gables, and overhanging storeys are rapidly disappearing to make room for modern buildings, while the narrow and tortuous streets are being replaced by wide and straight roads, into

which light and air can penetrate. Picturesqueness may be lost, but the salubrity of the place is increased.

All the coast of South Devon from Dartmouth to Plymouth is broken into bays and creeks by the exits of the numerous watercourses which have their sources in Dartmoor Forest.

Dartmoor, which has been called the mother of rivers, is an immense plateau, desolate and wild, nearly circular, some twenty miles in diameter, in which rise rugged peaks called tors. It is the most elevated portion of the granite chain which separates



DARTMOUTH.

Cornwall into two almost equal parts, the last peaks of which, after dipping under the sea, rise again to form the Scilly Isles off the Land's End. We need the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to reproduce the gruesome and terrible aspect of this vast solitude of 125,000 acres of uncultivated land, upon which grows nothing but coarse grass, gorse, and moss.

Before quitting South Devon we must not forget that on the borders of the county is situated Plymouth, or rather the three united towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, forming a collection of docks, dockyards, barracks, and fortifications, which we may consider as constituting one of the strongest of the fortified places in the United Kingdom.

Built at the end of a vast roadstead, which is itself cut into five harbours, the three towns—Plymouth, to the east, on the borders of Catwater, the estuary of the river Plym; Devonport, to the west at the mouth of the Tamar; and Stonehouse, which stands between the two—form really but one town.

The oldest is Plymouth, the *Tamara* of the Romans, which, as early as the 13th century, was a considerable port, from which a fleet of 300 vessels put to sea under the

command of the Earl of Lancaster for Bordeaux. In 1355 the Black Prince embarked at Plymouth at the opening of the campaign which terminated in the Battle of Poitiers. After the discovery of America the town extended greatly, and from it sailed the *May Flower* with 101 Puritans who, in 1608, went to colonise Massachusetts; but the true development of Plymouth dates from the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, at the time of the French war.

It is from the top of the Hoe, a sort of promontory, which overlooks the port, and which has been made into an agreeable promenade, that we get the best idea of Plymouth, and of the importance of its harbour and fortifications. We have there before us the magnificent roadstead whose boundaries are clearly marked, and which is protected by an immense breakwater constructed by Rennie. On the left the citadel dots the promontory with its bastions; and on all sides are docks with an uninterrupted series of basins. On the right, Stonehouse forms a kind of peninsula; and, farther off, on the other side of Stonehouse Lake, extends the vast dockyard of Devonport, which only yields to that of Portsmouth in importance.

EXMOOR.

The three towns are protected by a chain of forts, the arrangement of which resembles the system of defence established in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth.

The dockyard, in which nearly 5,000 men are employed, is not materially different from those of Chatham and Portsmouth, and has no interest, except for people who have not already seen the other dockyards.

Opposite Plymouth, about fifteen miles south-west, rises the Eddystone Lighthouse, recently erected at some distance from Smeaton's beacon, which now stands on the Hoe. The new lighthouse, which does great credit to modern architecture, is higher than the old one.

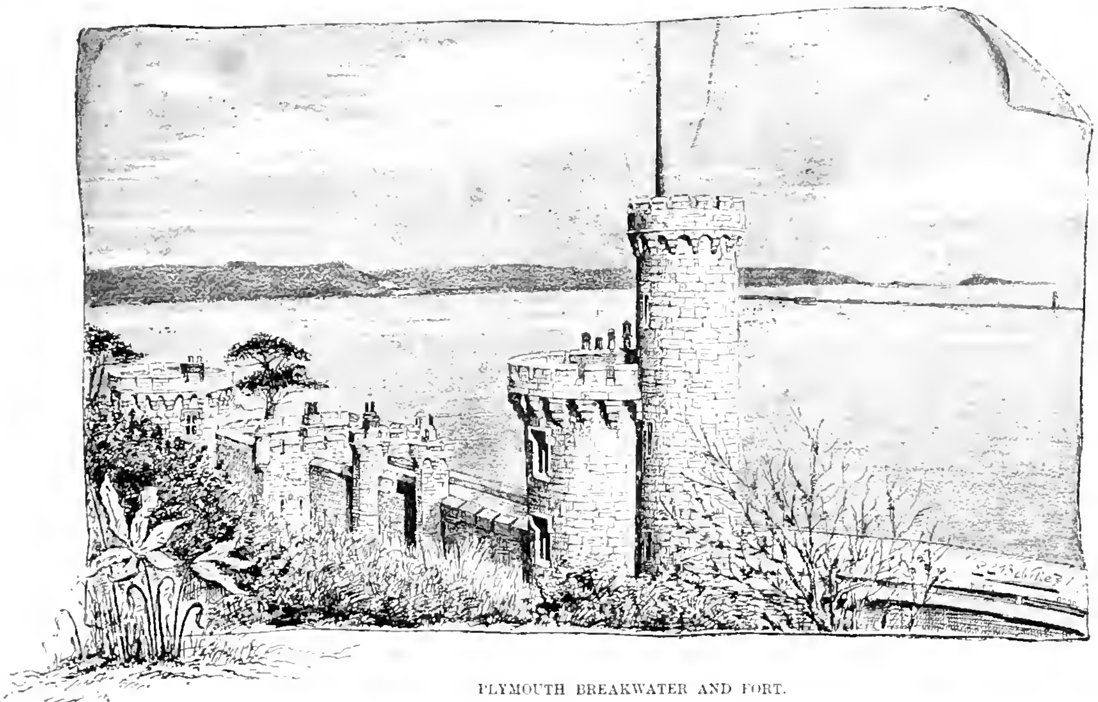
It is to be hoped that it will be found as capable of resisting the assaults of the waves as was Smeaton's lighthouse, which has been removed, not because it was giving way in itself, but because the sea had undermined the rock upon which it was built. The new lighthouse, which cost £100,000, is about 155 feet high.

Plymouth has given birth to a number of eminent men, and particularly to artists, amongst whom we may mention Haydon, Prout, Cook, Northcott, Eastlake, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The north coast of Devonshire is less widely developed than the south, and it is also less interesting. It has, nevertheless, its own beauties and charms, its flowery meads, and desolate moor.

It is a very curious fact that there are in Devonshire two immense tracts of uncultivated land, which still preserve their primitive aspect, and which have remained, so to speak, unchanged since the periods when the ancient Britons, the Danes, and the Romans overran Great Britain. On the south is Dartmoor; on the north lies Exmoor, each composed of a series of sombre heights, intersected by desert valleys, watered by numerous little streams. The latter moorland, which contains about 20,000 acres, is intersected by deep and picturesquely-wooded ravines; it formerly contained the Royal forest of Exmoor, recently converted into grazing lands.

The heights of Exmoor, covered with gorse and wild shrubs, are (with the exception



PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER AND FORT.

of the Scottish Highlands), the only places in Great Britain in which the red deer is seen in a wild state, and in which the little horses called Exmoor ponies are found; those ponies are of the English breed, in all its pristine purity.

So the hunting-men of Devon and Somerset devote themselves for six weeks every year to hunting the stag, an amusement in regard to which the English are rather fanatical, and which on Exmoor assumes quite an original aspect. Very different indeed is the hunting of a wild deer from the pursuit of a tame animal turned out of the "cart," and permitted to run through a country with which it is unfamiliar.

As soon as we have crossed Exmoor, we come upon the Bristol Channel again, on the other side of which is Wales. Ilfracombe, almost opposite to Swansea, is a picturesque town, and the most celebrated watering place in North Devon. Originally a mere fishing village, Ilfracombe has developed rapidly; new houses, villas, hotels, have risen up as by enchantment; the railroad has penetrated thither; and now-a-days it is

as expensive a place as any other, and that is, as we all know, the acme of civilisation and of the modern mode.

From Ilfracombe steamboats ply along the coast as far as Barnstaple and Clovelly. Bideford has nothing to interest one; but it is far otherwise with Clovelly—one of the most curious villages in England, situated at the southern extremity of Bideford Bay. Nestling at the foot of a wooded hill, Clovelly is composed of one narrow street, so steep that steps have been made in the roadway. On each side of this street, which is a staircase, or of this staircase which is a street, are houses in tiers, each house rising higher than its neighbour. And what charming little subjects they are for the artist, with their wooden balconies, their projecting windows, their galleries and terraces! They cannot be described—the pencil only can do them justice.

At the lower end of the street, which reminds one of the narrow alleys of Mont St. Michel, is the harbour, where the fishing-boats land the herrings they have captured during the night; for Clovelly is celebrated for its herring-fishery, which is the principal industry of the inhabitants.

LYNMOUTH.

The duchy of Cornwall, being a continuation in a south-westerly direction of Devonshire, offers very nearly the same geological and climatic characteristics as the latter county. However, if the climate is more temperate there in consequence of the vicinity of the Gulf Stream, there is more rain there, too; and the district, without being unhealthy, is somewhat too damp.

Very rich in minerals, Cornwall contains tin and copper mines of considerable value, although inferior to what they were in former days. The cost of production has become too great to keep up with foreign competition any longer.

The fishery for a particular species of herring called the pilchard employs a large number of the coast population. The large fish are salted like herrings, and the small ones are sent to Italy, where they are converted to sardines!

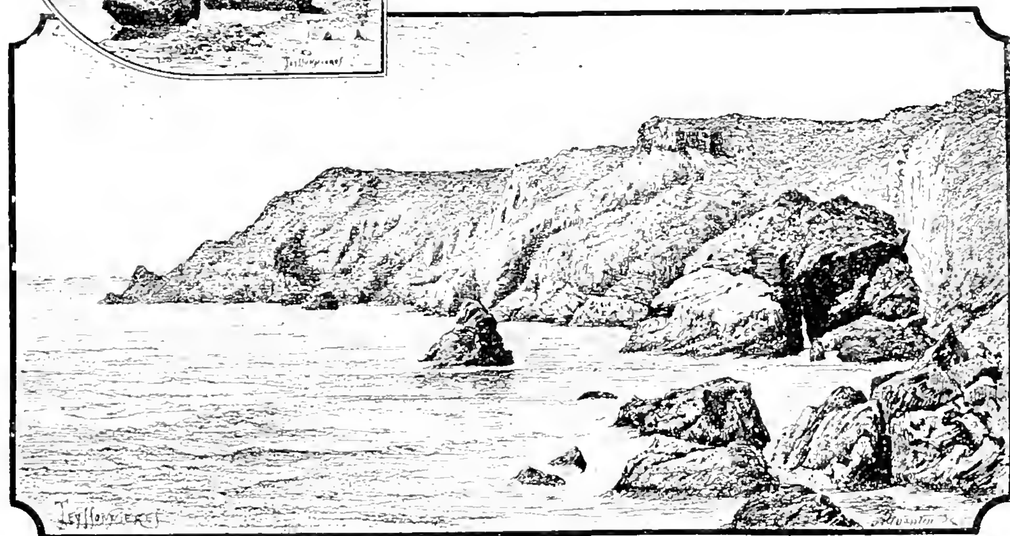
The coast of Cornwall bristles with dangerous rocks, but they give it a picturesque appearance nevertheless. The Lizard—the extreme south point of England—is the most interesting part of this coast.

It is cut into numerous little bays called coves, which are narrow valleys, descending to the very margin of the sea between the granite cliffs. The most celebrated are Mullion Cove and Kynance Cove, in which are found the veins of Serpentine, the sheen of which gives a peculiar charm to the rocks which it seams in all directions. At the

extreme end of the Lizard Point are two fine lighthouses, built in 1792, whose lanterns are 186 feet above the level of the sea, which here is constantly agitated, and breaks with fury against the rocks on which the lighthouses are built.

Besides its natural curiosities, the county of Cornwall is the richest in England in pre-historic antiquities. The cromlechs, the Druidical stones, and menhirs are very common; there is scarcely a place where they are not to be found. We also come upon villages consisting of clay huts, a sort of hive, which were inhabited by the ancient tribes in Cornwall. These villages were oval, and presented exteriorly an appearance of a continuous wall of earth, pierced by a single opening. The interior showed a species of court from which all the huts opened. These villages were therefore, at the same time, at once habitations and fortresses.

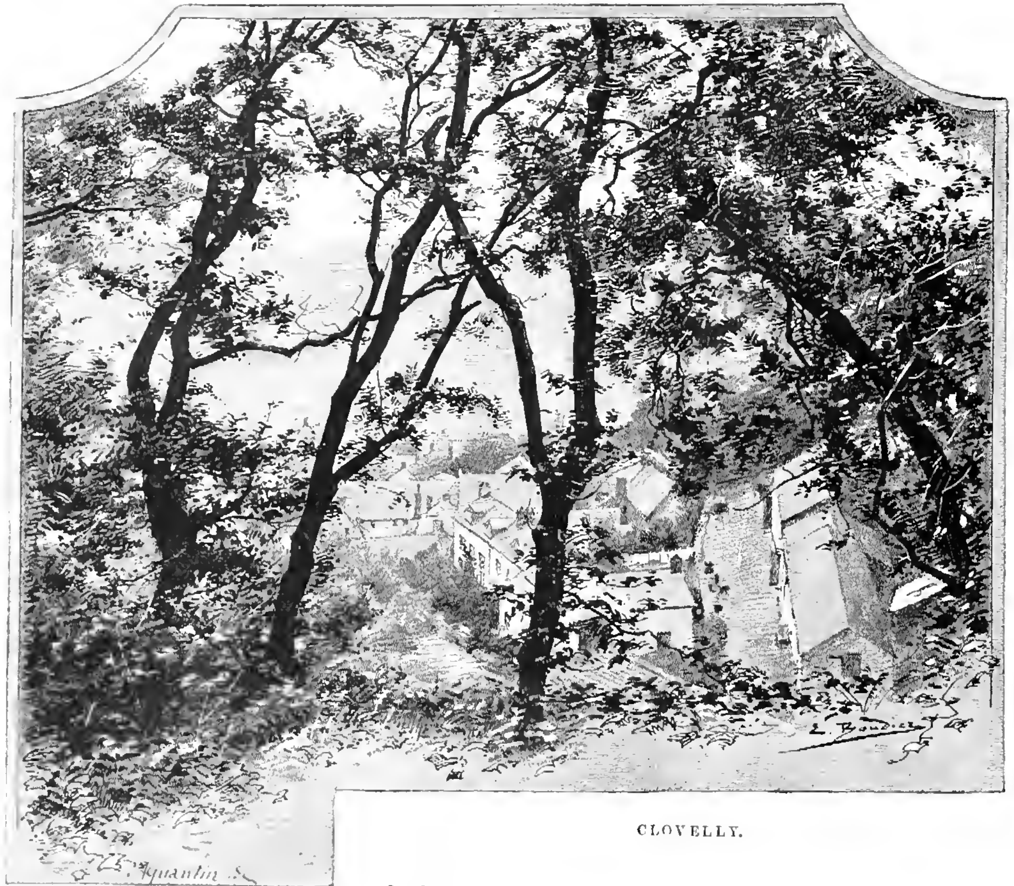
Few districts are so interesting from an archæological point of view as the Duchy, and antiquaries do not fail to explore it in every direction. To the west of the Lizard, the coast, on which we do not find, so to speak, one important village, forms a semicircular bay—on that bay is built the town of Penzance.



KYNANCE COVE.

Penzance, picturesquely situated on Mount's Bay, is the last town we come to before reaching the extreme western point of England, called the Land's End. The town contains 12,000 inhabitants, its streets are irregular, the houses standing apart, and there are no monuments, for the Town Hall and Market cannot be so designated. The statue of Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the Safety Lamp, adorns one of the empty spaces of Penzance, which had the honour of giving birth to him. From the

Esplanade, which is the only promenade in the town, we enjoy a beautiful view over the harbour, formed by two piers, and over the bay, from the midst of which rises St. Michael's Mount, a gigantic block of granite, the base of which is occupied by a small fishing village, while its summit is crowned by a castle and a church, as on Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, but of smaller proportions. This is the great attraction of Penzance. According to local tradition, the giant Cormoran—a legendary personage—



CLOVELLY.

had built a fortress on this rock, on which the archangel, Saint Michael, appeared to a hermit some centuries later. The monks of the Norman St. Michael's Mount established here in the 11th century a priory, which became independent. After the conquest, William I. sent thither his brother Robert, Count of Mortain, who built a fortress there, but the abbey survived the castle. Under Edward III. the Benedictine Monks were replaced by nuns, and in 1660 St. Michael's Mount was sold to the St. Aubyn family, to whom it still belongs.

We can reach the mount by a causeway, 400 yards long, which is dry at low water. When the tide is up, we must cross in a boat.

We land in the small harbour of the village which is at the foot of the mount, and to reach the castle we must follow a narrow zig-zag path cut in the granite. The mountain falls away in abrupt slopes from a height of 195 feet, and is crowned by the

castle, which is inhabited in summer by Sir J. St. Aubyn. The most remarkable portions of it are the refectory, now the hall, and the chapel, the tower of which, the most ancient part of the whole edifice, is 250 feet above the seashore. From the summit of this tower, the view over land and sea is of great beauty. At an angle of the platform we find the chair of St. Michael, which possesses the property of conferring the management of the household upon the husbands or wives who first seat themselves therein. This chair is simply an ancient cresset fixed in a place into which it is dangerous to climb. So the imagination of the good people of Cornwall hastened to build a superstition upon it.

Penzance is the centre of an agricultural and mining district, while the pilchard and mackerel fisheries employ about 2,000 men. The farmers in the neighbourhood devote themselves principally to the cultivation of early fruits and vegetables for the London market, the mildness of the climate rendering this an easy matter. The mineral riches of the county consist in its numerous tin mines: the chief ones are those of Botallack, the galleries of which extend 400 feet under the sea, Wheal Owles and Ding Dong, which furnish 300 or 400 tons of metal annually.

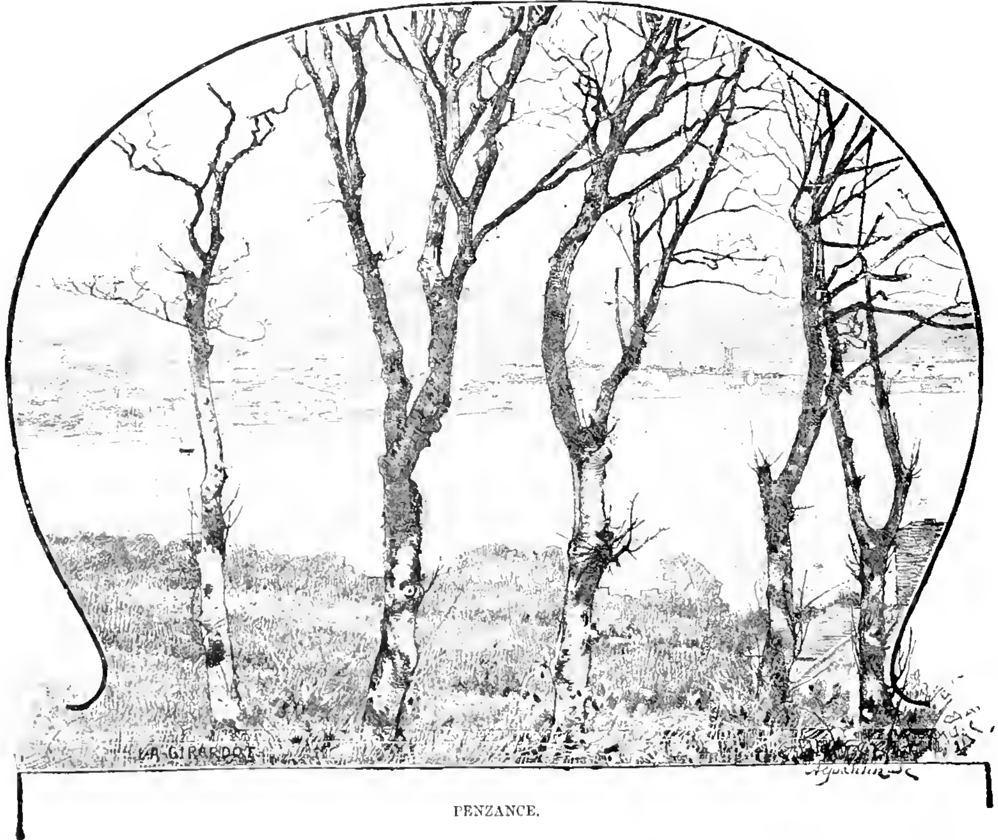
CLOVELLY STREET.

Amongst the numerous excursions to be made in the neighbourhood of Penzance, after seeing St. Michael's Mount and the mines, we may mention St. Ives' Bay and the Land's End, a mass of granite disintegrated by the waves, forming a series of needles, peaks, rounded rocks and natural arches, presenting the most curious forms, and of the most imposing aspect, against which the Atlantic rollers dash fiercely, and, breaking into foam, retire in a silvery rain.

Not far from here is found the Logan or Rocking Stone; and at every step we come across cromlechs and Druidic stones, like those of Brittany, with which the Duchy of Cornwall has more than one point of resemblance. The manners of the inhabitants, their language and superstitions, indicate their common origin with the race who peopled the ancient Armorica.

From Penzance we can reach the Scilly islands, a group of about 300 islets or

rocks, five only of which are inhabited. These islands—called by the Greeks *Cassiterides*, and by the Romans *Sillinæ*—have formed part of the Duchy of Cornwall from time immemorial, and have a total population of 2,500. Almost all the inhabitants are employed in fishing, which is the only industry of the Scilly Islands, although for the last few years, under the impulse exercised by the proprietor,



PENZANCE.

Mr. Dorrien Smith, they are beginning to devote themselves to the cultivation of the ground.

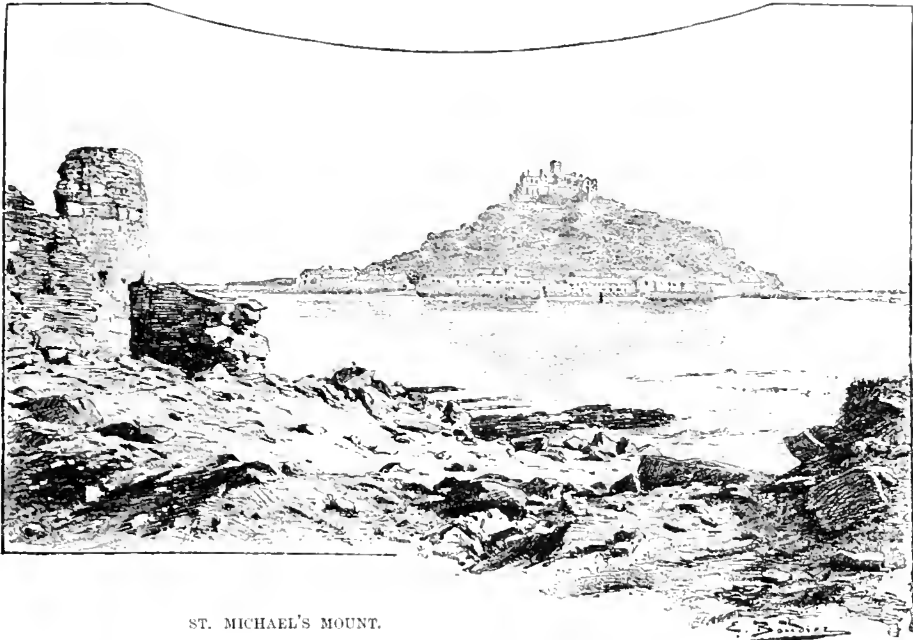
It is about four hours steaming from Penzance to St. Mary, the largest island of the group, in which is Star Castle, erected in the reign of Elizabeth, and which owes its name to the arrangement of its eight bastions.

The island of Tresco, which we reach afterwards, is inhabited by the lord of the isles, whose house is built on the site of an ancient abbey, founded in the 10th century, the walls of which, covered with flowers, still remain. Vegetation is very luxuriant here, and in the park surrounding the house, we find geraniums growing to the height of fifteen feet.

All these islands are formed of blocks of rock which are the last summits of the mountain chain that starts from Dartmoor, and, like a dorsal fin of granite, divides Cornwall into two. They are remarkable for the picturesque confusion with which they are scattered and for their fantastic forms. Unfortunately, these pretty islands are a

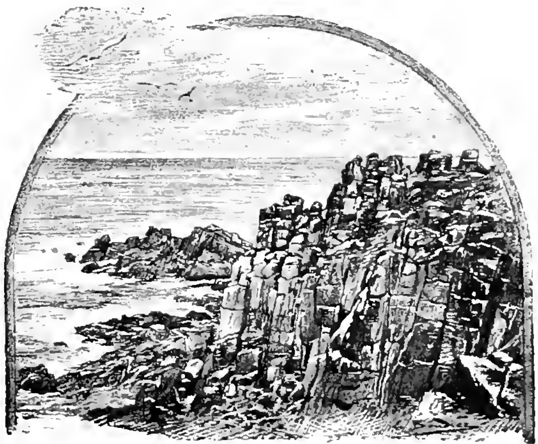
standing danger to navigation, and, notwithstanding the gleams of the lighthouses, a great number of vessels are wrecked there in stormy weather.

We have now seen that so far as its beauty and the diversity of its landscapes are



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

concerned, England has no reason to be jealous of other countries. Its coasts present a series of delightful watering-places; and the different districts of the midland and western counties, Cornwall and Wales in particular, present an infinite series of charming landscapes. Mountains, lakes, forests, regions wild and deserted, fertile and well peopled, cultivated or uncultivated, nothing is wanting in it which is needed to make a country interesting to explore and agreeable to live in. Nevertheless, this country, picturesque as it is, is very little known to foreigners, who are charmed by its natural beauties, no doubt, but who fear, and not without reason, that they will not find in it the distractions and amusements which are offered to visitors in those places on the continent to which it is the fashion to resort every summer.



LAND'S END.

Third Part
SECTION I. SCOTLAND

SCOTCH PEASANTS.

SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—EDINBURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

I.

FROM LONDON TO SCOTLAND.—ITS GOVERNMENT.—PEERS AND MEMBERS.—EXTENT OF SCOTLAND.—ITS POPULATION.—THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.—THE SCOTCH PEOPLE.

THE traveller who would proceed to Scotland has the choice of three lines of railway,—the London and North Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern. The distances are about the same (400 miles) by all three routes, and the journey is accomplished in nine hours, that is, at an average pace of nearly 45 miles an hour.

In summer a very pleasant way of reaching Scotland is by taking one of the steamers, which leave twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from London, go down the Thames and along the coast, disembarking their passengers at Granton or Leith, which is the port of Edinburgh.

While the train is rushing at express speed northwards, let us say a few words concerning Scotland and the relations of that interesting country with England.

Until 1707, the date of the Union, Scotland was a kingdom in itself, and for many years the two countries had been at war, without England having succeeded in conquering this brave and sturdy race, which has always preserved its independence and its territories intact. The warm bond which united Scotland with France has left traces still visible in the manners, institutions, and even in the laws of ancient Caledonia, as we shall have occasion to see. In 1603, James VI. of Scotland was called to the throne of England, and from that time the reconciliation between the two races, and the union of the two kingdoms, became more easy of realization. Nevertheless, it was more than a hundred years after that Scotland was actually united with England, in Queen Anne's time, 1707. While Scotland was constituted an integral part of Great Britain, it still retained its laws, customs, and manners, and to this day Scotland possesses laws and a government of its own which differ considerably from those in force in England.

HIGHLANDER PERFORMING THE NATIONAL DANCE.

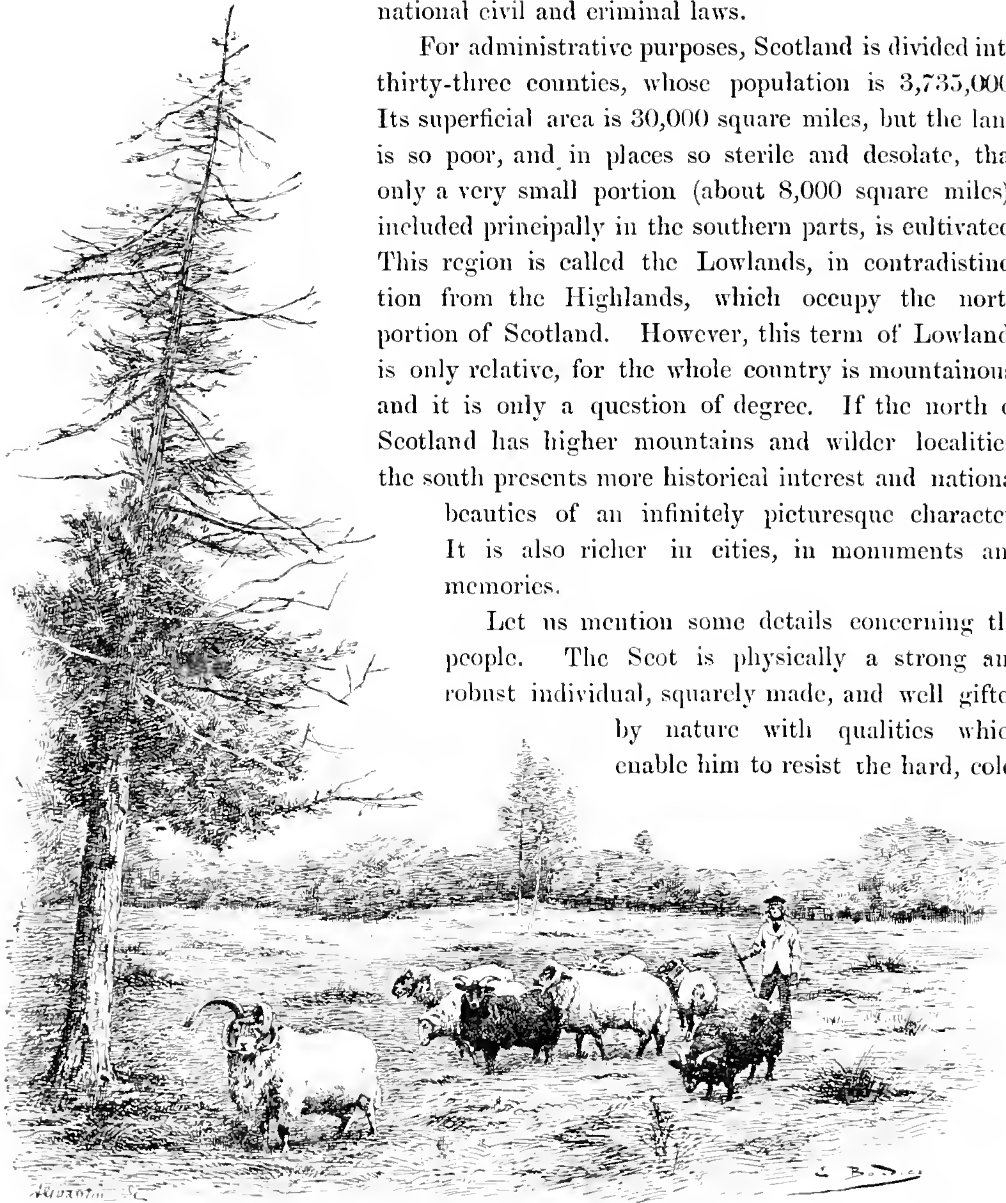
The government of Scotland is composed of many great dignitaries, which are—the Lord Justice General, the Keeper of the Great Seal, the Keeper of the Privy Seal, the Lord Clerk Register, the Lord Justice Clerk, and the Lord Advocate. The last named is in a manner the Under Secretary of State for Scotland, of which he is the official representative in Parliament. His business is to present to the House all the legal projects relating to Scotland, to reply to questions, &c. During the Session he has his office at the Home Department in London. In Scotland he makes one of the High Court of Justiciary, in which he acts as Chief Public Prosecutor. He is assisted in Parliament by an important functionary, who is called the Solicitor-General for Scotland, and has a special staff under his orders. These combined Parliamentary and Judicial functions were assuming such proportions that it was found necessary, in 1885, to create a special Minister for Scotland, whose interests were not sufficiently represented by a functionary overwhelmed with business, and who was not a member of the Cabinet.

In Parliament, Scotland is represented in the House of Lords by sixteen Peers, elected by members of the Peerage of Scotland for the duration of the Legislature, and in the House of Commons by seventy-two members. Scotland is essentially a country of Liberal tendencies; of its seventy-two representatives, only twelve belong to the Conservative Party. The late Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, is of Scotch descent, and represents Midlothian (or Edinburgh county) in Parliament.

The Scotch judicial organization is distinct from that of England, and comprises a special magistrature and bar, who administer the national civil and criminal laws.

For administrative purposes, Scotland is divided into thirty-three counties, whose population is 3,735,000. Its superficial area is 30,000 square miles, but the land is so poor, and in places so sterile and desolate, that only a very small portion (about 8,000 square miles), included principally in the southern parts, is cultivated. This region is called the Lowlands, in contradistinction from the Highlands, which occupy the north portion of Scotland. However, this term of Lowlands is only relative, for the whole country is mountainous, and it is only a question of degree. If the north of Scotland has higher mountains and wilder localities, the south presents more historical interest and national beauties of an infinitely picturesque character. It is also richer in cities, in monuments and memories.

Let us mention some details concerning the people. The Scot is physically a strong and robust individual, squarely made, and well gifted by nature with qualities which enable him to resist the hard, cold,



HIGHLAND SHEEP.

damp climate he inhabits. Morally speaking, he possesses qualities which one would

not imagine existed beneath his cold and rugged exterior, and his reserved, almost repellant manner. Beneath this chilling appearance he hides a warm heart; he is a true and devoted friend, on whom one may count all the more surely, as he does not easily make acquaintances, and only gives his word or his friendship when he knows he can safely do so; but then his fidelity is proof against any emergency, and nothing can shake it. In a word, he improves on acquaintance. With all these qualities he is independent and proud, and possesses a natural dignity which never abandons him, no matter to what rank of society he may belong.

HIGHLAND OXEN.

To the Scot one man is as good as another. He respects his superiors—his lairds, but without any subserviency, and in his inmost soul he believes himself quite their equal. If he is named Campbell, nothing can hinder him from believing that he is a relative, in a distant degree, of the Duke of Argyll, and he does not fail so to do. Yes, for the Scot, one man is as good as another—but the Scotch are superior to other men! It is said that a peasant was once informed that the Princess Louise was about to marry the Marquis of Lorne—the eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. The Scot replied: "A very good match for the young princess!" Let no one see a jest in this.

The Scot never jokes. He is possessed of solid qualities, judgment, intelligence, poetic feeling, as much as ever you like—but of brilliance or gaiety, none! Nevertheless, your Scot is not wanting in that undefinable kind of wit which is scarcely understood on the continent, and which is called humour.

Indefatigable workers, persevering almost to obstinacy, skilful business men, economical, industrious, the Scotch are gifted with solid qualities that, in this age of ours, should assure to their possessors victory in the struggle for life.

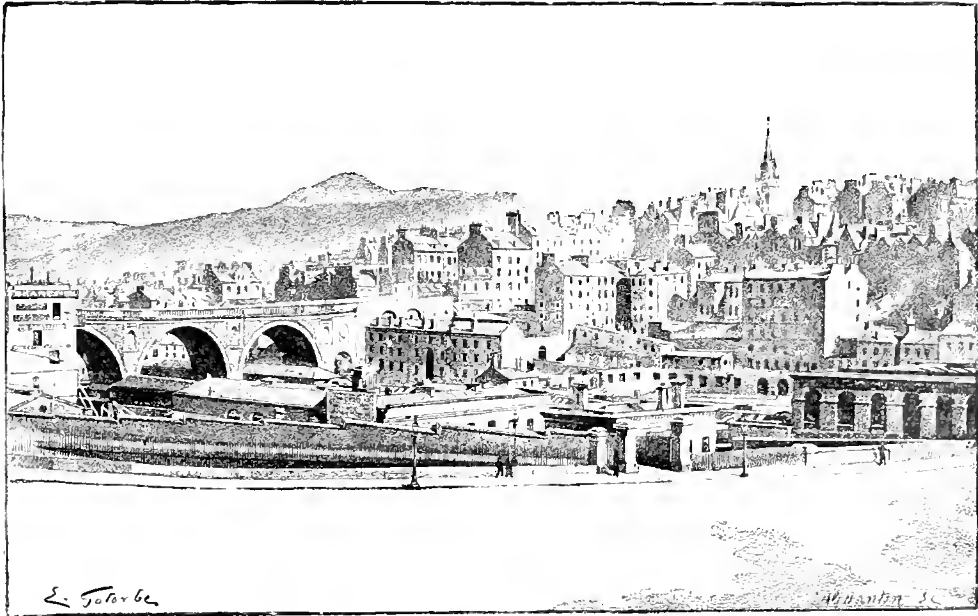
Nevertheless, they have their faults; and they are accused of an excessive pride, an exaggerated puritanism, combined with some religious intolerance; lastly, in the lower

class, there exists considerable immorality and a too highly accentuated regard for whisky; but one cannot have everything, and human nature is not perfect—even in Scotland.

II.

EDINBURGH.—GENERAL ASPECT.—THE OLD AND NEW TOWNS.—CLIMATE.—POPULATION.—THE CASTLE.—THE ESPLANADE.—THE HIGH STREET.—CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.—THE ABBEY AND PALACE OF HOLYROOD.

THE town of Edinburgh is situated to the south-east of Scotland, about five miles from the Firth of Forth, in an extremely picturesque position. It is built on a series of parallel hills, the crests of which, like the valleys between them, are covered with white stone houses. Here and there are viaducts and great stone bridges, spanning



NORTH BRIDGE AND THE OLD TOWN (EDINBURGH).

valleys and houses, and uniting two hills; the highest of these elevations is occupied by the old town, which is grouped around the castle. A deep ravine, the bed of the North Loch, serves as a sort of common way to the different lines of railroad which converge upon the town.

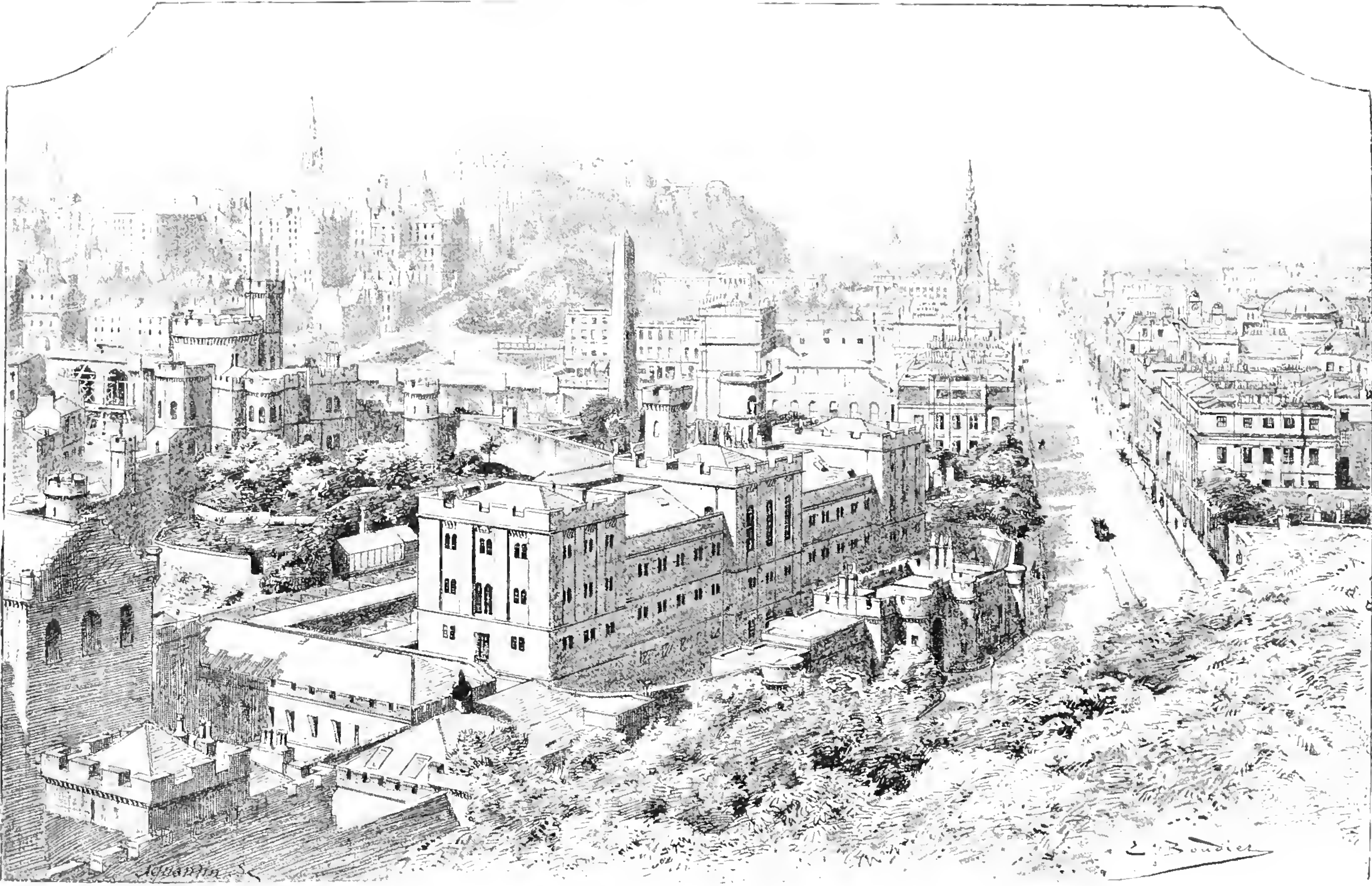
The origin of Edinburgh, while very ancient, is almost unknown. We can only ascertain that in the 5th century the Picts built on the site on which the castle now stands a fortress, the possession of which the Saxons for a long while disputed with them, and which they finally seized in the 7th century, after a struggle that had lasted 200

years. It was at that time that the town, which had hitherto been known by the Gaelic name of Magh-Dun, corrupted into the Saxon word, "maiden," and Latinized into *Castrum Puellarum,* was called the borough of Edwin—*Edinburgh.* This name, in its turn, was transformed by the Gaels into Dun-Edin, and Latinized to *Edina.* But Edinburgh was destined to survive, and thus the name of the capital of Scotland is still written. Till the 11th century, Edinburgh remained under the dominion of the Kings of Northumbria; but from this period the Scots remained absolute masters of it. When Froissart came thither, in 1384, Edinburgh was far from being a prosperous place, and the French knights who accompanied him had considerable difficulty to find lodgings. However, at the commencement of the 15th century, the town, rebuilt, after being burned by the English, soon became flourishing. James II. was crowned at Holyrood, and about the same time the Parliament assembled there. In 1560 the town was encircled by walls, the nine gates of which were called "ports." Edinburgh, like Paris, being unable to extend itself laterally, in consequence of the narrow limits of its fortifications, increased in height. The inhabitants lived in flats, in the French fashion; and the houses—six, seven, or even ten storeys high, some of which still exist—sheltered numerous families. This portion of the town is still standing, and recalls the appearance of old Paris. Formerly inhabited by the nobility and aristocracy, it is now the quarter of the working population and the poor. This is the old town. It occupies the height which is crowned by the castle, and gradually falls away towards the east; it is traversed by two wide, parallel streets—High Street and Cowgate; the former, continued by the Canongate, leads direct to Holyrood. These two streets, the only thoroughfares fit for carriages in the last century, were intersected by small alleys, called "wynds" and "closes," the greater number of which have disappeared, to give place to newer streets.

The modern town is to the north of the old town, with which it is connected by a massive terrace, called the "Mound," and by two bridges, Waverley Bridge and North Bridge, the latter, the older, having been built in 1753. While the new and aristocratic quarters of the town were being rebuilt, the North Bridge was lengthened, under the name of South Bridge; and some fine squares, such as George Square and Brown Square, and the district included between Heriot's Hospital and St. Leonard's Street, were built.

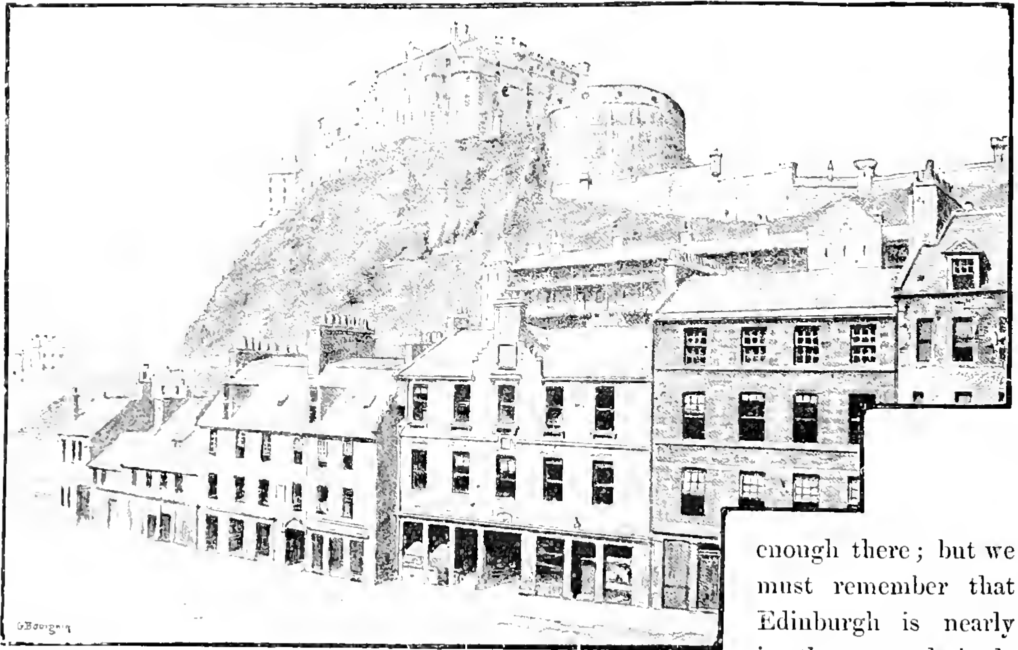
In proportion as the old town is tortuous, so is the modern town symmetrical. In this respect Edinburgh is unique, having the aspect of a double town, ancient on one side, modern on the other, almost continental on the right, essentially British on the left. From Waverley Bridge, which is almost the mathematical centre of Edinburgh, there is a beautiful view; to the south extends the smoky old town, "Auld Reekie," as the Scotch affectionately call it, with its ten-storeyed houses, its winding and narrow streets, dark alleys, edifices in the French style, round towers, with pointed roofs, like the towers of the river front of the *Palais de Justice* in Paris. To the north is the Modern Athens, but a very British Athens for all that, with Greco-Roman, Gothic, or fanciful buildings. Between the two, the deep valley contains lines of rails upon which the trains run, emitting white clouds of steam which rise as it were in tufts, and hover like the mist rising from a lake over the yawning chasm.

The climate of Edinburgh is changeable and severe, there are terrible east winds



EDINBURGH (FROM CALTON HILL).

which blow furiously during the greater portion of the year, and there are few days, even in summer, on which a fire is not welcome—in fine weather it would be imprudent to go out without winter clothing—so sudden and frequent are the changes of temperature. This is a precaution which should be taken not only in Edinburgh, but throughout the whole of Scotland. Nevertheless, Edinburgh is not unhealthy, but weak and delicate people cannot live there in comfort. It need scarcely be added that the temperature is lower than in London (about 45° Fahr.), and a great deal of rain falls. The average excess of rain is seven inches more than in the Metropolis, and God knows it rains enough there; but we must remember that Edinburgh is nearly in the same latitude as Copenhagen.



THE CASTLE.

The population in 1883 was 236,000 inhabitants, to whom must be added the 60,000 citizens in Leith, the port of Edinburgh. The mortality is 19·5 per 1,000, and the birth rate 38·5. In 1871 there were only 200,000 inhabitants, which shows exactly a regular annual increase of 3,000.

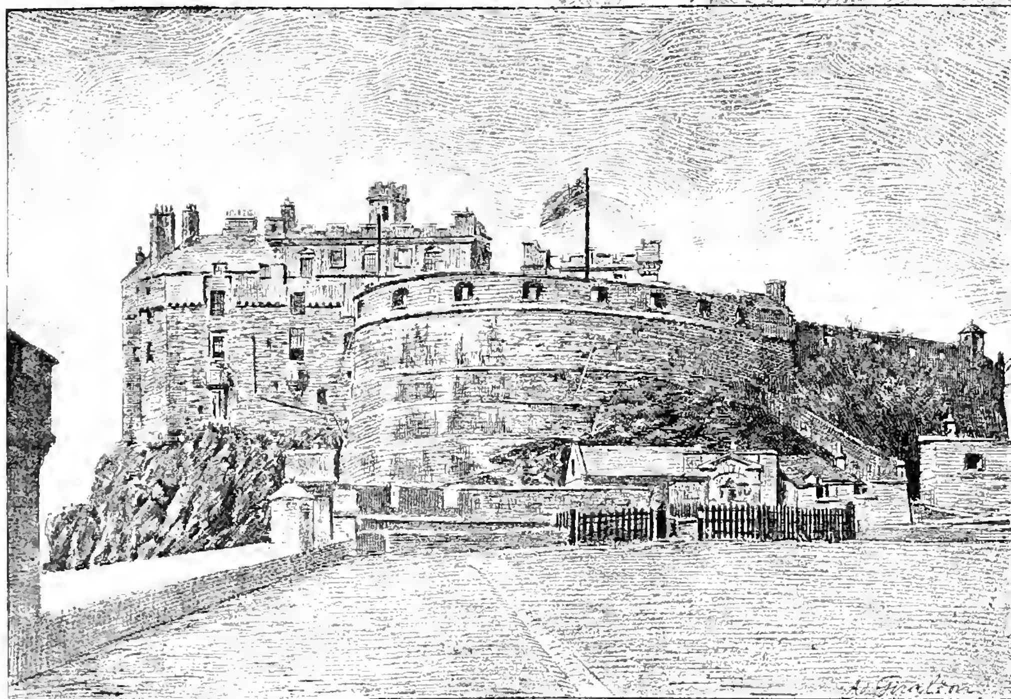
Of the two towns the old one is more interesting and picturesque. Its monuments, its streets, its population, its historical memories, which are recalled at every step, all tend to give it a peculiar and a national character.

The dominating feature of the old town is the castle, the ancient Burgh of Edwin, standing proudly 300 feet above on a steep rock, accessible only on the east side. We reach it by an esplanade, at the end of which is a draw-bridge, protected by cannon, which gives access to the interior fortifications. We then find ourselves in the midst of a crowd of irregular buildings, barracks, magazines, and stores of all kinds, which surround the bastions, mounted with heavy guns. A winding stairway, cut in the foot of the citadel walls, leads to St. Margaret's Chapel, the most ancient building not only in the castle, but in the whole of Edinburgh. It is a small oratory of Norman architecture,

constructed, it is said, in the 11th century for Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm. After having been used as a powder magazine for many years it was restored in 1853.

At the side is the King's bastion, from whence we can obtain a view of the modern town.

On the platform we are shown a curious old cannon, which is as harmless as it is curious. It is an old mortar called "Mons Meg," constructed of bars of welded iron, and kept together by braces of the same metal. This piece of ordnance was made at Mons, in Hainault, in 1486, hence its title, say some, though other people say it was made in Scotland. However that may be, the Scotch people are very



CASTLE ESPLANADE.

much attached to it, and it was not without much heart-burning that they saw it carried away by the English to embellish the Tower of London. There it remained for a long while, and it was not until 1829 that it was restored to Edinburgh at the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott.

The ancient palace of the Scottish kings has undergone such vicissitudes that nothing of it now remains but the foundations and a portion of the walls.

It occupies two of the sides of the great quadrangle, Palace Yard, situated behind the Half Moon Battery. The State apartments occupy the eastern side of the square, and are known as the Royal Lodging. This is an imposing building, restored in 1616, but the octagon tower, the square turrets, and the embattled walls date, probably, from the 16th century. What then remains of the palace of Malcolm, David, and William

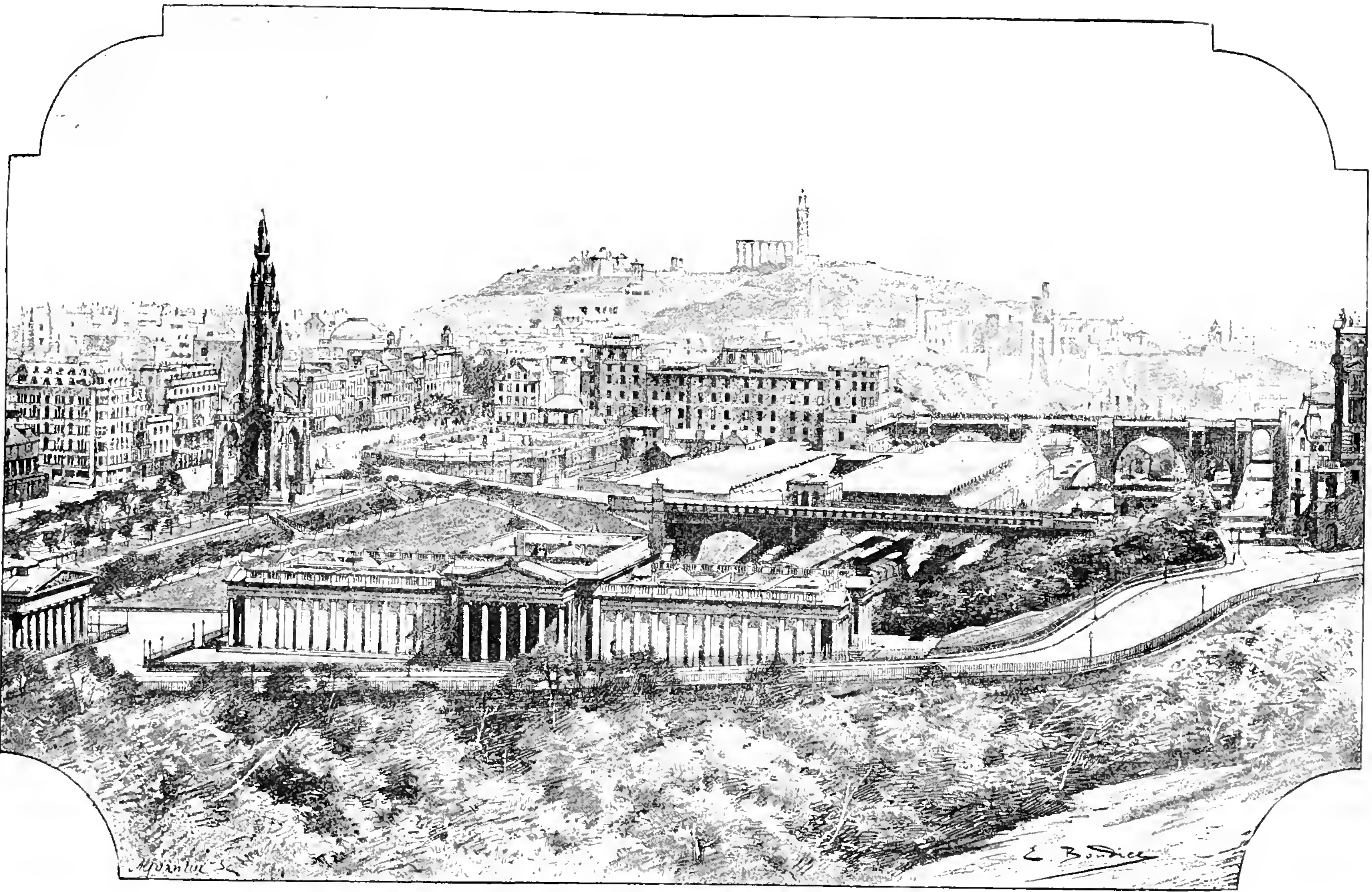
the Lion—of the castle taken and retaken by Bruce and Baliol? The memory; for the masonry of the present buildings, with the exception of the foundations and some walls, does not appear to be of very ancient date. But in the Royal Lodging died Mary of Lorraine, and thither, in 1561, her daughter, Mary Stuart, was conducted amid the acclamations of the people; and it was in the chamber called Queen Mary's Room that, on the 19th of June, 1566, she gave birth to James VI., who afterwards united the crowns of Scotland and England.

In a neighbouring apartment are exhibited the crown jewels of Scotland, consisting of a crown, sceptre, sword, and mace. At the time of the Union they were placed in an oak chest, clamped with iron, and secured in this room, into which for more than a century no one was permitted to enter. They were considered to be lost when, in 1817, the Regent (George IV.) nominated a committee, of which Sir Walter Scott formed one, to open the chest and ascertain if it contained the jewels. They were discovered in good condition, and it was then decided to expose them to public view in an iron cage like that which protects the Crown jewels in the Tower of London.

Under five different names, the High Street leads us in almost a straight line to the Palace and the Abbey of Holyrood. Very picturesque is this street, bordered with high houses of nine or ten storeys and old historic buildings, some of which are in good preservation, although this portion of the town suffered in the insurrection of 1745, when the castle was occupied by the royal troops, and the Pretender, Charles Edward, was master of the city and of Holyrood. It is a very animated thoroughfare, but the visitor will be disappointed if he expects to see all the men clothed in the national costume—bonnet, plaid, kilt, and buckled shoes. No, here is another tradition exploded, another lost illusion. The national dress is gradually disappearing, and soon it will be worn only by the soldiers of Highland regiments and some lairds or country landed proprietors, who persist in displaying their naked knees and their hairy limbs. This inconvenient style of dress may still pass muster in the open air, but in a room in the presence of ladies a man thus scantily clothed is something rather shocking to modern ideas. So the disappearance of the Highland garb excites only platonic regrets.

Amongst the most remarkable houses in the High Street is that of Allan Ramsay, the Scotch Poet, who lived at No. 153, and that of John Knox, in that portion of the street called Netherbow. The latter mansion is a picturesque building of three storeys, with a frontage of unhewn stone, pierced with small-paned windows and projecting into the street. Above the entrance door in a small niche is a bust of the celebrated reformer. The residence of the stern enemy of Mary Stuart consists of three rooms, which were restored in 1849. A little farther on, on the same side of the street, is the Canongate Tolbooth, formerly one of the prisons of the town, and which now serves as the Registrar's office. It is a building two storeys high, flanked by a square tower which sustains a clock, supported by a pair of iron stanchions, and is surmounted by a pointed roof. It is an excellent specimen of the almost French style of architecture, which is so frequently found in this old town. At the end of the street, which is here called the Canongate, is a square space occupied on one side by the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood.

We must first say a few words concerning the celebrated abbey.



EDINBURGH (FROM THE CASTLE).

On the 14th September, 1128, the day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, King David I. set out on a hunting expedition, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his confessor, Alfwin, who reminded him that the day should be passed in prayer and not in pleasure. But David, without heeding him, spurred his steed in the direction of the forest of Drumsheugh, where, carried away by his ardour in the chase, he soon out-distanced his suite. Suddenly a stag of dazzling whiteness and of gigantic size, its head bearing most formidable antlers, rushed upon him and overturned both the King and his steed. David, who defended himself as well as he could with his hunting knife, was rapidly giving way, when from a white cloud was extended a hand holding a luminous cross, the brightness of which caused the stag to retreat; and the animal was afterwards killed, hard by, by one of the King's followers, Sir Gregan Crawford. This miraculous intervention, astonishing as it may seem, cannot be doubted, for to this day the Crawfords of Kilbirnie bear on their escutcheon a stag's head, surmounted by a cross in memory of this remarkable event. The King retired pensively to the Castle, told the adventure to Alfwin, and then retired to snatch the repose which the excitement of the day had rendered necessary. But while he slept he saw a vision. Saint Andrew, the patron of Scotland appeared to him, and enjoined him to found on the spot where he had been so miraculously saved a monastery for monks of the Augustine Brotherhood. He did not delay to carry out the Saint's behest, and he immediately commenced to build the Abbey of Holy Rood or the Holy Cross, which he richly endowed, and of which the first Abbot was his confessor Alfwin.

David's successors enriched the abbey and bestowed many privileges upon it. From the reign of Robert III. it also served as the residence for the Scottish sovereigns, whose marriages were celebrated in the church of the monastery, now in ruins. There it was that Mary Stuart was married to Darnley.

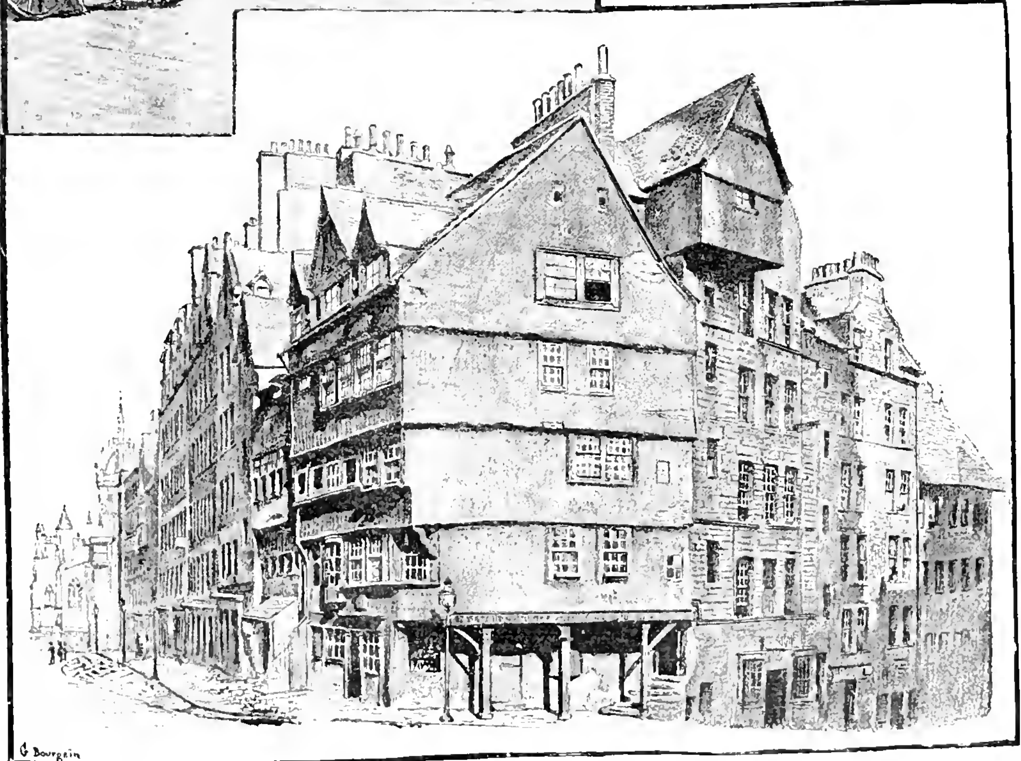
In 1544 the English army, commanded by Lord Hertford, destroyed the monastery, but the church was afterwards repaired by order of Charles I. and converted into a chapel royal. When the Prince of Orange landed, the inhabitants and the students of the University sacked it, set it on fire and profaned the vaults, in which were interred the remains of David II., James II., James V., Rizzio, and Darnley. In 1758 an architect, who had been intrusted with the restoration of the building, put on such a heavy roof that it fell down a few years after, dragging with it all that remained of the building. The ruins of the abbey then became the receptacle for the refuse of the city, and the inhabitants took delight in degrading the historic remains.

Nothing now remains except the fragments of one tower of the nave and part of the west front. The pointed gateway is supported by eight small columns enriched with leafy ornamentation, wherein the birds build their nests. Of the nave nothing remains but the walls to the level of the first floor only, and two fragments of the pillars which at one time separated it from the aisles. At the eastern extremity a high and wide mullioned window opens vacantly, shaded by ivy. Grass grows amid the tombstones, some of which are modern, the descendants of certain ancient families having expressed a desire to repose among their ancestors. The most recent of these is the tomb of Sir J. Sinclair, which bears the date 1873.

Holyrood Palace, commenced by James IV., was completed in the reign of his son,

James V., and nearly destroyed altogether by the English in 1544, when they devastated the abbey. However, the towers and the north-east side escaped destruction, and when in 1561 Mary Stuart returned from France, she occupied this portion of the palace. A hundred years later Cromwell's soldiers set fire to Holyrood, which had been rebuilt, and, by a curious coincidence, the same portion of the building was again saved. Under Charles II., Sir William Bruce was charged with the rebuilding of Holyrood, and he built the palace as it now exists.

Holyrood Palace is an imposing edifice of quadrangular form, consisting of four buildings, enclosing a fine interior court measuring 28 yards square.



KNOX'S HOUSE. HOUSES OF WEST BOW.

The principal front consists of a low central building, with two projecting aisles, whose angles are ornamented with embattled round towers, crowned by pointed roofs.

The entrance gate is surmounted by the Royal arms, and flanked by four coupled Doric columns, two on each side.

In the open space in front of the entrance is an octagon fountain, built in 1859, by order of Prince Albert. It consists of three stages laden with sculpture and ornaments; but notwithstanding the beauty of its details, it has a somewhat heavy appearance.

Only the left wing of the palace is shown: in this is the picture gallery and the apartments of Mary Stuart and of Darnley.

The picture gallery, or King's Gallery, is part of the old palace of Charles II. It is a long ordinary-looking room, wider than it is high; the walls hung with fantastic portraits of the kings of Scotland. Walter Scott justly criticised this series of ridiculous pictures, and regretted that the artist had given all the Scotch sovereigns the same nose, which resembled a door-knocker.

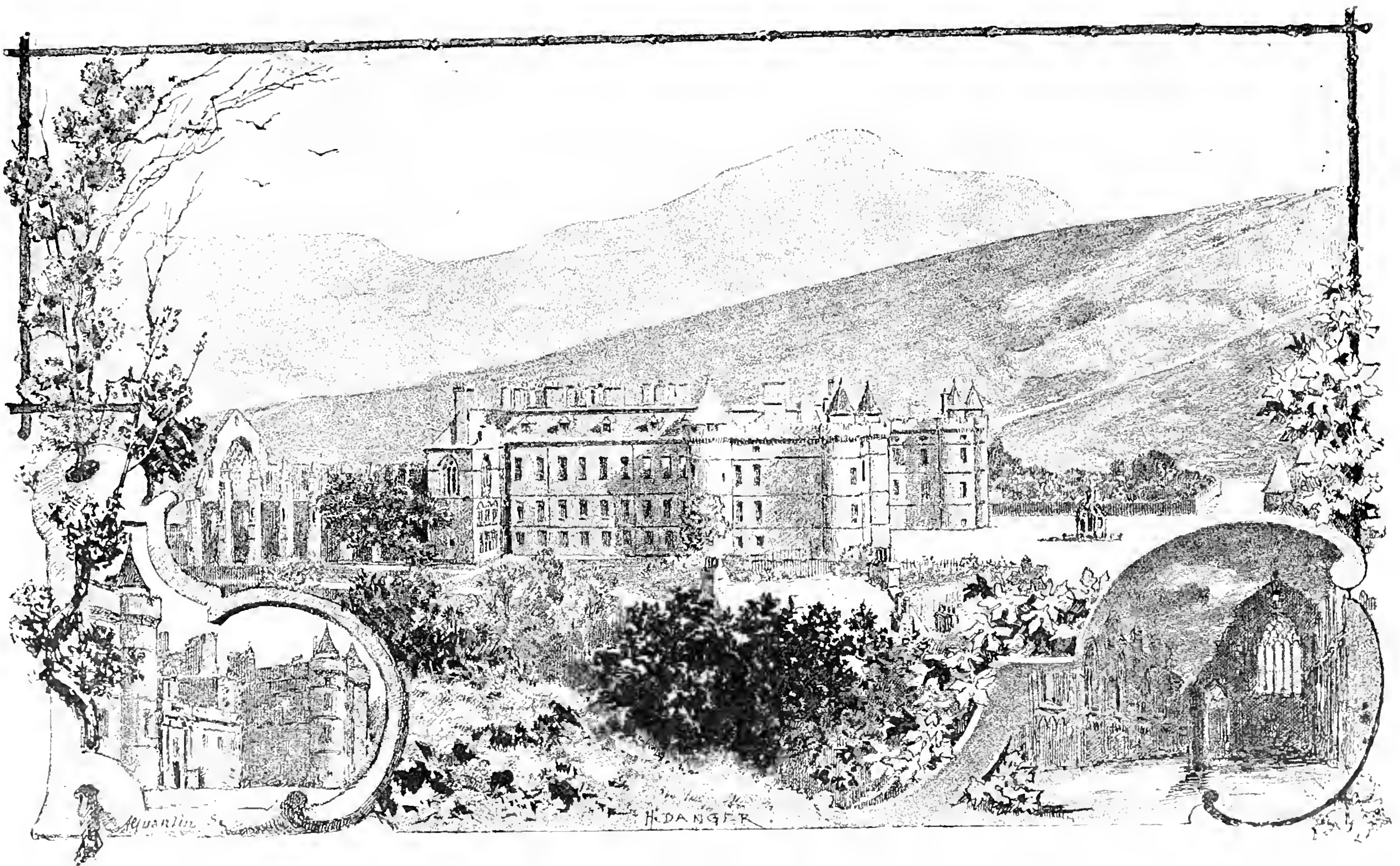
In this gallery are elected the peers chosen to represent Scotland in the House of Lords. In fact, before the Union, Scotland had its own parliament and a national peerage; but as there is only one parliament for the United Kingdom, a certain number of Scotch peers are elected at each renewal of it. The number fixed is sixteen, but besides the elected peers, Scotland is also represented in the House of Lords by those members of the Scottish peerage who are also peers of England. It is in this way, that the Duke of Argyll, who is Baron Sundridge in England, sits in Parliament, in virtue of the latter title, and not as a duke. No Scotch peers have been created since 1707.

The apartments of Mary Stuart consist of an audience chamber, a sleeping apartment, and a supper room. We reach them by a winding staircase, built in James V.'s tower.

The first room is square; the sunken ceiling is embellished with escutcheons and interlaced figures. The furniture is of Charles I.'s time, and was used by that monarch when he lived at Holyrood. Next comes the bed-room. Smaller than the other, it is lighted by a high window. The walls wainscoted with oak are hidden by tapestry. Against the wall, opposite the window, we find the four-post bed surmounted by a daïs, which we are assured the young queen slept in. Half hidden by the hangings we perceive the door opening upon the secret staircase by which the murderers of Rizzio penetrated into the apartments of the Queen.

A door of communication gives access to the supper room, where the Italian singer Rizzio was assassinated before the eyes of Mary, who had made him her secretary, and whom her enemies declared to be her lover.

Her husband, Darnley, George Douglas, Ruthven, and Lindsay, resolved to rid themselves of this Italian, whose influence they dreaded. One evening, when he was supping with Mary, her sister, the Countess of Argyll, and some intimate friends, the assassins glided into the Queen's apartments. Darnley, entering first, seated himself by Mary, and embraced her affectionately. He was followed by Ruthven, arrayed in armour, as if for combat, and by the other conspirators. The Queen, surprised, asked why they thus came into her presence, while Rizzio, trembling for his life, took refuge



HOLYROOD PALACE AND ABBEY.

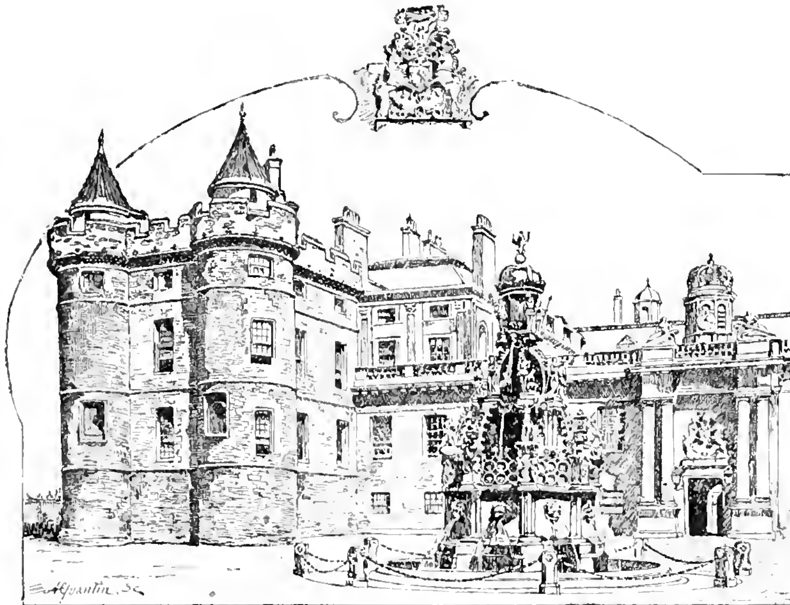
at her side. Without replying, the furious assassins overturned the table, and threw themselves upon their victim, who clutched Mary's clothing, uttering the most lamentable cries. Darnley himself separated them, and Douglas, impatient to strike, stabbed Rizzio with his dagger. The sight of his blood enraged his accomplices, who threw themselves upon the wretched minstrel, whom they despatched with fifty-five wounds. The blood of Rizzio flowed across the floor, and Mary Stuart caused a partition to be erected, which surrounds the spot where he fell, so that she might not see the bloodstains, which still are visible. While this tragedy was being played out, Darnley, intoxicated, remained with Mary in the other room. One of her ladies quickly

CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.

brought the news of the death of Rizzio, and the appearance of Ruthven, covered with blood, caused the Queen to faint. When she came to herself, in reply to the reproaches of the latter, she exclaimed, "I hope that God who sees us will avenge me, and that the babe as yet unborn will live to exterminate you and your posterity." She was at that time *enceinte* with the child who afterwards became James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England.

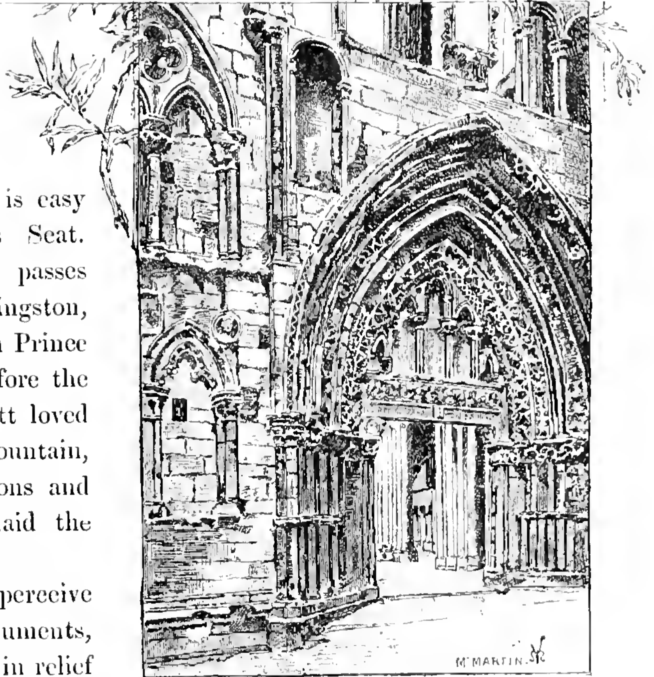
Holyrood has twice served as an abode for a French Prince. On the 6th June, 1796, Charles Philippe, the Comte d'Artois, entered Holyrood to the sound of a royal salute, which greeted his arrival. The troops lined the way, and he gave audience next day to his faithful adherents. The brave Scotch looked upon the presence of a prince of a French house, so long allied with the royal family of Scotland, as a matter of course. For many years the prince and his son lived in Edinburgh, where they were treated with the greatest respect by the people, and when, later, after the revolution of 1830, Charles X. disembarked anew in Scotland to go to Holyrood, where, as Comte d'Artois,

he had passed so many happy days, he was received with unbounded demonstrations of regard.



PALACE ENTRANCE (HOLYROOD).

Behind the palace extends the Queen's Park, beside which rises the hill called Arthur's Seat, a mass of granite 822 feet high, consisting of two superposed masses, the lower of which is known as Salisbury Crags. A beautiful and wide road, cut in the side of the hill, leads to Dunsapie Loch, whence it is easy to gain the summit of Arthur's Seat. Before reaching the lake the road passes above the village and lake of Duddingston, and we perceive the cottage in which Prince Charles Edward slept the night before the battle of Prestonpans. Walter Scott loved to wander in the solitude of this mountain, which is full of historical associations and picturesque ruins, where he has laid the principal scenes of one of his novels.



PORCH OF THE CHAPEL (HOLYROOD).

From Arthur's Seat we can perceive the city of Edinburgh, with its monuments, its streets, its hills, which stand out in relief like a raised plan. The old town and the new—Siamese sisters united by the bridges and the Mound—present themselves to the view bathed in the mist illuminated by the sun's rays in the manner so characteristic of Scotch landscapes, by which angles are rounded off, and buildings have a vaporous appearance, a semi-mysterious aspect, full of poetical effect. In the background rise the hills, and beyond them, in the

extreme distance, we perceive the blue waters of the Firth of Forth. On the left, the Pentland hills stand like a natural rampart, and when the atmosphere is clear, the view extends even to the Grampian chain, whose ragged summits stand up boldly against the grey sky.

III.

THE MONUMENTS.—THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES.—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARY.— THE COURT-HOUSE.— THE JUDICIAL ORGANISATION.—THE BAR.—THE POST OFFICE.—THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

The Scotch are a very religious people, and Edinburgh is in this respect doubly Scotch. There are no less than 150 churches, chapels, or temples of the various Protestant sects, and only three Roman Catholic churches.

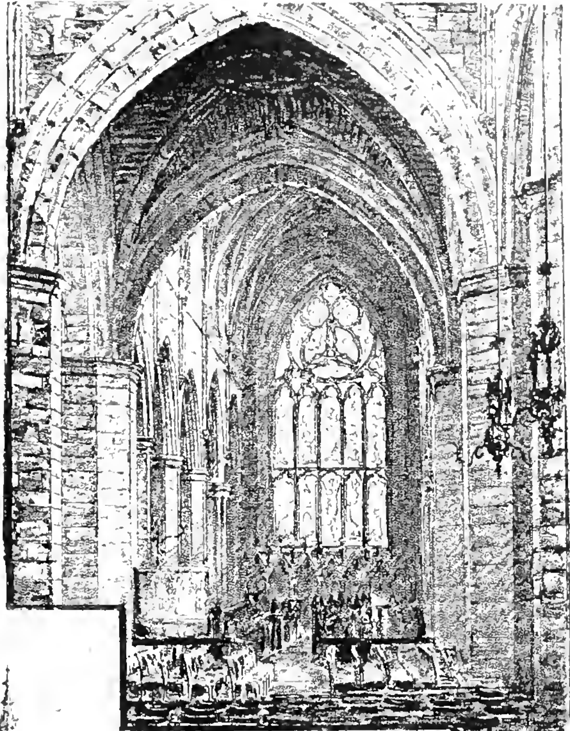
The principal church is that of St. Giles, in the High Street. Begun in the 12th, it was not completed till nearly the middle of the 15th century, and bears the imprint of the various periods through which it passed, but these are only visible to the practised eye, for repairs and successive modifications have by degrees removed its primitive characteristics. In the centre of the building rises a square tower, with ogival windows, which is terminated by a platform from which spring light-flying buttresses that support a lantern, topped by an elegant spire. Between the flying buttresses rise pinnacles delicately carved; the whole looking from a distance like a royal crown. From all parts of the town this pretty spire, 160 feet high, has a very remarkable effect, and is distinguished amongst all the other erections of the same kind by its lightness and gracefulness.

St. Giles' Church was originally the only church in Edinburgh, and was successively the parish church and the cathedral. At the time of the Reformation the Protestants broke into the cathedral, threw into the lake the statue of St. Giles, and purified the church after their manner—that was by pillaging it. To the Roman Catholic doctrines succeeded the rigid Protestantism of John Knox, the stern and fanatical enemy of Catholicism and the Papacy. Devoted for a little while to the Catholic worship, the church became at length definitively the principal Protestant place of worship in Edinburgh in 1638, when Episcopacy was abolished.

Though it is the principal church, that fact gives it no religious supremacy, for the Established Church of Scotland is an absolute democracy, in which all members are equal. It is ruled by a general assembly, composed of ministers and laymen, elected by the Presbyteries, the Synods, and the Universities. Every year, in May, the assembly meets at Edinburgh under the presidency of a Moderator, nominated for one year. The Sovereign is represented there by a Commissioner. Scotland is divided into sixteen Synods, and eighty-four Presbyteries. These are divided into parishes, which are administered by tribunals named Kirk Sessions. Each parish has its own, composed of

the minister, president, and a certain number of members, of whom two, named "Elders," are guardians of the poor. This mixed tribunal has a purely moral and religious jurisdiction, and its decisions can be appealed against. They are then submitted to the Presbytery. The Established Church reckons 1,560 places of worship; 1,660 ministers or preachers, and its members include half the population of Scotland.

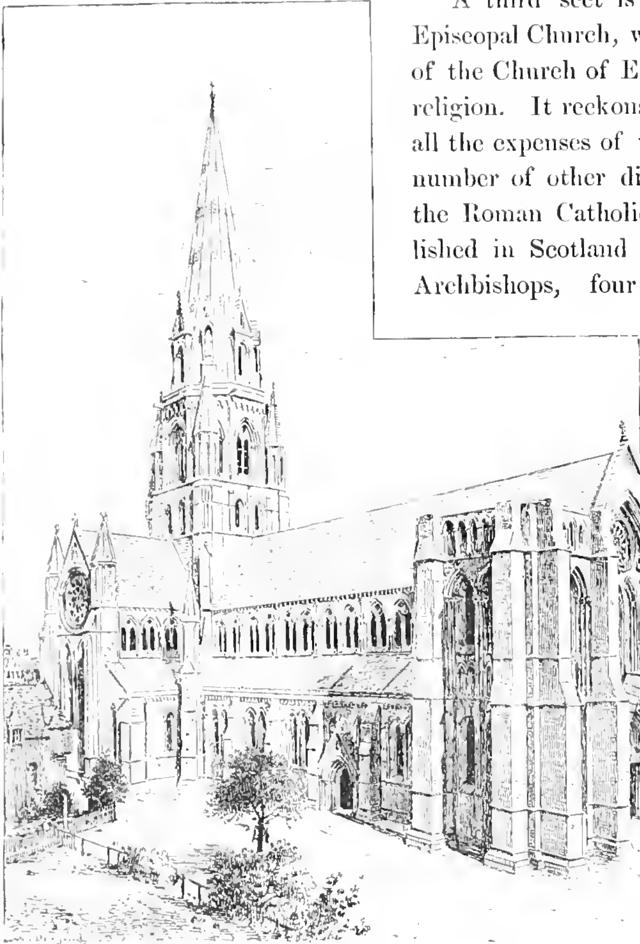
Since 1843, a dissenting sect



SAINT GILES' CHURCH.

has established itself under the title of the Free Church of Scotland, the organization of which, copied on that of the Established Church, includes sixteen Synods and seventy-three Presbyteries. Its entire revenue, estimated at £600,000 a year—is supplied by the liberality of its adherents.

A third sect is that of the Scotch Protestant Episcopal Church, whose canons are similar to those of the Church of England. This is the aristocratic religion. It reckons 65,000 members, who support all the expenses of the worship. There are a great number of other dissenting sects, and since 1878, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy has been re-established in Scotland by Leo XIII.; it supports two Archbishops, four Bishops, and two hundred Priests.



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

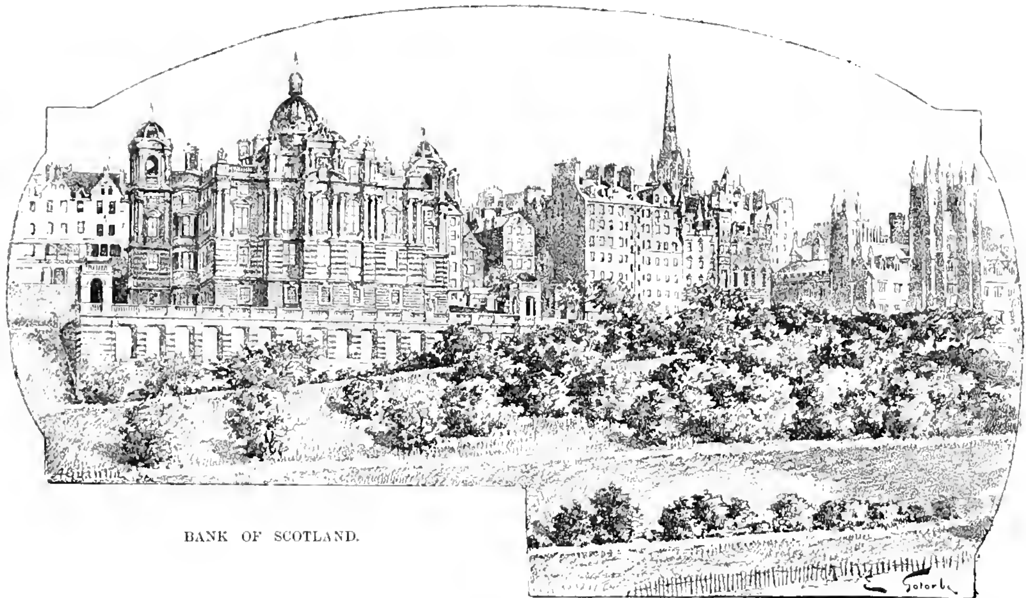
Amongst the great number of churches in Edinburgh, there are few remarkable ones; after St. Giles, the most important is St. Mary's Cathedral, recently erected by the members of the Episcopal Church. It is built in the Gothic style, and is situated at the end of Melville Street, to the west of the town.

The civic monuments are numerous, and for the most part very elegant. However, none date farther back than James VI. This is explainable by reason of the many broils and fires of which Edinburgh has been the scene. The most important of the public buildings is called the Parliament House; it is situated in the High Street, and serves as the Law Courts. It was built in 1824, on the site of a palace erected in 1640 for the Scottish Parliament. It is a building in the Italian style, and the most important part of it is the Great Hall, wherein were held the sittings of the old Parliament, which the flames fortunately spared. It reminds us of Westminster Hall, and, like Westminster Hall, it serves as a *salle des pas perdus* in which lawyers and their clients can discuss business questions. The courts are very simple, and are arranged like the English tribunals. But here the resemblance ceases, for Scotland possesses a judicial organization of its own, and a special Bar.

The supreme court of Scotland, called the Court of Session, is composed of an

Outer House and an Inner House. The former, consisting of five judges called Lords Ordinary, sits separately, and serves as a tribunal of first instance, or lower court. The second has two divisions, in each of which sit four judges, who decide the questions sent up, and their decisions can be appealed against to the House of Lords. Seven judges, selected from the magistrates of the two chambers, form the criminal court, called the High Court of Justiciary, before which the accused are haled by the public prosecutors, who are the Lord Advocate—a sort of *procureur-général,*—assisted by the procurators-fiscal. The jury is composed of fifteen individuals, and the verdict of the majority, as in France, is accepted. In England the jury must be unanimous.

The Bar forms a society called the Faculty of Advocates, whose members have the right to plead before the Scotch tribunals and the House of Lords when appeals are



BANK OF SCOTLAND.

sent to it from the courts. They bear the title of Advocates, and from among the most eminent of them the judges are selected. This corporation of advocates is managed by a dean, who is assisted by a council.

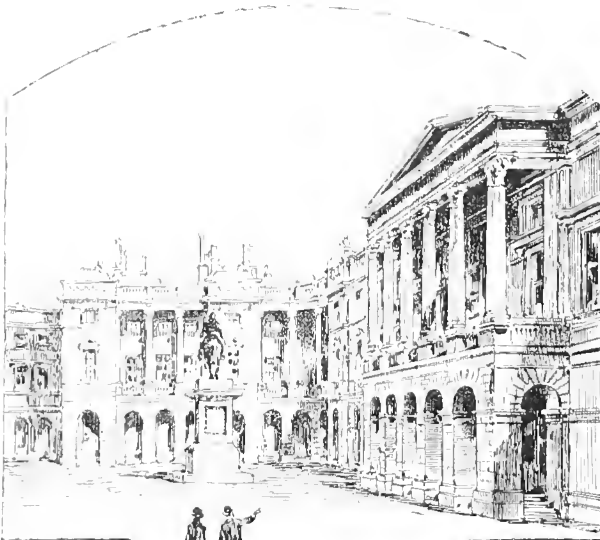
On the opposite side of the High Street stands a building, which incloses a square courtyard, and is called, no one can tell why, the Royal Exchange; it serves as the Town Hall. The Municipal Council holds its meetings there.

This council is composed of forty-one members, elected by the inhabitants of the thirteen wards of Edinburgh. The members choose a president in their turn, who is called the Lord Provost. He is elected for three years, and enjoys almost as influential a position in Scotland as does the Lord Mayor of London in England.

From the Royal Exchange to the Post-office is not very far, but still we must pass from the old into the new town before reaching the Post-office, which is at the angle of North Bridge and Prince's Street. The Post-office is an elegant square building, two storeys high, and flanked by four angular buildings of greater elevation.

The Scotch write fewer letters than the English, the average of the letters received by each inhabitant being 26 against 35 in England. There pass, nevertheless, through the office 102 millions of letters, 12 millions of post-cards, 15 millions of newspapers, and more than 23 millions of circulars and books.

Immediately opposite the post-office is the Register House or Palace of the National Archives of Scotland. They are preserved in one hundred fire-proof rooms, and are comprised in some 50,000 volumes. There is exhibited amongst other curious documents the letter that was addressed to the Pope in 1320 by the Scotch Barons, declaring that so long as there were one hundred Scots left alive their country would never submit to the English yoke.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

The Bank of Scotland is an edifice as remarkable for its architecture as for its position. It is situated in the old town near the Mound, on the brink of the valley which

divides the two towns. The northern façade, which rises above the gardens in Prince's Street, shows us a central building dominated by a vast dome, and two wings furnished with cupolas.

The Bank of Scotland, the capital of which is nearly £2,000,000 sterling, of which £1,240,000 is paid up, is directed by a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors. Founded in 1695 by a Scotch Act of Parliament, it aimed at the development of Scottish commerce and industry. It issues notes which are current in the country, and has seventy branch establishments in Scotland, besides those it maintains in England, abroad, and in the Colonies.

To this institution is due the system of credit, the most perfect in existence, which has done so much for agriculture and national commerce. Edinburgh, which is not a commercial city, is the centre of the most important financial operations. Living in a poor country, having to contend against the difficulties presented by a barren soil and a severe climate, the Scot has felt the necessity for thrift, orderliness, and economy. English capital managed by them has fructified in developing the natural resources of the country beyond what one would have fancied possible. The English, notwithstanding all their commercial acumen, would never have done so much for Scotland. They want the Scotch tenacity, economy, and foresight that are all so highly developed in their neighbours, and which they ridicule so pleasantly. What an inexhaustible mine of jokelets for the English comic papers is this Scottish economy. "I had only been in London twa hours," exclaimed a Scot in the pages of *Punch*, "when bang gaed saxpence!" And that is considered very amusing—south of the Tweed.

Nevertheless, there is a great deal of poverty in Scotland. In May, 1883, there were in the country 92,600 paupers—people assisted by the poor rates—and for whom was spent rather more than £834,000 sterling. This is a great deal too many in a total population of 3,735,000 inhabitants. We must in fairness add that of these 92,600 paupers, 28,000 were Irish, which reduces the number of actual Scotch paupers to about 64,000.

IV.

THE MODERN TOWN.—THE STREETS.—THE SQUARES.—THE GARDENS.—
THE CALTON HILL AND ITS MONUMENTS.—
THE THEATRES—THE MUSEUMS.—THE LEARNED SOCIETIES.—SCOTCH EDUCATION.—
THE NEWSPAPERS.—THE HOSPITALS.

A walk in the modern town, including the perambulation of the districts situated between Prince's Street and Queen Street, from Charlotte Square to Calton Hill, cannot fail to interest the tourist greatly. Within these limits Edinburgh displays all its luxury, all its attractions; there are the most beautiful statues, the pleasantest gardens, the finest squares, the widest and the most fashionable streets, the best hotels, the clubs, and the theatres.

The most beautiful street in the Scottish capital is indubitably Prince's Street This superb thoroughfare, 87 feet wide and about a mile long, bordered on one side by fine houses, on the other by well-planted gardens full of statues and monuments, behind which rise the houses of the old town, overlooked by the castle terrace, the church spires and the elegant clock tower of St. Giles, at the end of which is the Calton Hill, crowned by the National Monument, the Observatory, and the Nelson Column—is certainly the most picturesque street it is possible to imagine.

Starting from the fountain at the end of the Lothian Road, we have on our right the West Prince's Street Gardens, which slope down towards the railroad. We pass the bronze or stone statues of a number of illustrious Scotchmen, whose memory is cherished by their countrymen. Amongst others we may mention that of the poet, Allan Ramsay, executed by Steell.

But our attention is chiefly attracted by the Scott memorial. This elegant monument is composed of a Gothic spire, 162 feet high, supported by four arches of the same style shading a statue of the immortal author of Waverley. Four light arches, placed diagonally, serve as supports from which extend graceful flying-buttresses which sustain the spire. The latter, divided into many storeys marked by galleries, is composed of a series of arches superposed in diminishing proportions, and is ornamented with pinnacles, small spires, and niches sheltering statues which represent the principal characters in the novels of the owner of Abbotsford. The statue of Sir Walter Scott in white marble is the work of Sir John Steell. The poet is represented, seated, holding a book; at his feet sits Maida, his favourite dog, which is looking up at his master.

A staircase, constructed in the pillars, leads us to the various galleries. On the first floor is the museum, which contains some articles which formerly belonged to Sir Walter Scott.

At the angle of Waverley Bridge rises the unpretending statue of the celebrated African explorer, Livingstone, who was one of Scotland's most illustrious sons; he was born at Blantyre, a small village in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

Prince's Street continues in the direction of Calton Hill, by Waterloo Place, which crosses Low Calton by a viaduct. The great sombre building with embattled towers at the end, is the prison; it is close to the Calton Cemetery, where are the tombs of many illustrious Scotchmen.

There reposes David Hume, whose tomb is covered with a circular monument in the shape of a tower. Above the door a simple inscription tells us the date of his birth and of his death. Higher up, in a niche, we perceive a funeral urn, surmounted by a cross. Opposite, an obelisk, which is visible from nearly all parts of the city, is raised to the memory of the patriots who, in 1793, were exiled for having demanded Parliamentary reform. It is called the "Martyrs' Monument."

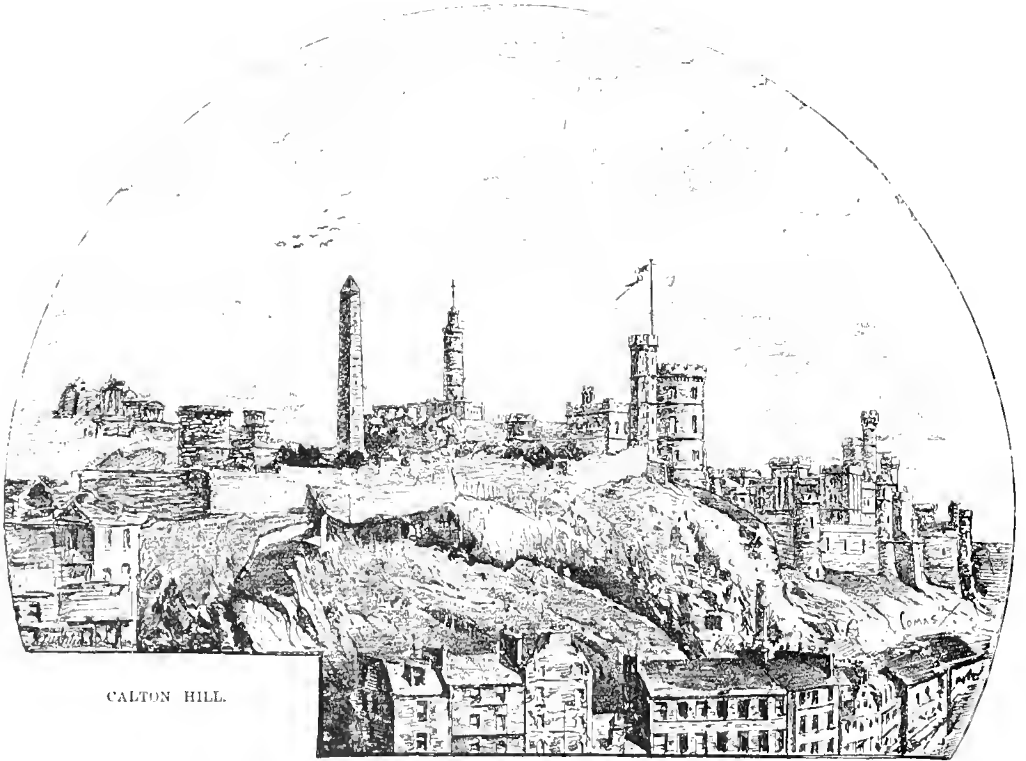
PRINCE'S STREET.

A flight of steps leads to the Calton Hill, a steep ascent, 355 feet above the level of the sea, which forms the extreme eastern boundary of the city. The Calton Hill is crowned with commemorative monuments.

The first we meet with is that of the illustrious philosopher, Dugald Stewart, an imitation, or rather an adaptation, of the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. On the top of the hill, a lofty column has been raised to the memory of Nelson. At a little distance is the National Monument, which is composed of twelve columns of the Doric order, resting upon an unfinished base. In 1816, after the war, the Scotch determined to raise to the memory of their comrades who had fallen on the battle-fields a monument, which would be an exact copy of the Parthenon at Athens. The work was commenced enthusiastically, and on the 27th of August, 1822, the first stone of the memorial was laid with great pomp and ceremonial; but in a short time the ardour of

the people cooled. Funds were wanting, and a dozen columns only were raised to bear witness, as the English said, "to the pride and poverty of the Scotch." It is, nevertheless, true that the incompleted Parthenon, thanks to its admirable situation, is probably more picturesque than if it had been completed.

But the most remarkable attribute of Calton Hill is the superb view that is obtainable from the summit. To whichever side we turn a magnificent panorama is disclosed in all directions, as far as the eye can reach. On the west lies the new town,



CALTON HILL.

with its splendid Prince's Street, its squares, its gardens, and its monuments: on the left the old town, with its high-storeyed houses, mounting, in series, on the height which extends from Holyrood to the castle. On the right we perceive Leith and the Firth of Forth glinting in the sun's rays. Lastly, behind Holyrood, is "Arthur's Seat," guarding the town like a crouching lion. Truly, there is no city in Europe which can offer such a picturesque view as Edinburgh—the "Auld Reekie," the smoky town—seen from the summit of the Calton Hill.

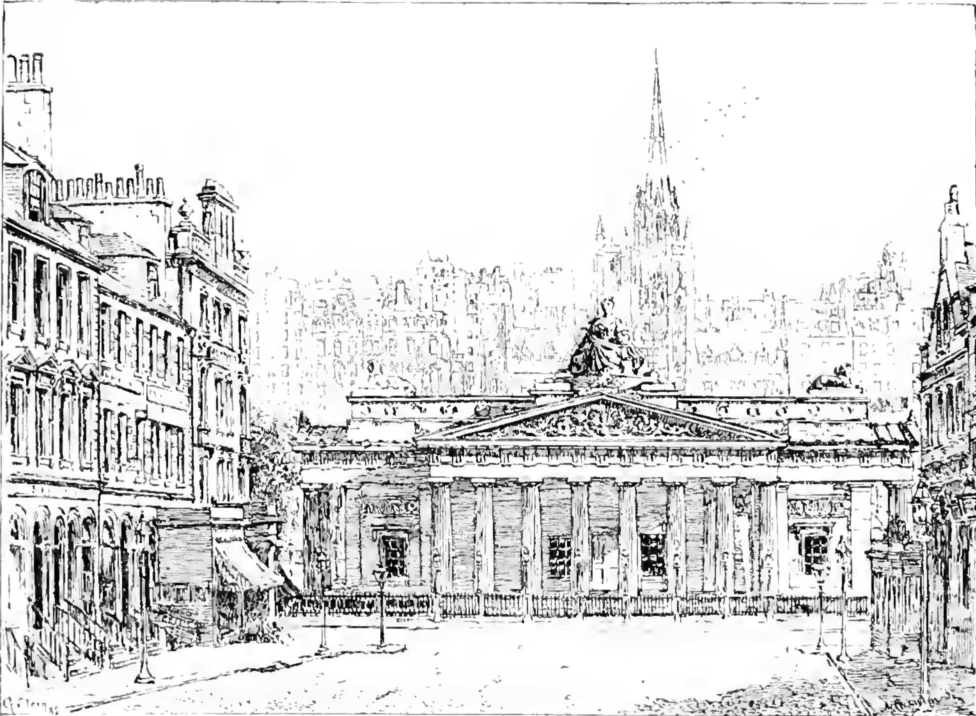
Another monument at the foot of the hill is to Burns, a kind of circular temple, containing a statue of the poet, by William Brodie.

Retracing his steps, the tourist, who wishes to see the new quarters, must ascend St. Andrew's Street and reach George Street, which is the centre of the modern town. This beautiful street, ornamented with statues of George IV. and of Pitt, owes to its position, between two squares, one at each end, its imposing aspect, but it is rather gloomy. Close by—in Charlotte Square—is the Albert Memorial. This monument, inaugurated by the

Queen, in 1875, consists of an equestrian statue in bronze, representing Prince Albert, in the uniform of a Field Marshal, resting upon a pedestal, decorated with bas-reliefs.

Walter Scott lived for a long while in Castle Street. The house was No. 39. This part of the town is full of interesting memories. Hume lived in St. David's Street, at the corner of St. Andrew's Square. Byron, when a child, lived with his mother in a house in St. Andrew's Square, which no longer exists.

One thinks very little about amusements in Edinburgh. The Scotch are too profoundly religious to have much taste for worldly spectacles, and it was not until the



ROYAL INSTITUTION.

time of George III. that the law permitted theatrical entertainments in Scotland. This innovation was badly received, for in 1834 the crowd, excited by a fanatical preacher, attacked and burned the Glasgow theatre, chanting psalms the while. Tolerance has since made progress, and even in a city like Edinburgh, where it is considered a sin to whistle on the "Sawbath," there are now five theatres, of which the principal, and only really good one, is the Theatre Royal.

But the theatre has never taken deep root in the country, and the local stage does not pay, except when a London Company, on tour, plays there. On these occasions the Scotch develop an enthusiasm as extraordinary as it is unexpected—witness the reception given in 1883 to the celebrated English tragedian, Henry Irving, before his departure for America.

Edinburgh would not be a British town if it did not possess one of those halls in which banquets, conferences, concerts, and balls can be held and given; and there are

many of them too. The most fashionable is that known as the Assembly Rooms in George Street.

The Mound is occupied by two immense buildings, in the style of Grecian Temples, which are respectively the National Gallery and the Royal Institution.

The Royal Institution, a building in the Grecian style, the pediment of which is crowned by a colossal statue of the Queen, by Steell, contains the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a Gallery of Sculpture, a School of Design, the Royal Society of Scotland, and the Council of Scotch Manufacturers.

The Society of Antiquarians was founded in 1780 by a number of noble and scientific men, desirous to encourage the study and to extend the knowledge of national antiquities. The museum of the society is very rich in Scotch antiquities, and contains a great number of objects in stone, bronze, and iron.

To a more recent period belong the very ingenious instruments of torture, amongst others the maiden, a kind of guillotine invented long ere the philanthropic French physician thought of the machine which has been called by his name. The maiden was used for the first time in Edinburgh on the 3rd April, 1366: it is therefore to the Scotch that is due the merit of inventing the instrument, which Guillotin merely imitated and improved.

The National Gallery, close beside the Royal Institution is, like the latter, the work of the architect Playfair, and also like it in the form of a Grecian temple, but of the Ionic order. It contains about 550 paintings and 26 statues, arranged in twelve rooms. The collection of pictures is composed of the works of old masters, English and foreign, and particularly of the works of ancient and modern Scotch artists. The sculpture is of a very ordinary kind.

A portion of the National Gallery is devoted to the Royal Academy of Scotland, which holds an exhibition there every year, from February till May. This society was founded in 1826. It consists of thirty academicians and twenty associates. Its organization is similar to that of the Royal Academy in London. Since 1827 the annual exhibitions have succeeded each other without interruption, and with increasing success. That in 1882 included more than a thousand exhibits, of which only 28 were sculptures. Edinburgh contains many other societies of artists, without reckoning the two Government Schools of Art, which are attended by about 800 students of both sexes. Industrial arts are not neglected either; since 1870 a special museum has been devoted to them.

The scientific societies are equally numerous, and very flourishing. The principal are the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal College of Physicians in Queen Street, and the Philosophical Institution, its neighbour, founded in 1818, with a view to the development of the education of the people and to arrange literary and scientific courses of lectures. We may also mention the Literary Institution, whose title sufficiently explains its object: the Mechanics' Library, and a number of establishments of the same kind, kept up for the most part by the various religious sects.

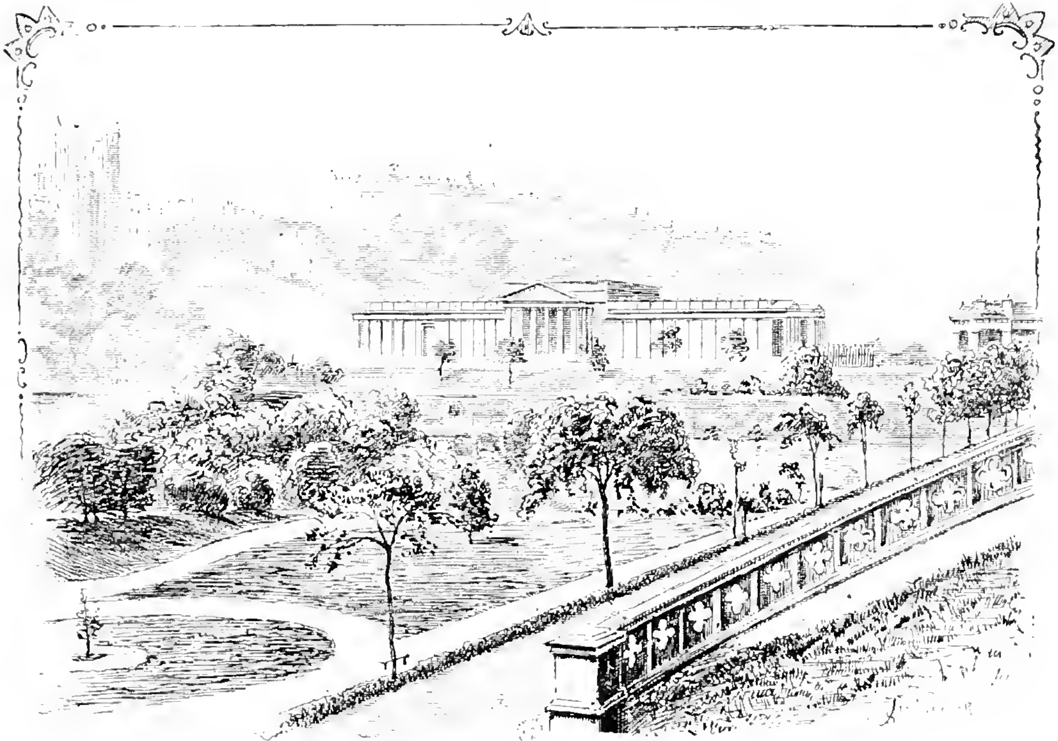
The Royal Observatory consists of two distinct buildings—the old and the new—situated on Calton Hill.

The new Observatory, built in 1818, is in the form of a Maltese cross, its equal

limbs indicating the four cardinal points of the compass. At their point of intersection rises a dome, in which the observatory instruments are placed. The old building serves as an annexe to the modern one.

The institution of this useful building is due to the initiative of a few private individuals, who were assembled in the year 1817 under the presidency of Professor Playfair. The idea was promulgated and made its way, and now the observatory of Edinburgh is subsidized by the State, and placed under the direction of the Astronomer Royal for Scotland.

Edinburgh doubly justifies the surname of "the Modern Athens" which has been

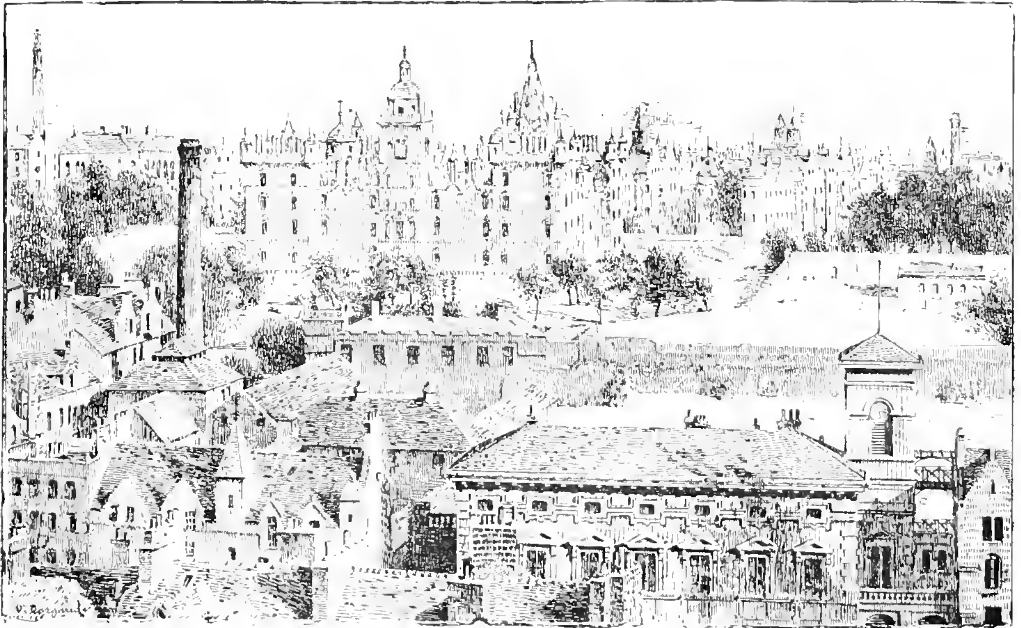


NATIONAL GALLERY.

bestowed upon it. Firstly, its situation and aspect, from certain points of view, give it a vague resemblance to the Grecian capital. Secondly, the Scotch city is, like the Greek, a centre, an intellectual focus of considerable power. Its schools, its colleges, and its University are all justly celebrated, and the middle-class of Scotland is better educated than its prototype in England. In offices and in business houses they value highly a clerk who has received what is called a good Scotch education.

In the 15th century Old Caledonia boasted three Universities, those of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; and four in 1558; while until the commencement of the 19th century England possessed only two—Oxford and Cambridge. Then the Scotch Universities, organized in a more democratic manner—more German in tone—were, and are still, more accessible to all classes, while rich English people only can send their sons to the Universities, where residence is very expensive.

The University of Edinburgh owes its foundation to Robert Reid, Bishop of Orkney, who in 1558 left a sum of 8,000 marks for that purpose. Mary Stuart some years afterwards drew up a charter, with the intention to bestow it upon the University, but the troubles of her reign prevented her from carrying out her project, which was not realized until the reign of her son, James VI., in 1582. Although the youngest of the Scotch Universities, it is perhaps the most important. Its original constitution remained unchanged until 1858, when it was modified, as those of its older brethren, by an Act of Parliament, which bestowed a similar constitution upon the four Scotch Universities. Each of them is now governed by a General Council, a University Court, and a Senate—*Senatus Academicus*. The Senate, consisting of the Principal and the various professors, is charged with the administration of the University. The head of this body



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.

is the "Court," which controls it; its members are the Rector, elected for three years by the students, the Principal and the Assessors nominated by the Chancellor, the Rector, the Senate, and the General Council.

The Chancellor is invariably a nobleman or prominent statesman; he presides with deliberative and preponderating voice over the Council, which is composed of the Court, the Professors, and all the Graduates who are entered in the books. The members of the General Council nominate the Chancellor and their representative in Parliament. The four Scotch Universities are represented in the House of Commons by two members. There is one for Edinburgh and St. Andrew's, and one for Glasgow and Aberdeen.

As at Oxford and Cambridge, the Chancellor's duties are purely honorary; the first to occupy the position was Lord Brougham; the present holder is the Hon. J. Inglis. The Rector is also selected from the number of illustrious men of letters, scientists, or

politicians; Lord Iddesleigh, late Sir Stafford Northcote, the Conservative Leader, is at present Rector. In fact, the true chief of the University is the Vice-Chancellor, who is at the same time the Principal. The first Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh was Sir David Brewster.

The Edinburgh University is a large building in Chambers Street, beside the Industrial Arts Museum, its principal front looking into South Bridge Street. Amongst the houses which it was found necessary to pull down to make room for it was that in which Sir Walter Scott was born on the 5th August, 1771.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

The University Library is celebrated, and includes more than 160,000 volumes and 2,000 MSS.

The Universities include the four faculties of Law, Theology, Letters and Medicine. The last-named faculty is justly celebrated, and the medical course of lectures is attended by one-half of the total number of students in the University, who may be reckoned at 3,000. So a new school of medicine is being established at Lauriston, which, when completed, will be reckoned as one of the most remarkable buildings in the city.

After the University, the educational establishment most important not only in Edinburgh, but throughout Scotland, is the High School (Calton Hill), founded in the

16th century. The present building was commenced in 1825, and opened in 1829. The arrangements are excellent. Young people are prepared for the liberal professions, as well as for all branches of trade and business. Established upon liberal bases, and very different from English schools in this respect, like the French *lycées*, it is attended by all sorts and conditions of lads. The future peer and the presumptive peasant are associated on the same "Form," and are absolutely equal. At a banquet given to one of the most illustrious students of this school (Lord Brougham), he stated that he had amongst his school companions at the same time the heir to a great name, and to a

Edinburgh Courant.

NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA

ESTABLISHED 1705

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IMPORTANT SALE

THE "EDINBURGH COURANT" (PART OF FIRST PAGE).

seat in the House of Lords, as well as sons of small shopkeepers and even of domestic servants. "It is for this reason," he added, "that I prefer the High School of Edinburgh to any other."

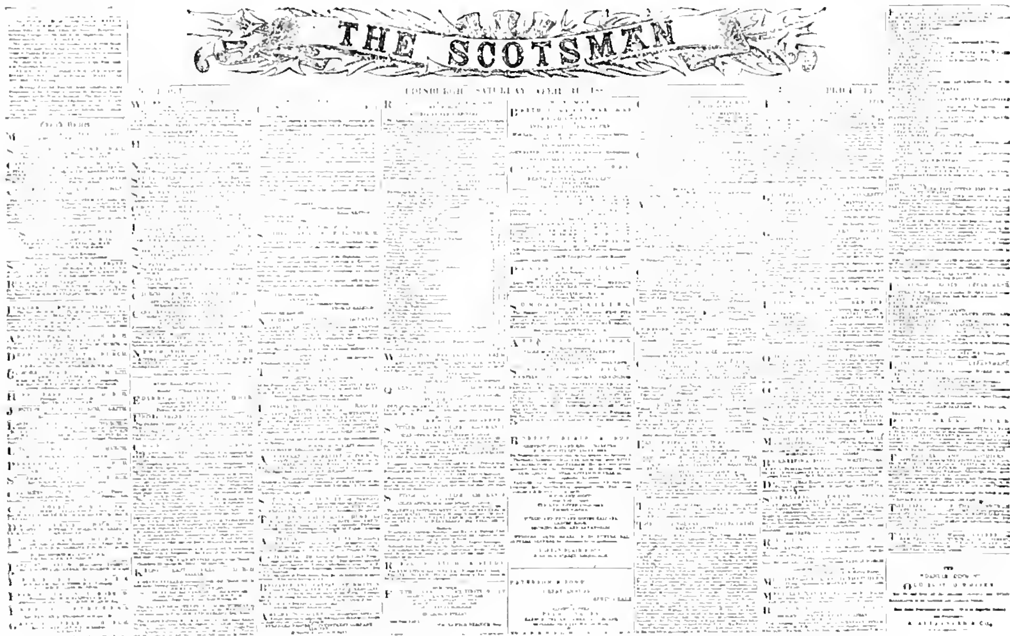
The Edinburgh Academy is an institution of the same class, but more modern, for it was not founded until 1823.

But, besides these and other establishments at which lads are received on payment, there exist many at which poor children receive a good education gratuitously. These places are called "hospitals." The principal is Heriot's Hospital, so called after its founder, George Heriot, the celebrated goldsmith of James VI.'s time. It is situated in Lauriston Place. It is supposed that Inigo Jones furnished the plans for its construction.

Heriot, dying without direct heirs, left his fortune, estimated at £20,000, to the Municipality of Edinburgh, on the condition of its building and maintaining a hospital to bring up, care for, and educate the orphans of poor lower middle-class people and

citizens. The numbers of children educated at Heriot's Hospital are 180 boarders and sixty day scholars. The age of admission for the former is ten years, and from seven to twelve for the latter. The value of the investments belonging to the hospital is such as to secure an income of £24,000 a year; and the committee has been enabled to create sixteen Heriot schools, in which more than 5,000 day scholars of both sexes receive an absolutely gratuitous education.

Heriot has had his imitators in the 19th century. First, there was a printer, Mr. Donaldson, who, in 1830, left a sum of more than £200,000 for the establishment of a hospital, which bears his name, and which is one of the most beautiful



THE SCOTSMAN

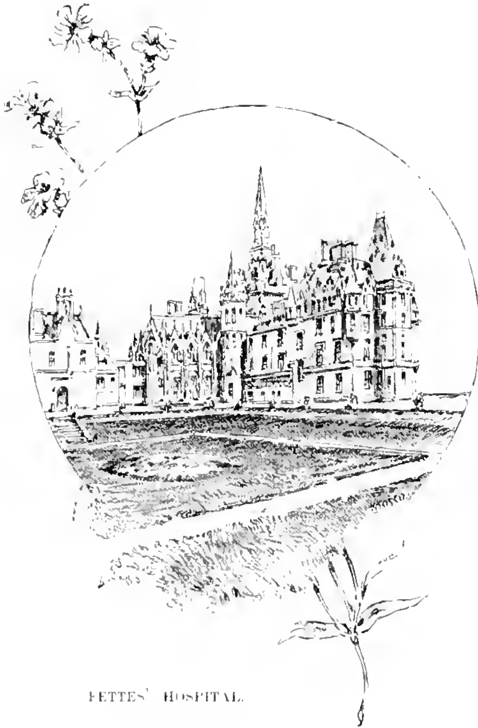
"THE SCOTSMAN" (PART OF FIRST PAGE).

buildings in Edinburgh. Donaldson's Hospital accommodates and instructs about 300 children of both sexes, between the ages of seven and fourteen, to whom they teach a trade or business. The hospital was opened in 1851, and its construction alone cost £100,000.

Then, in 1836, Sir William Fettes, a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, bequeathed for the same purpose the sum of £166,000, the interest upon which was permitted to accumulate for thirty years. At the close of that period the construction of the elegant building designed by Mr. Bryce was commenced. It resembles a French *château* of the time of Francis I. Fettes' Hospital can only receive fifty boarders according to the will of the testator, but the number of day scholars is unlimited.

Such an enlightened city should contain a large number of readers and, consequently, of newspapers. Edinburgh, as a matter of fact, supports thirteen newspapers, without reckoning the *Gazette* or official journal which appears twice a-week. Five of these newspapers are "dailies," and the others "weeklies." The oldest (*The Gazette*,

which dates from 1690, excepted) is *The Edinburgh Courant*,* founded in 1705, and the newest is *The Evening Express*, which is only in the third year of its existence. The most celebrated daily paper is *The Scotsman*, the *Times* of Edinburgh. Originally, in 1817, a weekly paper, and a bi-weekly journal from 1823 to 1855, it is only from the last mentioned date that *The Scotsman* has been issued daily. Admirably edited and well informed by its numerous correspondents in England and abroad, this journal has a considerable influence not only in Scotland, but throughout the United Kingdom. It possesses a London office directed by a sub-editor, and a number of reporters. A special wire connects the London and Edinburgh offices, which receive news continually. The daily circulation is 55,000, the weekly editions 60,000. The expense of editing and composition reaches £36,000 a-year, and are, as need not be said, covered by the advertisements, of which *The Scotsman* contains on an average 2,000 a-day. To ensure the early delivery of the papers in Glasgow and in West Scotland, the management have arranged for a special train, which leaves Edinburgh every morning laden with the sheets still wet from the press. The price of *The Scotsman* is the same as all the daily papers in Edinburgh—one penny. *The Scotsman* is the organ of the Scottish Liberal party, which is very numerous and powerful in that country. Conservative opinions are entertained by *The Edinburgh Courant*, which is edited with undoubted talent, but does not possess the influence nor the authority of *The Scotsman*. *The Courant* has also a special office in London.



FETTES' HOSPITAL.

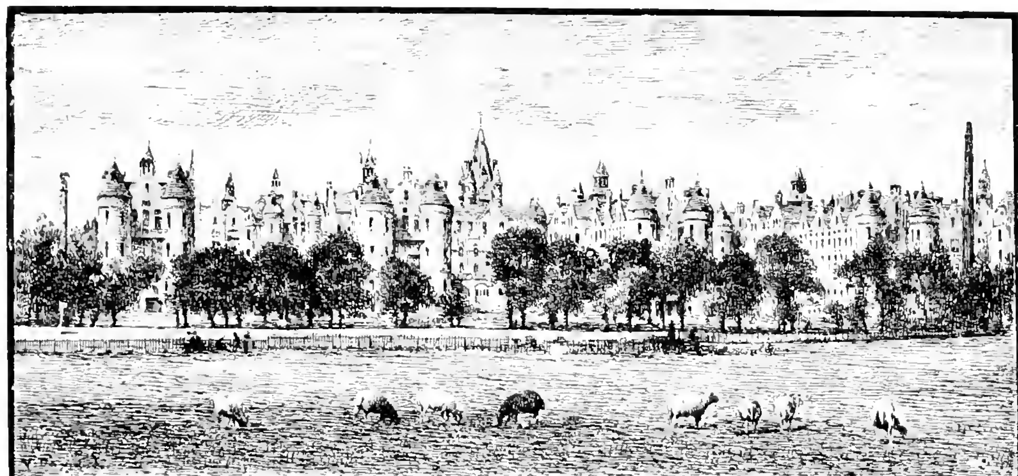
Two halfpenny journals appear in the evening. These are *The Edinburgh Evening News* and *The Edinburgh Evening Express*. The former, an independent paper, issues about 30,000 copies; the latter, a Conservative journal, is more restricted in its circulation.

We may close this subject with a few statistics. There are in Scotland 176 newspapers, of which 22 are daily papers, and 141 weekly; the others appear twice a-week. There is one remark to be made which will illustrate the bent of the Scottish mind. Amongst all these journals there is not a single comic paper!

The charitable institutions are numerous and well managed. The hospitals, the alms-houses for the poor and aged, bring all the resources of science to the unfortunate ones whom illness and length of years have brought low. Of all these establishments,

* This Conservative paper, once edited by De Foe, has lately come to an end, after 180 years' existence.

the most important is the Royal Infirmary, capitally situated to the south of the city, in a place called the Meadows, a vast open space, in pure air, a powerful agent in the recovery of invalids. Like St. Thomas' Hospital, in London, the Royal Infirmary, built between 1870 and 1879, consists of a triple range of separate buildings, a system which permits of the free circulation and entry of air and light between the different wards, and prevents contagion. The Edinburgh Hospital, which is said to be the largest in the kingdom, contains nearly 600 beds, and encloses an extent of 12 acres, one third of which space is covered with buildings. It is a series of eight wards connected by galleries, the architecture of which resembles that of Holyrood, the four blocks facing Lauriston Square, more particularly, for these are flanked by two towers with pointed pinnacles. From an administrative point of view—as far as interior arrangements and



ROYAL INFIRMARY.

general organization is concerned—the Infirmary may be considered a model. Each separate building has, besides the basement and the attic, three storeys, communicating with each other by means of a wide staircase, but which may be isolated in case of necessity. Besides the staircase, each building possesses two hydraulic lifts, one for the attendants and the other for the patients, for the lift is sufficiently large to contain a bed.

The accident wards contain 16 beds, and the medical wards 23; the space is so arranged that each invalid has 2,350 cubic feet of air.

This beautiful hospital cost £340,000, and reflects great credit upon Mr. Bryce, the architect, who prepared the plans.

Near the Infirmary is the Royal Maternity Hospital, built in 1878, the Hospital for Sick Children, and Chalmer's Hospital, founded in 1861, by George Chalmers, a rich merchant of Edinburgh. This hospital contains 180 beds, and each year succours nearly 3,000 invalids.

Edinburgh also contains a Royal Lunatic Asylum, as well as asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the incurable; there are, besides, special hospitals richly endowed for the most part, and all supported by voluntary contributions.

V.

LEITH AND THE ENVIRONS OF EDINBURGH.—THE PORT OF LEITH.—THE FIRTH OF FORTH.—ROSLIN CHAPEL.—THE FORTH BRIDGE.—DUNFERMLINE.—LOCH LEVEN.—ST. ANDREW'S.

The aristocratic modern Athens disdains business, and with the exception of booksellers and printing offices, possesses no commercial establishments of importance save an indiarubber manufactory, wherein are made the thousand articles of gutta-percha material now so greatly in demand, and the waterproof coats, formerly known as Mackintoshes, whose name betrays their Scotch origin. Leith has from time immemorial served as the port of Edinburgh, and at the same time as its "city"—the business quarter. Although Leith possesses a distinct municipal and political organisation, and its 60,000 inhabitants return a member of their own choosing to Parliament, the two towns are virtually one, for the long streets join each other, and the open spaces are rapidly being occupied with houses.

Not interesting in itself, this busy town—the most important port in East Scotland—is in direct communication with the ports of northern Europe, France and Spain. From the first-named it imports timber; from the others wines and fruits. The exports of Leith are chiefly iron, coal, and linen-yarn (the celebrated Scotch thread), linen and cotton stuffs, and herrings—this fishery employing 400 boats manned by 2,000 sailors.

As in most British ports, the imports are greater in value than the exports. Here the proportion is as three to one—that is, £9,300,000 for the former, against £3,100,000 for the latter. The business of the port is considerable, the total number of vessels entered and cleared outwards being about 7,000 annually.

Leith is also a business centre of importance. The local manufactories comprise steam mills, celebrated glass works, ship-yards, rope works, sail-making, and soap boiling, and are generally prosperous.

Some historical reminiscences are attached to this port. Here Mary Stuart disembarked in 1561; and her mother, Marie de Lorraine, at the head of her French knights sustained a siege of three months against the Protestants. But the event upon which Leith at present prides itself is that it is the cradle of the Gladstone family, the most illustrious member of which is the eminent politician.

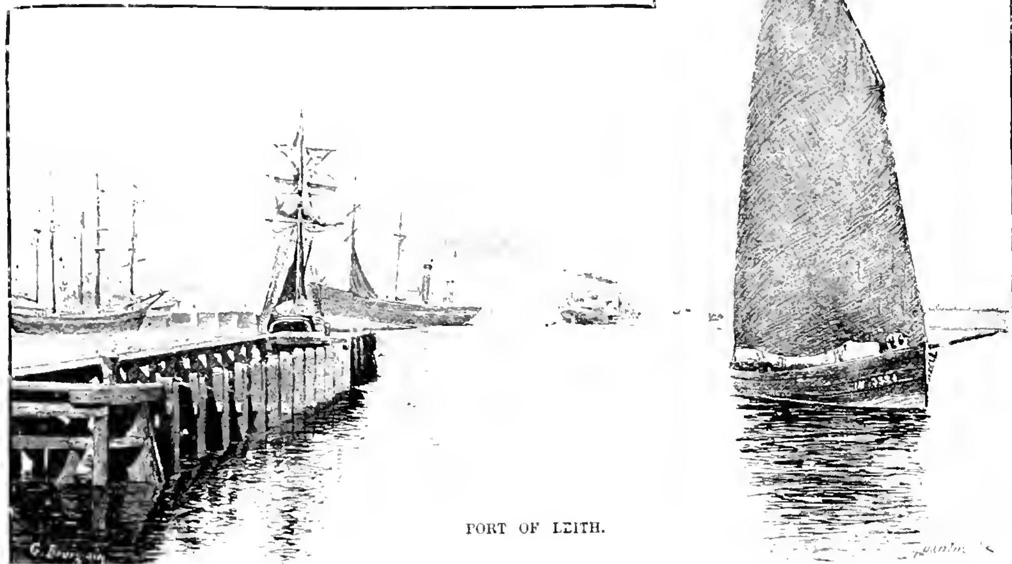
Close to Leith is the picturesque village of Newhaven, peopled exclusively by fisher-folk. These brave people, whose appearance indicates a foreign origin, are the descendants of a colony of Jutlanders, who have preserved their old customs, manners, and superstitions. They intermarry, and are renowned for their uprightness of conduct. The men are all excellent sailors. The women, clothed in a singular dress, sell fish in Edinburgh, where they may be met with in the crowded streets, carrying on their backs

heavy baskets kept in their places by leathern bands which pass over the foreheads of the bearers.

A little distance from Newhaven is the port of Granton, constructed by the Duke of Buccleuch some 20 years ago, and which threatens to be a formidable rival to Leith.

The banks of the Firth of Forth are very interesting, both from the historical and picturesque points of view. On the southern bank, besides the village of Portobello, a place frequented by the citizens of "Modern Athens" in the bathing season, we come upon the watering places of Musselburgh and North Berwick.

The castle of Tantallon, the old fortress of the Douglas, is a little distance from North Berwick, on a granite headland which projects into the sea. The ruins give us an impression that it must have been a very strong fortress which Monk destroyed, and of which Walter Scott has given us a poetic description in "Marmion." Tantallon now belongs to Sir H. Dalrymple.



PORT OF LEITH.

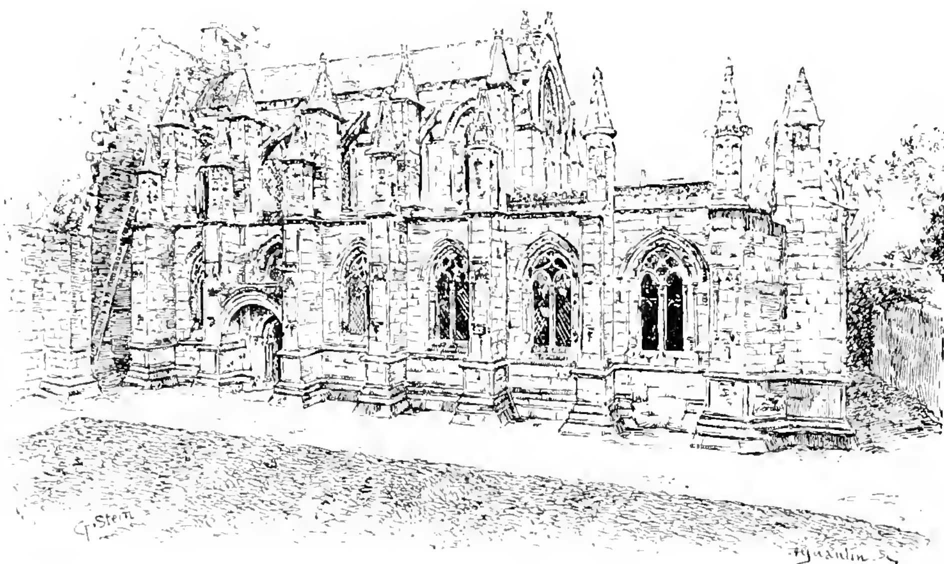
Before crossing to the left bank of the Forth, we must point out briefly the most interesting excursions which may be made in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. These are, amongst others, Hawthornden, the former dwelling-place of the poet Drummond, and Roslin, where we see the celebrated chapel, which is one of the most splendid existing specimens of Gothic architecture of the 15th century.

Hawthornden is a modern dwelling, built upon the site of a strong old fortress, and situated on the bank of a precipice surrounded by wooded heights. The rock is pierced with numerous caves, formerly inhabited by the primitive tribes of that region, and which, during the Civil Wars, served as hiding-places for the fugitives.

Roslin Chapel is in reality the only finished portion of an abbey-church, founded in 1446 by Guillaume Saint-Clair, Earl of Roslin. The interior, most richly ornamented,

displays a series of vaulted arches, which are supported by elegant pillars, profusely and delicately carved. One of these pillars, situated in the south aisle, is decorated with garlands of flowers and foliage, in spiral twining from base to capital, and sculptured with wondrous art and infinite patience. According to tradition, this chapel was erected by foreign workmen, probably Spaniards. This hypothesis meets with some confirmation, for the motives, details, and style of ornamentation of Roslin Chapel recall to some extent the decoration of Burgos Cathedral.

Between Roslin and Hawthornden, for two miles, extends one of the loveliest glens which we meet with even in Scotland, that wonderful and romantic country. One cannot imagine a more delightful walk than this valley affords, shut in as it is between two high

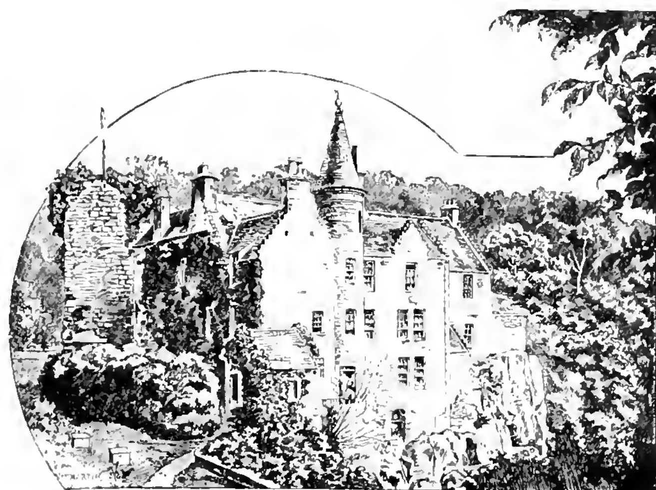


ROSLIN CHAPEL.

and wooded hills, reflected in the murmuring waters of the Esk, and with the prospect at one end of the Castle of the Drummonds, and at the other a hill, on which stand clearly forth the graceful contours of Roslin Chapel.

But how are we to make a selection between all these charming places, in some respects classic sites, which recommend themselves, either by their historic memories, as does Craigmillar Castle, now in ruins, once inhabited by Mary Stuart; and Linlithgow, where are the remains of the palace in which she was born; or by their picturesque aspect — as are Blackford Hill, or Braid Hill, Pennicuick, or Habbie's Howe; or because they are the domains of some great Scotch landed proprietor—as Dalkeith House, which belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, one of the richest men in the kingdom, who owns 460,000 acres of land, in fourteen several counties; Newbattle Abbey, the residence of the Marquis of Lothian; Dalmeny Park, belonging to the Earl of Rosebery, or Dalhousie Castle, the lordly dwelling of the Earl of Dalhousie? Nothing is more difficult than to make a selection, and whatever side of Edinburgh we explore, we find the neighbourhood offering a variety of interesting and picturesque places, such as few districts can boast of possessing.

The Firth of Forth, which adds so greatly to the beauty of Edinburgh, is none the less a formidable barrier to those counties which it separates. It is necessary, if we would proceed from Edinburgh to the north of Scotland, to circumvent the estuary and make a long *détour* as far as Stirling. Steam ferry-boats ply regularly between Granton and Burntisland, and between South Queensferry and North Queensferry, situated respectively in Linlithgow and Fifeshire, but even under the most favourable conditions the passage of the Forth always carries with it many delays and inconveniencies. Many times has the idea of a viaduct been mooted, but the would-be promoters have always recoiled before the magnitude of the expense of the enterprise. But at length the building of the viaduct has now been decided on—it is even in course of construction, and the works are not one of the least interesting of the sights of Edinburgh. At Queensferry the viaduct will be made, and when it is finished it will be one of the



HAWTHORNDEN HOUSE.

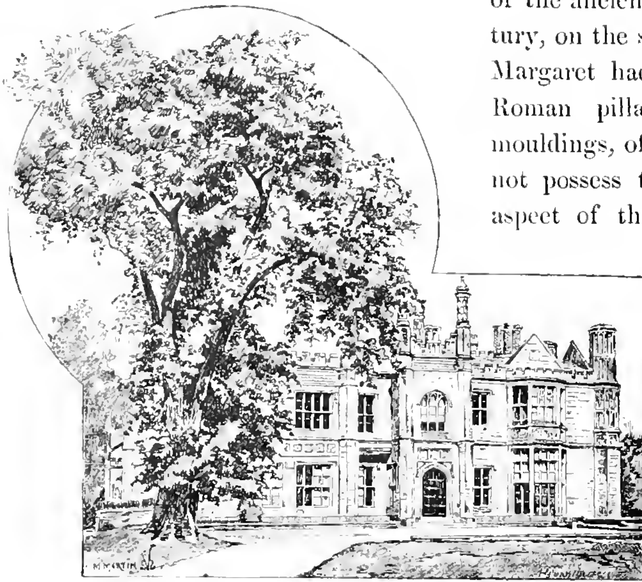
most astonishing and boldest enterprises ever accomplished by engineers of the 19th century, who have already accustomed us to marvellous works.

It is not intended to construct a suspension bridge for the use of pedestrians and vehicles, but a good, solid, elegant railway viaduct, sufficiently strong to sustain express and goods trains, and high enough to permit the vessels which navigate the Forth to pass underneath. The width of the strait is here about 2,500 yards. Fortunately, there is a small island, called Inchgarvie, in the centre of the estuary, which will admit of the erection of a supporting column for the viaduct, which, begun in 1883, will be finished about 1890. In any other country except Great Britain, such an extraordinary undertaking would have been encouraged and subsidised by Government; here it is quite enough for four railways to unite their efforts and their money, and address themselves to two civil engineers. To Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker this vast project is due. And do you know what the Forth Bridge will cost? Two millions sterling!

Meanwhile, as the bridge is being built, there is no other way to reach Fifeshire than by crossing the Forth in a steam ferry-boat. The first town we reach after quitting

North Queensferry is Dunfermline, which is not very attractive. We can scarcely believe that Dunfermline was at one time the residence of the Scottish sovereigns; nevertheless the castle, now in ruins, was inhabited by a long line of kings. Mary Stuart lived there in 1561; the children of James VI., Charles I. and the Princess Elizabeth were born there; later on, Charles II. signed there the famous declaration of Dunfermline.

The great church, which is called the "Westminster of Scotland," because it was used as the place of sepulture of the kings of the country, was in a great measure restored about sixty years ago. The transepts, the central tower—which is crowned by a gallery of open iron work, forming the letters which compose the words, King Robert the Bruce—and the choir are modern. The nave has escaped destruction; it was part of the ancient church, built in the 12th century, on the site of that which Malcolm and Margaret had built. It reminds us, by its Roman pillars, embellished with zig-zag mouldings, of Durham Cathedral, but it does not possess the amplitude nor the imposing aspect of the latter building. The roof is more modern, and little in keeping with the rest of the nave, whose exterior walls have been spoiled by the addition of buttresses very ungraceful and heavy in appearance.



DALMENY PARK.

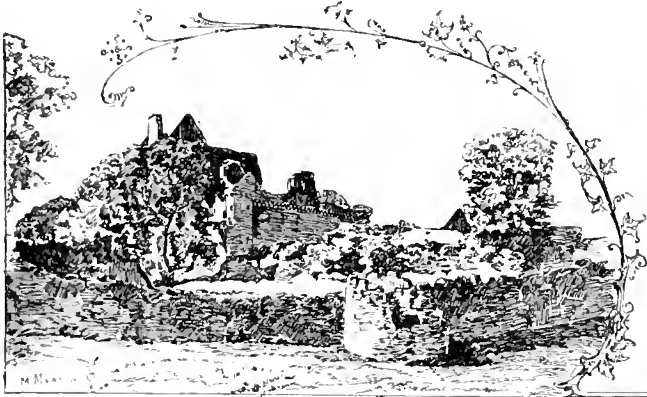
When, after surrendering at Carberry Hill, Mary Stuart fell into the hands of her enemies, she was incarcerated in the castle of Loch Leven, and by a refinement of cruelty, confided to the custody of Lady Douglas who—mistress of James V., whose legitimate wife she pretended to be, and mother of the Earl of Murray, who, in that case would have been King of Scotland—was, by the force of circumstances, the personal enemy of Mary.

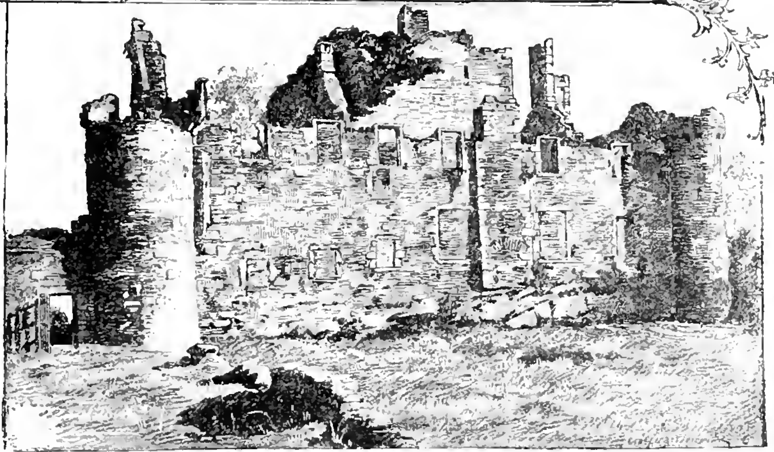
The visit to Loch Leven will recommend itself to all who proceed to St. Andrew's from Dunfermline. The lake is at a little distance from Kinross station. It measures nearly nine miles in circumference, and is dotted with islands, on one of which is situated the castle which served as the prison of Mary Stuart. This castle, which is extremely picturesque, consists of a massive square tower, three storeys high, surrounded by strong ramparts. The Royal prisoner was lodged in a turret overlooking the walls; her room, or rather cell, was only fifteen feet in diameter, and looked out upon the lake, whose waters bathed the stones. Mary, by the never-failing power of her beauty, having captivated the heart of the son of Lady Douglas, succeeded in making her escape on the 2nd of May, 1568. Fifteen days after, defeated at Langside, she passed, a fugitive, into England.

From Kinross the railroad proceeds towards St. Andrew's, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, celebrated for its old University, the most ancient in Scotland, founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and recognised by Benedict XIII.

St. Andrew's is built upon a promontory, which juts out into the North Sea; and its situation has caused it to become a very favourite watering-place.

The town consists of three streets, radiating fan-fashion, and converging near the ruins of the cathedral, which was destroyed in 1559 by the irritated populace after a violent sermon preached by John Knox, the gloomy reformer. The work of destruction was accomplished in a day, and the beautiful church, which had been two centuries in building, was in a few hours reduced to a heap of ruins. As the seat of an university, St. Andrew's cannot compare with either Edinburgh or Glasgow, for it only contains 200 students. Four degrees are conferred by it — in Divinity, Law, Medicine, and Letters.



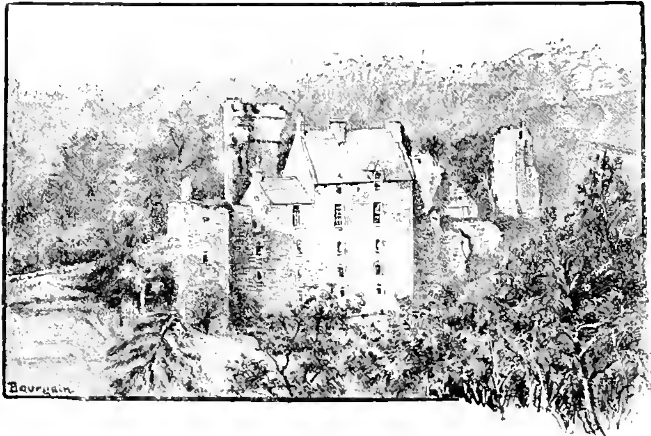


CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

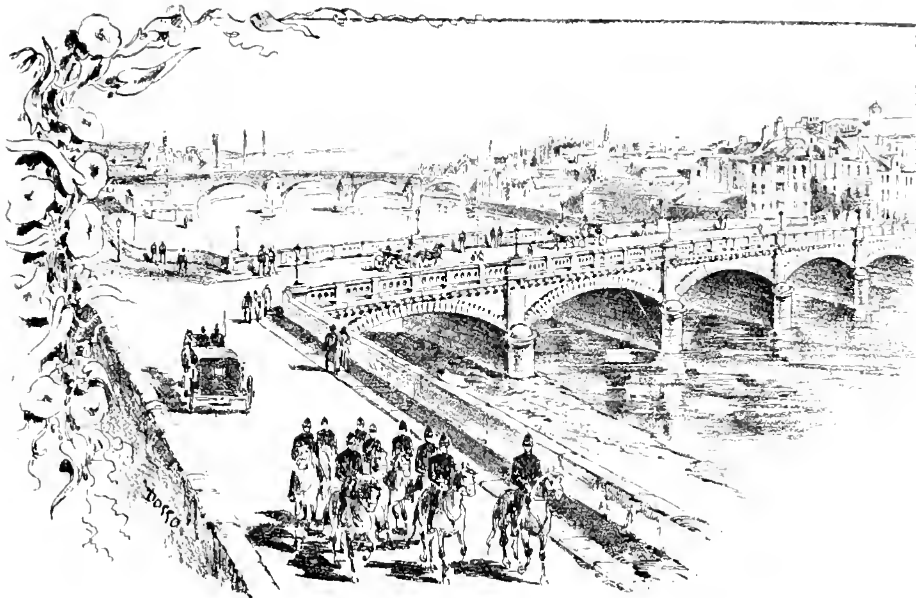
St. Andrew's is, *par excellence*, the *rendez-vous* of golf-players, of which interminable matches are played upon the Links, as they call the vast sandy plains which extend up to the very gates of the town. The game of golf consists in hitting a ball from one position to another, following an itinerary traced beforehand, and divided into stations at distances of 200 to 500 yards from each other. Each of these stations is indicated by a hole. To impel the ball, certain crooked sticks or clubs of various forms are used, which are carried by a "caddy" attached to the party, and who hands the required club according to circumstances to the player. The golfer who arrives at the end having struck the least number of times wins the game. This has not the appearance of being very difficult nor a very exciting

game; nevertheless the Scotch are fanatics in the practice of golf, which they say demands strength, skill, and quickness of eye.

St. Andrew's is situated by the North Sea, on a point which separates the estuary of the Tay from that of the Forth. To regain the Forth, we must proceed along the coast as far as Fife Ness, passing a curious group of rocks called the Spindle and the Wheel, because of their peculiar forms. After passing Fife Ness, the left bank of the estuary will be found fertile and well cultivated. A line of railway unites the small places which border it, and ends at Burntisland, which is connected by ferry with Granton—that is to say, with Edinburgh, which is only three miles distant.



ROSLIN CASTLE.



THE TWO BRIDGES OF AYR.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

II.

THE LAND OF BURNS AND THE LAND OF SCOTT: AYR.—THE BURNS MONUMENT.—MELROSE ABBEY.—ABBOTSFORD.—THE ABBEYS OF DRYBURGH, KELSO, AND JEDBURGH.

The Southern portion of Scotland, included between the English frontier and the Solway Firth, and the Clyde and the Firth of Forth—that is to say, to the South of an imaginary line drawn between Glasgow and Edinburgh—affords relatively little interest, particularly as regards natural beauty; we see fewer mountains, lakes, precipices, or picturesque gorges; but on the other hand the historical associations are numerous. The old castles and the ruined abbeys remind us of a glorious past of Homeric and sanguinary struggles; and, lastly, this region is full of reminiscences of two great poets, Burns and Walter Scott. Now-a-days the district of Ayr and its environs is called the Land of Burns, just as the banks of the Tweed are known as the Land of Scott.

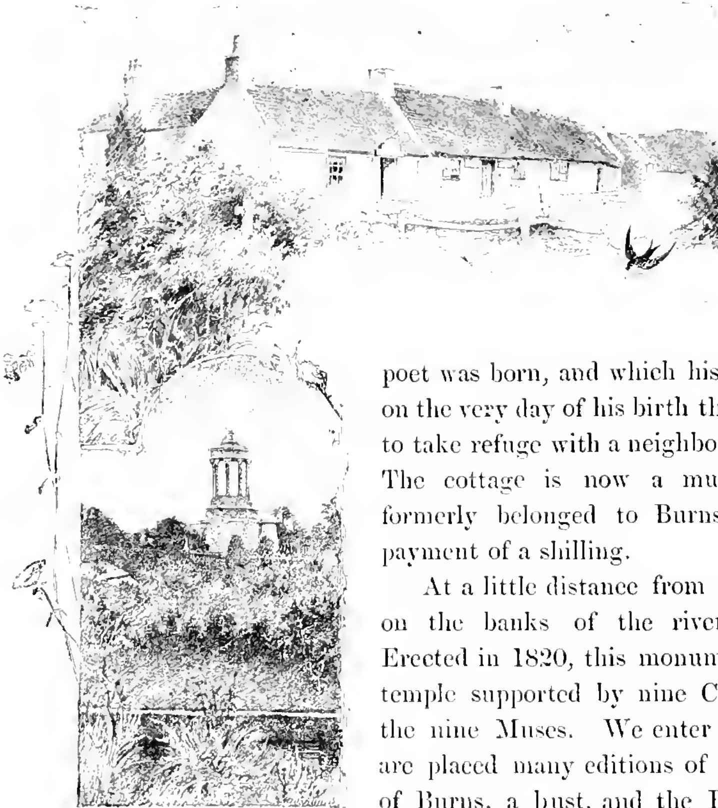
Ayr, situated on the west coast at the mouth of the river of that name, is a small port of 17,000 inhabitants intersected by the Ayr, which is spanned by two bridges celebrated for all time by Burns. The old bridge was built in the 13th century in the reign of Alexander III., and for five hundred years sufficed for the wants of the population, but in 1788 a new bridge adorned with allegorical figures was built, and its

appearance inspired Burns to write the satirical poem of the "Twa Brigs." In this amusing skit the old bridge says to its neighbour:

> "Conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride;
> This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
> And tho wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn
> I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"

The other monuments of Ayr are Wallace's Tower, built in 1832, on the site of that which had served as Wallace's prison, and an old church built in 1652 by Cromwell. The coast in the neighbourhood of Ayr is flat and sandy, but soon it rises abruptly, and to the sands succeed the enormous rocks called the Heads of Ayr.

As soon as we have got out of the town up stream, we are in a district redolent of Burns. About two miles from Ayr we find the cottage in which the poet was born, and which his father built. It is related that on the very day of his birth the roof fell in, and his parents had to take refuge with a neighbour while their house was repaired. The cottage is now a museum of various objects which formerly belonged to Burns, and is open to the public on payment of a shilling.



BURNS' COTTAGE AND MONUMENT.

At a little distance from the cottage, in a garden situated on the banks of the river Doon, is Burns' Monument. Erected in 1820, this monument is in the shape of a circular temple supported by nine Corinthian columns in allusion to the nine Muses. We enter into a circular chamber in which are placed many editions of the poet's works, some portraits of Burns, a bust, and the Bible he gave to Highland Mary at their last interview. A staircase leads to the upper part of the temple, from which a beautiful panoramic view may be enjoyed.

The Land of Scott includes the environs of Melrose, on the banks of the Tweed, which rises in Peebles-shire, and falls into the North Sea at Berwick where it separates England from Scotland.

Melrose, which is sixty miles from Edinburgh, is a small town of 1,200 inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Tweed, at the foot of the Eildon Hills, in a very picturesque situation. The town itself is neither remarkable for its monuments nor for its streets. Melrose chiefly owes its celebrity to its ancient abbey, which is the most beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic in Scotland, and, according to some authorities, in Great Britain. However, it is chiefly by the writings of Walter Scott that Melrose and

its surroundings are now known, and to him is due their rescue from oblivion, for the book is more durable than the stone.

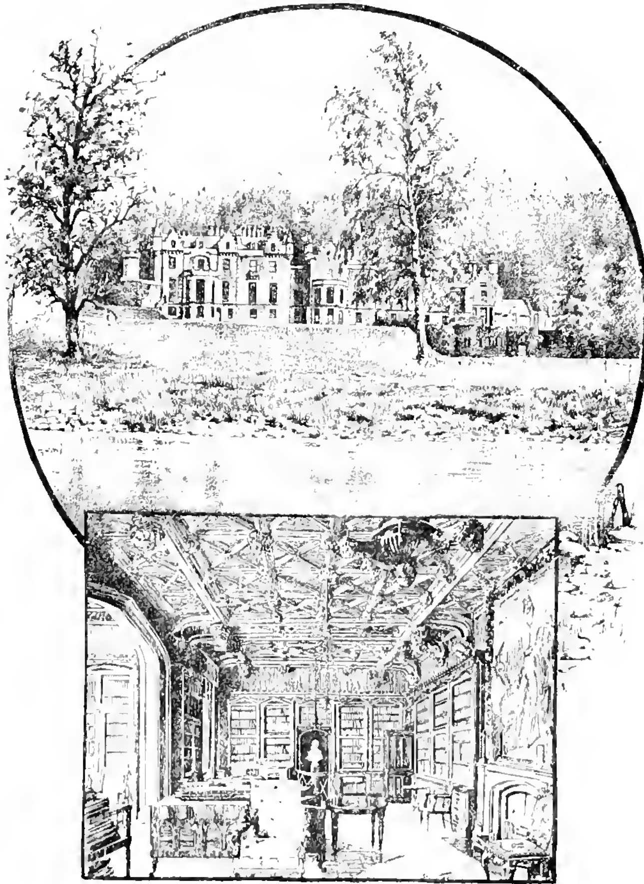
The abbey, whose ruins are a few paces distant from the town, was built on the site of a monastery, erected in 1136, by David I., destroyed by Edward II.'s soldiers in

MELROSE ABBEY.

1322, restored by Robert Bruce, and completely devastated in 1385, when Scotland was invaded by Richard II.

The ruins of the abbey—or rather of the church and the cloisters, for all traces of the monastery have disappeared—are all that remains of this beautiful building, a masterpiece of the 14th century architecture. The western façade of the church has entirely disappeared, and the only portions still standing are the choir, some parts of the north and south aisles, of the tower, and of the nave.

Seen from outside, the church of Melrose strikes one particularly as regards the beauty of the details of its architecture, and the splendour of its ornamentation. The buttresses, the pinnacles, the windows, the gargoyles are sculptured with an ingenious fancy, and with an executive skill, which passes comprehension. Here are scrolls of foliage, of flowers, of plants, and of animals; there grotesque figures and escutcheons; farther off are statues of saints in richly ornamented, and, so to speak, chased niches. One of the gargoyles represents a sow playing on the bagpipes, the national musical instrument. Fancifulness, satire in stone, surprises us at every step around this remarkable building.



ABBOTSFORD

The now roofless nave is separated from the aisles by ogival arches, which are supported by clustered columns, the capitals of which are embellished with grotesque carvings. The south aisle contains eight chapels, lighted by elegant windows, whose graceful mouldings are infinitely varied. The central tower, 84 feet high, is in ruins, only one side of it remaining. It rests upon ogival arches, springing from heavy pillars, which exhibit an exceeding richness of ornamentation. To right and left open the transepts; the north transept is lighted by a curious circular window, the mouldings of which represent the Crown of Thorns; in the centre of the transept is a pillar on which we admire a hand holding a bunch of flowers, a marvellously delicate piece of carving. The south transept is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful window, 24 feet high and 15 wide, with elegant mullions, above which is a glorious rose window.

The choir is the most interesting portion of the church; the east end is pierced with three windows, one large and two smaller ones. The central window is a wide ogival bay, 27 feet high by 15 wide, with delicately sculptured mullions, which are peculiar, inasmuch as they are perpendicular and not curved. The high altar was immediately beneath this window, as was also the tomb of Alexander II., who died in 1248. The heart of Robert Bruce was entombed beneath the same altar.

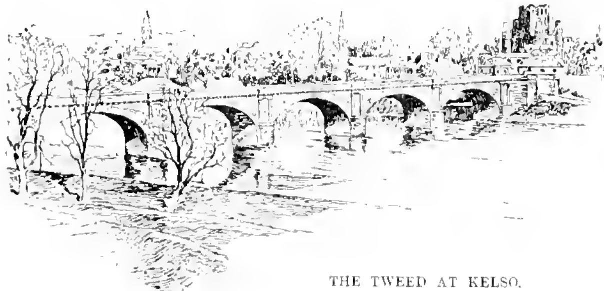
An arched doorway leads from the nave to the cloisters, the walls of which are profusely ornamented with carvings in the florid style, flowers and leaves forming a fringe of unexampled richness, and testifying to the fertility of the imaginations of the executants. The church of Melrose is surrounded by a cemetery, in which we remark the tomb of Sir David Brewster, the celebrated Scotch scientist.

An hour's walk from Melrose by the Tweed will bring us to Abbotsford, the mansion erected by Sir Walter Scott, wherein he died on the 21st September, 1832.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Abbotsford is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river in the midst of a beautiful domain, enclosed by charmingly wooded heights.

The mansion, which is open to the public every day, Sundays and holy days excepted, stands parallel to the river to a length of 160 feet, and presents to us a frontage on which pointed pinnacles, turrets, spires, "pepper-boxes," and projecting windows succeed each other without any arrangement, and in a confusion which has nothing picturesque about it. It is an *omnium gatherum* of all kinds of Scottish architecture, ancient and modern. The entrance gate is imitated from that of the palace at Linlithgow, and inside as well as outside we find fragments of stone or wood work, copied from various Scotch castles or mansions. The hall, for instance, is panelled with oak carvings taken from Dunfermline palace; one of the entrance gates is built with the stones preserved from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh; and the fountain which stands in front of the western façade, formerly stood in one of the open spaces of that city. All this is curious, and gives to Abbotsford an historical and archæological interest; but the example is not one to be followed.



THE TWEED AT KELSO.

Visitors are shown the library, a beautiful room, 60 feet by 50, in which 20,000 volumes are collected, which would have been sold when the poet died had not a subscription been opened by his admirers, who bought the library *en bloc*, to prevent its dispersion. The ceiling of carved oak is copied from models at Roslin and Melrose. In this room stands the bust of Walter Scott, by Chantrey, the best likeness of him extant; a bust of Shakespeare; and a portrait of Scott's son in the uniform of his regiment.

A door communicates with the study, the aspect of which remains unchanged since the occupant wrote his famous novels there. It is a small room, simply furnished, in which are the writing-table and chair of Walter Scott. In a cabinet are preserved his body-clothes, his yeomanry uniform, and his Highland costume.

The dining-room is furnished in the Gothic style. The ceiling is in carved black oak. The walls are hung with many remarkable pictures, amongst others one representing the head of Mary in a "charger," painted the day after her execution; and many full-length portraits of Cromwell, Charles II., and other historical personages.

We are also shown the drawing-room, the furniture in which was presented to Scott by George IV. In this beautiful room Scott breathed his last.

Lastly, the armoury contains an interesting collection of Scottish weapons, instruments of torture, and various curiosities.

Walter Scott was buried at Dryburgh on the 26th September, 1832, and when we leave Abbotsford our steps will be naturally bent towards the poet's tomb. Dryburgh is only a few miles from Abbotsford and easy of access. There was, in former days, an abbey at Dryburgh, of which nothing now remains but picturesque ruins. There, in the aisle of the old church, sleeps the author of "Waverley."

The abbey is in a beautiful situation, on a peninsula formed by the curve of the Tweed; it was founded in the 11th century by David I. Destroyed in 1322 it was rebuilt immediately afterwards; but in 1544 the English burned it and left only the ruins which we see now. Of the church but a portion of the exterior walls, the bases of the columns, a transept, and the western door remain. In one of the aisles of this transept is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott.

Beside the ruins of the church are the ruins of the chapter house, which possess no interest, and some remains of the refectory and of the abbot's parlour.

Within a radius of a few miles from Dryburgh stand the ruins of two celebrated monasteries—Kelso and Jedburgh. Like Dryburgh, Kelso was devastated in 1544 by

RUINS OF NORHAM CASTLE.

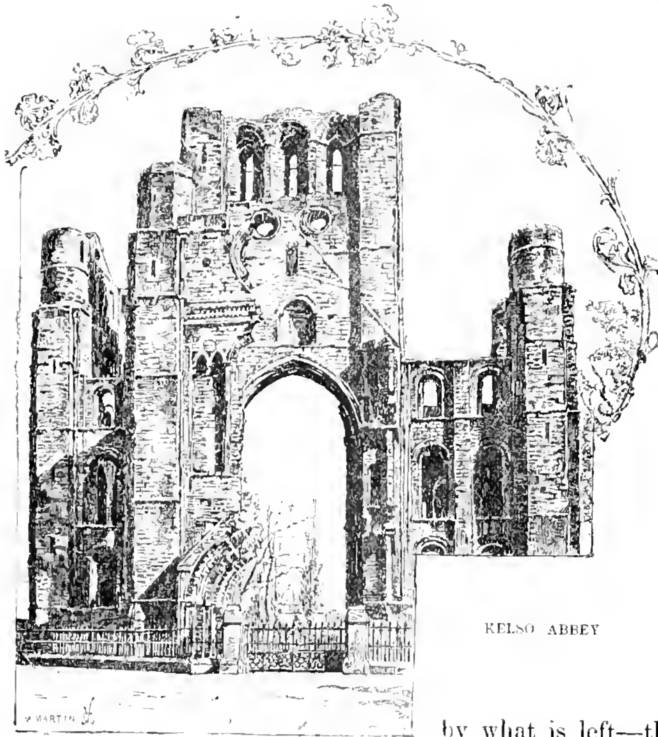
the English soldiery. It was a noble historical building, the ruins of which testify to its former magnificence.

In the neighbourhood of Kelso stands, in the midst of a vast domain of some 5,000 acres, the beautiful castle of Floors, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, to which is attached an historical association—the death of James II., who was killed by the bursting of a cannon.

Floors Castle is now celebrated for its gardens and conservatories—the best kept-up places of their kind in Scotland.

Another interesting ruin in the neighbourhood is the ancient stronghold of Norham which crowns a perpendicular height at the foot of which flows the Tweed. This old fortress, notwithstanding its ruinous condition, preserves a formidable appearance, and with the other fortresses, with which this district bristles, recalls the long struggle between England and Scotland.

Some miles south of Kelso, in a pretty valley watered by the river Jed, stand the town and abbey of Jedburgh. Although the chief town of Roxburghshire, Jedburgh is a small place and unimportant, but which formerly, in its glorious days, served as a residence for the Scottish kings. There was a beautiful castle, which has entirely disappeared, and a celebrated abbey, now in ruins. The monastery of Jedburgh, founded by David I., was burnt and pillaged many times; it was very rich, and the monks enjoyed very great influence. At the time of the Reformation the abbey buildings were destroyed, and there now remain only the ruins of the church, a beautiful Gothic building of various styles, of which—to judge by what is left—the peculiar characteristics were elegance and lightness.



KELSO ABBEY

Jedburgh prides itself on having given birth, in the Canongate, to the illustrious David Brewster, and of having served as a place of refuge for Mary Stuart and Prince Charles Edward. Tourists are shown the house in which the unfortunate young queen lived in Queen's Street; it is still known as Queen Mary's House.

II.

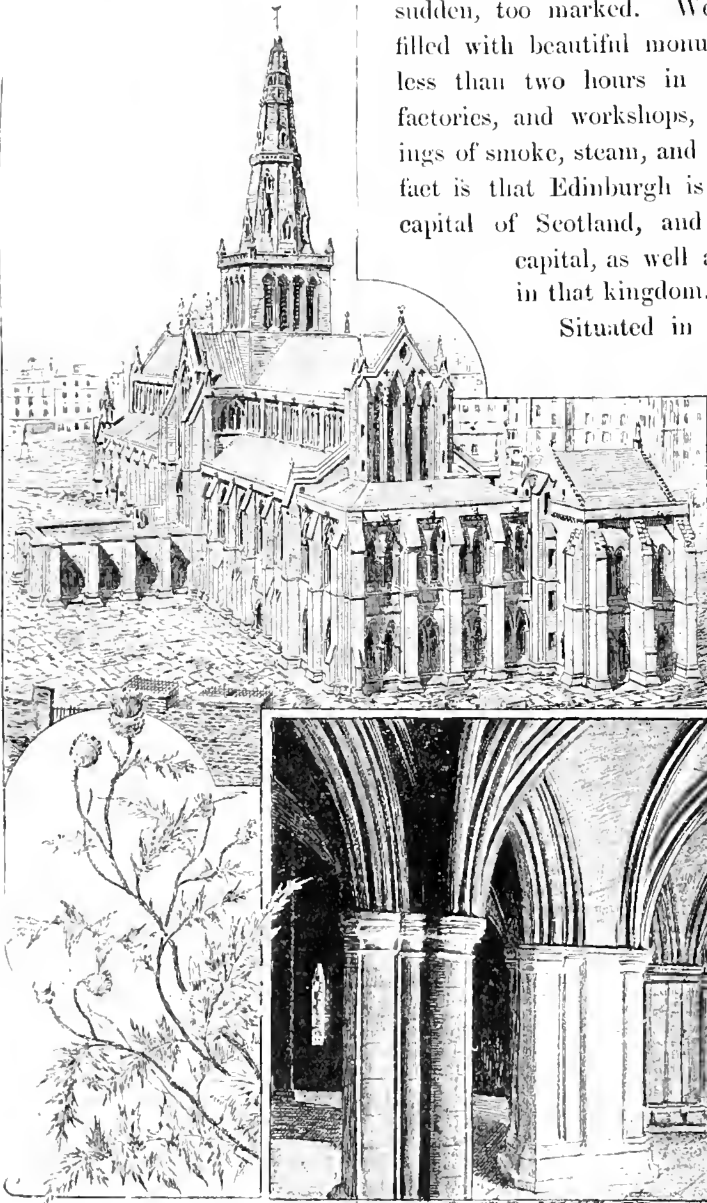
GLASGOW.—ITS SITUATION.—POPULATION AND GENERAL ASPECT.—THE MONUMENTS.—THE UNIVERSITY.—THE SCHOOLS.—THE PARKS.—INDUSTRY.—THE PORT.—STATISTICS.—THE QUAYS.

Of the three or four lines of railway which connect Edinburgh with Glasgow, the most direct are those of the North British and the Caledonian systems, the former and most picturesque passing by Linlithgow and Falkirk, the other crossing the Black Country of Scotland, studded with high chimneys from which at night arise flames which tinge the

sky with a lurid glow. The distance by either route is the same—48 miles—which is traversed in little more than an hour.

The appearance of Glasgow is not attractive. What town in any case, after Edinburgh, would be? Nevertheless, the change is too sudden, too marked. We leave a picturesque city filled with beautiful monuments to find ourselves in less than two hours in the midst of warehouses, factories, and workshops, with their usual surroundings of smoke, steam, and unsupportable smells. The fact is that Edinburgh is the official and intellectual capital of Scotland, and Glasgow the commercial capital, as well as the most populous town in that kingdom.

Situated in Lanarkshire on the banks of the Clyde, which divides it into two unequal parts, the City of Glasgow is of very ancient origin. According to tradition, Saint Kentigern, or Mungo, as he is also called, established a bishopric there



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL

in 560 A.D., but historical documents do not substantiate this claim for antiquity. In the 12th century, William the Lion raised Glasgow to the dignity of a Royal Borough, and in 1690, William and Mary, in order to recompense the inhabitants for their zeal in the Reformation, granted them the privilege of electing their own magistrates. At this

period the population did not total 5,000; but even then the merchants of Glasgow were celebrated for their riches and luxury. The principal industries then were the whale and herring fisheries. Far from believing that the union of England and Scotland would increase their prosperity, the middle classes of Glasgow violently opposed it. But they quickly perceived the advantages that would accrue to them from exercising the right which they had gained to trade with the English Colonies in America, and they devoted themselves to the importation of sugar and tobacco. When the war of American Independence broke out and stopped the extension of their commerce with North America, they sent their ships to India, China, and South America.

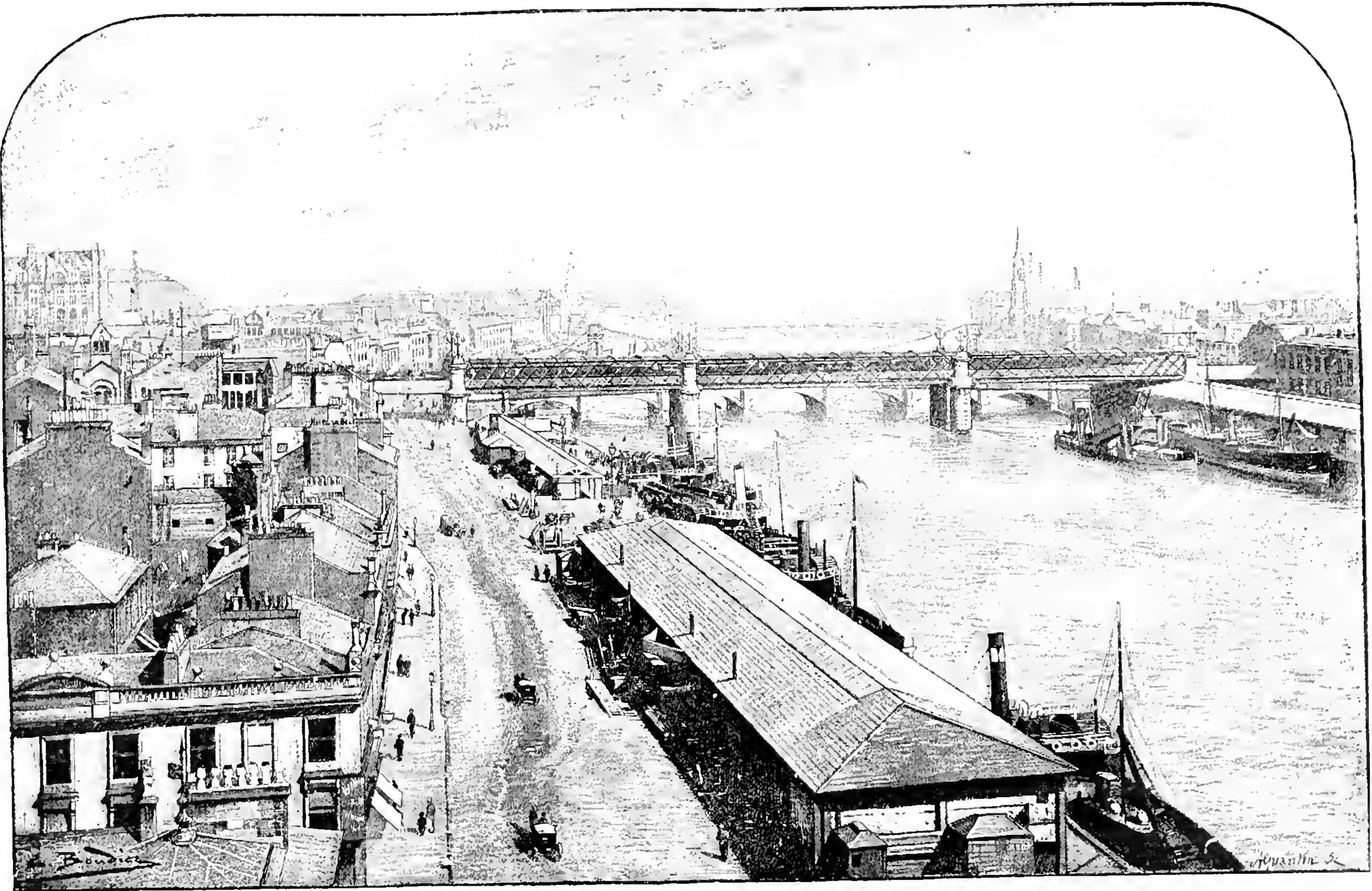
At the same time the local manufactures made great strides, and new industries were created. Cotton spinning and weaving, the printing of cotton stuffs, and the fabrications of chemicals occupied a large number of hands. In 1792, James Watt, a native of Greenock, near Glasgow, had already applied the steam engine to the looms, which quickly profited by this new and marvellous invention. Twenty years after, the first steamship built in Great Britain was launched on the Clyde. This was in 1812, and from that time the ship-yards of the Clyde, already renowned, reached an unprecedented pitch of prosperity and celebrity. In the construction of iron vessels particularly, these workshops are unrivalled, and turn out ships for all countries. In proportion as the prosperity and riches of Glasgow increased so did its industries multiply, its population following suit in an ascending proportion. Three dates will suffice to illustrate this. At the first census, in 1801, the city numbered 80,000 inhabitants; in 1851, 347,000; and in 1883, 575,000. If to this number we add the inhabitants of the suburbs, we may, without exaggeration, put down the total population at 700,000.

Glasgow is a well-built town, with wide and regular streets at right angles to each other, some parallel and others at right angles to the Clyde, which flows from east to west. Almost in the centre a beautiful thoroughfare (Buchanan Street) separates the old from the modern town. The latter extends towards the west, and includes the districts inhabited by the rich merchants and the well-to-do classes. Business is carried on in the eastern districts, and in the streets bordering the river.

The left bank is the manufacturing quarter—the district of factories and workshops, particularly of forges and foundries, the flames from which illuminate all this part of Glasgow with the glare of a conflagration.

From morning till night continual animation prevails: pedestrians are hurrying to and fro in the business quarters; on the quays and bridges there is an indescribable concourse, a pushing crowd, everyone bent on business, for whom time is money—and we know that the Scotch are as economical in one as in the other; who go and come, run, or walk hurriedly on with feverish impatience, incessantly. Cabs, omnibuses, tramcars and carts encumber the streets, and give rise to a dull and continuous murmur which is occasionally pierced by the shrill whistle of a locomotive, or the cry of some street-boy who is selling newspapers. A seaport, a commercial and manufacturing city, Glasgow reminds us at the same time of the City of London, the Liverpool docks, and the factory districts of Bradford and Manchester.

The climate is not so severe as that of Edinburgh, but it is dreadfully damp and rainy. It is quite chilly enough, though, the mean temperature being only forty degrees



VIEW OF GLASGOW.

(Fahr.). Besides, a thick cloud of impenetrable smoke hangs continually over the town, a sojourn in which is anything but pleasant.

The monuments are insignificant, and in all Glasgow there is but one remarkable building—that is the old church of St. Kentigern, one of the oldest Gothic temples in Scotland. It is situated to the north-east of the old town, which it dominates completely. The present church, commenced in 1192, was erected by Bishop Jocelyn on the site of the ancient cathedral, which was destroyed by fire in 1136, and was not completed until the middle of the 15th century. In 1579 the Presbyterian ministers wrung from the magistrates permission to destroy it, but the city craftsmen took up arms and opposed this act of Vandalism dictated by blind fanaticism. However, as a concession to the intolerant spirit of the period, the statues of the saints which ornamented the niches were thrown down, and, when they had been broken up, the fragments were cast into the brook Molendinar. Thenceforward, the history of Saint Kentigern's is that of all English monuments, which are permitted to go to rack and ruin until public opinion asserts itself and forces the authorities to interfere in cases where the public does not charge itself with the obligation.

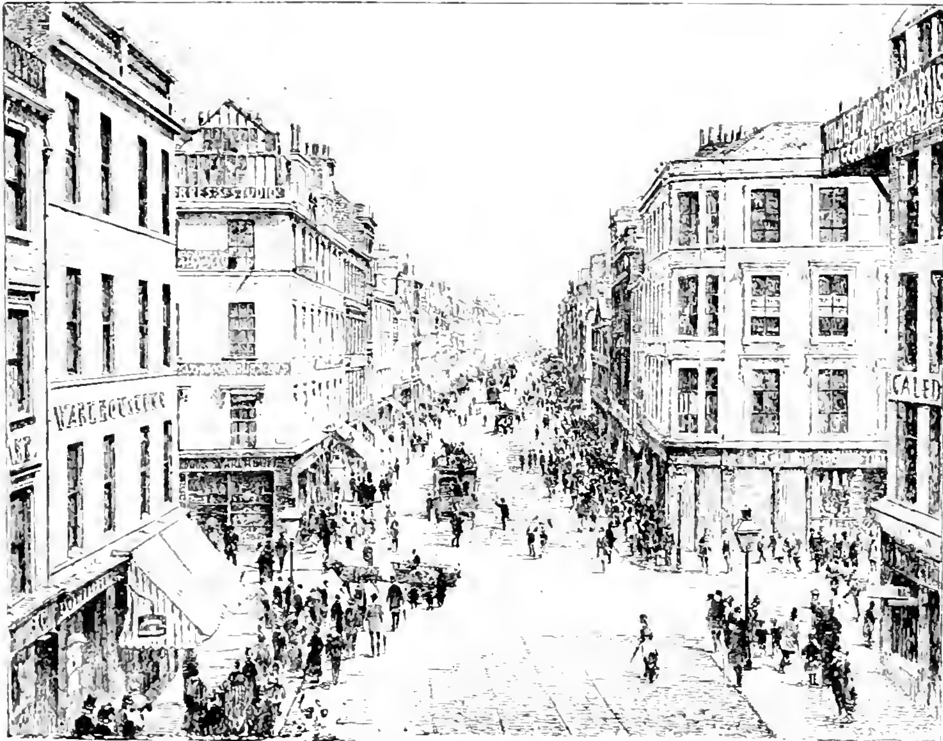
The fate of the Cathedral of Glasgow, then, was the common fate of all; and when, in 1829, the hour for its restoration sounded, the work was skilfully accomplished by Mr. Blore. At the present time the cathedral consists of a nave, side aisles, transepts of small extent, and a choir. From the place of intersection of the transepts and the nave, rises a square tower, supporting a tapering spire 225 feet high, which nevertheless does not succeed in modifying the heavy, and by no means graceful appearance, of the building as a whole. The most curious portion of it is the crypt, which extends beneath the choir, and consists of a triple nave, sustained by short, squat pillars, some of which are 18 feet in circumference, whose capitals are delicately carved.

The civic monuments of Glasgow are massive, solid, spacious, and of more than unpretending style of architecture. Almost all the public buildings are situated within the quadrilateral formed by George Street, Buchanan Street, Trongate, and High Street. The County Buildings and the City Chambers are included in a block of buildings in the Greco-Roman style, with porticos and columns which, being forced into a small space, naturally weaken each other in effect. The Municipality of Glasgow occupies offices in the City Chambers. It consists of a Lord Provost, two Baillies, a Dean of Guilds, and forty-eight councilmen, elected by the sixteen wards of the city. Glasgow is one of the best governed cities in the United Kingdom. Its police is well organised, and its fire-brigade is a splendid corps. So far as its sanitary arrangements are concerned the greatest precautions are taken to prevent epidemics, and to cure them when they have broken out. The water in Glasgow is of incomparable purity. It is brought direct from Loch Katrine, which is forty miles away, and supplied to every house. The quantity of water furnished day by day is 38,000,000 of gallons, which allows 50 gallons to every individual daily. As it was not enough to supply the inhabitants with water to sanitate the city—although it goes a great way towards that end—the Municipality, armed with powers under an Act of Parliament of 1866, demolished the old and unhealthy quarters, ran new streets through them, and built workmen's dwellings in their places. These proceedings necessitated the removal of 30,000 people,

and cost £1,680,000. There still remain some old streets, like Saltmarket and King Street, the aspect of which is alone sufficient to cause the visitor to appreciate at their proper value the laudable efforts of the Corporation to improve the moral and physical aspects of the city.

Not far from the City Chambers, at the end of Ingram Street, stands the Royal Exchange, erected in 1829. This building reminds us something of the Royal Exchange in London.

From the exchange to George Square is but a step. George Square is the Trafalgar Square of Glasgow. This "square," which is in the heart of the city, is embellished with statues representing Scottish worthies. In the centre stands a column



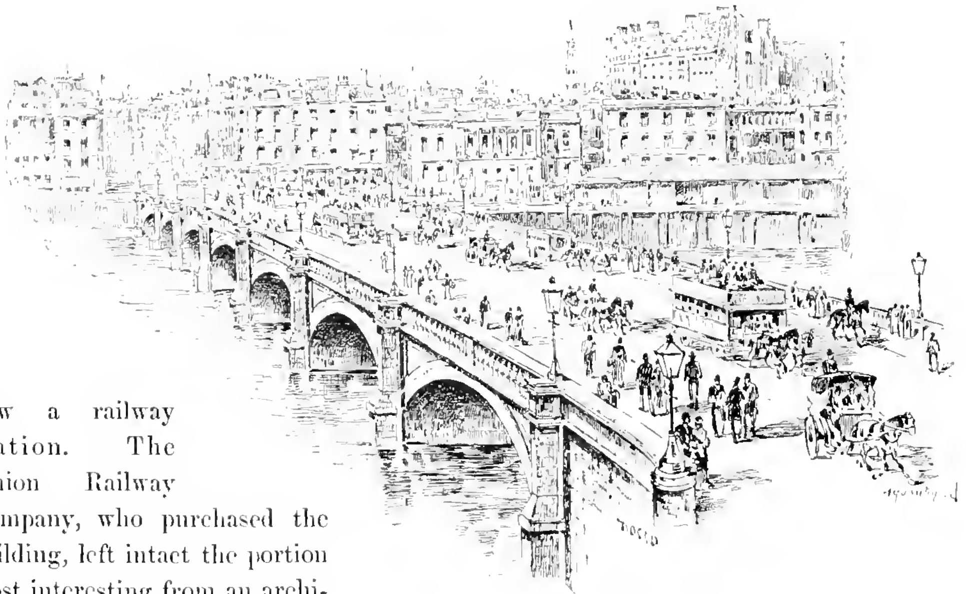
ARGYLL STREET (GLASGOW).

80 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of Sir Walter Scott. There are also statues of General Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna; and of Lord Clyde, the hero of the Indian Mutiny; the former by Chantrey, the latter by Foley. At the four angles of the square are statues of Sir Robert Peel; of Graham the chemist; of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine; of Burns, the national-poet; and of David Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer.

There are no traces of any ancient monuments, with the exception of the spire called Tron Steeple, which is a portion of the church burnt down in 1793; the Tolbooth or prison, and the old Town Hall, now a magazine. Proceeding down Trongate, where are these three venerable remains of the ancient city, we reach a "cross roads," where

five streets meet; the principal is the High Street, an old and unclean thoroughfare, lined with taverns and whisky-shops, which are very numerous in Glasgow, and particularly in the eastern quarter, which is inhabited by the working population, whose great failing is the taste for whisky, a marked predilection. The word whisky, it may be stated, is a corruption and a diminutive of *usquebaugh*, which literally signifies water of life (eau de vie), derived from two Gaelic words, *uisge* water, and *beatha* life.

Like all Scottish towns, Glasgow is well provided with schools for all classes of society. In the first place stands the old University, founded in 1150 by Bishop Turnbull in virtue of a special bull obtained from Pope Nicholas V. For a very long while (1160 to 1870) the University occupied a building in the High Street, which is now a railway station. The Union Railway Company, who purchased the building, left intact the portion most interesting from an architectural point of view—namely, the west front.



BROOMIELAW BRIDGE (GLASGOW).

There, in the last century, Black, Doctor Hunter, and Adam Smith, were professors of philosophy, medicine, and political economy, and more recently Thomas Campbell, Jeffrey, and Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Walter Scott, attended the lectures of the most distinguished professors.

At present the University of Glasgow occupies an immense building, commenced in 1867 and inaugurated in 1870, on Gilmore Hill, a little to the west of the West End Park. It is, after the cathedral, the most important edifice in Glasgow. It has an imposing Gothic façade dominated by a lofty square tower. The appearance of this building overtopping the trees of the park is truly remarkable.

The University contains a fine library of more than 100,000 volumes, which may be consulted by the students in the beautiful reading-room specially provided for their use. It also contains the Hunterian Museum and Library.

The number of students matriculated in 1883 was 2,275, who were studying literature, medicine, law, and divinity. The organization does not differ materially from

that of Edinburgh University. The present Chancellor is the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Rector is Mr. John Bright.

After the University, in order of importance of scholastic establishments, come Anderson's College, founded in 1795 by Professor Anderson, and the High School, which resembles the High School of Edinburgh.

Glasgow contains three art schools dependent on the Government, and many societies for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, which are far from being neglected by the intelligent population, which is not so wrapped up in business as to be insensible to the charms of Art. In this respect, however, Glasgow is poor; it only possesses one

TRONGATE (GLASGOW).

museum, the Corporation Galleries of Art, which belong, as their name indicates, to the Municipality.

The amusements of the population consist in promenading when the weather permits, and in theatrical representations; in both respects Glasgow is well supplied There are, in fact, in the city and suburbs five beautiful parks, four theatres, and three music halls.

Of the five parks aforesaid four are on the right bank, and one, the Queen's Park, on the left bank of the Clyde. The most attractive of all is the West End Park. It bounds the fashionable quarter, of which Blythswood Square is the centre, inhabited chiefly by the rich merchants of Glasgow, the successors of the old Tobacco Lords, as the merchant princes were called in the times when Raleigh's herb was the most important article of local commerce. This park, which is very picturesque, and traversed by the river Kelvin on its way to join the Clyde some distance from the docks, was purchased

by the Corporation for £100,000. Another very extensive park is Glasgow Green, the "people's park."

On Sundays, Glasgow Green is thronged by open-air preachers of various sects, by platform politicians, whining Socialists, and Irish Home Rulers, for the population of Glasgow includes a great number of the sons of green Erin. The crowd of working-men, women, and children go from one speaker to another; from the fanatic to the ranter, from the Bible to Socialism, with that aimless air which characterises British crowds, and sometimes chant the hymns, in a cold and colorless way, to slow and plaintive tunes. Were it not for the proximity of the Clyde and the factory chimneys, which surround the city with a girdle of smoke, one might fancy one's self in Hyde Park or the Regent's Park in London.

Religious though the inhabitants may be, the theatres and music halls do a very good business. As in all great industrial centres and seaports, the population, with whom is mingled a cosmopolitan leaven of humanity, is fond of pleasure and sight-seeing. To the stranger they offer but moderate attractions; it is of the theatre of the provinces—provincial.

Built in the centre of the most important coal district of Scotland, Glasgow was bound to develop itself as soon as ever the invention of the steam-engine revolutionised and gave a new impetus to industry; and it is, in fact, from the end of the last century that the city dates its prosperity. On the other hand, the numerous watercourses which percolate the district furnish to the chemical works and to the dyers the pure water which is indispensable for their businesses. Lastly, and chiefly; the ingenuity, foresight, and sagacity of the inhabitants, quick to profit by the natural advantages of their position, have enabled them to turn the local resources to the best possible account.

One of the principal industries of Glasgow is weaving, which occupies no less than 30,000 operatives. Jute and silk are not so much employed, but a quantity of woollen stuffs, carpets, hangings, and cottons, are manufactured. The weaving of wool and cotton has naturally given birth to industries which are connected with it, such as bleaching, dyeing, and printing the stuffs, businesses so flourishing that materials are sent from Lancashire to Glasgow to be dyed or printed in colours. To these two industries is added a third, the making of chemicals. One of the industrial curiosities of Glasgow, and even of Scotland, is the celebrated St. Rollox chemical works, situated in Castle Street, a little beyond the cathedral. This immense establishment employs more than 1,200 hands, and manufactures annually prodigious quantities of sulphuric acid, soda, caustic potash, peroxide of manganese, sulphur, and soap, in the production of which no less than 120,000 tons of coal and 80,000 tons of lime are expended. The workshops and storehouses occupy an area of 100 acres, and are dominated by the famous chimney of St. Rollox, 436 feet high, which is only 12 feet lower than the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

As for the manufactures there must be machines, and for these machines there must be steam-engines, immense engineering works, forges and blast furnaces, have been built; thus, iron-working is also a local industry, and it prospers all the more because within reach of iron and coal. There are at present in Glasgow and its immediate environs, 22 iron foundries, which possess 315 puddling-furnaces and 50 rolling-mills.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of iron are annually produced in Scotland, and Glasgow furnishes nearly the whole of this enormous quantity of metal.

However, the most important business in Glasgow and the Clyde is iron ship-building. From Rutherglen as far as Greenock both sides of the river are occupied by ship-yards, from which every year are launched more than 200 vessels of all kinds. Of the 262 vessels built on the Clyde in 1882, 202 were of iron, 56 of steel, and only 4 of wood; these ships represented a tonnage of 238,000 tons—that is more than one-third of the total annual production of the whole of the United Kingdom. Their value is estimated at between £6,000,000 and £8,000,000 sterling. The most extensive establishment is that

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

of Messrs. John Elder & Co., in which more than 4,000 men are constantly employed. In these vast ship-building yards, which embrace an area of 60 acres, are constructed all types of vessels, from tiny boats to men-of-war. All the work is done in the establishment itself, even the armour-plating. The boilers and the machinery are made there. But if the works of Messrs. Elder are the largest, they are far from being the only ones of their kind. From the Clyde have been launched some of the finest British iron-clads in the Royal Navy, and the largest Transatlantic liners, such as the *Gallia* (5,200 tons), the *Arizona* (5,500), and other leviathans, beside which even the *Great Eastern* seems to lose somewhat of her colossal proportions. A very curious fact, and one worthy of remark, is that the river, whose banks are so covered with ship-building yards, is comparatively narrow, and, far from having given birth to this industry, has, on the contrary, been made by it!

Up to the end of the 18th century the port of Glasgow was at Port Glasgow, near Greenock, on the Clyde, 12 miles below the city; and the transport of merchandise between the port and the city was effected by lighters of small draught. In 1769 James Watt, who was directed to make a report upon the state of the Clyde, stated that at low water the depth of the river at the Broomielaw was 14 inches, and at high water, 3 feet 3 inches. This was not encouraging to men who were desirous to make their city a commercal port; but the Scotch are a persevering as well as an economical race, and know how to sow in order to reap. They began by building the quays so as to increase the velocity of the current, and at the same time the depth of water was augmented; then they dredged and increased the capacity of the river to thrice its former extent; nor did they cease

THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW.

their efforts until they had expended £12,000,000 sterling and transformed the Clyde, which less than 100 years ago could be forded, into a port to which ships drawing 24 feet of water can enter at any condition of the tides, and where the ironclads of the Royal Navy can anchor in security. There, where once were nothing but marshy banks, are now 8 miles of quays and spacious docks, filled with vessels from all parts of the world. The last dock opened—the Queen's Dock—alone cost nearly £1,600,000.

The business of the port, already enormous, is annually increasing: the entries and departures are estimated at 7,000 and 8,000 respectively.

Contrary to the experience of British ports, the exports from Glasgow are in excess of the imports; the figures being £14,000,000 and £11,000,000 sterling respectively. That is £3,000,000 in favour of the former, which consist chiefly of cotton and woollen stuffs, linens, cashmeres, metal worked, or partly fashioned, and chemicals. The imports are chiefly tobacco, cereals, petroleum, and food-stuffs.

A walk along the quays and the port, which is the same thing, is almost the most interesting excursion in Glasgow. The most animated place is the quay, called the

Broomielaw, below Glasgow Bridge and the railway viaduct, the last one which crosses the river between the city and the sea. There, for a distance of about two miles, extend immense warehouses and stores, filled with mountains of merchandise. The lading and unlading of ships and waggons go on incessantly. Hydraulic and steam cranes keep working with a deafening uproar. The heavy bales, the enormous packages, the big-bellied casks suspended by strong chains are balanced in mid-air over the heads of passers-by, and disappear into the depths of the warehouses, or into the holds of the vessels moored alongside.

Near the Glasgow Bridge is the Custom House, and opposite is the landing-stage for the boats which ply between Glasgow and Greenock; lower down are moored the

FREE CHURCH COLLEGE (GLASGOW)

large steamers which trade to Belfast and Liverpool; and lastly, near Stobcross quay, are lying the immense vessels of the Indian and American lines. At Stobcross Quay, which separates the Clyde from the Queen's Dock, we have in front of us Govan, a district covered with dockyards and ship-building yards, where vessels can be seen in all stages of construction, resembling the skeletons of gigantic animals. A gang of workmen, employed in riveting the iron plates, fill the air with the rhythmical clang of hammers. The river is covered with shipping, sailing vessels and steamers, ascending and descending; ferry-boats darting from side to side, leaving behind them a train of smoke in the air, and a silvery streak in the water. To the left, the bridges are crowded with pedestrians and carriages, and the railway viaducts tremble beneath the weight of the trains which are passing over them with a noise like thunder. At night the light on these bridges indicate their graceful outlines, like luminous arcs, which are reflected in the river. The straight lines of the viaducts break the perspective while exhibiting their red and green signal lamps, which have the appearance of Chinese lanterns. To right and left, the quays display their double line of gas lamps, which describe a gentle curve as far as Glasgow Green, where the Clyde makes a sudden turn; and on the heights

around the city the chimneys of factories, foundries, and blast furnaces throw high into the air their threatening mouths whence issue tongues of flame which seem to lick the cloudy sky, and crown Glasgow with a diadem of fire.

III.

THE CLYDE.—THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.—CORRA LINN AND BONNINGTON LINN.—FROM GLASGOW TO GREENOCK.—RENFREW.—DUMBARTON.—GREENOCK.—PAISLEY.—CLARK'S THREAD FACTORY.

The Clyde, although its course is but a hundred miles, is none the less the most important river in Scotland. Its banks, from its source on the borders of Peebles-shire and Lanark to its meeting with the sea in the Firth of Clyde, presents some of the most beautiful and varied scenes. First it glides pleasantly, amidst wide and charming valleys. Then, near Lanark, its course becomes more rapid and violent; it precipitates itself between two walls of granite in a roaring and rushing fashion, and at three different places, not far distant from each other, falls in foaming cascades, amid scenes of wild grandeur, which are visited by hundreds of tourists annually. The Falls of the Clyde are easily accessible from Glasgow by railway as far as Lanark, and thence by carriage. The two principal falls, Corra Linn and Bonnington Linn, are in the domains of Sir Charles Ross, and it is necessary to obtain the permission of the proprietor or his steward to see them—a permission which is never refused. A shaded pathway conducts us to Corra Linn, the highest of all the falls. Enclosed between two walls of granite, crowned with luxuriant vegetation, the river precipitates itself from a height of 90 feet, and leaps noisily down three rocky steps. When the river is swollen by rains the flow is increased, and the fall is one broad sheet of water, without any intermediate cascade.

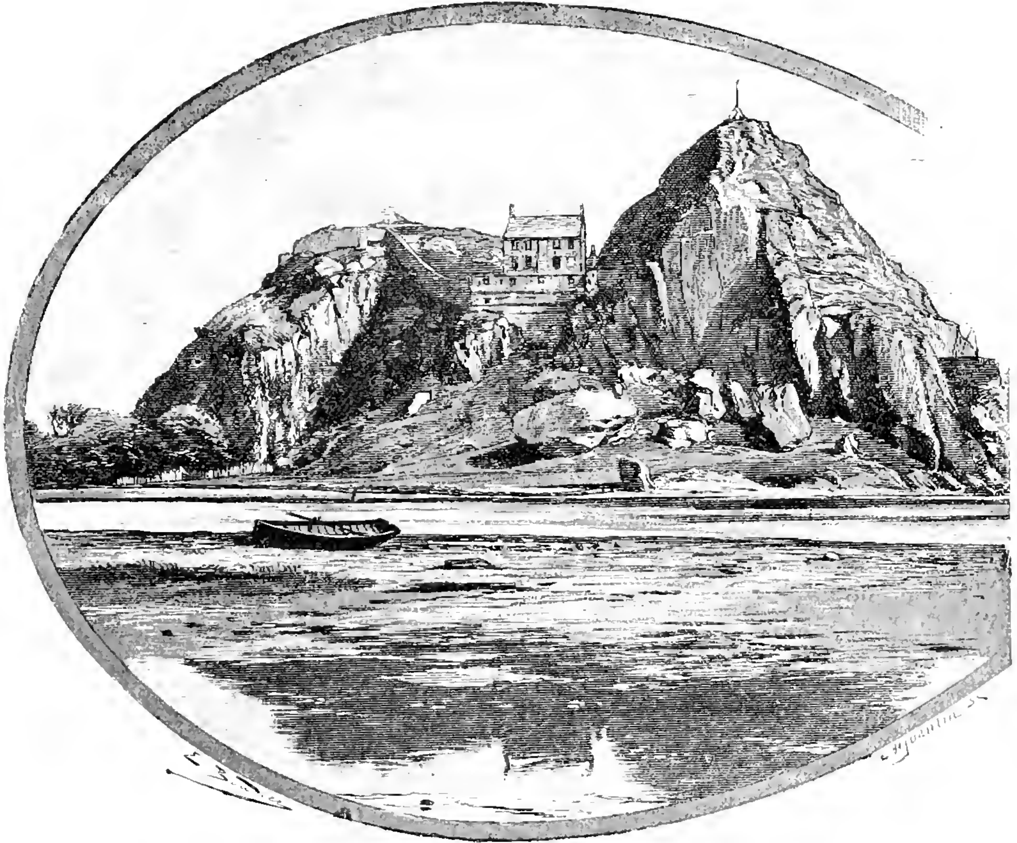
Three-quarters of a mile higher up is situated Bonnington Linn, the uppermost fall, which is only 27 feet high. The water, dashing down with great force, is broken against a rocky eyot in mid-stream, and forms a double cascade.

The third cascade, Stonebyres Linn, is many miles away, on the other side of the town of Lanark, and is the object of a special excursion, which does not offer much interest after Corra Linn and Bonnington Linn.

On the way back to Glasgow, another excursion, still on the Clyde, is forced in some measure upon the tourist; that is the descent of the river as far as Dumbarton and Greenock. Every day excellent steamers leave the Broomielaw for the Firth of Clyde. Scarcely have we quitted the quay when a most disagreeable smell assails our nostrils, caused by the paddles of the steamer, which stir up all the drainage of the city, discharged here by the sewers into the river, and which the tide stirs twice a day. Tired of the assault, we keep our noses buried in our handkerchiefs, and look round. Passing rapidly between the docks and the Govan building yards we reach Renfrew

after about half-an-hour's steaming. This, the capital of the shire of the same name, is a small town of 4,000 inhabitants, of no importance now-a-days, but which was formerly the cradle of the Steward or Stewart family, which bestowed a line of sovereigns on England and Scotland. In the 16th century, so great was the French influence in Scotland, that the name of this family, written so that it could be pronounced by the French, "Stuart," has preserved this anti-Britannic form, and remains as an unimpeachable witness of the close bond of union which subsisted between the two peoples.

Leaving Renfrew, the river widens, and bathes the feet of the Kilpatrick Hills. It

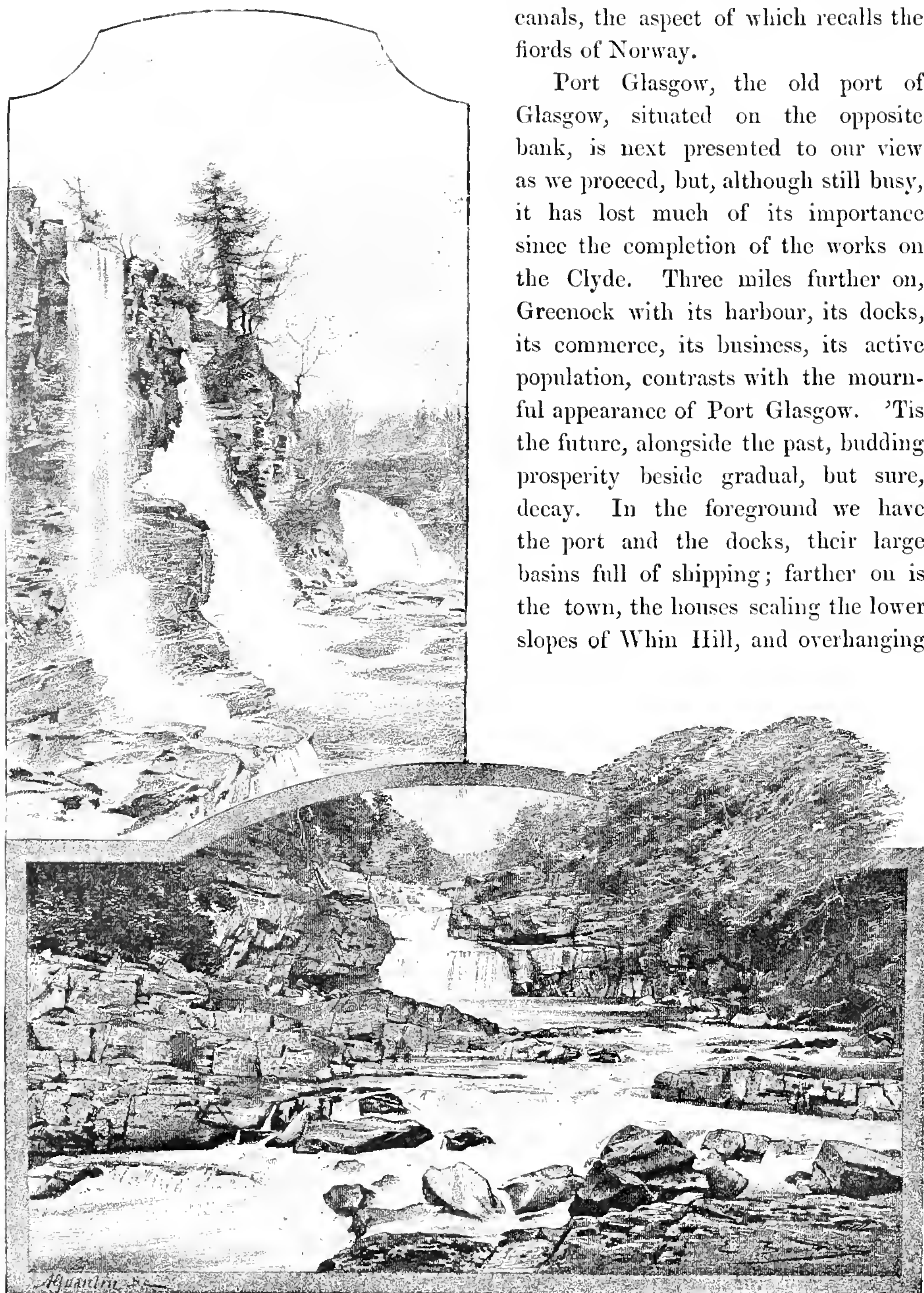


DUMBARTON ROCK.

was in the village of old Kilpatrick, situated between the Clyde and the hills, that tradition affirms St. Patrick was born. We soon open out Dunglass Point, and as soon as we have passed it we perceive the rock of Dumbarton, which rises boldly from the centre of the river. This enormous mass of granite, 240 feet in height and about a mile in circumference, is united to the town of Dumbarton by a natural causeway. It presents two unequal summits, and is surmounted by one of the four Scotch fortresses which, by the Act of Union, were appointed to be garrisoned. Mary Stuart, when a child, embarked at Dumbarton for France in 1548; and there she wished to take refuge in 1568, after the defeat of Langside had dispersed the remnants of her army. From the summit

of the rock, which may be ascended by steps cut in the stone, we may perceive Loch Lomond and the mountains which surround it, and the wide estuary of the Clyde cut on its western side into a number of canals, the aspect of which recalls the fiords of Norway.

Port Glasgow, the old port of Glasgow, situated on the opposite bank, is next presented to our view as we proceed, but, although still busy, it has lost much of its importance since the completion of the works on the Clyde. Three miles further on, Greenock with its harbour, its docks, its commerce, its business, its active population, contrasts with the mournful appearance of Port Glasgow. 'Tis the future, alongside the past, budding prosperity beside gradual, but sure, decay. In the foreground we have the port and the docks, their large basins full of shipping; farther on is the town, the houses scaling the lower slopes of Whin Hill, and overhanging



FALLS OF THE CLYDE (BONNINGTON LINN AND STONEBYRES LINN).

everything is the inevitable shroud of smoke, a winding sheet which envelopes all manufacturing towns.

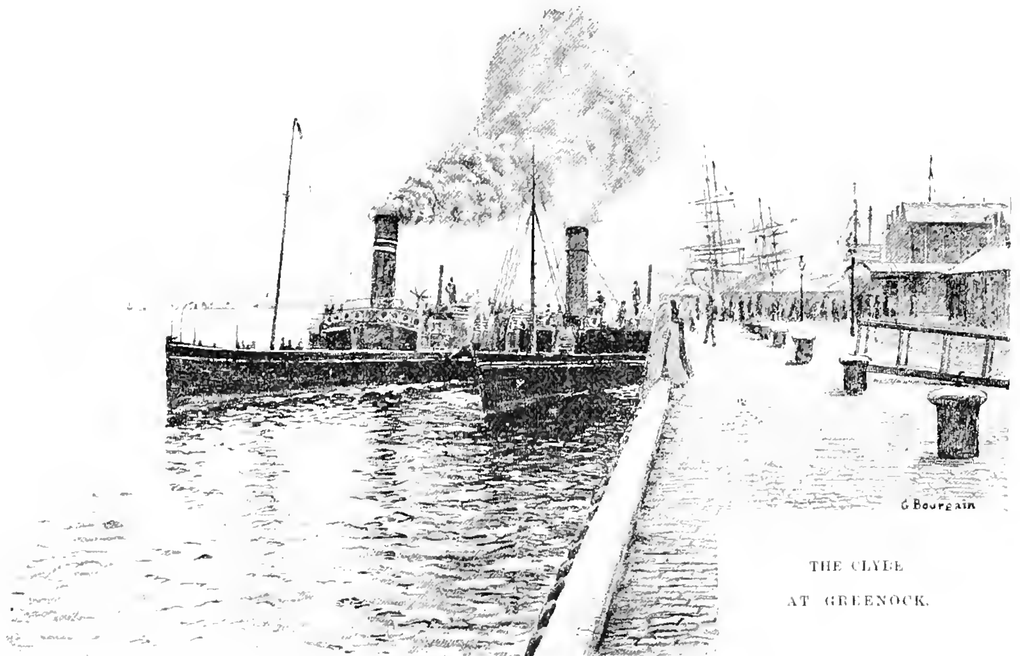
Opposite, upon the other bank, the Argyll and Dumbarton mountains dark at the base, but getting clearer as they rise, lift their rugged heads into a semi-tone of blue, which is charming beyond expression. At their feet lie extended the wide bays of Loch Long, Holy Loch, and of Gareloch, whose rippling waters sparkle in the sunshine, or are suddenly darkened as the clouds pass over them, the sun thus producing alternations of light and shade.

From Greenock the railway follows the bank of the river for a considerable time, then with a sudden bend turns towards Paisley and Glasgow. Paisley is an important industrial centre, celebrated particularly for its shawls and thread. One factory alone, that of Messrs. Clark, the

FALLS OF THE CLYDE (CORRA LINN AND BONNINGTON LINN).

largest in the world, employs more than 3,000 persons, whose salaries each year amount to more than £400,000, and includes 230,000 spindles, moved by engines of 4,000 horse power collectively, and which consume, in their thirty colossal boilers, 36,000 tons of coal annually.

This immense factory, which in twelve months makes thread sufficient to go round the world one thousand times, consists of three separate and independent factories, each one having its own machines, so that if one should be burned down the others would only have to continue the work. Nothing is more interesting than to follow the various operations by which the cotton is transformed into thread and made into skeins, or rolled



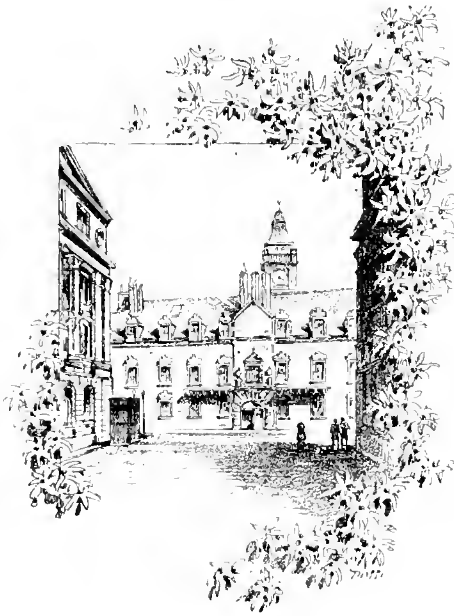
THE CLYDE AT GREENOCK.

on the spools. All is done by machinery, even to the putting on of the labels. The winding machine is perfectly marvellous. We see it seize the empty reel, fasten the thread to it, roll it round it, holding the reel, in which it makes an incision and fixes the thread in it when rolled full, so that it may not get loose; throws the filled reel into a basket, and takes up another to begin again. Each of these machines, tended by a female, are capable of filling 300 dozens of reels in a day. The filled spools are carried to another machine, which fixes the labels on them and places them in boxes.

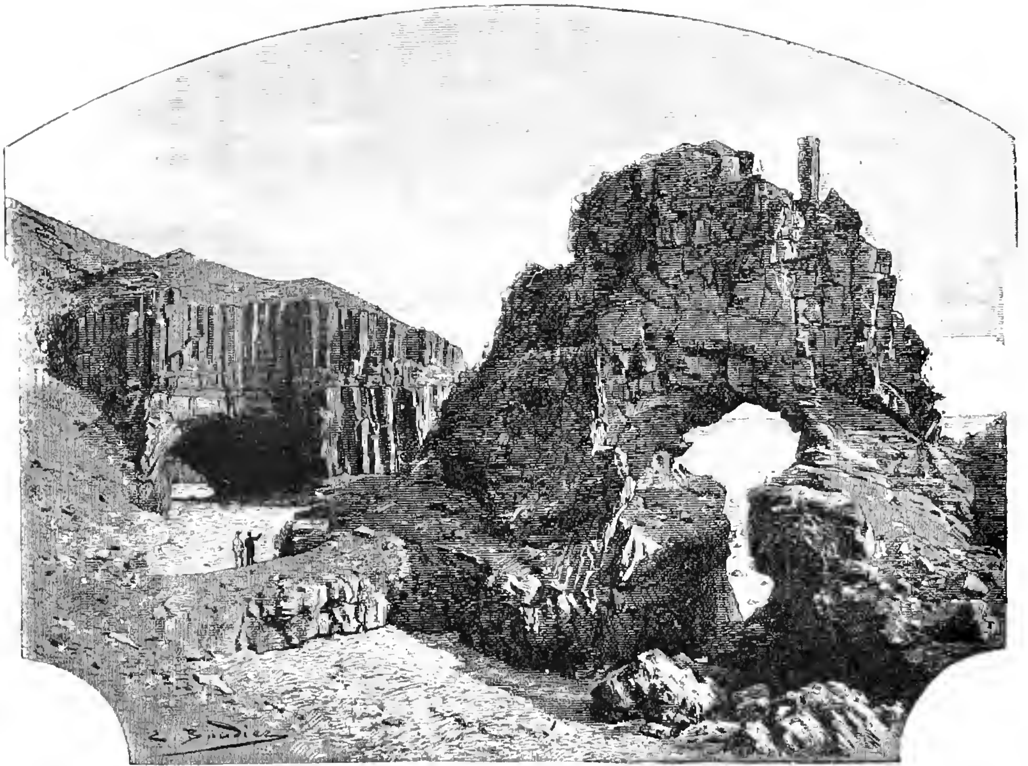
To the Paisley shawls, fashion has dealt a terrible blow. Instead of turning them out to the value of £1,000,000 sterling per annum as in 1830, they are now hardly producing up to a tenth of that value. Can we tell to what cause this change in feminine costume is due? To the fact that a woman who had been condemned to death for murder wore a Paisley shawl at her execution! To what lengths will not "fashion" carry women!

Paisley, now only known as a manufacturing centre of great importance, was originally the seat of a monastery, established in the 12th century by monks who came from Shropshire, and were, in reality, the founders of the town. Of this monastery there remains now nothing but the Abbey Church, some portions of which are in ruins. The nave, however, has been skilfully restored, and is now used as a parish church. In the Lady Chapel is an altar-tomb, surmounted by the recumbent effigy of a lady, which, it is said, represents Margery, daughter of Robert Bruce, who died from the effects of a fall from her horse. This monument is popularly known as "Queen Blearie's Tomb."

With the exception of this church, there is in Paisley no monument left to recall its monastic origin. All the buildings in the town are modern, and some are by no means devoid of architectural beauty; the Free Library and Museum, the Observatory and the Town Hall—a magnificent pile erected at a cost of over £100,000—are amongst the finest public edifices in the county.



THE OLD UNIVERSITY (GLASGOW).



NATURAL ARCHES (ISLE OF MULL)

CHAPTER THE THIRD.—NORTHERN SCOTLAND.

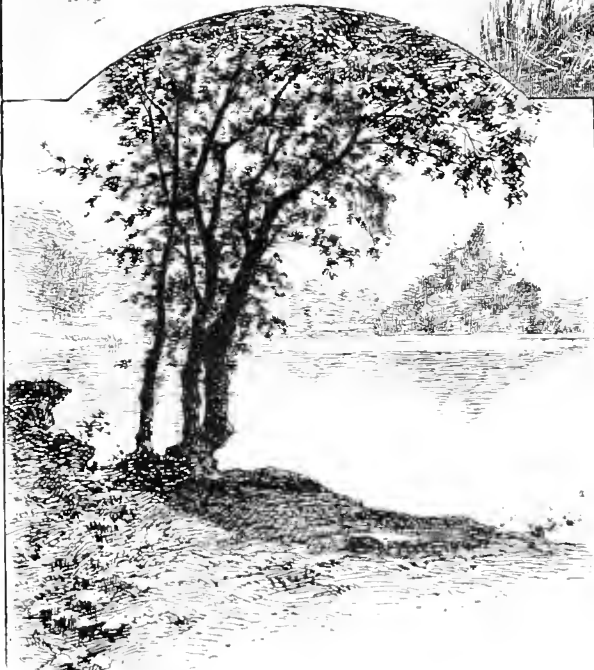
I.

LOCH LOMOND.—BEN LOMOND.—LOCH KATRINE.—THE TROSSACHS.—OBAN.—
THE ISLANDS OF ARGYLLSHIRE, STAFFA, IONA, ETC.

Glasgow, although presenting little attraction to the foreigner, is nevertheless an excellent centre for excursions in the western districts of Scotland, particularly to Loch Lomond. This loch—the largest in Scotland, as it is the most beautiful and picturesque—is only one hour's distance from Glasgow. The railroad, striking the Clyde, goes to Dumbarton first, and then branches off to Balloch, on the very margin of the lake.

Loch Lomond has been described hundreds of times—its wooded banks, its islets covered with a luxurious vegetation, the castles reflected in its limpid waters; Ben Lomond, clothed to the summit in its rich mantle of verdure, the emerald green of which contrasts with the ruddy rocks of Ben Arthur situated at the other side of the

lake—all these have been described over and over again, but Lomond is one of the marvels of nature which the pen is powerless to depict. To give an idea of it, we must



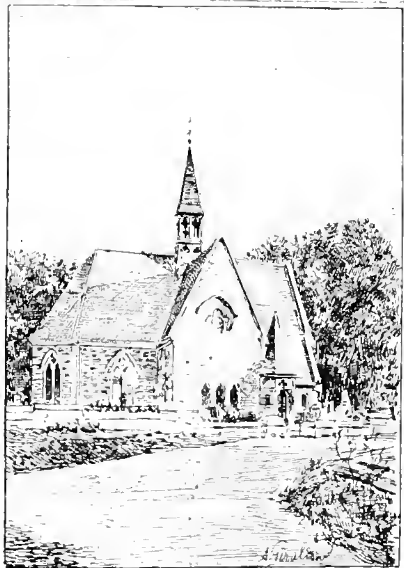
LOCH LOMOND.

have recourse to the pencil or the brush. And still to seize these fleeting shadows, these effects of light and shade, the glitter of the water, gilded by the sun's rays, and from which they are reflected—how are we to reproduce the grandeur of these hills, whose capriciously serrated summits stand out darkly against the sky, empurpled by the last rays of the setting sun? These are the varied and ever changing aspects which it is impossible to render, even in the faintest degree.

From Balloch, at the southern extremity, to Ardlui the extreme northern point, Loch Lomond measures about 24 miles; its form is inclined to the triangular, and its length, at the base, is 7 miles; its depth varies from 20 feet in

the south end to 600 feet in the northern end. It contains twenty-four islands, some of which are of good size. These islands are for the most part wooded, and the verdure thus rising from the water is not the least of Lomond's charms.

The best manner in which to view the lake and its charming scenery is to embark in the steamer, which at intervals during the day makes the voyage from Balloch to Tarbet and Ardlui, which is the extreme point to which the steamers can attain. The vessel first proceeds towards Balmaha, on the eastern side, passing the archipelago which rises in this part of the lake. We see in succession Inch Murrin, the largest of the islands, which the Duke of Montrose has made into a "preserve," and at the extremity of which stands the ruins of the Castle of Lennox; and Inch Cailliach, or Women's Island, so called because there was a nunnery there, and other smaller but equally picturesque islets. Behind Balmaha rises a mountain, cone shaped, to the height of 2,100 feet. After touching at Balmaha, the boat returns across the lake, coasting Inch Fad and Inch Lonaig, the latter, as its name implies, being clothed with many fine yew trees; it is also inhabited by deer, and, like Inch Murrin, is strictly preserved.

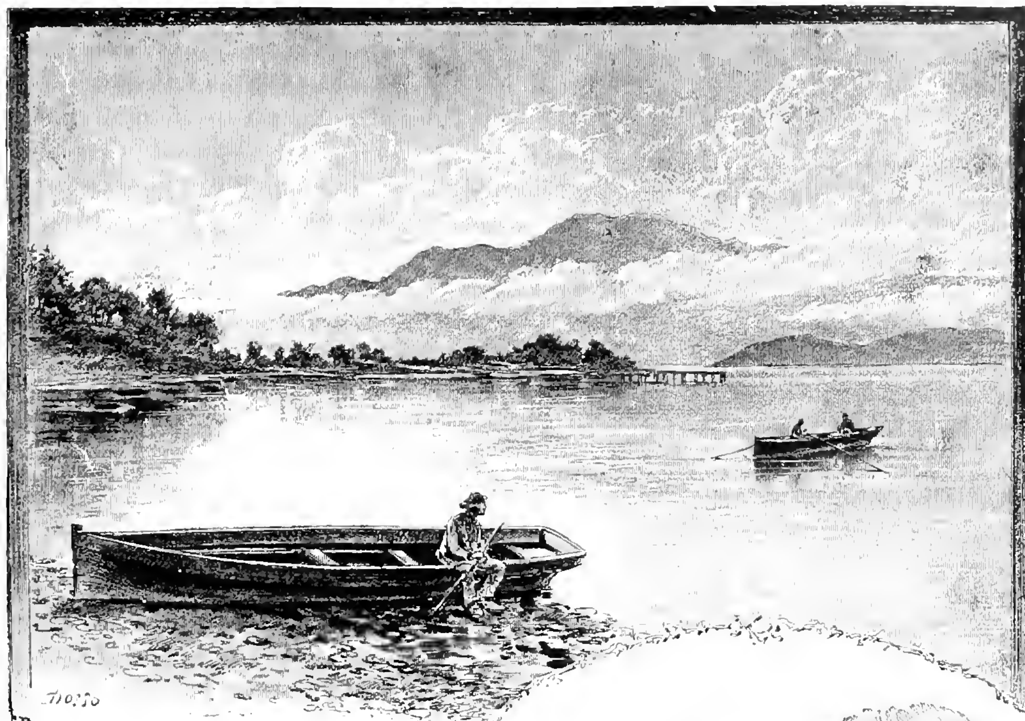


LUSS.

Luss is a small village situated on the margin of the lake, at the entrance to the valley of the same name. At Luss, we are really in Scotland; the houses and cottages have a peculiar and essentially national aspect. From Luss the view of the Loch and Ben Lomond opposite is of great beauty. The steamer soon crosses the lake again to reach the landing-place of Rowardennan, from whence the ascent of the mountain, the summit of which is 1,000 feet above the lake, may be made. Scotland is the country of fogs, or rather of those damp clouds peculiar to the country, called Scotch mists, which are very thick, and deposit a refreshing, but unhealthy, dew on everything they touch. The mist-effects

in mountainous regions are extremely curious; the summits of the hills are sometimes shrouded, sometimes vaguely perceptible through these fogs, which give them strange aspects, and clothe them with singular forms.

The ascent is not difficult; it can be made on the country ponies, which are as



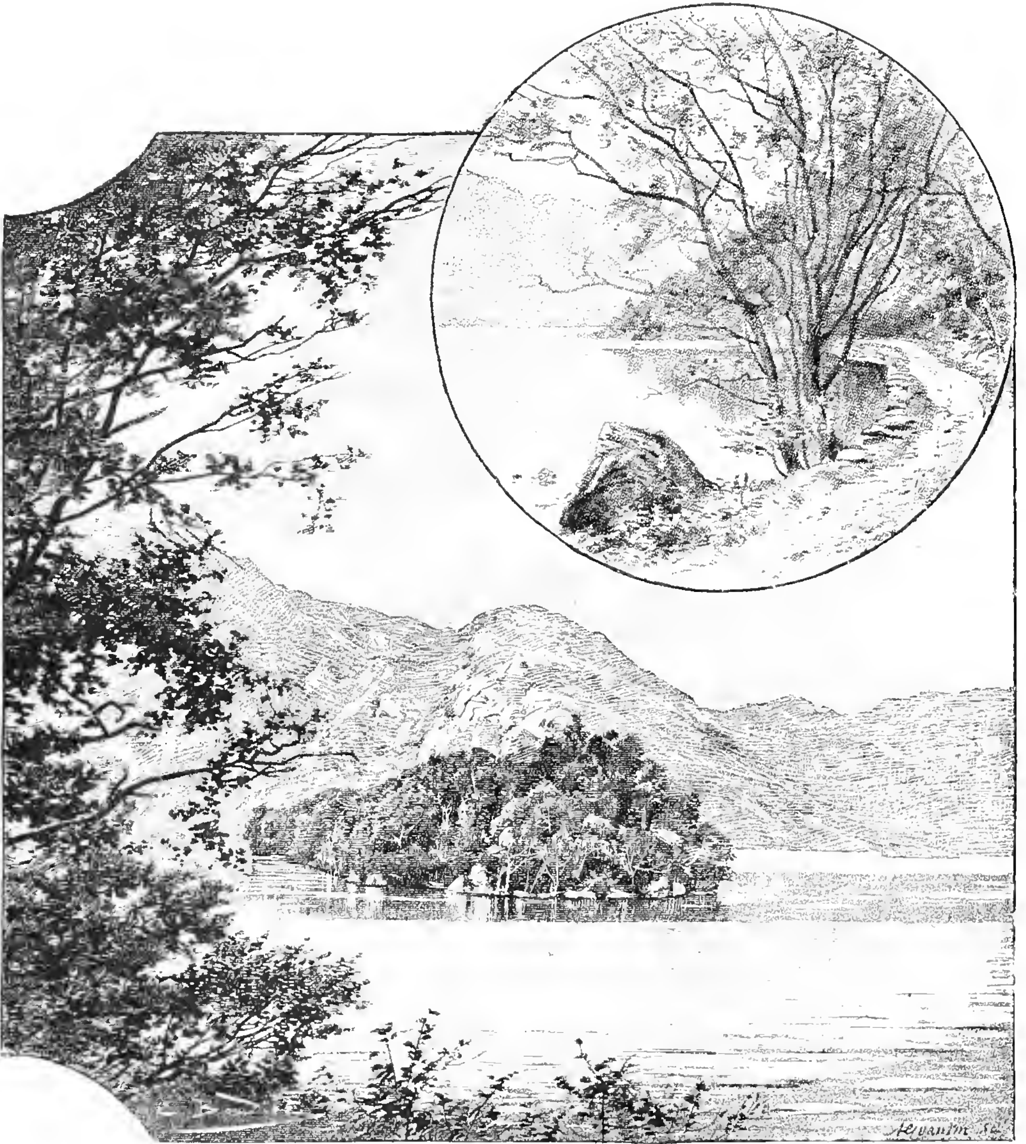
LOCH LOMOND AND BEN LOMOND.

sure-footed as mules. When the summit is gained the prospect is very fine, and embraces—when there is no mist—the Grampian chain of mountains, rising in successive gradations, the Argyllshire hills, and the Lowlands, whose undulations become less accentuated as they advance towards the English frontier.

Once more the steamer crosses the lake, and calls at Tarbet, on the western side, at the base of Ben Arthur, the summit of which bears a vague resemblance to a shoemaker at work, and so is called the "Cobbler."

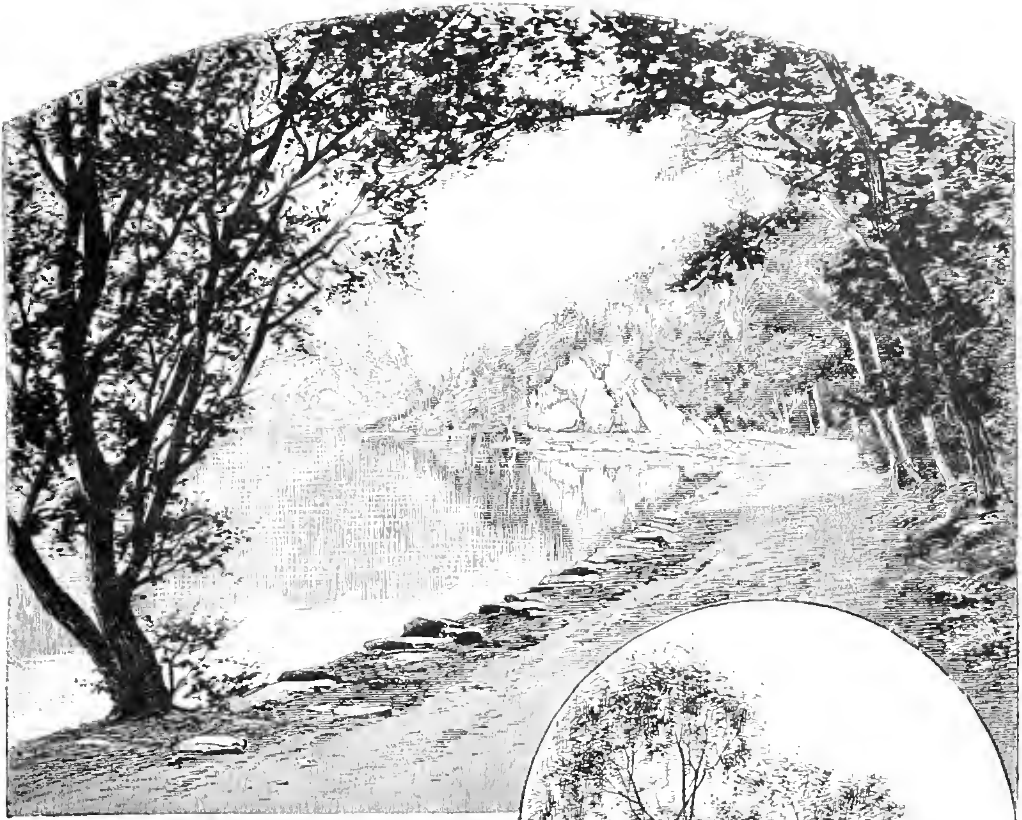
At Tarbet we have Ben Lomond before us, the sharp peak of which, covered with grass, contrasts strangely with the bare rocks of Ben Arthur which faces it. As the steamer gets farther from Tarbet the appearance of these two mountains, rising on each

side of the lake, is of imposing grandeur. At this end the lake is about 600 feet deep. The sides are wooded and very picturesque; a little beyond Inversnaid, where there is a pretty waterfall, is Rob Roy's Cave, in which the outlaw used to imprison his captives until their ransoms were paid. Opposite a small island covered with pine trees we



LOCH KATRINE.

perceive a rock which has a curious use. It serves as a church and a pulpit for a preacher, who comes occasionally to proclaim the Gospel to his parishioners assembled around him. This "open air church" is quite primitive, and tells us that we are in the heart of Scotland. The rock is called the "Pulpit Rock," and is one of the local curiosities.

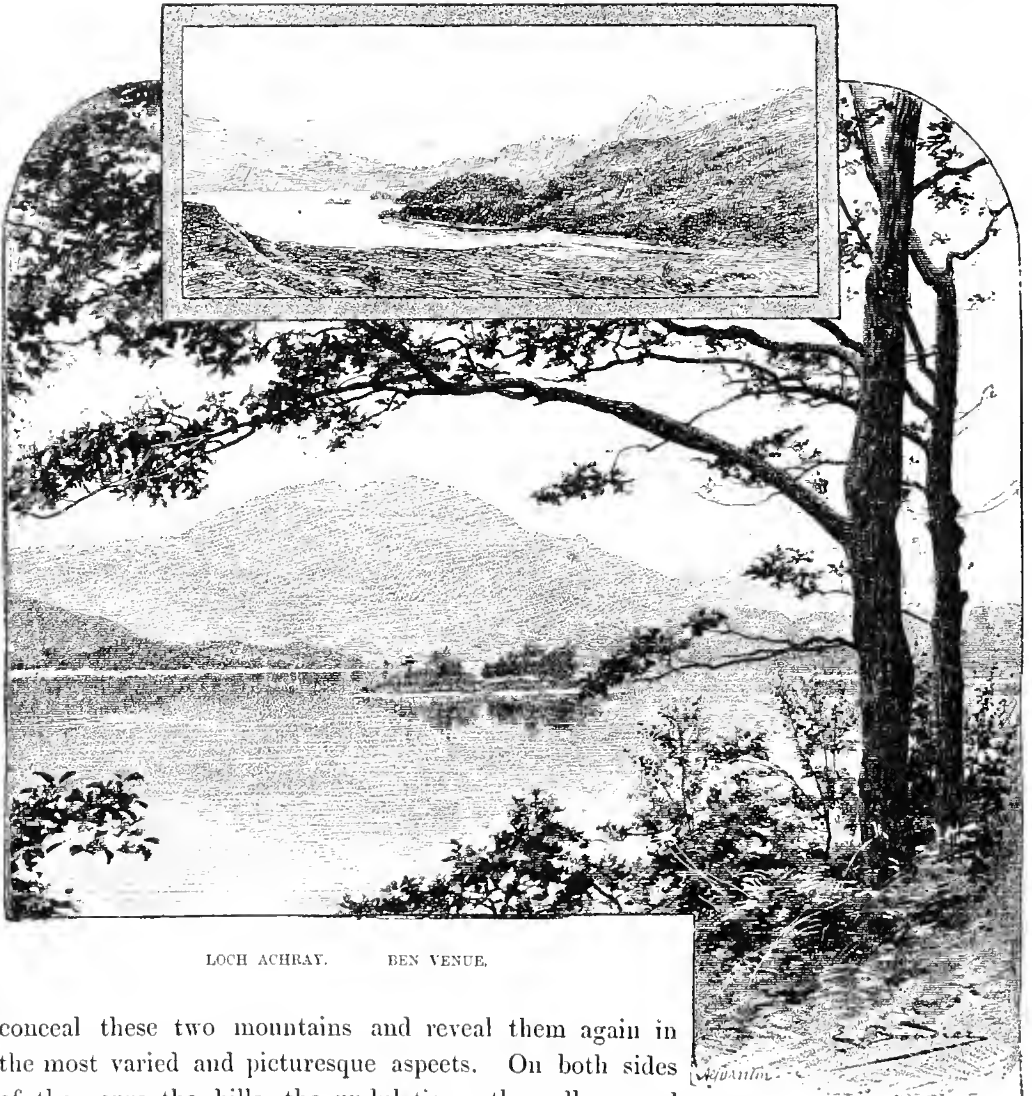


LOCH KATRINE

From Inversnaid in summer a regular service of coaches conveys tourists to Stronachlachar, passing near the little Loch Arklet. Stronachlachar is on Loch Katrine, a beautiful sheet of water in the shape of the letter S, the southern extremity of which opens to the defile of the Trossachs. The lake is traversed by a steamer, but although views are agreeably varied, and Ben Venue rises up and adds to the beauty of the landscape, Loch Katrine loses by being visited after Loch Lomond. When nearly half way up the lake, the immense pillars which support the aqueduct that carries the water into Glasgow become visible on the western shore. Glasgow thus receives a daily supply of 38,000,000 gallons of absolutely pure water. The

pipes, laid with the greatest care, scale hills and cross valleys, through tunnels and aqueducts, which extend for a distance of 40 miles.

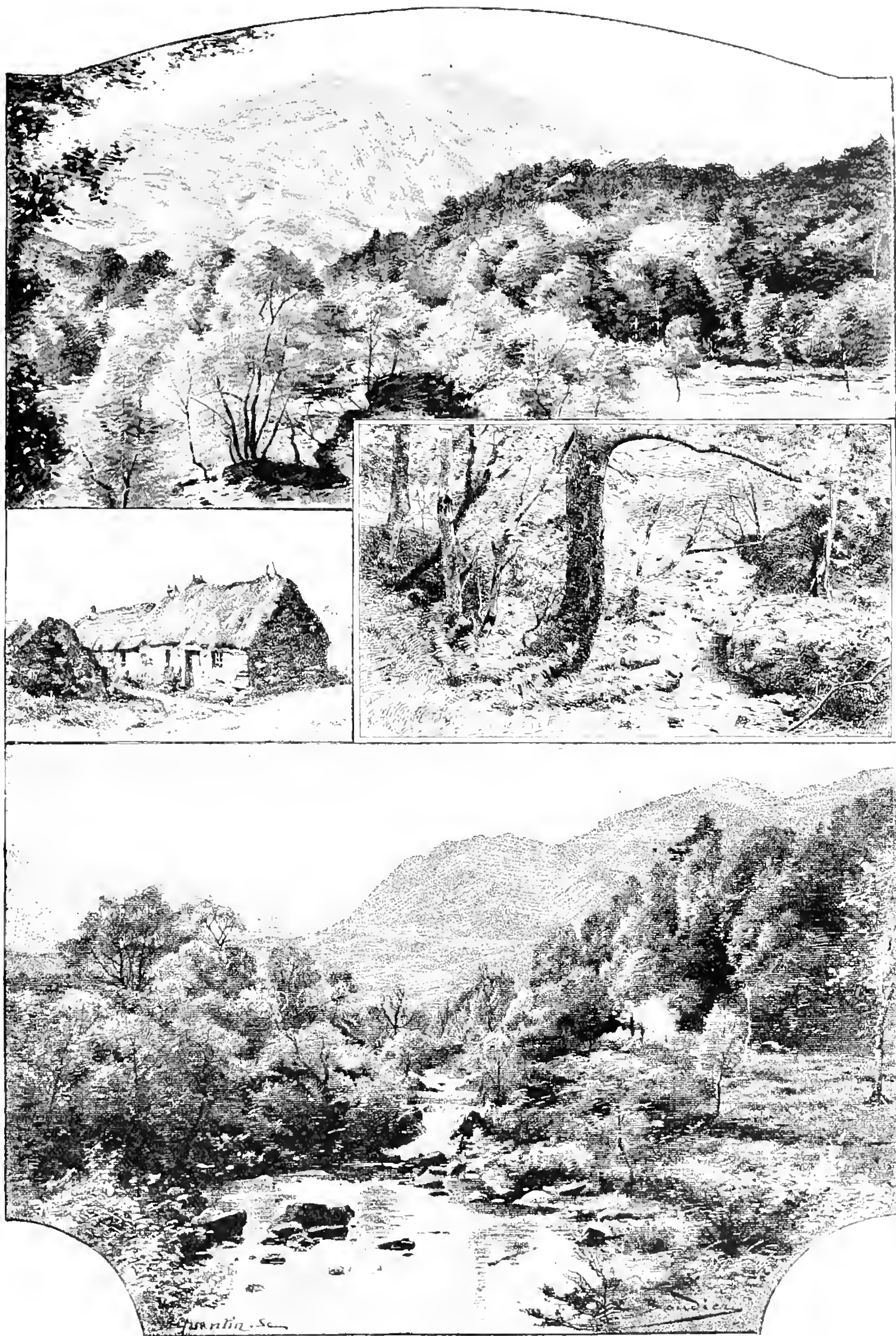
Tourists leave the steamer at the entrance of the Trossachs, a beautiful and picturesque gorge, the name of which signifies rugged country. Never was title better deserved than by this narrow defile which extends from Loch Katrine to Loch Achray, between Ben A'an and Ben Venue, describing curves which, by turns,



LOCH ACHRAY. BEN VENUE.

conceal these two mountains and reveal them again in the most varied and picturesque aspects. On both sides of the gorge the hills, the undulations, the valleys, and the rocks, succeed each other in a confusion which at times reaches the sublime. Vegetation, here positively luxuriant, adds a peculiar charm to this gorge, which is bordered by venerable trees.

Quitting the Trossachs, another route, skirting Lochs Achray and Venachar, leads to Callander, whence the railroad goes direct to Stirling and to Oban. To this latter place those who are attracted by the islands of the West Coast should proceed. Oban



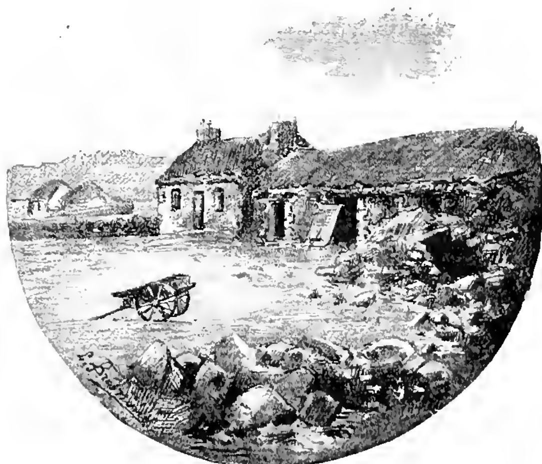
THE TROSSACHS.

is a delightful watering-place, much frequented by the Scotch, picturesquely situated on a little sheltered bay opposite the Isle of Kerrera. The railway from Callander to Oban traverses the most romantic scenery, and a line is projected between the lakes and the mountains which will open up to right and left an infinity of beautiful views to the astonished tourist.

ISLE OF MULL.

Oban is rapidly developing into a town—and a pretty town—in which the elegant villas, hotels, and comfortable houses are replacing the miserable fishing huts of past days. From Oban steamers thread the Archipelago, which protects, like a rocky rampart, the coast of Argyllshire, and call at the curious islands of Staffa and Iona. In Staffa, the smaller of the two islands, are the celebrated Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Colonnade, consisting of a series of natural pillars and arches, an astounding work of nature, surpassing in boldness and lightness the most delicate tracery of Gothic architecture.

Iona, a little bare and desert island, belonging to the Duke of Argyll, owes its celebrity to its ruins and to the historical associations attaching to them. St. Colomba, in the year 563, founded a monastery there, the votaries of which spread all over Scotland, whither, with Christianity, they carried civilization. But the ruins of Iona are long subsequent to that epoch. The first we meet with are those of a nunnery of the 11th century, wherein we notice the tomb of the last abbess, who died in 1543; it is embellished with a



COTTAGE IN IONA.

statue—now mutilated—of this devotee. Between the nunnery and the cathedral extends the burial place of the ancient Kings of Scotland, whose tombs, as tradition avers, were placed in nine rows. There only remain some fifty head-stones, covered with inscriptions and crude carvings.

The cathedral, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was of cruciform shape and Gothic style; it was erected in the 13th century. The walls of the nave and of the tower only remain standing, and the carvings, the traces of ornamentation of which are still visible; the massive pillars and sculptured capitals, the moulded pointed arches, the lance-windows, with delicately carved mullions, all make one regret the disappearance of a monument, interesting both from an historical and archæological point of view.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

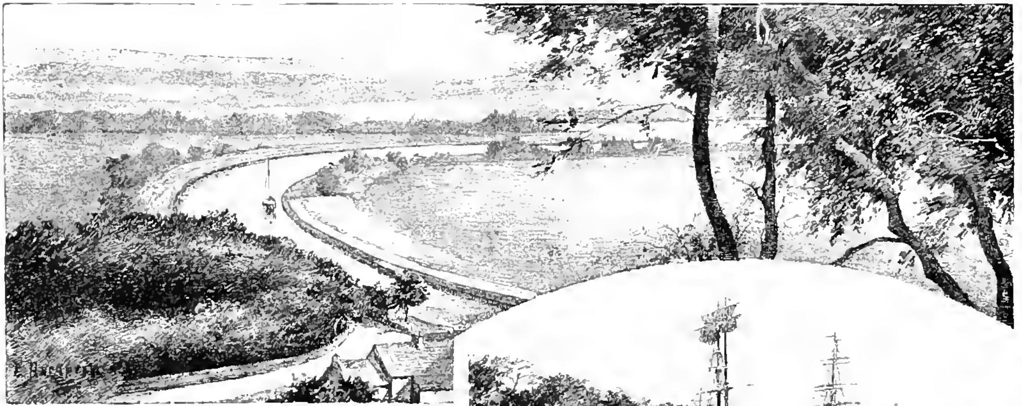
If we then proceed by sea to Glasgow, the boat affords us a most picturesque route, passing by, in succession, the islands of Mull, Jura, and Islay, rounding the Mull of Cantyre; or proceeding by the Crinan Canal, we coast the isles of Bute, and of Arran which belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, at the extreme northern point of which is the Goat Fell Mountain, whence the tourist can see the sun rise as from the Righi. There is no hotel on the summit, and those of Brodick are miserable little inns, where one is badly cared for, as is the case nearly everywhere in Scotland off the beaten tracks, by no means tempting to the traveller who seeks comfort. As soon as we have passed Arran, the Firth of Clyde is entered, and as the steamer touches at Greenock, those passengers who have already been up the river may disembark and take the train to Glasgow, thus shortening their journey by an hour, and sparing their olfactory nerves into the bargain!

II.

NORTHERN SCOTLAND:—THE CALEDONIAN CANAL.—STIRLING.—DUNDEE.—THE GRAMPIANS.—ABERDEEN.—BALMORAL.—INVERNESS.—SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—THE ORKNEYS.—THE SHETLAND ISLES.—THE HEBRIDES.—THE ISLE OF SKYE.—THE ISLE OF LEWIS.

The northern part of Scotland is cut into two portions by the Caledonian Canal, which passes through it diagonally from north-east to south-west, from Inverness to Loch Linnhe. The latter is a species of gulf, formed by the union of three lakes, situated a little to the north of Oban, in Argyleshire.

The Caledonian Canal, which almost makes an island of the counties of Inverness,

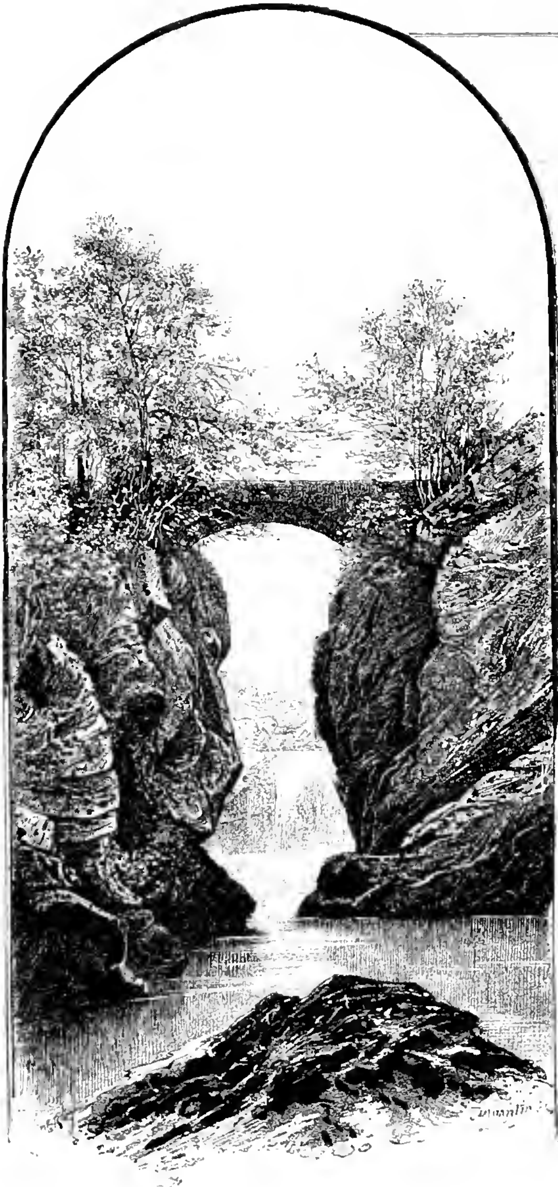


CALEDONIAN CANAL.

Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland, was projected in the last century, with a view to save ships the passage of the Pentland Firth, which divides Scotland from the Orkneys, and is dangerous and difficult for sailing vessels. As Nature had in a great measure already formed the canal, since the Great Glen of Scotland presents a series of long and narrow canals—the Lochs Ness, Oich, Lochy, and Eil—there was nothing to do but to connect them. Projected in 1773, made (but very badly) between 1803 and 1822, and re-made in 1838, it was not until 1847 that the Caledonian Canal was opened for navigation, after having cost the nation £1,280,000. The impulse given about this time to the building of steamers detracted, to a great extent, from the utility of the undertaking, and now vessels of small tonnage and sailing ships only pass the canal, for steamers do

not experience the same difficulties in navigating Pentland Firth. Of the sixty miles of canal only twenty-three were cut, the remainder being formed by the lakes.

The passage of the Caledonian Canal in a steamer is an excursion frequently made

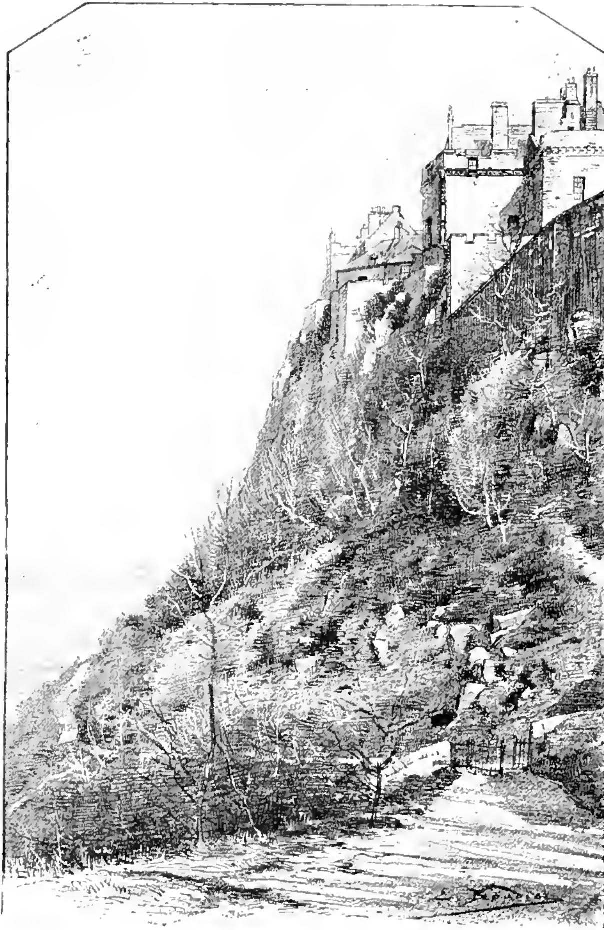


FALL OF FOYERS.

LOCH NESS

from Inverness or from Bannavie, if the tourist comes from Oban. The first lake we enter, after leaving Inverness, is Loch Dochfour, to which succeeds the beautiful Loch Ness, twenty-four miles long and one mile and a half wide. It is 700 feet deep, and is bordered on both sides by thick woods, above which rise the bare summits of the mountains which shut in the Great Glen of Scotland. Here and there we perceive ruined castles, like Castle Urquhart, which is very picturesquely situated on a promontory, its great towers and its keep presenting a very imposing appearance. A little farther on, we come upon the Fall of Foyers, formed by the river of the same name. The water precipitates itself from a height of ninety feet into a rocky basin, and rushes to Loch Ness, after watering a shady glen. The second fall, situated a mile away, is scarcely thirty feet high.

At the end of the lake rises Fort Augustus, a relic of the rebellion of 1715. It is now a college. Here we pass from Loch Ness into Loch Oich, by means of an ingenious system of locks. Four miles farther on we pass through other locks to enter Loch Lochy, which is bounded on both sides by high mountains, whose lower slopes are covered with rich verdure. More canal and more locks. This time we are warned to expect something extraordinary—Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland and even in Great Britain. In due time the enormous mass is perceived, but the rounded form of the mountain causes it to appear less lofty than Ben Lomond, whose summit rises proudly into the air. The ascent of Ben Nevis, while presenting no extraordinary difficulties, is somewhat dangerous, because of the number of precipices which it displays, and which are often hidden in those impenetrable mists, so frequent in the Highlands, which gather and disappear with equal suddenness—so quickly, indeed, that, though we may set out in fine weather, with the track before us plainly indicated, we may suddenly find ourselves enveloped in a fog which it is impossible to see through. From the top of the mountain, when the weather is fine, a superb view is enjoyed; the panorama including, on one side, the North Sea, and, on the other, the Irish Sea, connected by the Caledonian Canal.



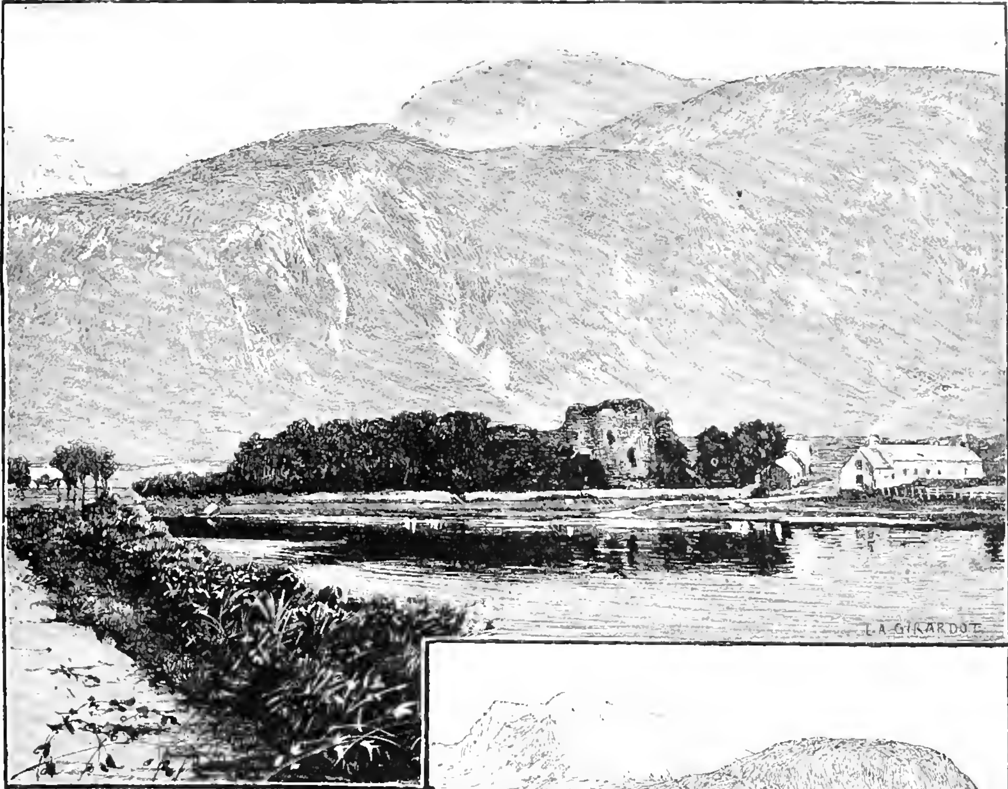
STIRLING CASTLE.

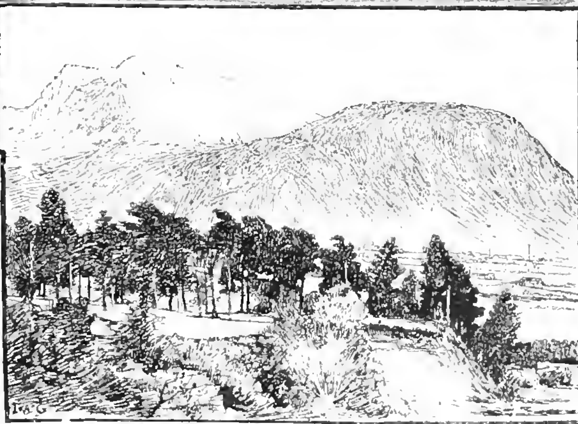
To descend to the level of the ocean at Loch Eil, we must pass a series of eight locks; so it will save time if we disembark, and take a carriage to catch the Oban steamer.

Such is the Caledonian Canal, which is a kind of line of demarcation between the sterile and deserted, and the fertile and inhabited regions of Scotland—between the north-east and the north-west.

From Edinburgh or Glasgow to Stirling, the distance is almost the same. Stirling is the point at which all roads from the south to the north of Scotland converge, and it was formerly the great bulwark of Northern Scotland. The history of this town is, one may say, that of all the struggles of which this portion of Great Britain has been the theatre since the most remote period until the 18th century.

Situated on the Forth, Stirling stands on an eminence the culminating point of which is crowned by its celebrated castle, built on the edge of the precipice, at the base of which extends the vast plain called the Carse of Stirling. This castle has with some reason been compared to that of Edinburgh, with which its position affords it some points of resemblance. The witness of many battles, having had to submit to many





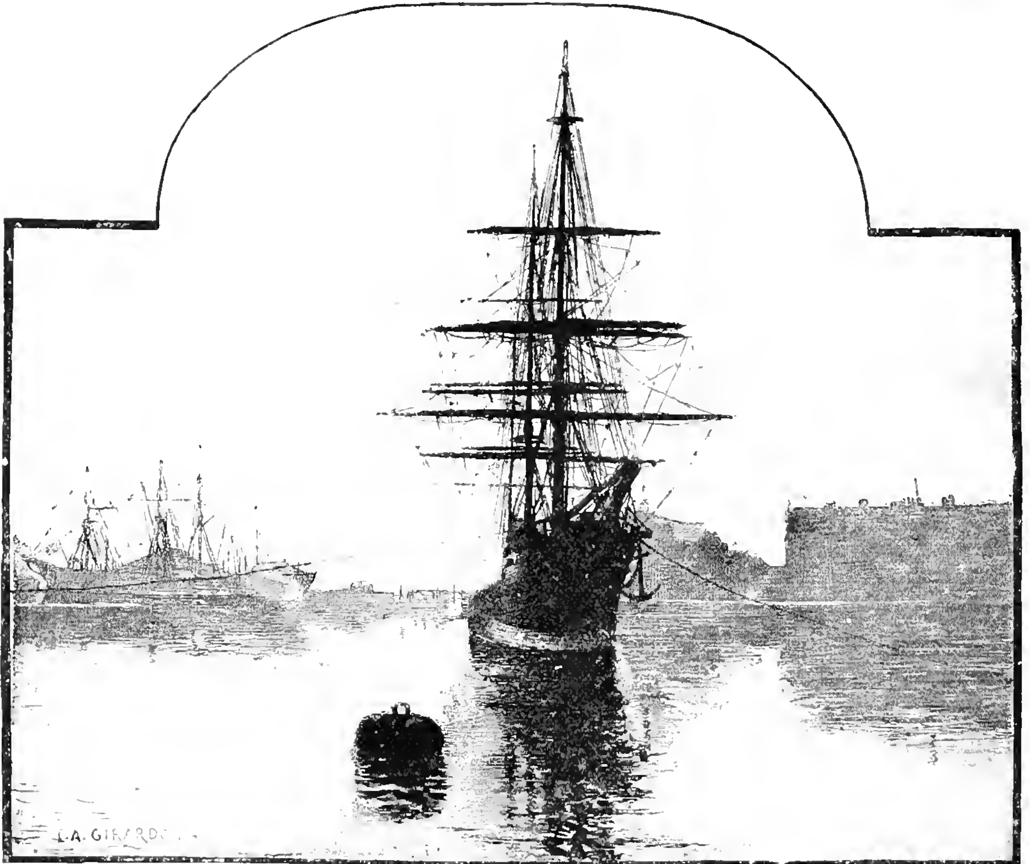
BEN NEVIS.

assaults of numerous armies at different periods, Stirling Castle is full of historic memories. Within its walls died Alexander I., in 1124; later, in 1304, when Edward I. laid siege to it, the old castle resisted for three long months; and when, at the end of that time, the garrison capitulated, it was found to consist of only 140 men, who, commanded by Oliphant, had held at bay the entire English force. Lastly, beneath its walls was fought the famous battle of Bannockburn, which was intended to raise the siege of the castle, and which ended in the complete defeat of the English. The Stuarts made of Stirling a royal residence, and built a palace there, which is now part of the castle buildings.

This ancient fortress is the "lion" of the town. We reach it by ascending the steep streets, which are made on the side of the hill on which the town is built. The

exterior of the castle is very imposing, and more interesting than the interior, which has been modernised.

However, if the Castle of Stirling does not come up to our expectations, it is, on the other hand, difficult to conceive a more beautiful view than that which we enjoy from the ramparts. We perceive the Grampian chain, Ben Lomond and Ben Venue, and the plain of Stirling, in the midst of which winds the Forth; to the southward is



DUNDEE DOCKS.

the field of Bannockburn and the rock called Abbey Craig, the bold mass of which rises 600 feet into the air.

The other monuments of some interest in Stirling are the Grey Friars Church, a beautiful Gothic edifice of the 15th century, where James VI. was crowned in 1567, and the old bridge, which at one time was the only means of communication between the south and the north of Scotland, of which it was, literally, the gate.

After passing Stirling, the railway lines, so numerous in the south of Scotland, which they cover with a network of iron, become fewer, and are confined to the eastern district, the only portion inhabited, and which alone can sustain the traffic. Two lines leave Stirling; one goes to Oban, the other to Perth. The latter branches into two a little to the north of Perth; one of these branches traverse the Grampians, and joins

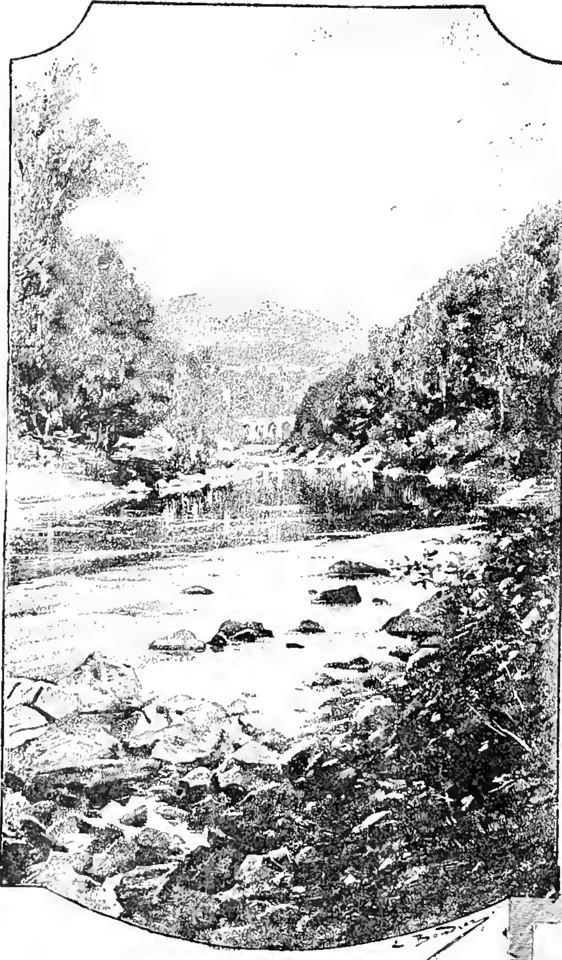
PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

the other again at Forres, on the Moray Firth. The second branch, which is much the more important, reaches, at Dundee, the east coast, which it skirts as far as Aberdeen, whence, turning inland and crossing Aberdeenshire diagonally, it proceeds to Elgin, and thence, again gaining the coast, it reaches its terminus at Thurso, on the Pentland Firth, that is to say, at the extreme northerly point of Scotland.

Between Stirling and Perth the railroad traverses a well-cultivated and pretty country; hills and plains succeed each other, and present a variety of scenery sometimes animated, sometimes quiet and romantic. Then the line runs parallel with the Ochill Hills, to the north of which extends vast and picturesque Perthshire, one of the most beautiful portions of the Highlands.

Perth, the chief place of the county, is a small town of 30,000 inhabitants, in a charming situation on the banks of the Tay. Its origin is lost in the obscurity of ages. If there are in Scotland towns as ancient as Perth, there is not one more so. Was it founded by the Romans or not? That is a question which cannot yet be satisfactorily answered, but it is an ascertained fact that Perth was for many years the principal town in Scotland; for it was not until the reign of James II. that Edinburgh became the Scottish capital.

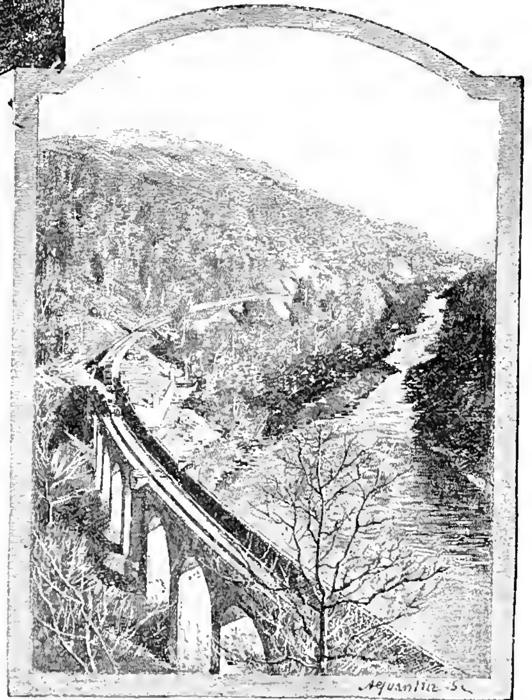
Great is our disappointment at not finding any



ancient monuments in Perth. All have been swept away, destroyed by the populace, who were excited and rendered furious by the inflammatory speeches and sermons of the fanatical John Knox. Gone for ever is the old castle of the Scottish kings. Gone, too, is the monastery of the Black Friars, in which James I. was assassinated, in 1437. The beautiful town-cross, the Spey Tower, the Parliament House, the numerous convents of the Grey Friars, the Carthusians, and other religious fraternities, have all disappeared! Ah! the "rascal multitude," as Knox called it, did its work of hatred and destruction only too well!

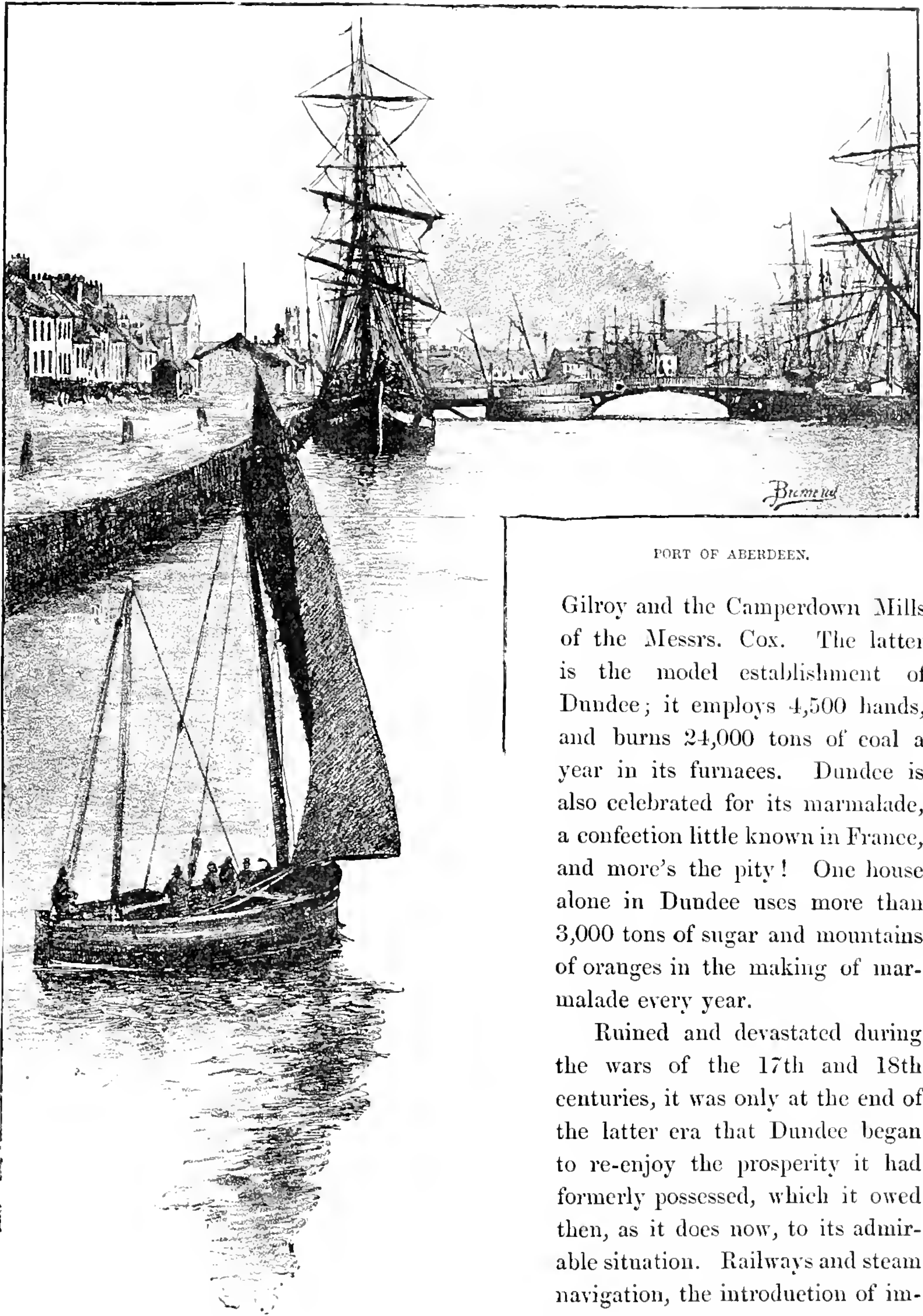
Perth, formerly the centre of a considerable trade, has declined in proportion as its rival, Dundee, has prospered and developed; so that in a short time the latter has become the third town in Scotland in importance.

Built upon the Firth of Tay, in a most advantageous situation near the sea, Dundee recalls us to the exigencies of modern life and society. A hundred factory chimneys rise high in the air, and cover it with a canopy of smoke. We are in a true manufacturing town, for Dundee is the centre of the flax and jute industries, which give employment to 25,000 workmen. It is chiefly in the suburb of Lochee that the great



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

factories are situated. Amongst the most important are the jute mills of the Messrs.



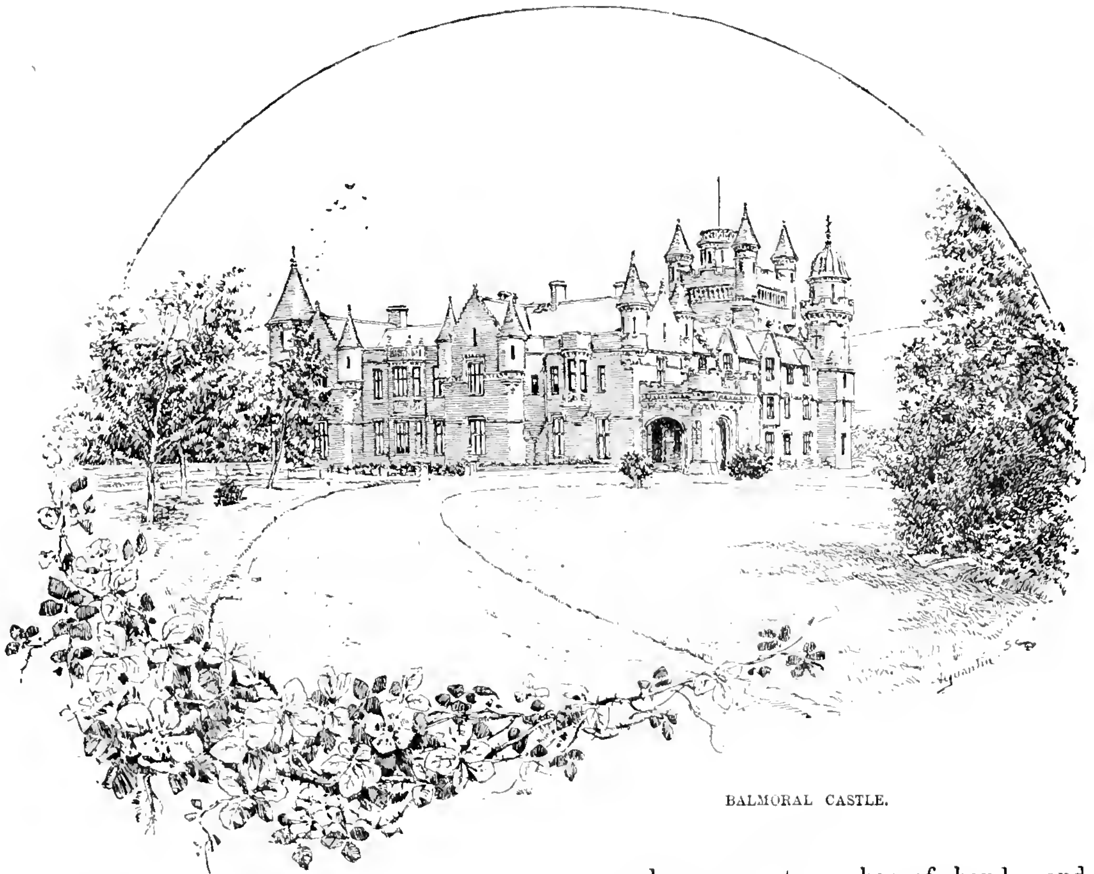
PORT OF ABERDEEN.

Gilroy and the Camperdown Mills of the Messrs. Cox. The latter is the model establishment of Dundee; it employs 4,500 hands, and burns 24,000 tons of coal a year in its furnaces. Dundee is also celebrated for its marmalade, a confection little known in France, and more's the pity! One house alone in Dundee uses more than 3,000 tons of sugar and mountains of oranges in the making of marmalade every year.

Ruined and devastated during the wars of the 17th and 18th centuries, it was only at the end of the latter era that Dundee began to re-enjoy the prosperity it had formerly possessed, which it owed then, as it does now, to its admirable situation. Railways and steam navigation, the introduction of improved machinery, have now for some years given a new impulse to its development, already rapid, and which would still

appear likely to increase. There are few ancient monuments in the town, except the old clock of St. Mary's Church; an ancient gate, named Wishart Arch, and the old castle of Dudhope, now converted into a barrack.

The development of the commerce of Dundee has necessitated the construction of large and beautiful docks, the first of which was opened fifty years ago, and the last quite recently. Business is considerable, the entries and the clearings outward being reckoned at 2,700 ships annually, representing nearly 1,000,000 tons. The fishing

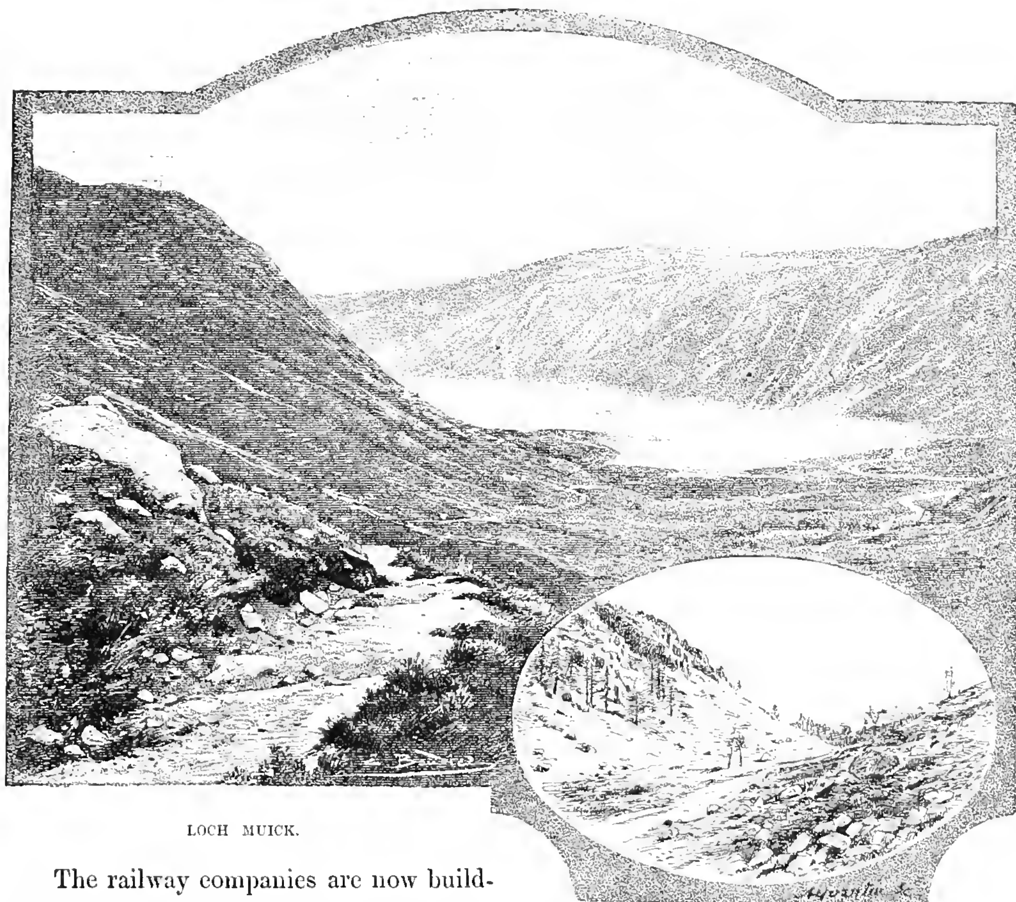


BALMORAL CASTLE.

employs a great number of hands, and the Dundee whalers are renowned for their pluck and skill.

With all its advantages, the situation of Dundee has one drawback: it is separated from the south of Scotland by the wide estuary of the Tay; so a *détour* by Perth was necessary before the south could be reached. To remedy this, a fine viaduct, called the Tay Bridge, was constructed in 1878. This bridge was 10,000 feet long, and united the shores of the estuary and the railways, north and south. Unfortunately, this viaduct did not possess the solidity desirable, and the consequence was one of the most frightful accidents that ever has been known in railway annals. During the night of the 28th of December, 1879, while a terrific storm was raging on the east coast of Scotland, the viaduct was unable to resist the pressure of the wind, and collapsed at the moment a train was crossing. The train, which consisted of an engine and six carriages,

was hurled into the estuary, and all the passengers, sixty-six in number, with the engine-driver, fireman, and guards, perished miserably, for no attempt could be made to save them. The inquest revealed some lamentable facts. Apart from the purely technical question and the want of foresight of the engineer, whose calculations were erroneous, and who died of grief a little while after the accident, it was proved that the materials employed in the construction of the bridge were of inferior quality.



LOCH MUICK.

PASS OF BALLATER.

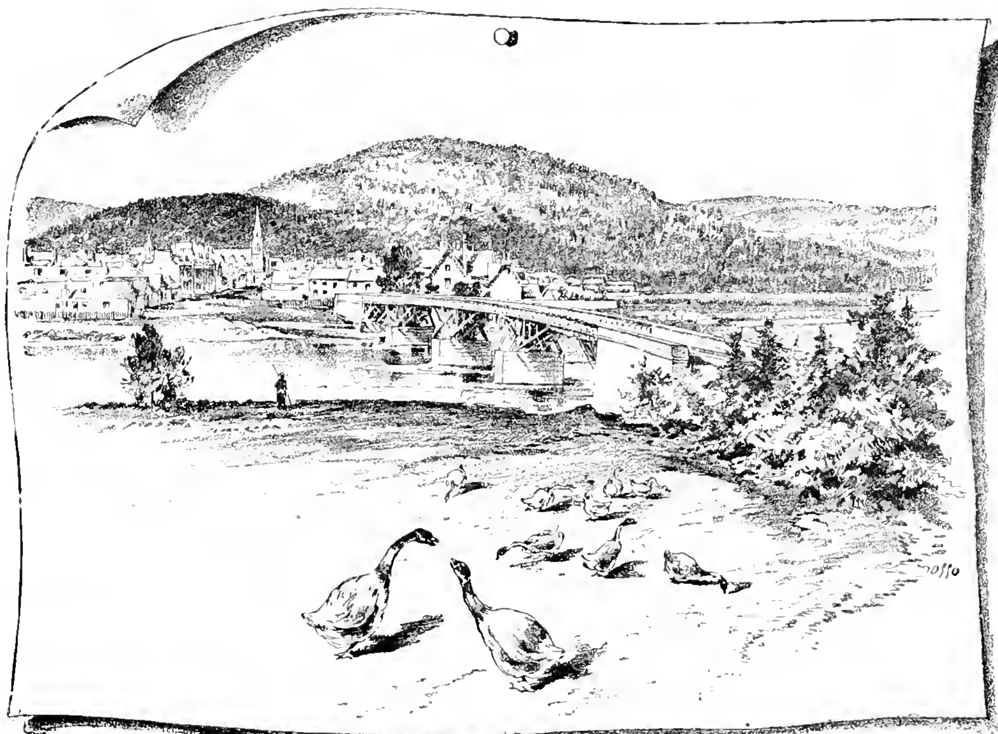
The railway companies are now building another bridge, which it is hoped will fulfil the desired conditions of resistance and solidity.

Dundee has given birth to many illustrious men, amongst whom we may mention the Scotch historian Brece, or Brethius, who, in the 11th century, was Professor at the University of Paris. John Glas, chief of the sect of the Glasites or Sandemonians, and more recently Admiral Lord Duncan, one of the most celebrated of English sailors, whose renown equals that of Nelson. After having served with distinction in all parts of the world, Admiral Duncan had the glory of destroying the Dutch fleet at Camperdown on the 11th October, 1797, after having captured nine line-of-battle ships and two frigates. This splendid feat made England absolute mistress of the seas, a position she owes to Admiral Duncan, and one which she has managed to retain. Parliament passed

a vote of thanks to the victor of Camperdown, and raised him to the peerage, while the City of London bestowed on him a sword of honour. After his death, which took place in 1804, a beautiful monument, executed by Westmacott, was raised to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral.

From Perth, as we have seen, two lines of railway go northwards, one passing the Grampians, the other skirting the coast.

The former is undoubtedly the more interesting: it passes through the more varied and picturesque scenery. As it leaves Perth the railway is thickly bordered with pine



BALLATER BRIDGE.

trees, which hide the landscape, which is only seen at intervals, but after a while the view opens out; the summits of the mountains are perceived; water-courses trickle merrily between their bosky banks, and the valleys spread out in graceful undulations. After reaching the right bank of the Tay the railway passes Dunkeld, an unimportant place, but where there are some beautiful ruins of an ancient cathedral dating from the 15th century. Dunkeld, which may be considered the gate of the Highlands, is a small village of 1,000 inhabitants felicitously situated on the banks of the Tay, at the foot of the wooded mountains. This part of the country belongs to the Duke of Athol, one of the richest Scotch landowners.

After quitting Ballinluig the valley contracts, the forests become thicker, the hills accentuate themselves, the great chain of the Grampians begins, and on both sides of the line the scarped hills are studded with enormous boulders. The train then enters the

Pass of Killiecrankie, one of the most romantic gorges in Scotland, and winds between two high hills covered with thick clumps of trees. One never tires of admiring these beautiful views, and while regretting, from a picturesque standpoint, that the railway ever came to intrude upon these solitudes, we cannot help at the same time bearing testimony to the skill of the engineer who planned and made this line, the construction of which presented many difficulties. As soon as we have passed Dalnaspidal station we

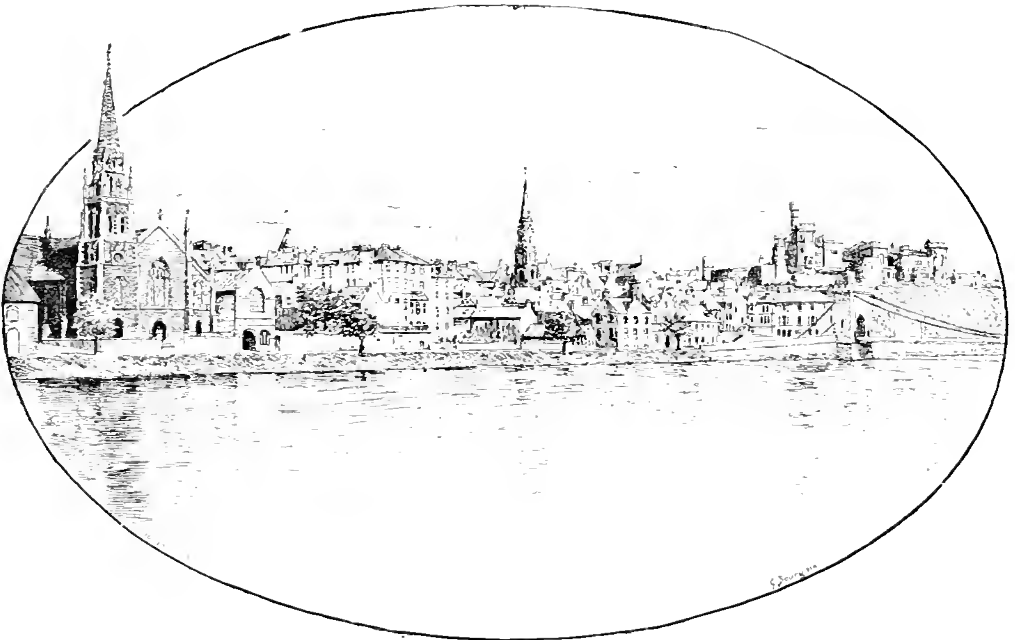
DUNROBIN CASTLE.

reach the highest level of the line. We are then in the Grampian Hills, which extend right and left as far as the eye can reach, and which we cross by the pass of Drumouchter, between two mountains called the Badenoch Boar and Athol Sow. It is one of the wildest situations one can imagine, and really gives one an idea of the sublime grandeur of the Highlands.

Quitting the Pass of Drumouchter we enter the beautiful valley of the Spey, which the railway traverses, passing by the massive Ben Macdhui to Grantown, where, making a sudden curve, it goes northwards to rejoin the main coast line to Aberdeen and Inverness at Forres.

The latter railway, after quitting Perth, traverses the counties of Forfar and Kincardine, serving the towns of Forfar, Montrose, and Stonehaven, and having crossed the Dee, enters the county and the city of Aberdeen.

Aberdeenshire, like the surrounding counties, is for the greater part composed of vast extents of moor and forest, exclusively preserved for "shootings," which are let at high prices. A very wealthy American, one W., has hired some 250,000 acres of forest, situated in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire, and pays £18,000 a year for the sole right to kill stags, which must cost him about, on the average, £140 a-piece. This is the fashion. English and Scotch landowners let their properties to Americans, and go



INVERNESS.

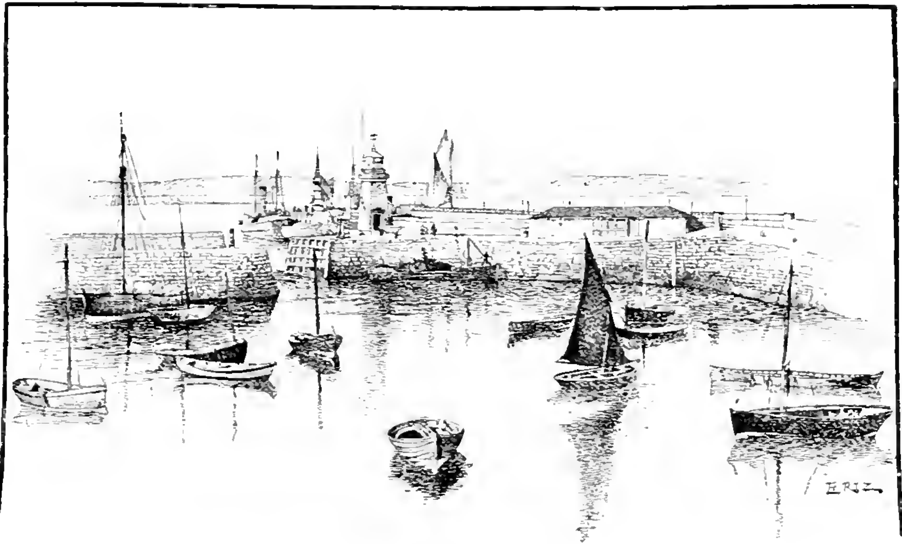
with the money they have realized to hunt and shoot big game in America. Others, more practical, employ the money in the purchase of land in the New World, and more than one British nobleman is an owner of territory in the United States.

The moors furnish excellent sport—grouse-shooting. The season commences on the 12th of August, when noblemen and gentlemen, members of Parliament, and merchants from all parts of England make their way to Scotland, where they remain five or six weeks, or even two months in their shooting-boxes, which belong to them, or which they have hired. Then Inverness, so sleepy for nine months of the year, wakes up. It is the head-quarters of the grouse slayers, who replenish their ammunition and provisions there, for, as it is unnecessary to say, there is nothing to be purchased on the moors.

Less proud, or better advised than their forefathers, more affected also by the condition to which agriculture has been reduced by foreign competition, the large landed proprietors no longer preserve their moors for their own shooting. They let

them to merchant princes, to rich manufacturers a thousand times better off than they, who pay without counting the cost, and deny themselves no pleasure or enjoyment. They are the happy ones of the earth—or at least in England—where the condition of large landed proprietors is becoming worse and worse.

Aberdeen is one of the most ancient of Scotch cities, a fact proved by its archives, which have been preserved since 1398. It is built on the left bank of the Dee, and between that river and the Don. It is at present, in respect of population and commercial importance, the fourth city in Scotland. It is a large manufacturing centre, and contains factories for woollen goods, foundries, and particularly ship-building yards. The harbour, although the most important in the north of Scotland, is incommodious,



KIRKWALL.

and difficult of access, notwithstanding the works undertaken at different periods to improve it. The herring-fishery occupies a large number of the men, and the arrival and departure of the fishing fleet is a very pretty sight.

Aberdeen is called the "Granite City," so one might suppose that the town possessed many imposing edifices; but this is not the case, however. The name is merely due to the fact of the houses being built of the grey stone called Aberdeen granite, the cold and dull appearance of which gives a melancholy aspect to the streets and monuments. The thoroughfares are animated, particularly in those districts in the vicinity of the docks which are the centres of the business and commerce. The finest and most important is Union Street—the Regent Street of the town.

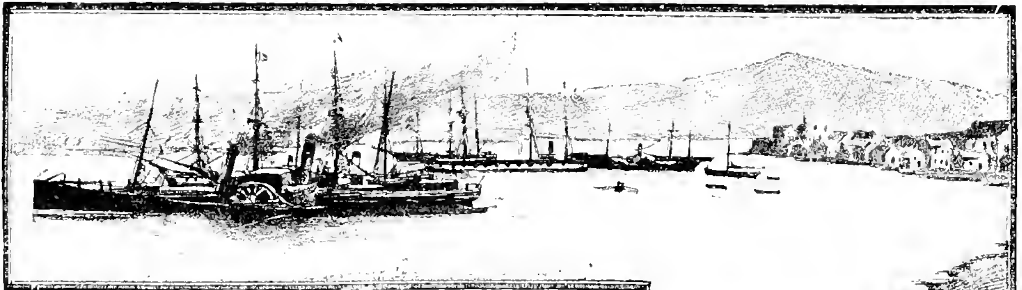
The "auld town," as the inhabitants call it, is a little to the north of Aberdeen. It is melancholy and dull—neither a town nor village, but simply a collection of houses, surrounding one of the ugliest cathedrals which it is possible to imagine. The bridge of seven arches, which spans the Dee in the new town, was built in the 16th century by Bishop Dunbar. Two other bridges—the Wellington suspension bridge and the

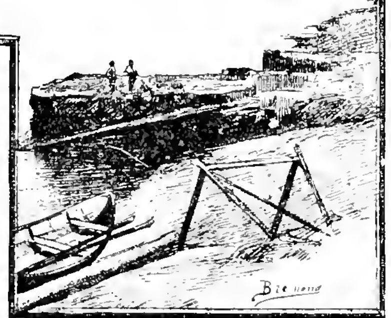
Caledonian railway viaduct, the last situated between the other two—also connect the opposite banks of the river.

The environs of Aberdeen are very interesting, particularly the valley of the Dee, in which Balmoral, the Queen's favorite residence, is situated.

A railroad, running along the side of the river—the Deeside Railway—connects Aberdeen with Ballater, whence an hour and a half's drive of nine miles is necessary to reach Balmoral.

The exploration of the Dee Valley is no doubt very interesting, but it is not unattended by inconvenience. Two desires may animate the tourist in this region—the wish to see Balmoral, or the enjoyment of wandering about the mountains, and exploring the country. Now it is as well to state that the public are never admitted to





LERWICK.

Balmoral, and as far as excursions are concerned, it is scarcely possible to indulge in them. The excursion season is the shooting season, and the proprietors, jealous of their rights, employ armies of keepers, who guard all the by-ways and foot-paths, and who request you politely but peremptorily to proceed—elsewhere!

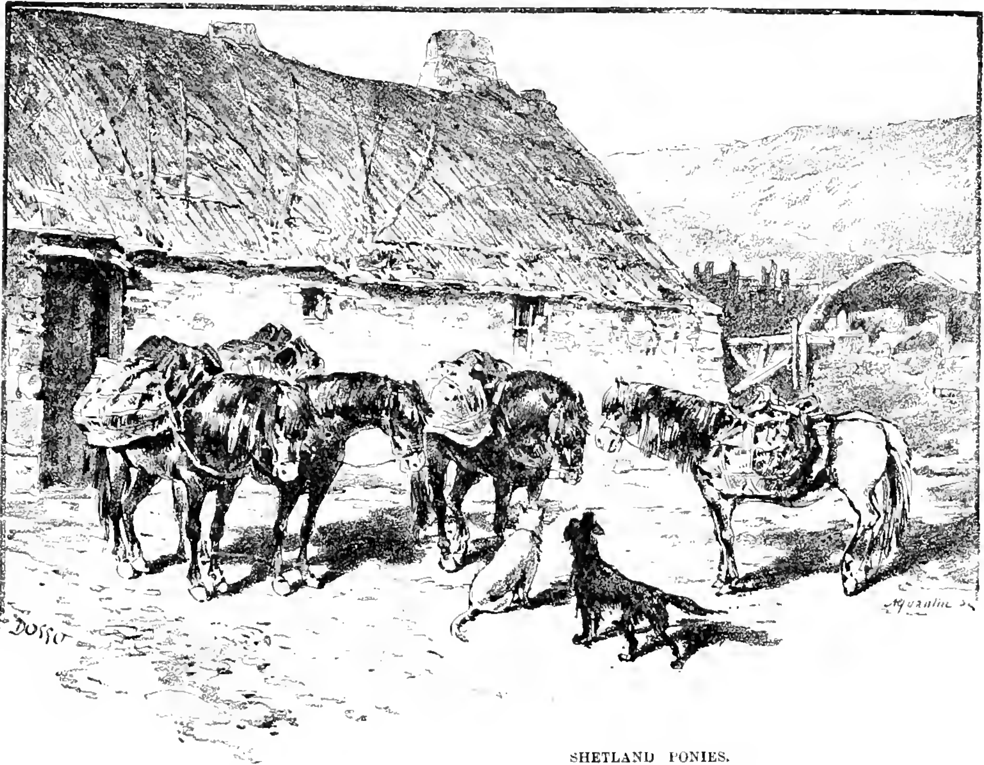
There, in the midst of the Aberdeenshire solitudes, in the centre of the Highlands, on the northern slope of the Grampians, is situated the favourite residence of Her Majesty the Queen, who loves to pass the greater part of the year there, far from the noise and bustle of large towns. Living in a very simple manner, the Queen, since her widowhood, has delighted in solitude, and, without neglecting any affairs of State, is contented to remain absorbed in her memories. Rarely seeking entertainment, her life passes quietly, but well occupied in the peaceful and calm enjoyments of her home circle. Sometimes Her Majesty has a "servants' ball," where they give themselves up with an ardour entirely Scottish to the performance of national dances, accompanied by the strident tones of the bagpipes; the Queen honours with her presence these entertainments, which are repeated at long intervals.

Balmoral Castle is built upon the right bank of the Dee, in the most delightful spot in the whole valley. The high tower, from the summit of which floats the Royal Standard, is visible afar off amidst the trees which border the stream. The last spurs of the Grampians trend off at the foot of the Castle, which is a very unpretending

building of severe aspect, rendered more sombre still by the tint of the granite of which it is composed. The Castle occupies the site of the ancient dwelling of the Farquharsons of Inverey, formerly the owners of the domain which in later years came into the possession of the Earls of Fife, from whom the Queen purchased it in 1854. Balmoral was built after the designs of Prince Albert, who superintended the decoration and furnishing.

Strangers are not permitted to visit Balmoral even during the absence of the Queen.

From the beautiful park which surrounds it, and which is bounded on the one side



SHETLAND PONIES.

by the Dee, a very picturesque route leads to Loch Muick, a pretty lake embosomed in the mountains, the principal of which are Loch-na-gar, Dhu-loch, and Craig-dhu-loch. The Queen has erected a small house on Loch Muick, where she occasionally passes a day or two when in Scotland. This habitation, called the Glassalt Shiel ("Shiel" signifying cottage), gives one a very excellent idea of what shooting-boxes are—very simple outwardly, but very comfortable within.

The Prince of Wales owns a very picturesque castle, Abergeldie Castle, near Balmoral, which he inhabits in the shooting season.

The curiosities of the neighbourhood, easily accessible from Ballater, besides Balmoral and Abergeldie, which we can only admire at a respectful distance, are the Pass of Ballater, a romantic gorge, Ballatrich, where Byron lived when he visited the Highlands, and the Pannanich Wells—mineral springs to which the popular imagination

attributes curative virtues, which are simply astounding. Ballater being at the limit of the railway we are forced to retrace our steps, and rejoin the main line at Aberdeen.

The route northward, quitting Forres, skirts the coast and proceeds to Inverness, Wick and Thurso, the extreme northerly point of Scotland, and of British Railways. Inverness is a small and uninteresting town, situated as we are already aware at the north-east extremity of the Caledonian Canal, and consequently at the entrance to the Great Glen of Scotland. Without monuments, without animation, Inverness is of

VALE OF STRATHPEFFER.

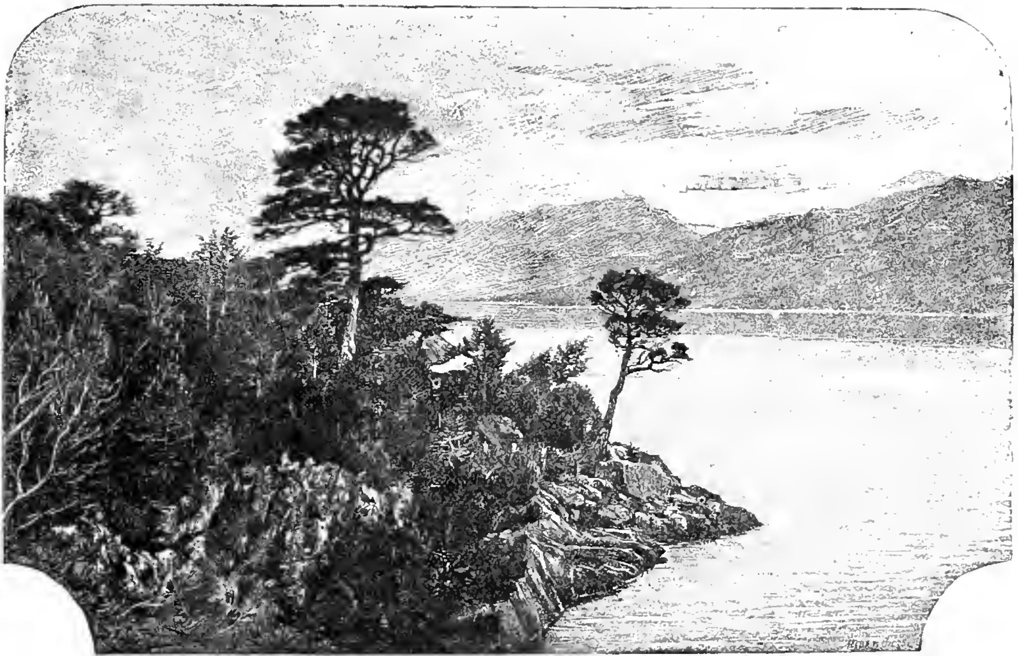
mortal dulness, except on market days, at the assize time, or at the shooting season; but the neighbourhood is charming, and there are some delightful points of view on the Ness which divides the town into two parts.

Before reaching Wick the railroad traverses Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, passing near the princely castle of Dunrobin, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland. Wick, the chief town of the county of Caithness, is built at the end of a little bay. It is a dirty and a wretched place, except during the season of the herring fishery, of which this port is the centre. The herring industry is estimated as producing £160,000 a year People only stop at Wick and Thurso as long as is absolutely necessary to wait for the boats for the Orkneys or the Shetlands.

From Thurso to Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys, situated on the large island, is a four hours' passage, and a very disagreeable one. It is necessary to reach this island, called Pomona, to pass through the Archipelago of the Orkneys. Kirkwall, with its narrow and tortuous streets, and its ancient cathedral of St. Magnus, built in the 12th century by Ronald, Earl of Orkney, is rather picturesque.

Twice a week a steamer leaves Kirkwall for Lerwick, the single and unique town in the Shetland Isles. The inhabitants of Lerwick for the most part devote themselves to herring and cod-fishing, and besides these employments they build excellent boats.

The breed of Shetland sheep is almost extinct, like that of the pretty little long-



LOCH MAREE.

haired ponies, of which specimens are occasionally seen; but the pure breed is difficult to obtain as it has been crossed with the Scottish pony.

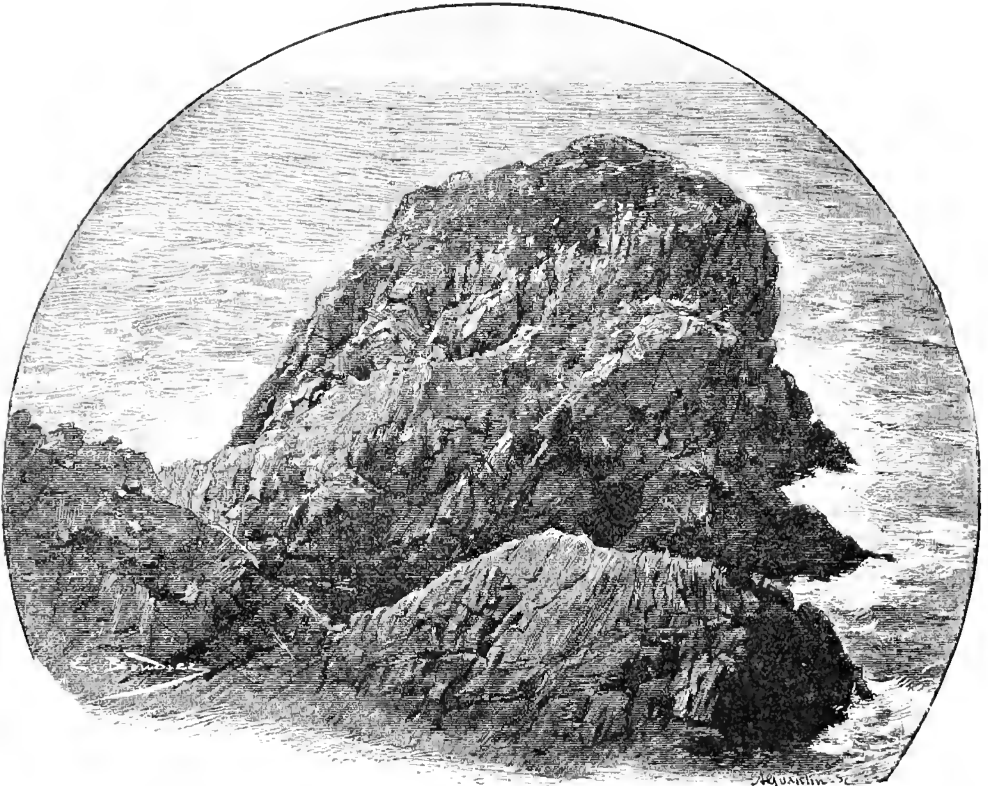
The north-west of Scotland includes, commencing in the north, the counties of Sutherland, Cromarty, Ross, and Inverness, in which the Hebrides are included.

As soon as we find ourselves north of the Caledonian Canal, there is nothing to be seen, except on the east coast, but some unimportant villages, and not one town. This vast region is only an immense plateau where peat, moss, lakes, heather, and flat, naked, desolate tracts of country succeed each other in a lugubrious perspective, interrupted here and there by a steep and solitary peak. At the end of the last century Sutherlandshire was well peopled. The inhabitants, almost barbarians, cultivated the soil with implements of husbandry, like those which were used by primitive races. In their own interest it became necessary to drive these people away. Some established themselves on the east coast, which is more fertile and hospitable, others embarked for America.

At present the Duke of Sutherland is doing all in his power to clear the land and

to make it pay. Roads have been cut, bridges built, and in some places the steam-plough has been set to work. Nevertheless it must be many years before the district assumes a new aspect, even if it ever does.

Roads are rare, and the means of locomotion limited. Only in the shooting season is there any animation in this region, which is very picturesque, particularly in the portion between Loch Shin and Loch Inver on the west coast. There nothing but lakes, mountains, heather, and rocks, interspersed occasionally with woods, is to be seen.



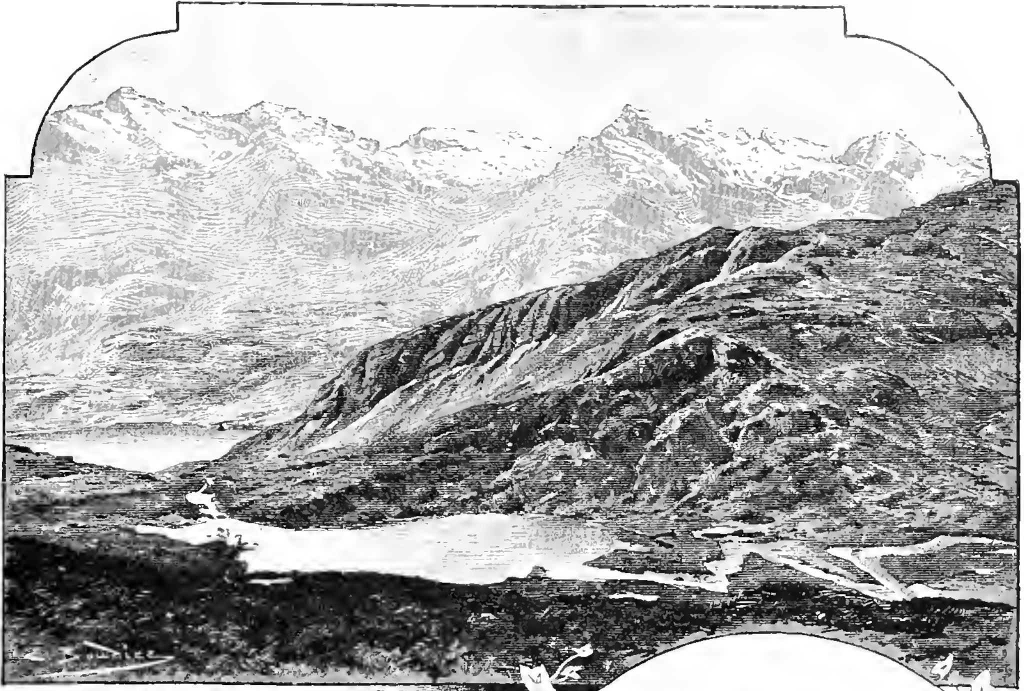
CAPE WRATH.

The county of Sutherland is bordered on the south by Ross-shire, which is traversed by a railway, whose starting place is Dingwall, on the east coast, to the north of Inverness, and which ends at Stromeferry on the west coast, opposite the Isle of Skye.

This route passes through one of the most interesting parts of northern Scotland and by localities either curious or picturesque. First, there is the Vale of Strathpeffer, wherein rise sulphurous springs, celebrated in the county; a bathing establishment has been erected there. This valley is in a beautiful situation, about 9 miles from Ben Wyvis, whose snowy summit rises 3,400 feet above the level of the sea, and looks down upon all the surrounding country.

To beautiful valleys soon succeed desert tracts, then woods, then a lake, Loch Luichart, whose beautiful banks are well wooded. A long and continuous valley then presents itself, at the extremity of which is Achnasheen Station, where those who wish to

see the beauties of Loch Maree alight. This beautiful sheet of water, ten miles from the station, is enclosed by high mountains, whose precipitous sides seem to spring from the lake. This feature gives it a character of wild grandeur which few Scotch lakes present



CUCHULLIN MOUNTAINS (ISLE OF SKYE).

STORR ROCKS (ISLE OF SKYE).

in an equal degree. The highest of these mountains is Ben Slioch, which rises almost perpendicularly 4,000 feet from the surface of the water. From Achnasheen the railway proceeds to Stromeferry, where a steamer, which is in correspondence with the mail train, plys daily to the Isle of Skye. We have already spoken concerning the islands which lie off the Argyllshire coast, *à propos* of Oban, Iona, and Staffa. We will now say a few words about Skye and the outer Hebrides.

The Isle of Skye is only separated from the main land on the south side by a very narrow channel; its shape is so irregular, indented as it is by lochs or fiords, like those on the coast of Norway, that it is difficult to describe it. Its length is about forty-six miles, but it is so indented, and the ocean penetrates so far inland through the multitudinous lochs, that no part of the island is more than four miles from the sea.

Skye bristles with picturesque mountains; the soil is not fertile, and the inhabitants find it difficult to sustain themselves, particularly of late years, in consequence of the

LOCH CORUISK (ISLE OF SKYE).

THE QUIRAING (ISLE OF SKYE).

increasing demands of the proprietors. The small farmers, called Crofters, have complained of the treatment which they have received, and things got to such a pass that a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into their condition; but the situation remains much as it was before. Despairing of any remedy, the Crofters, following the example of the Irish, refused to pay their rents. The pro-

prietors, in their turn, evicted them; and the Crofters forcibly resisted those who came to carry the law into execution. A police force was dispatched from Scotland, but was received so warmly that they beat a retreat, and then it became necessary to land a body of Marines from a gunboat. The affair made some stir, which was the object the Crofters had in view. They only wished to draw the attention of the Press and Parliament to their grievances. That has been done. Let us trust that prompt and efficacious means will be found to reconcile the demands of these brave fellows with the rights of their landlords.

BALMAHA.

The curiosities of the island are: in the south, the Cuchullin Mountains and Loch Coruisk; in the north, the rocks of Storr and Quiraing.

The Cuchullin chain forms a circle of sombre heights crowned with rocks of the most fantastic forms. The highest peak is Scuir-na-Gillean, which has an elevation of 3,220 feet. One of the mountains, the Red Peak, is surmounted by an inaccessible pinnacle, called the Old Man of Skye. In the centre of this amphitheatre of hills is Loch Coruisk, three miles long and two wide, which all persons agree is one of the most picturesque in Scotland, where there is no lack of beautiful lakes.

To the north of the island extends a chain of hills which divides it into two parts; it bristles with peaks, needles, and pinnacles of rock, which at a distance resemble the ruins of an old fortress. The most curious of all these singular peaks are the Storr Rocks, forming an enormous cliff with ruddy sides, which rise more than 2,300 feet above the sea. But the most interesting point of the chain is the Quiraing, situated at the northern extremity of the island, which is reached by the Uig road. The Quiraing is a lofty rocky platform 1,500 feet high, and surrounded on all sides by basaltic masses of most curious

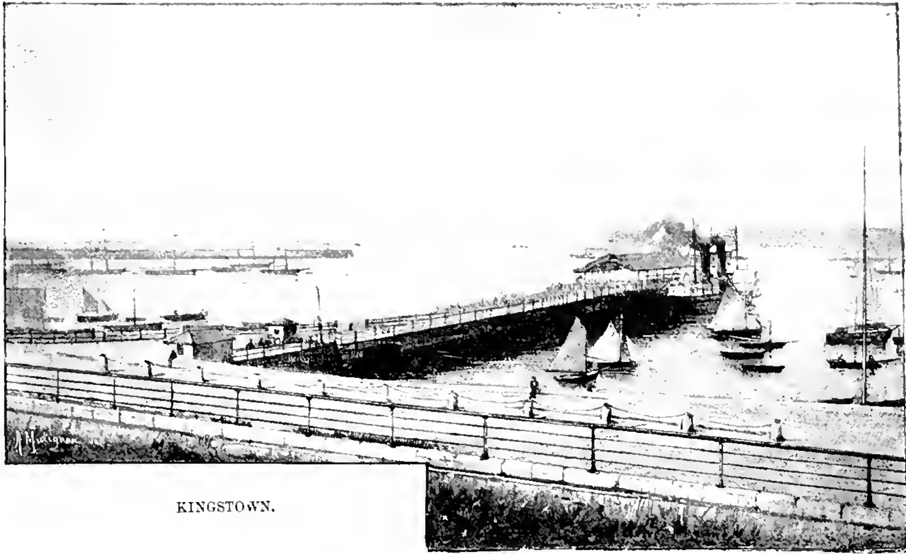
forms, looking like columns, pinnacles, needles, and obelisks. The most remarkable of all is the Needle Rock, so called from its tapering appearance.

Twice a-week a steamer from Glasgow, after touching at Portree, proceeds to the more distant of the Hebrides, a group of islands, which extend from the north of Lewis to the point of Barra, about 130 miles. They are only separated by narrow straits. These islands are the Lewis-Harris, North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, Barra, besides a number of others whose names would occupy too much space in enumeration.

There is only one town, Stornoway, the chief place of the island of Lewis, founded by James VI. in 1589. It is built on the margin of the semi-circular bay which forms the harbour, and contains about 2,700 inhabitants.

It is with some satisfaction that, after having travelled in the Highlands, climbed the mountains, seen the lochs and islands, slept in the wretched little country inns, and eaten the still more wretched food with which they furnish us, we find ourselves after a good dinner and a good night's rest in Glasgow, on the way to London, where the train at length sets us down, fatigued, but enchanted with Scotland and the Scotch.

Third Part
SECTION II IRELAND



KINGSTOWN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—DUBLIN AND WICKLOW

I.

FROM LONDON TO HOLYHEAD AND DUBLIN.—
IRELAND:—A CONQUERED COUNTRY.—THE GOVERNMENT.—THE ADMINISTRATION.—
THE POLICE.—THE ARMY.—PARTITION OF THE SOIL.—NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.

A LONGER and rougher passage than that between Calais and Dover; a heaving sea, with short waves, very trying to the excellent steamers which perform the service between Holyhead and Kingstown or Dublin; a double and terrible motion of pitching and rolling—that is what the traveller must submit to, who would see the beauties of Green Erin.

The total distance from London to Dublin is 333 miles, of which about sixty-four miles is sea-passage. The mail trains and steamers perform the journey in about ten and a half hours, *viâ* Kingstown, which is only fifteen minutes' run from Dublin.

From London the railway follows the Liverpool line as far as Crewe, and makes a sharp curve to Chester, whence, skirting the Irish Sea and Beaumaris Bay, it reaches Holyhead, in the Isle of Anglesey.

At Holyhead we embark on comfortable steamers, which perform the transit with great rapidity, and the transportation of the mails and baggage is quickly effected.

A little patience, and the Emerald Isle will soon appear, emerging from the waves,

clad in her rich mantle of verdure, and breaking the line of the horizon with the graceful outline of her hills, whose blue summits are mingled with the warm haze that is lighted up by the rays of the rising sun.

According to geographers, statisticians, and economists, Ireland, which measures 300 miles in length and 150 in width, has a superficial area of 21,000,000 acres, of which 400,000 are covered with lakes and rivers, enjoys a temperate climate, favourable to the open-air cultivation of plants, which will only live under glass in England. It is more fertile than Great Britain, and contains a rich supply of minerals, which are insufficiently worked. How is it that this country is so poor, so miserable, that Famine stalks though the land; and that the population, which has diminished forty per cent. in forty years, is still dying of hunger? That is a question which the economists, the statisticians, and the geographers—people who generally can explain everything—have not yet been able to solve. So we must not address ourselves to them, but to politicians.

It would be futile to ignore the fact that the political question in Ireland permeates everywhere and dominates everything, and, unless it be solved one way or the other, this distressful country will struggle on vainly, in impotence and misery, to the final catastrophe. Englishmen and Irishmen mutually accuse each other of being the cause of the ruin of Ireland, which is something like the invalid who was so quickly despatched between Doctor Tant-Pis and Doctor Tant-Mieux.

When we compare Scotland with Ireland, and the way in which the English have treated the Scotch and Irish, one sentence will suffice to explain, without justifying their conduct. This explanation is, Scotland has never been conquered, and Ireland has been conquered. Now, in all times and in all countries, the vanquished have had to submit to the laws of the victors. There is an English proverb which says, "If you sow the wind, you will reap the whirlwind;" and everyone knows that between the years 1172 and 1832 the English sowed a good deal of wind. Moreover, the difference of race and religion has placed a gulf between the two countries which it is difficult to bridge, although the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, in 1871, contributed a good deal towards the dispersion of the elements of discord.

There are none of these causes to operate against the harmonious relations existing between the English and the Scotch, inhabitants of the same island, separated only by an imaginary frontier, of the same religion, and having such considerable community in ideas, and so many common characteristics, that the two races assimilate more and more in the formation of a single nation.

The union of Great Britain with Scotland is a marriage of inclination, while that of Ireland with Great Britain is only a union of policy.

Ireland, since 1800, has been governed by a Lord-Lieutenant, or Viceroy, assisted by a Privy Council and a Chief Secretary, who is a Member of the House of Commons, and sometimes of the Cabinet.

In Parliament, Ireland is represented in the House of Lords by twenty-eight peers, elected for life by the members of the Irish Peerage, and by Irish peers who have also English titles; in the House of Commons, by 103 members. There are 226,511 electors, and the right to vote is the same as obtains in England; property being the base of the electoral system. The Irish members are divided into three classes—

Conservatives, Liberals, and Home Rulers, or autonomists; the last are the most numerous, then the Conservatives, the Liberals being in a minority.

The local administration of the cities and boroughs is the same as in England, the citizens electing their mayors and aldermen, and governing themselves.

The police duties, except in Dublin, are performed by a species of *gendarmerie*, called the Royal Irish Constabulary, a force composed of 14,000 men, under the orders of an Inspector General. It is supplemented, in case of need, by an army of 30,000 regular troops. These 44,000 men are charged with keeping order amid 4,903,000 inhabitants, who, spread over the whole area of the country, gives an average of 160 people per square mile.

OLD IRISH PEASANT WOMAN.

The division of the land is not so great as in England, the whole of the soil being owned by 68,758 proprietors, of whom 749 possess, amongst them, one-half the whole area. There are but 36,114 proprietors with less than an acre of land.

As for the productions of the soil: the climate is too damp for the growth of wheat, so oats is cultivated to the extent of 1,400,000 acres, and potatoes on 855,000 acres. The latter constitute the great resource of the country. So when the potato crop fails, as it did in 1845, famine is soon experienced, when the misery and suffering of the people are indescribable.

Cattle-raising is still an important source of revenue for Ireland, which includes 10,000,000 of acres of pasture land, almost as many as England possesses. There is also another industry that could be made very remunerative, but for the indolence of the inhabitants, which is pushed too far. This is the fishing, which would supply them with a most valuable article of food and of commerce—an important consideration in a country where famine is chronic.

To sum up: Ireland is far from being in such a flourishing condition as Great Britain, although in the aggregate it is the more fertile of the two islands. Its commerce, its industries, its agriculture, have not been sufficiently developed. Everyone

agrees in that, but opinions are very much divided as to the means to be adopted to promote their development proportionately with the wants and the aspirations of the inhabitants. Then again crops up the everlasting political and governmental question which is so intimately connected with all the others.

For administrative purposes the country is divided into four provinces—Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, sub-divided into thirty-two counties, at the head of each of which is a lord lieutenant, just as in England. The seat of Government, and of all the civil and military administrations, is Dublin, the capital of Ireland and chief town of the province of Leinster.

II.

DUBLIN.—ITS SITUATION.—GENERAL ASPECT.—MONUMENTS.—TWO CATHEDRALS.—ST. PATRICK'S; CHRIST CHURCH.—THE CASTLE.—THE BANK OF IRELAND.—THE UNIVERSITY.—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.—THE LAW COURTS.

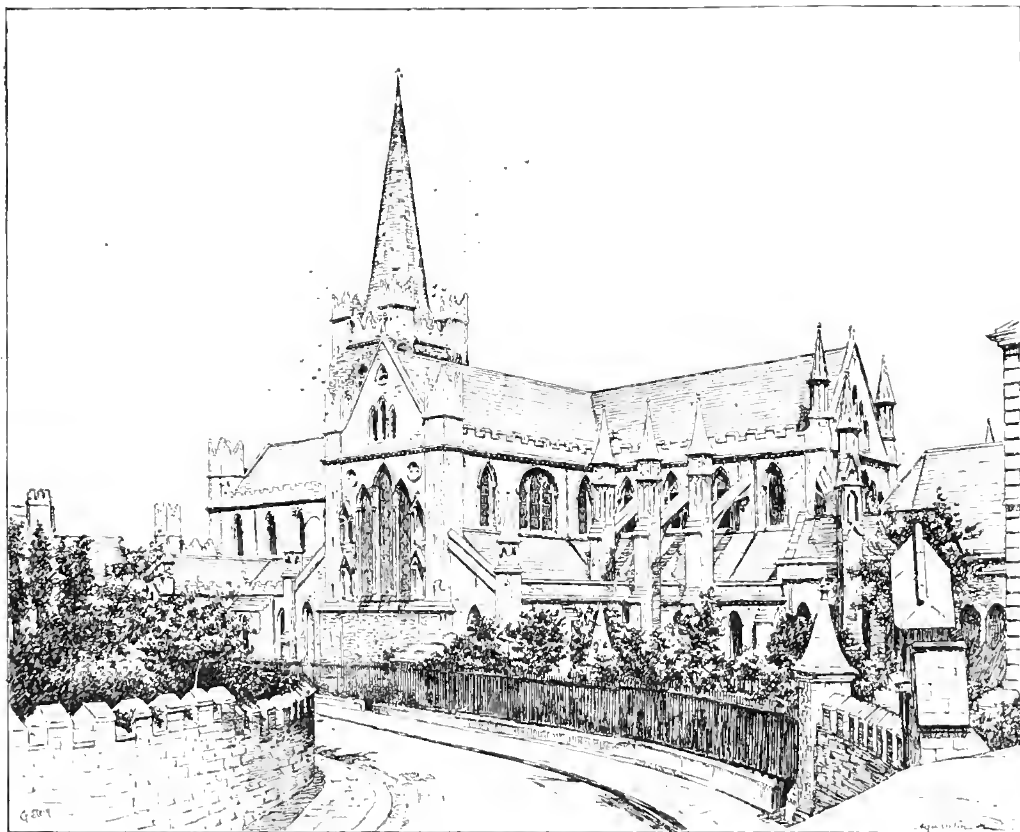
The capital of Ireland is situated at the extremity of the beautiful Bay of Dublin, at the mouth of the Liffey, which traverses the city from west to east, separating it into two almost equal parts, which are connected by ten bridges. It occupies an area of 3,900 acres of level ground, but it is surrounded by picturesque hills, most evident in the south, and which, visible from many points in the city, form a beautiful background. In its extreme length, Dublin, which has something of the form of Paris, measures about three miles; its circumference, indicated by the Circular Road, which encloses it, and serves as the municipal boundary, is eleven miles.

The streets, for the most part, are perpendicular to, or parallel with, the Liffey; but they have not the regularity of those in the new quarters of Edinburgh. They are not so well kept either. However, the city is of a more cheerful aspect than formerly, as the streets have been for some years past embellished and widened. Unfortunately the damp and rainy climate of Dublin renders a sojourn there, or in any other part of the country, somewhat disagreeable, although it is not so cold as in Scotland.

In view of the almost entire absence of monuments, one would scarcely credit the antiquity of the city, which was already known in the time of Ptolemy, and by him called *Eblana*. It was then only a fishing village of miserable huts. In the 5th century of our era, when St. Patrick came to convert the Irish, he stopped there, and predicted that the little hamlet would become an important city, and would one day be the capital of an important kingdom.

In the ninth century the Danes or Ostmen came up the Liffey, and built a castle. The propinquity of these pirates was a standing menace to the Irish, who made an attempt to drive them out of the country, but did not succeed until after a long struggle; for it was not until the year 1014, that the victory gained over the Danes by the Irish chieftain, Brian Born, or Boroimhe, finally crushed them. To the Danes

succeeded the English, who in 1170 took possession of Dublin, into which Henry II. made a solemn entry in 1172. From this period Dublin remained under the domination of the English, and English history includes that of Ireland. Under James II. Dublin was, according to Macaulay, the second town of importance in the British isles, and its population numbered 30,000 inhabitants. At the time of the Act of Union, which reduced the Irish capital to the rank of a simple provincial town, the population was



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL (DUBLIN).

182,000. Since the beginning of this century Dublin has greatly extended, and now reckons nearly 350,000 inhabitants.

Possessing no commerce or industry (so to speak), Dublin has little animation, and is melancholy and slovenly in appearance. The rich inhabitants have deserted the capital. Of the 178 members of the Irish peerage, there are only two who reside there. "Society" in Dublin is composed exclusively of judges, lawyers (barristers and solicitors), doctors, and the little group of functionaries attached to the Viceregal Court. In a word, only those remain who cannot help it.

As soon as the visitor arrives in Dublin, he is struck by the number of barracks he sees, and the quantity of soldiers and policemen he meets. The Viceroy, the Castle officials, the judges—in fine, all those who have anything to do with the administration of the law, are either openly or secretly under police protection. The inhabitants look

on sometimes unmoved, occasionally riotous and angry, with that ever-changing frame of mind and idea which is characteristic of Irishmen.

The middle classes have nothing to distinguish them from others, but the type of the lower class is very strongly marked. The women have oval faces, somewhat flat, but lighted up by fine blue eyes which contrast strangely with their hair of ebony blackness. The heads of the young Irishwomen are frequently very beautiful. The men are of a less pleasant type, but also accentuated. They have, for the most part, a prominent jaw, which is the most characteristic facial trait. The English in their caricatures do not fail to reproduce this peculiarity, and the Irishman of *Punch* (a personage as little true to nature as the traditional Frenchman, with his long pointed moustaches and cropped hair) has an alarmingly bestial and cruel aspect. But the Irishman—at least when he is not excited by passion or whisky—is the best "boy" in the world.

A very curious type of humanity in Dublin is the car-driver—the "coachman" of that astonishing vehicle which disadvantageously replaces the cab in Ireland. That incommodity, the cab, has already been delineated, but it is a hundred times better than the car, which is the most uncouth thing in "carriage-building" ever imagined. The car consists of two seats placed longitudinally back to back, and above the wheels, which they cover. The legs of the traveller hang over the side, and rest upon a movable footguard which is attached to the seat. The driver occupies another perch in front of the vehicle in the usual way (or a place on the opposite seat if otherwise unoccupied). Besides the difficulty and inconvenience of sustaining one's self upon this jaunting-car there is a risk every minute of having one's shins smashed, for the driver, who has frequently had a "dhrop of whisky," pilots his car with the utmost contempt of collisions! Occasionally one is reduced to pivoting round upon the seat, and putting one's legs upon the cushions. This manœuvre, although somewhat ungraceful, is at times absolutely necessary, and must be executed rapidly. One is, moreover, exposed to the sun in summer, and in winter and wet weather to all the changes of temperature—and it is almost always raining in Ireland.

The inspection of the monuments and curiosities of the town can be made rapidly, the greater number of the interesting buildings being situated near together on the right bank of the Liffey.

Dublin possesses many churches—about one hundred and fifty; and it is somewhat surprising to learn that the most of them are Protestant places of worship, and that the Roman Catholics, who compose four-fifths of the population, have only thirty, without reckoning the conventual chapels. That is a small number.

Of all the religious edifices there are only two which are really worthy of remark; these are the two Protestant cathedrals—St. Patrick's and Christ Church. The former, situated in Saint Patrick's Street, is a beautiful Gothic monument commenced by Archbishop Comyn, in 1190, partly destroyed by fire in 1362, then restored and embellished by Archbishop Minot, who added the square tower, which in the last century was surmounted by a granite octagonal spire. This edifice occupies the site of the church which, according to tradition, was built by St. Patrick in the 5th century. After many vicissitudes, this beautiful monument, neglected like all the rest in this country, was

falling to pieces, when a generous citizen of Dublin, Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the very wealthy brewer, undertook the cost of its restoration. The work was continued for many years, and did not cost less than £160,000.

As it now stands, St. Patrick's Cathedral is cruciform in shape, and consists of a nave with aisles, two transepts, and a choir measuring 90 feet in length. Service has been performed there since 1865, after its complete restoration. In the interior, after the walls of the nave and the roof had been rebuilt, a transept reconstructed, and the party-wall which separated the choir from the rest of the cathedral pulled down, the vast and magnificent nave was thrown open and now forms one single building, having a superb effect.

The cathedral contains a large number of tombs and commemorative monuments. We cannot enumerate all of them; we need only recall to mind that Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," who was Dean of St. Patrick's, lies here beneath a marble slab beside Mrs. Hester Johnston, the famous *Stella*.

RUTLAND SQUARE CHURCH (DUBLIN).

Re-ascending the street towards the Liffey, we reach the other cathedral, Christ Church, or the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose foundation dates, it is said, from a period anterior to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland. However that may be, the original church does not appear to date back farther than the 11th century in its most antiquated portions. In 1871, when the Irish Church was disestablished, the edifice went to ruin; an opulent distiller, Mr. Roe, offered—as the brewer, Sir B. L. Guinness, had done—to put at the disposal of the archbishop the sum of £16,000 demanded by Mr. Street, the architect. The work was immediately commenced and the expenses grew apace, until when the restoration had been completed, the bill amounted to the respectable total of £200,000. This was rather "rough" on Mr. Roe, but the distiller was not going to be beaten by the brewer, and Mr. Roe paid the bill. It must be admitted that the building of the Synodical Hall of the Irish Church figures for a considerable sum in the account.

It may be useful to state in a few words the organization of the Irish Protestant Church, which since January, 1871, has been separate from the State. Before that time it was in the enjoyment of a capital of £14,000,000 sterling, and an annual revenue of £600,000, of which the State paid a portion. When the disestablishment was effected it was allowed as compensation a sum of £7,500,000, and the administration of its funds was confided to a Commission. Now the total revenue is only £345,000:

it suffices, nevertheless, for the emoluments of the Protestant clergy, which consists of two archbishops, ten bishops, and fifteen hundred clergymen. The Protestants number about 64,000, and there are in Ireland 1,630 Protestant churches, situated principally in the northern counties.

The administration of the Church is confided to a Grand Synod composed of the Bishops, cleric and lay members, and to twenty-three Diocesan Synods. The General Synod assembles in Dublin at a fixed period to discuss all religious questions.

The Protestants, having two cathedrals, it is the least the Roman Catholics could do, being in a majority, to have one. This is in Marlborough Street, on the opposite side of the river. It is usually called the Church of the Conception, although its true title should be the Metropolitan Catholic Church. It is in the form of a Greek temple. The interior, consisting of a central nave and two aisles, is decorated with great richness and taste.

The (Roman Catholic) Archbishop of Dublin often officiates at the Metropolitan Church; he is assisted by a coadjutor and a staff of clergy numbering 458 members. There are in Ireland four Roman Catholic Archbishops, those of Dublin, Armagh, Cashel, and Tuam, and twenty-four bishops elected by the clergy of the diocese, but their nomination must be approved by the Pope. The priests, to the number of 3,250, are nominated by the bishops. The emoluments of the Roman Catholic clergy are provided solely by the contributions from the services, marriages, and baptisms celebrated in the churches, and chiefly by the liberality of the faithful. According to the latest census there are, in a total population of 4,900,000, 3,960,000 Catholics.

Another church, a very ancient one, and which is reckoned amongst the curiosities of Dublin, is the Protestant Church of St. Michan, founded in 1095, and rebuilt in the 17th century. The vaults of St. Michan possess the property of preserving the dead bodies, like the catacombs of Egypt, to which they have been compared. Visitors are shown a number of mummies, one of which is, it is reported, the remains of St. Michan himself.

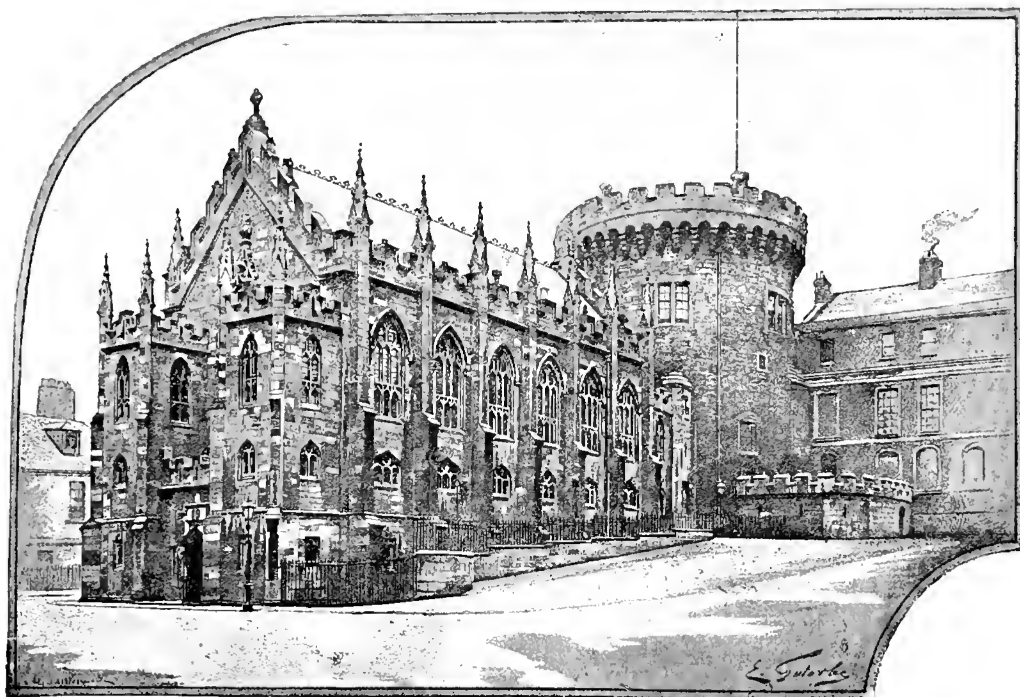
The greater number of the monuments of the city are enclosed within a space relatively small. A little distance from Christ Church we find the Castle, the official residence of the Queen when in Ireland, but which she never inhabits now.

Dublin Castle is situated at the top of an eminence called Cork Hill. It is the seat of the Irish Government, and the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant or Viceroy. The Privy Council meets there, and there are centralised the various branches of the Irish executive.

The Castle, of little importance, consists of a series of buildings devoid of any symmetry, surrounding two interior quadrangles or court yards. It is built on the site of a fortress, erected in Henry II.'s reign, to protect the English who had settled in Dublin, and to keep in subjection the hostile population. Of this fortress, commenced by Meyler Fitz-Henry, the grandson of Henry I., and finished by Henry of London, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1223, there remain only two towers—the Birmingham and Bedford Towers,—in which are preserved the State archives and those of the Law Courts from 1246 to 1625.

The modern buildings, embellished with colonnades and porticoes, are surmounted

on the side nearest the Liffey, by a cupola and a flagstaff, from which floats the Royal Standard. The southern wing of the Castle contains the Viceregal apartments. But the most remarkable portion of the whole is the beautiful Gothic chapel called the Chapel Royal, contiguous to the Round Tower. The exterior is simple enough, and displays a single nave of native stone, the walls of which, sustained by pinnacled buttresses, are embellished with a hundred heads or medallions. Above the north door we remark side by side the busts of St. Peter and Dean Swift—very much surprised to find themselves so near together. The interior decoration of the Chapel is very rich.



CHAPEL ROYAL (DUBLIN CASTLE).

It consists chiefly of panels of most delicately carved oak. The pulpit is also very elegant.

As soon as we have passed the Castle gates we find ourselves in front of the City Hall: the Municipal and the Viceregal administrations are thus side by side.

The City Hall, which is also called the Royal Exchange, looks down Parliament Street. It is a square building of the Corinthian order, originally built for an Exchange, which served consecutively as a drill-hall for Volunteers, an assembly hall, a tribunal of commerce, and lastly, since 1832, as a Town Hall. That is the reason why it has preserved the name of Royal Exchange, a title which is not at first apparent!

At the end of Dame Street is the open space known as College Green, whereon abut Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland, and which is embellished by several remarkable statues.

The Bank of Ireland was formerly the Irish Houses of Parliament; it is, therefore, from the historical point of view, one of the most interesting buildings in Dublin.

Within its walls used to resound the voices of those illustrious orators, those ardent patriots—Curran, Grattan, Plunkett, Flood, and many others equally illustrious.

This beautiful edifice, the elegant façade of which bounds the north side of College Green, was finished in 1787, and replaced Chichester House, where the Sessions of the Irish Parliament were held since 1661 to that time, and which had threatened to fall into ruins. The plan is almost circular, the façade fronting the Green is an Ionic colonnade broken by a central portico sustained by four pilasters. The former House of Commons is now transformed into bank offices, but the occupants have had the good taste to leave the House of Lords undisturbed; its furniture is carefully preserved.

It was in this building that a corrupt parliament consented to the Act of Union which deprived Ireland of its autonomy. Pitt carried it, and we recall the reply of Lord Castlereagh, one of the negociators of this dark episode, to an indignant Member of Parliament, who cried, "What would you say, my lord, if I were to publish the corrupt advances you have made to me?" "What would I say?" replied the noble negociator, calmly, "I would deny it; and, I believe, of the two, I am rather the superior with sword and pistol." But the patriots were in a minority, and, notwithstanding the effects of Grattan, who, though ill, caused himself to be carried into the House, the Bill which deprived Ireland of her independence was passed.

At the same time, (January 1st, 1800), that the kingdom of Ireland was united to Great Britain, the Kings of England renounced for ever the vain title of Kings of France which they had adopted since the time of Edward III. That was one compensation.

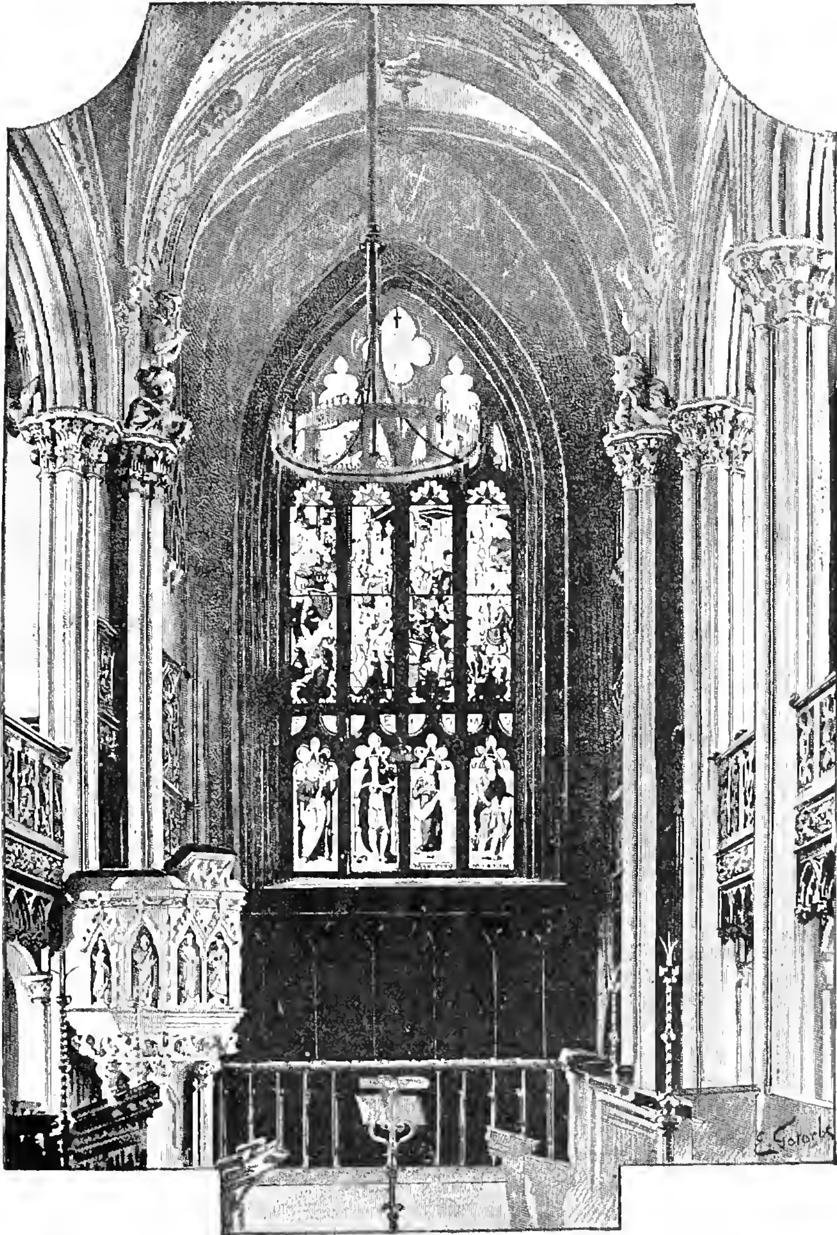
In the midst of the "Green" in front of the Bank stands the statue of Grattan the incorruptible patriot, the eloquent defender of Ireland. When, after the Union, the Irish Parliament was dissolved, elected by the voters of Dublin he proceeded to sit at Westminster, where he never ceased to proclaim the purest patriotism, and to defend with all his vigorous eloquence the interests of his country. He died in London in 1820, and the English, filled with admiration for his character and talents, accorded him burial in the National Pantheon, Westminster Abbey.

On the other side of the Green, in front of the railings of Trinity College, are the statues of two other illustrious Irishmen, Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith. The former, a skilled politician, has left an imperishable name in the annals of England; the latter, born in a humble village, has given to English literature three masterpieces known all over the world, amongst which the "Vicar of Wakefield," the crowning work of Goldsmith, that delightful picture of family life, will remain a model of style. No English prose-writer has ever done anything so perfect as this.

These are not all, however. College Green presents another statue—of but average merit it is true, but it is the outward semblance of the greatest of national poets, Thomas Moore, the immortal author of the "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh." He was born in Dublin in 1789, and, like Goldsmith, went through the University Course in his native city; but, more fortunate than the latter, he was not subjected to such trials and privations. He saw publishers disputing for his works in 1817. He was paid 3,000 guineas for "Lalla Rookh," and some years later his "Life of Byron" brought him in £5,000. Fifty years before that Goldsmith, with difficulty, obtained £60 for his "Vicar of Wakefield," and he had to write an English Grammar for £5, and a History

of Rome for £240. So Rogers had good reason to say of Moore, "He was born with roses on his lips, while a nightingale sang at his bedside."

To Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, is due the honour of having founded Trinity



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

College, in 1589. Queen Elizabeth, two years later, granted him a charter by which the College was invested with the same rights and privileges as an University. Modified in many respects, the constitution of the College is similar to those of the Scotch Universities. It is governed by a Chancellor and a Vice-Chancellor, or Provost, and a Senate

elected by the members of the University. The Chancellor is, as usual, a man of mark, whose functions are purely honorary. The true head of the University is the Provost, who directs the studies. Like Oxford and Cambridge, the University of Dublin is represented in Parliament by two members.

The building, designed by Chambers, consists of a façade in the Greek style, the centre of which is occupied by four Corinthian columns supporting a pediment under which is the chief entrance. We enter the building through an octagonal vestibule which leads into the "Quads." The first quad. is bounded on the right and left by elegant buildings with porticos sustained by Corinthian columns. Besides a splendid library, the College possesses two museums. The new or Geological Museum is a building in the Italian style, and of very florid decoration. It contains a fine mineral collection, a number of skeletons of animals, of Irish birds, and two splendid specimens of the Irish elk, the bones of which have been found in the peat-bogs.

In rear of the College extends a fine park, in which the students take their recreation at cricket and football, which are quite as appreciated in Ireland as in England Often, when some important match is being played, the most fashionable ladies of Dublin society honour the students with their presence, and follow the fortunes of the game with the keenest interest.

Trinity College has 1,500 students, and enjoys a good income, valued at £65,000 sterling, of which £36,000 arise from estates which it possesses in various counties, which were bestowed upon the University by James I. and Charles II.

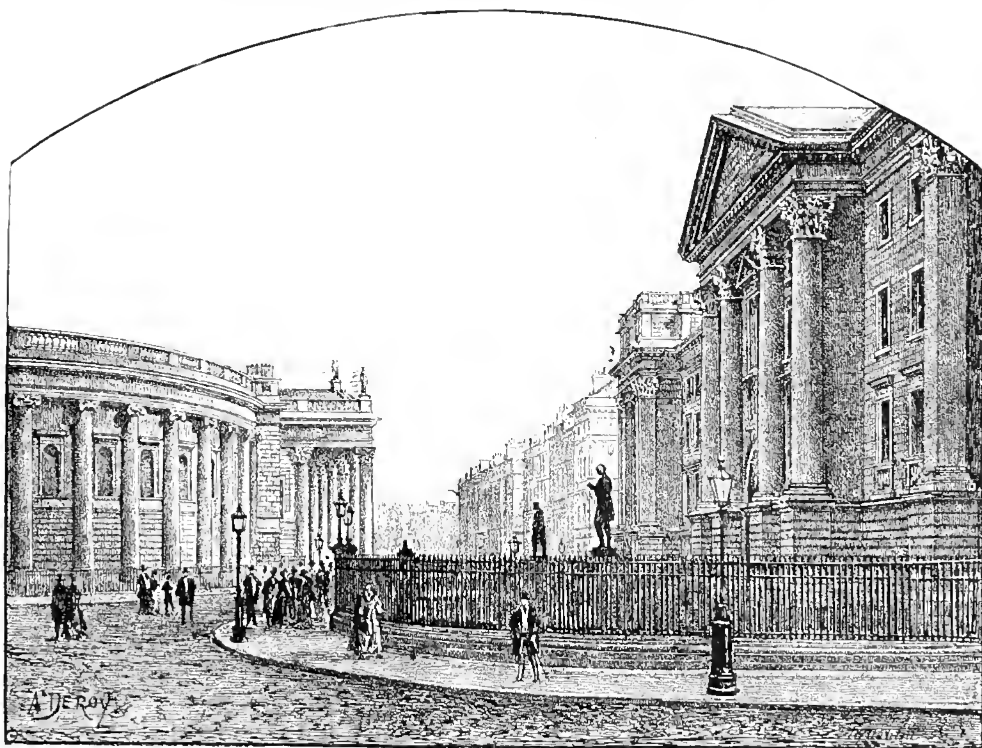
Besides Trinity College, Dublin has a Catholic University, founded in 1854, and a Royal Irish University, established in 1880, the Chancellor of which is the Duke of Abercorn. The latter is the only one in Ireland, in which all degrees are open to women.

With regard to education, Ireland is well cared for, and possesses, besides its three Universities, a great number of educational establishments, schools, and colleges, some of which are well endowed. Primary instruction is provided by means of schools, as in England. There were of these, in 1883, 7,705, and the number of pupils was 1,100,000. The sums voted for them by Parliament in the same year amounted to £719,000 sterling, while in 1868 they only reached a total of £375,000. But, if the funds thus voted have nearly doubled in fifteen years, the number of pupils has scarcely increased a tenth, while that of the schools has increased in the proportion of 6 to 7. This curious fact is explained by the constant diminution of the Irish population.

The inspection of the public buildings on the right bank of the river being terminated by the visit to Trinity College, we have only to proceed along Westmoreland Street, glancing at Smith O'Brien's statue as we pass, and cross the Liffey by O'Connell's bridge, the widest in Dublin. Standing in the centre of this bridge, we are in the most favourable position to see the city and the Liffey. The spectator who turns towards the Park has on his left Westmoreland Street, on his right the celebrated Sackville Street, in which uprises the Nelson column; at his feet the Liffey, crossed by bridges standing very close together, runs between lines of quays, bordered with lofty houses. On the right bank the towers of Christ Church, and St. Patrick's spire rise high into the air; and on the opposite side the Four Courts, or Law Courts, displays its

beautiful façade, which is surmounted by a flattened dome. Quite in the distance, in front, we perceive the Wellington obelisk, which rises above the trees in the Phœnix Park. If, then, we turn right about face, towards the bay, one monument only—but a very elegant one—the Custom House—is visible, while the river, growing wider, flows towards the sea, between two lines of docks, from which it is separated by quays.

Although called the Custom House, this branch of the administration occupies but a small portion of the building, which contains, amongst other departments, the Poor Law Commission the Board of Works, and the Inland Revenue Office.



BANK OF IRELAND AND TRINITY COLLEGE (DUBLIN).

Taking it as a whole, the Custom House certainly is the finest specimen of architecture that Dublin has to show. Let the reader figure to himself a a quadrangular building, whose four sides, liberally adorned with columns and statues, are open to the surrounding streets, surmounted by an elegant dome. The principal façade, looking upon the river, is in the Doric style, is 375 feet long, and consists of a central building, ornamented with a tetrastyle portico, supporting a triangular pediment. The dome is 120 feet high.

Proceeding then along the Quays, in the direction of the Phœnix Park, we reach the Law Courts of Dublin, called the "Four Courts," because the building contains the four Courts of the Queen's Bench, Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. This denomination was far more correct formerly than now, for the judicial organization of Ireland has been transformed like that of England. The four Courts, formerly separated, and having distinct attributes, now form divisions of the High Court of Justice.

Above this is the Supreme Court, presided over by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, absolutely similar to the Supreme Court in London, which is presided over by the Lord Chancellor of the United Kingdom. To complete the resemblance, the decisions of this Court can be appealed against, and submitted for the decision of the House of Lords.

The judicial system of Ireland includes also a Court of Admiralty, a Bankruptcy Court, a Divorce Court, and a special Land Commission Court, charged with the

CUSTOM HOUSE (DUBLIN).

settlement of the differences between farmers and their landlords. This tribunal has rendered great service since its establishment at the time of the agrarian agitation which devastated Ireland some few years ago—a crisis which unhappily has not yet passed, although entering upon a new phase, which we may call a period of transition and appeasement.

Curran, Shiel, and particularly Daniel O'Connell, left in the Dublin Four Courts an imperishable memory. It was due in a great measure to the efforts of the last-named that the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed, an Act which was snatched from Peel and Wellington after a debate, in which he displayed all the qualities of an orator and a statesman, and which made a deep impression on his adversaries who found that they had to reckon with him. One may say of Daniel O'Connell, that he embodied contemporary Ireland; and that the history of his life is that of his unhappy country, during the first moiety of the nineteenth century.

III.

THE QUAYS.—THE BRIDGES.—ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.—THE PHŒNIX PARK.—THE POLICE.—THE MUSEUMS, AND THE SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC SOCIETIES.—THE THEATRES.—INDUSTRY.—COMMERCE.—THE PORT OF DUBLIN.

One of the peculiarities of Dublin is its series of quays, the most beautiful in the United Kingdom (after the Thames Embankment), which enclose the Liffey throughout its course within the city. Between Richmond Bridge and Grattan Bridge, in the previous century, were fought the sanguinary contests between the weavers and the tailors on one side, and the butchers on the other, in which the students took part, and which the authorities found it impossible to put a stop to.

The Liffey not being wide, the bridges which span it are not remarkable for their proportions, but some of them are very elegant; such are Richmond Bridge, and the O'Connell Bridge more particularly. From this bridge extends the most beautiful street in Dublin, Sackville Street, which is 108 feet wide; the side walks are planted with trees and lined with lofty and beautiful houses. At the point of intersection of Sackville Street and Eden Quay stands the O'Connell monument, erected on 15th August, 1882. It consists of a circular pedestal supporting a bronze statue, 12 feet high, of the celebrated agitator, or, as he is commonly called, the "Liberator," draped in a cloak.

The beautiful Corinthian building which we see on our left as we ascend Sackville Street is the Post Office, erected in 1818. Like most of the public buildings in Dublin, it is surmounted by statues.

Beyond Sackville Street is Rutland Square, one of the most beautiful in Dublin, but inferior to Merrion Square on the other side of the city, near the College Park. In Merrion Square, in the last century, lived the Irish aristocracy, and all persons who had attained any celebrity in art, science, or politics. A small street, forming the west side leads to Merrion Row, where, in Mornington House, was born, in 1769, Arthur Wellesley, who afterwards became Duke of Wellington, an Irishman of whom England may well be proud.

At the end of Merrion Row is St. Stephen's Green, a fine square in which 200 years ago woodcocks were shot. By degrees the marsh was drained, houses were built around it, and the gardens, which cover an area of 5 acres, have become one of the most agreeable lounges in Dublin.

From St. Stephen's Green we reach O'Connell's Bridge, by passing down Grafton Street, the most business-like and most animated thoroughfare in the City, and in which we find the best shops. The Mansion House—the official residence of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a villainous construction, from the summit of which floats the municipal banner—is in Dawson Street, which is parallel to Grafton Street; and there also are situated the Royal Irish Academy and St. Anne's Church.

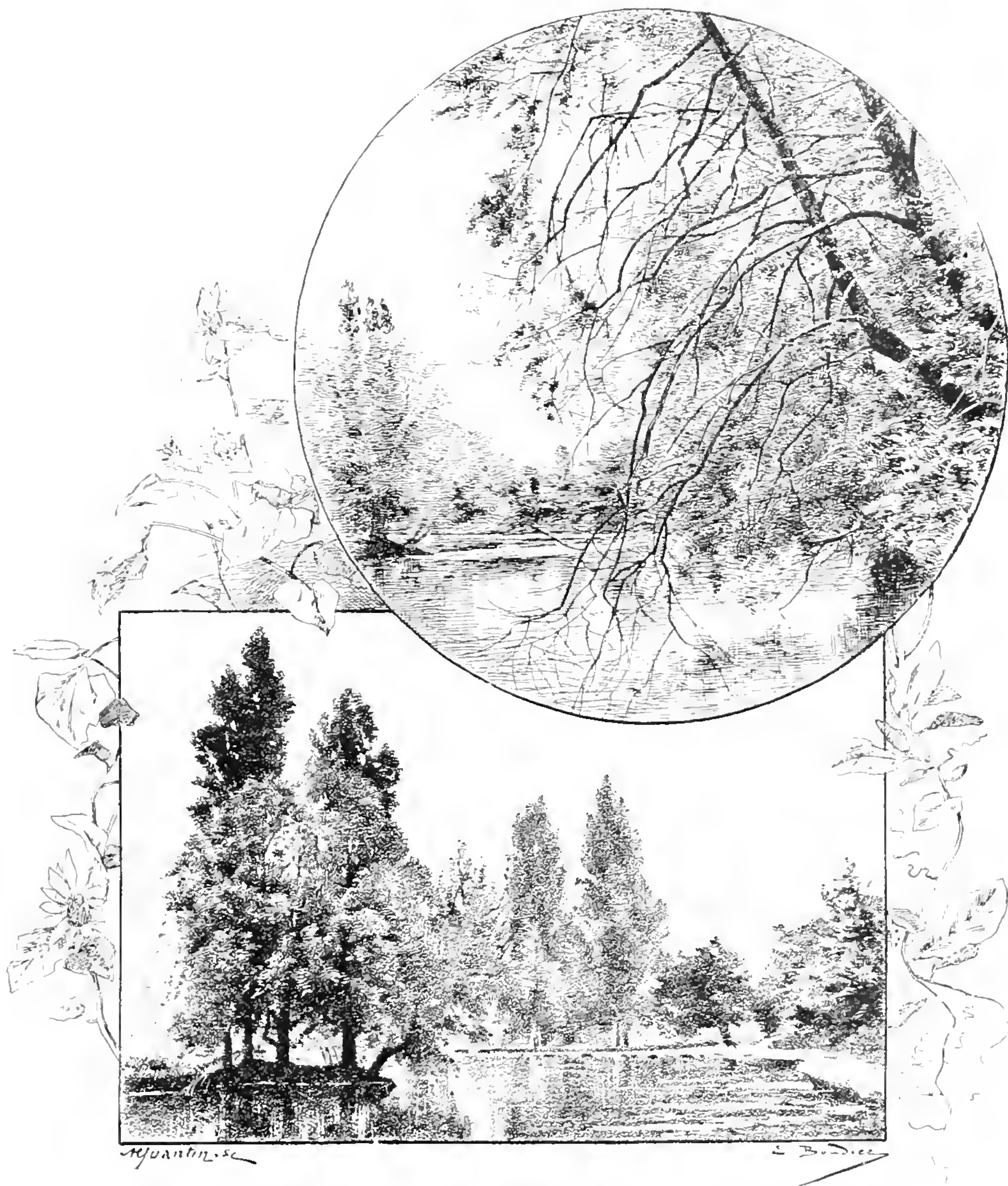
Following the Quays on the right bank, and crossing King's Bridge, we reach the gate of the Phœnix Park, just outside the municipal boundary. This park is at once the Bois de Boulogne and the Hyde Park of Dublin. Like the former it borders on the City, and like the latter it is the rendezvous of the local aristocracy. The Phœnix Park extends over an area of 1,750 acres, twice the size of the three parks in the West End of London, and nearly 8½ miles in circumference. It is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful public parks in Europe. It belonged formerly to the Knights Hospitallers, and was restored to the Crown in the reign of Henry VIII. In Charles II.'s time, it was converted into a deer park, and surrounded by a high palisade. When Lord

SACKVILLE STREET (DUBLIN).

Chesterfield, the famous letter-writer, was Viceroy in Ireland in 1747, he conceived the excellent idea of turning the park into a public promenade, so he called in the aid of a landscape gardener, or architect, who prepared the plans, and superintended their execution; thus the Viceroy endowed Dublin with this magnificent recreation ground

The Phœnix Park presents a variety of extremely pretty vistas; here it is covered with thick brushwood and leafy trees; there we have the pleasing undulations of the "Fifteen Acres" which serve as the drill-ground of the garrison, while in the distance, southwards, is perceived the blue line of the Wicklow Mountains, a prospect which adds much to the charm of its picturesque beauties, and renders the illusion complete. We can almost fancy ourselves—not in a public park, at the very gates of a large city, but in the open country, many miles from human habitation. Here and there the fallow deer wander at liberty, (having been rendered quite tame by the accustomed appearance of the "Dublinites,") bound through the shady alleys, or passing their graceful heads through the bushes, await thankfully the proffered caress or, perhaps, some dainty

morsel. Roads, admirably kept, traverse the park in every direction, and they are at certain hours filled with carriages and equestrians.



PHŒNIX PARK (DUBLIN).

In this park—in the midst of private grounds—is the Viceregal Lodge, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant.

Like the Bois de Boulogne the Phœnix Park contains a Zoological Garden, which corresponds with the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the sense that on public holidays it is the favourite resort of the children—small and great—of Dublin.

The building which stands behind the garden is the Constabulary Barracks. There

the recruits for this picked force are drilled. It is half gendarmerie, half police in character, and is charged with the maintenance of order in Ireland—a difficult task, and one which requires special qualifications on the part of those who are invested with it. Besides the constabulary, Dublin is protected by a special police force and a legion of detectives, whose maintenance costs the ratepayers something like £130,000 a year.

Without being of great importance, the museums of Dublin are, considering their recent origin, in a very satisfactory condition. Thanks to State aid, which is extended to the greater number of these institutions, they are enriched every year by new works of art, and their development cannot but have excellent results from all points of view.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN (DUBLIN).

The National Gallery of Ireland, established to exercise an influence in favour of the encouragement and culture of the fine arts in the country, was founded by some Irish noblemen after the Dublin Exhibition of 1853. This enterprise, due as usual to the efforts of private individuals, met with encouragement on all sides to such an extent that the Government furnished the funds to assist the erection of the National Gallery, which includes collections of paintings and sculpture, water-colours, and engravings.

On the other side of the gardens two immense buildings attract our attention. One is the Museum of Natural History, the other the Museum of Agriculture. These museums were founded by the Royal Dublin Society, which claims the honour of being the first institution of its kind in the United Kingdom. Its foundation goes as far back as 1731, and its promoters were Sir Thomas Molyneux, Doctor Madden, Mr. Prior, and the Earl of Dorset who was the first president. The object of this society is to encourage agriculture, and all useful arts.

Another artistic society, which since its foundation has conferred great benefits upon Irish art, is the Royal Hibernian Academy, organised in 1823 on the plan of the Royal Academy in London.

The Royal Irish Academy might call itself the Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, a title which would be more fitting than that it has adopted, and one that would give a more correct idea of its work. It was founded a century ago.

The Irish people, who are light-hearted and quick, even frivolous, as their critics say, love pleasure and amusement. Military spectacles, reviews, official ceremonies and galas have for them irresistible attractions. The local aristocracy and the upper middle-classes, the officials, and the members of the liberal professions lose no opportunity of attending a levee or a drawing-room held by the Viceroy, who, in default of the reigning sovereign, holds court in the castle.

ORMOND QUAY (DUBLIN).

For the lower middle-classes and work-people theatres, concerts, and exhibitions, open all the year round, are a source of pleasure always new, and of which they take every advantage. The theatres do an excellent business, and all the galleries, museums, and public gardens, open on Sundays, are filled with a crowd eager to be amused.

The Irish are proud of their actors and actresses. Wilks; Farquhar, the esteemed author of the comedies; Peg Woffington, the seductive, of whom Hogarth painted such an excellent likeness; Thomas Sheridan, father of the author of the *School for Scandal;* Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Beecher; Miss Farren, who married the Earl of Derby, and many others were natives of Ireland.

Dublin possesses three theatres, none of which are of any architectural beauty, and many concert halls. The principal of these latter is the Rotunda, situated at the end of Sackville Street, which is let for special representations, meetings, and dinners, like St. James's Hall in London.

Lastly, Dublin has its Crystal Palace and Winter Garden, in the neighbourhood of

St. Stephen's Green. This is the palace in which the Exhibition of 1865 was held. Instead of demolishing it, Sir Arthur Guinness and Mr. E. C. Guinness—this is an incorrigible family!—purchased it and presented it to the city.

Behind the Crystal Palace extends a pretty garden, fifteen acres in extent, planted with trees and shrubs, and containing sheets of ornamental water and statuary.

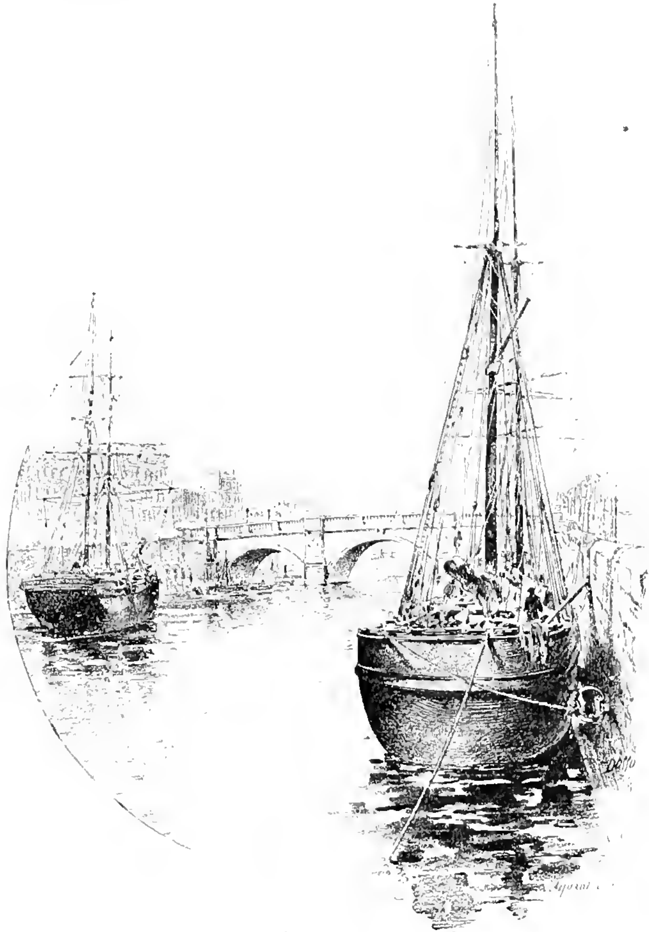
Dublin is not a manufacturing town. Commerce is very restricted, as is proved by the amount of the export values, which in 1882 only reached £116,100 sterling, a sum absolutely insignificant. Irish people assert that the commerce of Dublin has declined since the Union, and that the decay of their capital dates from that epoch. This is

GRAFTON STREET (DUBLIN).

by no means proved beyond doubt, for Ireland has never been celebrated for its manufactures; all its riches consist in agricultural produce and in cattle-raising. At the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 a number of Huguenots came over and established themselves in Dublin, and to them the city owes the commercial importance of which people now regret the loss. Those were they who introduced into Ireland the poplin manufacture, which was in old days carried on in the Comtat Venaissin. This material was then called *papeline*, because the Comtat at that time was under the authority of the Pope. The French name was accommodated to the English tongue, as the word *pape* became pope; hence poplin. While importing this tissue from Ireland, they retained in France the Anglicised name, so the French have forgotten the origin of an industry which, like so many others, the exiles of 1685 introduced into foreign

countries, and more particularly into England. We have already seen how much British industry owes to the hard-working emigrants, traces of whose labour we find in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and in all great industrial centres.

At present the principal industry of Dublin is the manufacture of the black beer known as stout, and whisky.



O'CONNELL'S BRIDGE (DUBLIN).

Of the twelve or fifteen breweries in Dublin none is more widely known or more important than that of the Messrs. Guinness, who employ more than 12,000 men in the manufacture of the famous Dublin stout.

As for whisky, the favourite beverage of Irishmen, and, it is said, also of Irishwomen of the lower class, it is a special business. It is estimated that the excise duty paid by the Dublin distillers amounts to £350,000 sterling per annum; ten shillings a gallon on all the whisky manufactured.

These two articles, stout and whisky, by themselves make up one quarter of all the exports from Dublin; the remainder consists of worked metals, glass, and chemical products.

All the business of the port is therefore due to the imports, which reach the value of

£3,600,000. Since 1820, the natural harbour of the Liffey has been made accessible to vessels of large tonnage, and the two jetties, the North Wall and the South Wall have

O'BRIEN'S STATUE (DUBLIN).

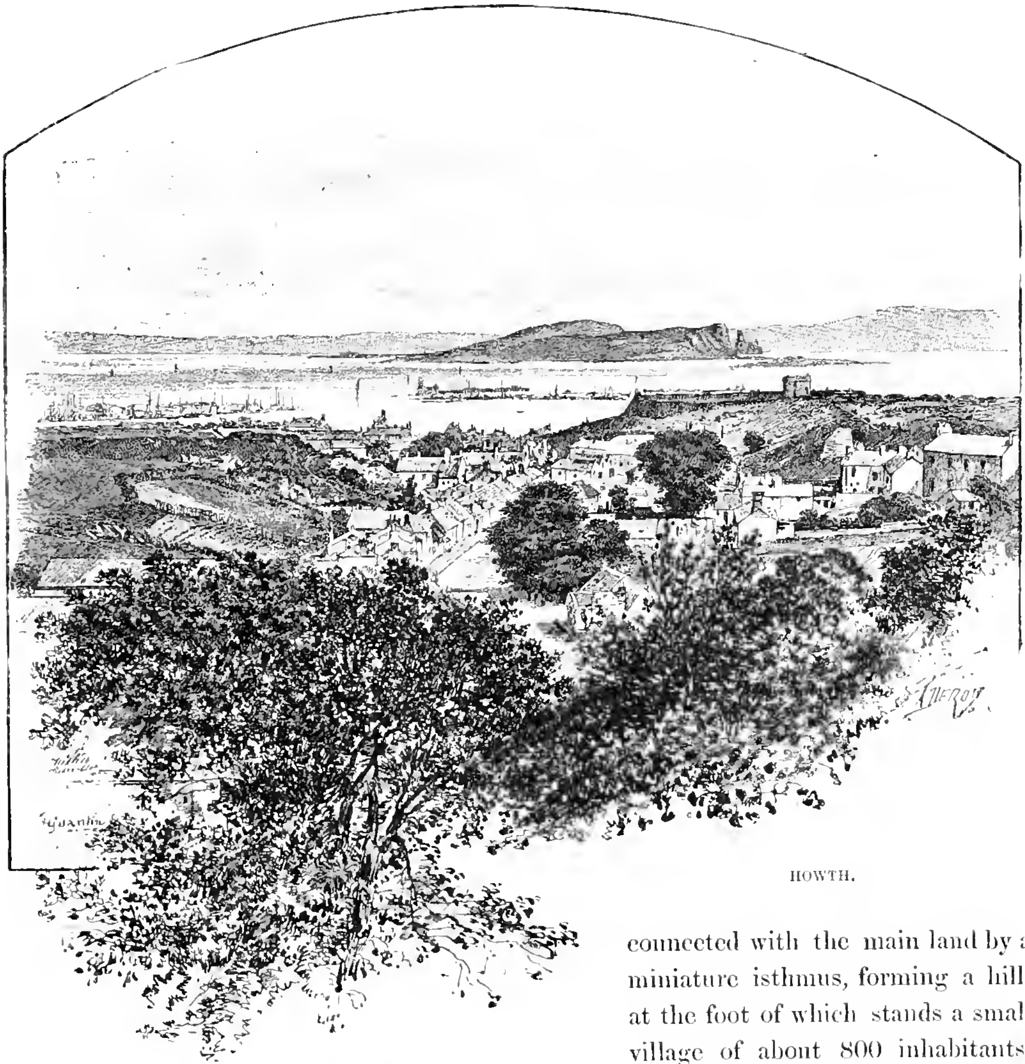
been extended to a distance of three and a half miles into the Bay. These improvements have considerably increased the maritime commerce of Dublin with North America, Norway, and Russia, and particularly with England, which purchases large quantities of cattle in Ireland.

At the same time, docks having been made on each side of the Liffey, there is every prospect that with tranquility and peace, Dublin, as well as the whole of Ireland, will regain, and even surpass, its former prosperity.

IV.

THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN.—HOWTH.—KINGSTOWN.—THE COUNTY WICKLOW.—POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.—THE DARGLE.—GLENDALOUGH.

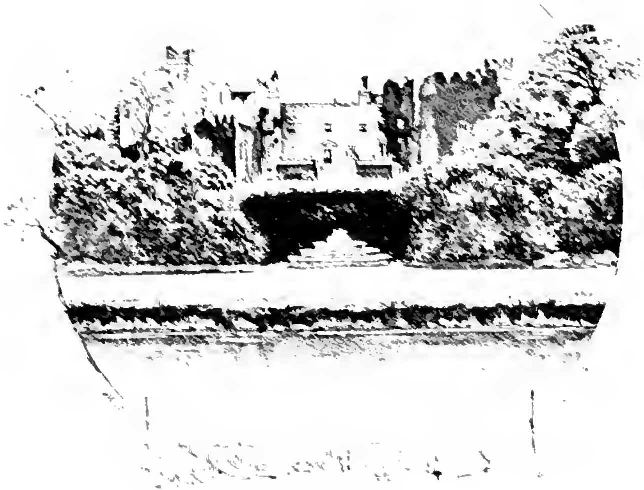
Of all the environs of Dublin there are no sites more charming than those on the Bay, from Howth in the North to Kingstown in the South. Howth is a small peninsula



HOWTH.

connected with the main land by a miniature isthmus, forming a hill, at the foot of which stands a small village of about 800 inhabitants, mostly fisher-folk. In summer, the inhabitants of Dublin go every year to pass a few weeks there, and so by degrees Howth has become quite a fashionable and agreeable watering-place.

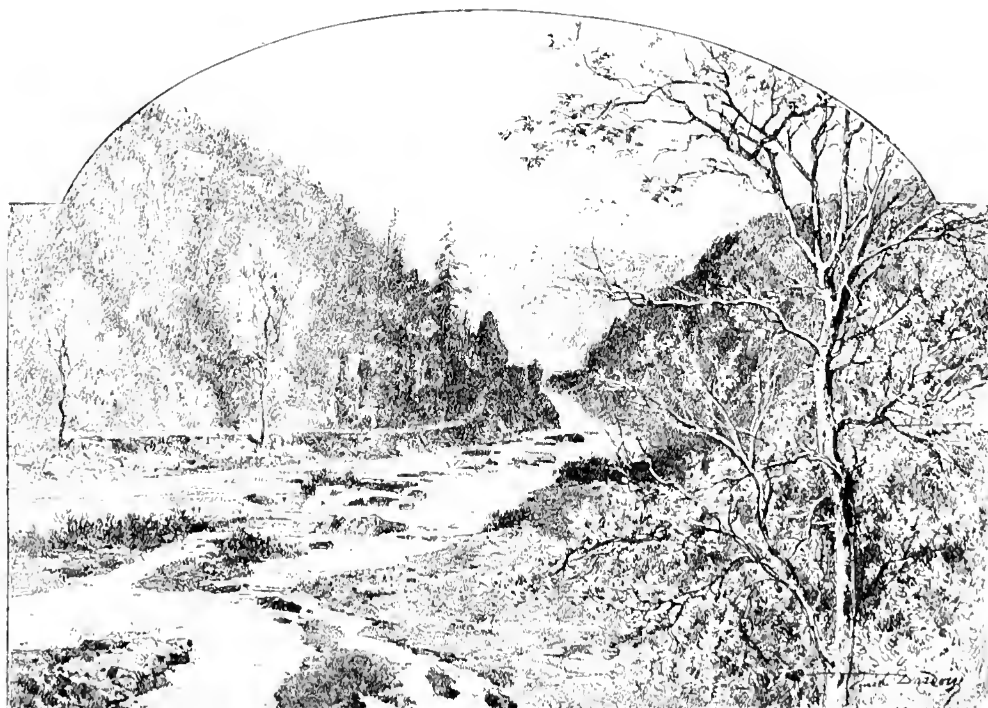
Arrived at Howth, which is easily reached by the railroad, the tourist finds many interesting things to see. First of all is the castle, belonging (as does the whole peninsula) to the Earls of Howth, who have been in possession of it since the arrival there of their ancestor, Sir Armoric Tristram de Valence, in the 13th century. The castle, rebuilt in the 16th century, is a massive battlemented structure, flanked by square towers. The great hall contains a collection of ancient armour, the bells of the ancient Abbey of Howth, some portraits, and a picture of the carrying off of young Lord Howth by Grace O'Malley in the reign of Elizabeth.



This is the tale which they tell in Ireland. Grace O'Malley was the daughter of the chief of a clan in Connemara, a wild district in the West. On the death of her father this Hibernian Amazon, not wishing to submit to the law which disinherited females, seized upon the chieftain's goods and constituted herself chief. She then equipped a fleet and fought with success against the English so bravely that they abandoned her territory. She was twice married, first with a Prince of Connemara who soon left her a widow, and secondly with Sir Richard Bourke for one year. At that period a very singular custom was in vogue in Ireland: marriage was a contract revocable or irrevocable at the will of the wedded pair, at the end of a certain probation. Grace, who was a very resolute woman, and who had an eye to business, had chosen to wed, in her second marriage, a rich man, who possessed vast domains and numerous castles. During the period of probation she filled

these castles with her own devoted followers; then, one fine morning, a year after her second marriage, she cried out to her husband from a distance, "I dismiss you!" Sweet simplicity of the olden time! It was sufficient to pronounce this formula to dissolve a marriage irrevocably!

Poor Sir Richard was glad enough to be rid of his terrible better half; she had given him some "bad quarters of an hour," so he made no protest, except for appearance sake, but he felt the loss of his property keenly. Nevertheless he departed, and no one ever heard any more of him. After this simple and easily obtained divorce, Grace, invited



DEVIL'S GLEN (WICKLOW).

by Queen Elizabeth, came to Hampton Court, where she astonished the courtiers by her brusque manners, her naked feet, and her costume of yellow cloth, which fully displayed her limbs.

On her return to Ireland, Grace disembarked at Howth, and proceeded to demand hospitality from the noble owner of the castle. The people refused her on the plea that the Earl was at table. Irritated by such a want of hospitality and of respect for its laws, the Amazon of Connemara seized upon the young heir of the Saxon lord, regained her ship, retained him until she had obtained heavy ransom for him, and inserted a clause in the contract stipulating that in future the doors of the castle should be always open at meal times. This latter condition, religiously observed, is continued to the present time. The picture, representing the episode of the abduction, is to be seen in the hall, where there is also a fine portrait of Swift, who was a frequent guest at Howth Castle.

After the castle, the ruins of the abbey, which are in a very good state of preser-

vation, will repay a visit. The ruins are surrounded by a wall, and enclose some remarkable tombs of the Earls of Howth.

Kingstown, on the other side of the bay, is the point of arrival and departure for the mail boats from and to England, and is only six miles from Dublin. The railway skirts the bay, whose margin is dotted with pleasant houses and villas nestling in foliage, and surrounded by a curtain of verdure through which, at intervals, the Wicklow Mountains can be perceived. Until the year 1821, Kingstown was called Dunleary, but in recognition of the visit of King George IV. to Ireland, the place was named Kingstown. An obelisk, surmounted by a crown, was raised in commemoration of this important event, for royal visits to Ireland are few and far between. Queen Victoria in one of her rare visits to Dublin, disembarked at Kingstown, and she has preserved in her journal the impression which was made upon her by the view of the pretty town built upon the shores of one of the most magnificent bays in Europe.

POWERSCOURT WATERFALL.

The harbour was constructed in 1817, and cost more than £480,000. It is enclosed within two long jetties; the steam-packet pier being laid down with rails, so that travellers can step at once from the steamer into the train which conveys them to Dublin.

In Kingstown harbour the vessels of the three yacht clubs of Ireland assemble.

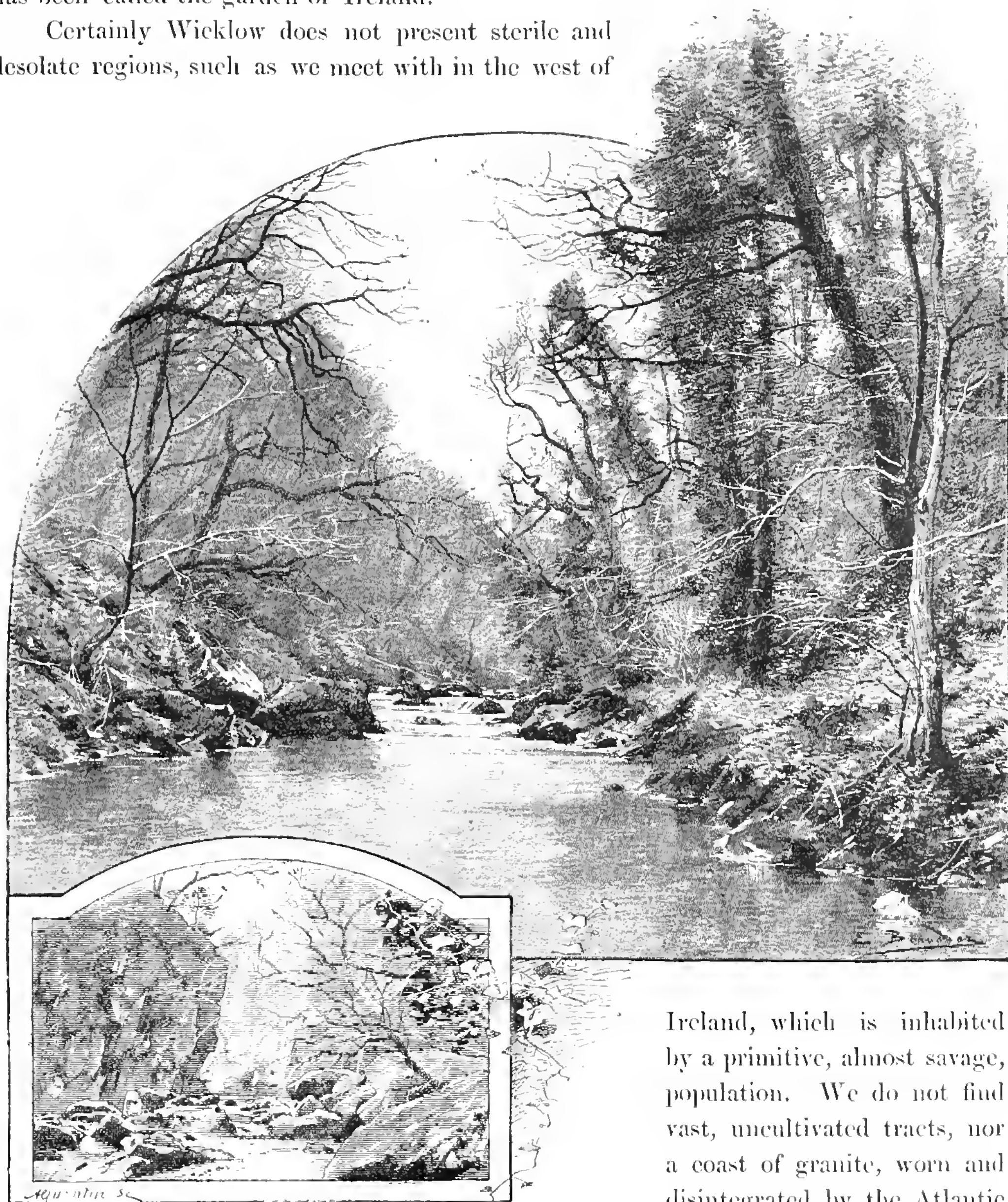
The town itself is insignificant; only the sea-side portion, which has been newly built for the accommodation of bathers, contains any really good and comfortable houses. The charm of Kingstown is its admirable situation, so the first impressions of a stranger landing there are most favourable.

If one has no time nor inclination to go all through the Emerald Isle, the tourist has, at the very gates of Dublin, so to speak, a charming reduced copy of all the most picturesque forms which Nature assumes in Ireland. We have mentioned the county Wicklow, situated to the south of Dublin, bordering on St. George's Channel, the shore of which is dotted with pleasant bathing places.

The county of Wicklow, then, affords us a diversity of scenery; mountains like those

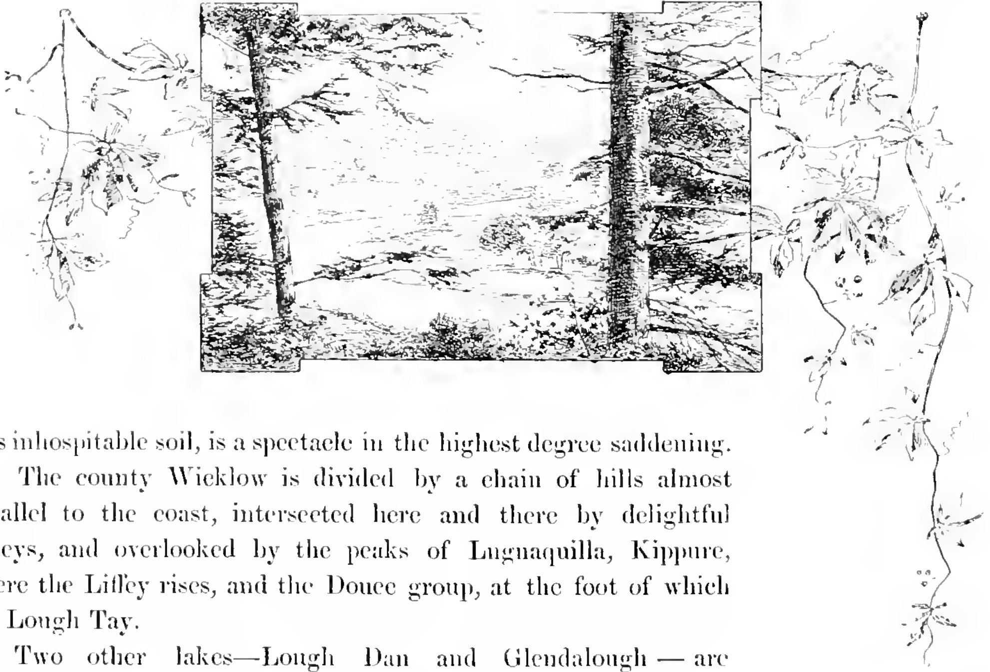
in Cork and Kerry; lakes like those in Galway; fertile valleys, verdant woods, rushing torrents, and murmuring streams, a sea-coast with delightful bathing-places; in a word, all the varied beauties of Nature included within a space of some 40 miles by 30, which has been called the garden of Ireland.

Certainly Wicklow does not present sterile and desolate regions, such as we meet with in the west of



THE DARGLE (WICKLOW).

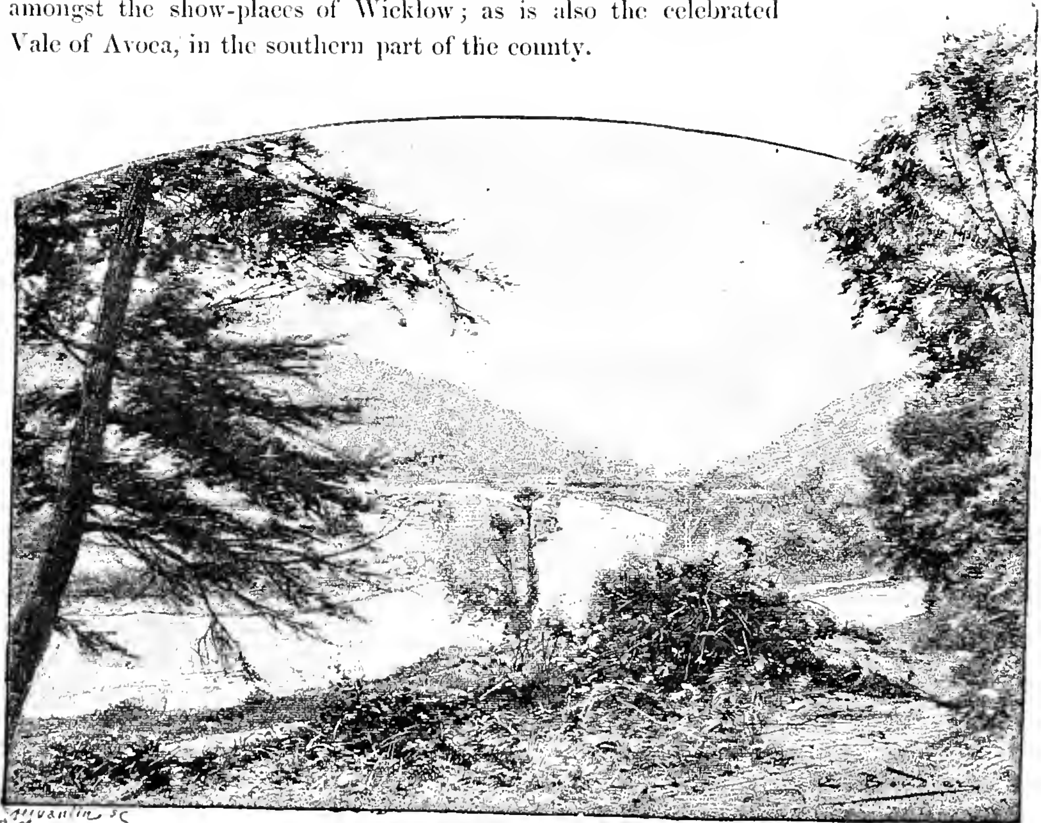
Ireland, which is inhabited by a primitive, almost savage, population. We do not find vast, uncultivated tracts, nor a coast of granite, worn and disintegrated by the Atlantic billows, which dash against the western shore with the fury of an army rushing to the assault of a fortress. But the absence of these features is not a matter for regret, for while wild scenery has an indubitable character of savage grandeur, on the other hand, the sight of the human beings, wan, emaciated, in rags, lodged—if it can be called lodging—in miserable hovels, who vegetate upon



this inhospitable soil, is a spectacle in the highest degree saddening.

The county Wicklow is divided by a chain of hills almost parallel to the coast, intersected here and there by delightful valleys, and overlooked by the peaks of Lugnaquilla, Kippure, where the Liffey rises, and the Douce group, at the foot of which lies Lough Tay.

Two other lakes—Lough Dan and Glendalough — are amongst the show-places of Wicklow; as is also the celebrated Vale of Avoca, in the southern part of the county.



VALE OF AVOCA (WICKLOW).

As for the coast it is covered with charming watering-places, of which Bray, on the Dublin and Wexford Railway is the largest. It is only half-an-hour's railway journey from Dublin, and though only a fishing village a few years ago, it is now a populous town, frequented by the Dublin people who have made it the Brighton of Ireland.

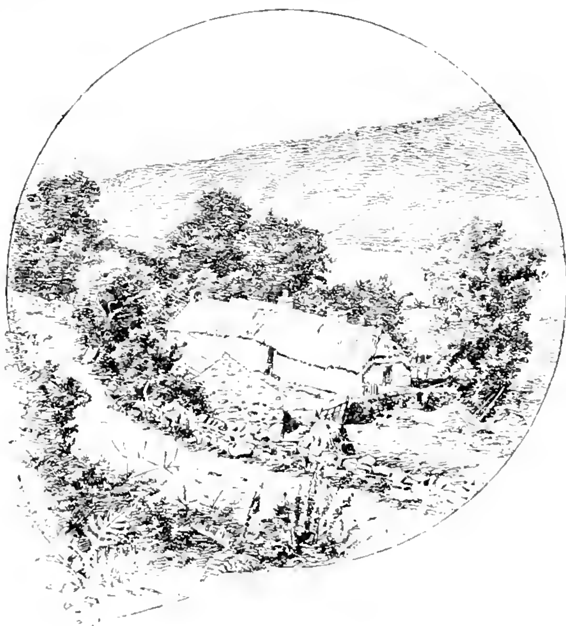
A sojourn at Bray during the season is very pleasant; but the place recommends itself to the tourist particularly because of the facility with which he can proceed therefrom to the most picturesque and most interesting places in the county—that is to say the Dargle, Powerscourt, Enniskerry, and to Lough, or Lake, Tay.

A deep ravine, shaded by and covered with leafy trees, encased within two rocky walls, in places three hundred feet high, at the bottom of which runs a winding stream —such is the celebrated Dargle Valley, which reminds one very much of a Scotch glen.

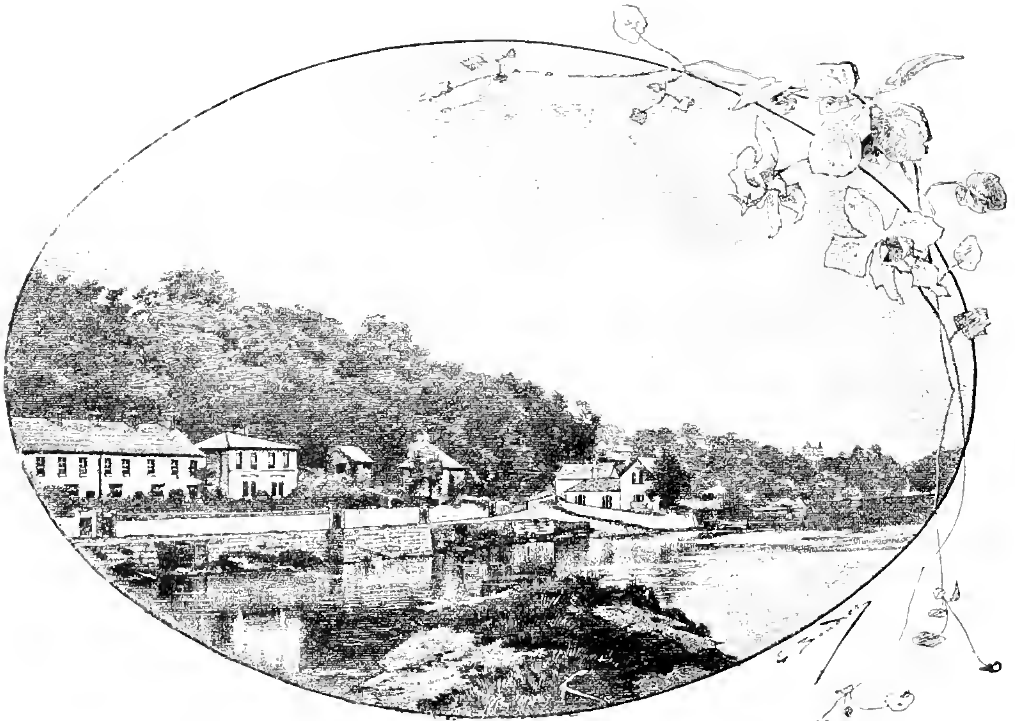
It divides the demesnes of Lords Monck and Powerscourt, and as it is only accessible through their grounds, the permission of the proprietors is necessary to visit it. Also on the property of Lord Powerscourt, which extends over 26,000 acres, is to be seen the famous waterfall which is regarded as a marvel by some and as a practical joke by others. The truth is, both opinions are equally right. After heavy rain the waterfall is very fine, and falls majestically from its height of three hundred feet; but in hot weather it is by no means the same, and then it very much resembles the Mançanares.

Lough Tay, which is situated in the valley of Annamoe, is very picturesque, but it is not equal in beauty to the Valley of Glendalough—between two lakes—with its beautiful sheets of water, its curious ruins of the seven churches, its round tower and St. Kevin's Bed.

This is a longer excursion, and, from Bray, will occupy two days, for a night must be passed at Rathdrum, the nearest railway station to Glendalough. A visit to the picturesque Vale of Avoca, situated in the same district, will not fail to interest the tourist.



LOUGH DAN (WICKLOW).



CORK.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—PROVINCIAL IRELAND.

I.

BELFAST:—SHIPBUILDING.—THE MANUFACTURES.—THE ROUND TOWER OF DRUMBO.—THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—CORK, QUEENSTOWN.—EMIGRANTS.—THE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS OF KILLARNEY.

After Dublin only two cities in Ireland are of sufficient importance to attract the tourist, who seeks neither the picturesque "out and out," nor the opportunity to embark upon ethnographical, archæological, or other study, nor to plunge deeply into an inquiry concerning the political and social condition of the Irish peasantry.

The two cities referred to are Belfast and Cork: the former Protestant and industrious; the latter Catholic and—Hibernian.

Belfast, situated in Antrim, owes to the vicinity of Scotland, from which it is separated by the narrow North Channel, a great proportion of its population, which is composed almost exclusively of the descendants of English and Scotch colonists, and is very different from the populations of other Irish towns. It is to this stranger element that Belfast owes its prosperity, its rapid development, and its individual importance.

It is the richest town and the largest manufacturing centre in the country, and to

describe it in a word, it is the Glasgow of Ireland. From the 20,000 inhabitants which it contained at the beginning of the century, the population has increased to more than 200,000, and its commerce in equal proportion. The chief industry of Belfast, as of all the country, is the linen trade, which also conduces to the prosperity of the rural population, who cultivate the flax on a large scale, 110,000 acres being devoted to its culture in Ulster alone, where this industry is centralized. The factories of all kinds which are occupied in this business in Ireland number 144. They possess 826,000 spindles, and 20,000 power looms, and employ 56,000 workpeople of both sexes. All the

ANTRIM.

commerce to which this great industry gives rise is centred in Belfast, which is the Manchester of the linen trade. The exports in 1882 reached the value of £480,000, representing at least 13,000,000 of yards of cloth, and an incalculable length of thread. The most prosperous period of the linen industry was during the American civil war. Then cotton failed, and it had to be replaced by linen; but as now cotton is cultivated in India and in other colonies, it is doubtful whether linen will again take its place, and whether the linen industry will ever again reach the development to which it attained eighteen years ago.

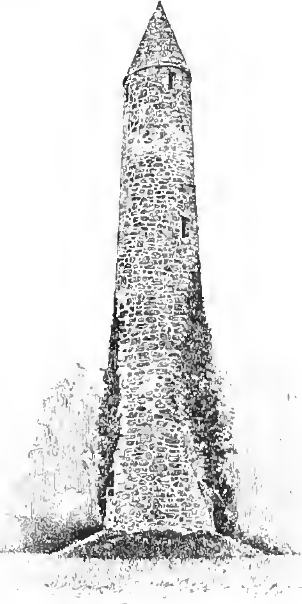
Shipbuilding is still one of the most important trades of Belfast, where are launched all or nearly all the vessels built in Ireland.

Of nineteen ships which were launched in 1882, eighteen were to her credit, of which nine were iron, and six of steel.

It was Mr. Harland, an Englishman, who introduced shipbuilding into Ireland. Born at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, in 1831, he served his apprenticeship in Glasgow

and Newcastle, and in 1854 established himself in Belfast, where he has founded and has successfully managed the most important shipbuilding establishment in the country. He introduced the innovation which consists in giving vessels a length ten times in excess of their beam; and from his yards have been turned out some of the finest Transatlantic liners—amongst others, those of the White Star fleet, and a number of steamers engaged in the Mediterranean trade.

The harbour of Belfast, which, after immense labour, has been rendered accessible to ships of large tonnage, is increasing daily in importance, and will even become as important as Dublin is.



ROUND TOWER (ANTRIM).

As a town, Belfast exactly resembles a town in Yorkshire or Lancashire; it has no special features, and is but of ordinary interest. There is the same rough-and-ready population, the same bustle of business men, workmen, workwomen, and sailors; factories and workshops, the largest of which, the Yorkshire Flax Spinning Company, employs directly or indirectly 25,000 hands. That is about all that is remarkable in Belfast.

So one would not go to Belfast for amusement, though, when we are there, we must not neglect to proceed to Drumbo, where we shall see one of those round towers built by the primitive Irish, concerning the origin and objects of which antiquarians cannot agree. According to some they were erected by the Danes, according to others by the Phœnicians, the Persians, and the Scythians. As regards their object, the most diverse and strange theories have been enumerated. Some authorities hold to Paganism, Fire worship, Buddhist monuments, or even Phallic emblems; others again favour Christianity, considering them as hermitages, columns like to those of St. Simeon Stylite, or even as prisons.

The most sensible view of the case appears to be that which recognizes them as fortresses; and, accepting this theory, certain details will be perceived to repeat themselves in every case—such as narrow doors placed at a great height, and the solidity of the walls, which appear to have been built with a view to resist attack. The Tower of Drumbo, which is 35 feet high and 47 in circumference, is furnished with a door, which, in consequence of the raising of the soil through various causes, is only 4 feet above the ground, but must have been originally at least 8 or 10 feet from the base of the walls.

Near Drumbo we find a circle, 600 feet in diameter, surrounded by a rampart of earth, in the centre of which is a Druidical Altar formed of four enormous stones which support a fifth. This is called the Giant's Ring. In order to preserve this interesting relic, Lord Dungannon has enclosed it with a wall.

Another excursion, but a much longer and more fatiguing one, for it requires two

days, is to the Giant's Causeway. We proceed by rail from Belfast to Portrush, and drive thence.

The Giant's Causeway, formed of basaltic columns, is a jetty, which separates two small bays, and extends into the sea for a distance of 700 feet. It is divided into three distinct

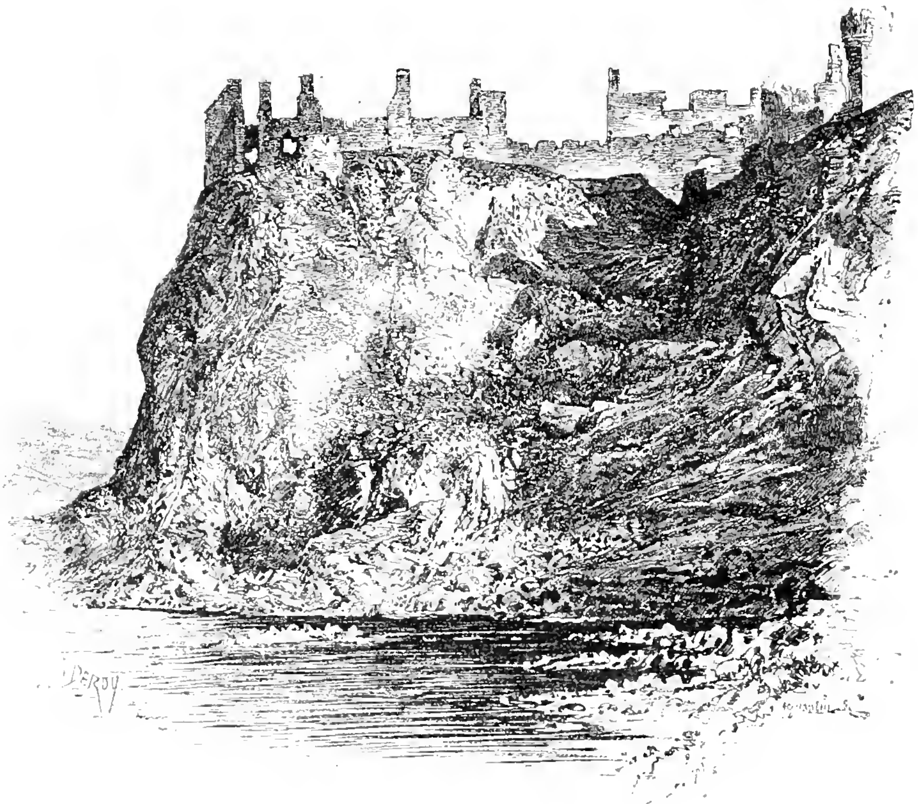
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

parts, and is composed of 40,000 polygonal columns juxtaposed with such nicety that no interstices can be perceived. One would conclude that this mosaic had been constructed by Titans rather than by Nature. Certainly this natural causeway is a very curious sight, but those who have no taste for geology may be tempted to exclaim with Thackeray, "Good God! have I come 150 miles to see that!"

Between the Giant's Causeway and Portrush, the coast road is extremely interesting and passes close to one of the most ancient fortresses in the north of Ireland—Dunluce Castle. This building, whose ruins are so picturesque, was erected upon an isolated rock, but at what period is unknown. There still remain the walls of the *enceinte* and some towers, which stand relieved against the sky; they have a much finer effect from a distance than on close inspection, because of their ruinous condition.

Before returning to Belfast, it is usual to halt in the town of Antrim, a small commercial place, but without much interest for tourists were it not for its proximity to Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles. This immense sheet of water, 20 miles long, 12 wide, and 80 in circumference, is chiefly remarkable for its extent. In fact, Lough Neagh is in the midst of a flat region, and surrounded by peat-bogs. Nevertheless, on the northern side are some thick trees situated in the domains of the O'Neils, whose mansion, Shane's Castle, is in ruins.

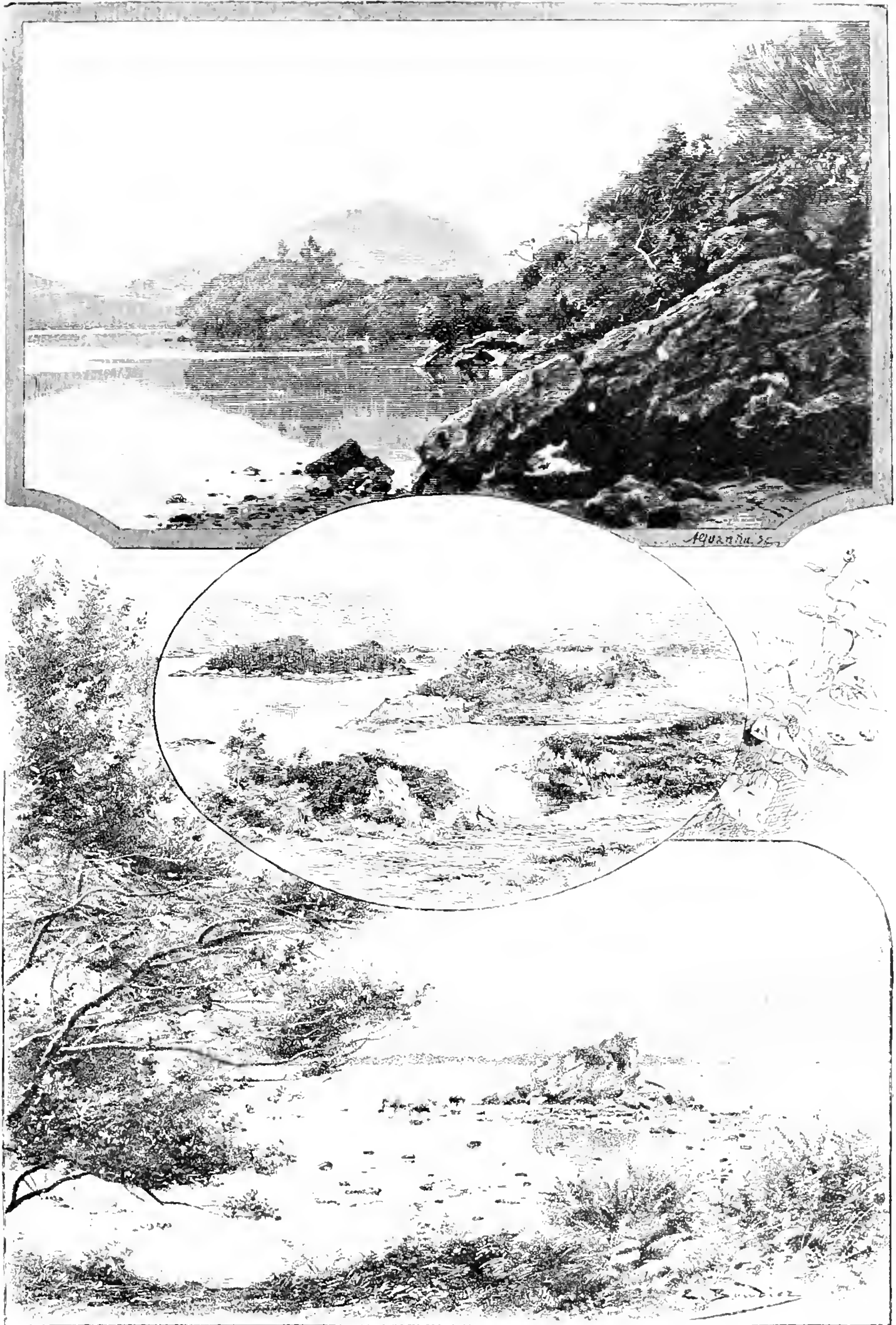
A little distance from Antrim and the lake we find Antrim Castle, belonging to



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Lord Massareene. It is a massive building of the 17th century, the façade being flanked by two square towers embattled like the rest of the building, the angles of which are hidden by round turrets.

From Belfast to Cork is a journey the whole length of Ireland—no small undertaking in a country where trains are slow. And besides, we must have the courage to say, "Ireland is a picturesque country, no doubt, but one whose beauties have been exaggerated." There are people—a good many people—for whom the most beautiful country in the world would have no attractions, where the weather was persistently wet. This is



LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

1. Upper Lake. 2. Muckross Lake. 3. Lower Lake.

unfortunately the case in Green Erin, which owes its verdant mantle to its damp and incessantly rainy climate.

Great as is the distance that separates Belfast from Cork, it is less great than the difference that exists between the inhabitants of the two cities—the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt.

Cork is a curious medley of new wide streets and narrow dirty alleys, the latter in a large majority. Instead of a hurrying and busy crowd, we find careless loungers with pleasant smiling faces—bright, intelligent, even clever features; but the Irish are of a passive and contemplative nature rather than energetic and resolute. The result is that everything suffers for it. What have they made Cork? A city without animation or

GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

commerce, whose population is decreasing from year to year; and, nevertheless, what a splendid position it stands in on the banks of the Lee, whose harbour, Queenstown, one of the largest in the world, is spacious enough to admit the whole of the British fleet, which could manœuvre there easily. Better still, all the mail steamers from and to America call there to embark and trans-ship the mails, so the inhabitants could develop enormously their commerce with the United States. Instead of increasing, it diminishes year by year. In 1878, Cork exported merchandise to the value of £16,300, and imported goods to the value of £2,200,000. Five years later, the exports were only £11,800, and the imports £1,500,000 sterling. These figures are official. To what is this due? A question of temperament and race, say some; while others maintain that if Ireland is poor and depopulated, such results are referable to considerations of a totally different nature, and that if they were left to themselves the inhabitants would develop qualities of perseverance and energy, as well as other resources which people do not credit them with. All very well. But is it not surprising that Belfast is prospering, while Cork is declining, while both are amenable to the same laws, and that the presence and pre-

ponderance of those to whom Irishmen attribute the ruin of their country in general are making the fortune of Ulster? It is a big question, which the most skilful have not yet solved, and the solution of which appears always far off.

Cork, like Belfast, has no remarkable monuments, and its principal church, the Cathedral of St. Finbar, built in 13th century style, only dates from 1870. A law court, some banks and barracks, more like fortresses, complete the list of edifices in the town. But the environs are charming, and the descent of the river by steamer from Cork to Queenstown is very picturesque. The boat makes its way between two high wooded banks, on which are perched pretty houses half concealed by trees.

MUCKROSS ABBEY (KILLARNEY).

The castle we perceive perched upon a promontory opposite the mouth of the river Glashaboy is not, as one would fancy by its battlements and towers, an ancient fortress; it is quite a modern construction, the effect of which is remarkable. As we pass Monkstown a castle is pointed out to us as having been erected at the cost of fourpence by Mrs. Anastasia Archdeckan. This is how the lady managed to do it. During the absence of her husband abroad, she resolved to prepare a surprise for him, and to build a castle. She engaged workmen, and agreed to feed and clothe them while they worked for her. When the castle was finished, a balance was struck, and it was found in favour of the workmen by fourpence. Decidedly the sub-lieutenant described by

Scribe, who purchased himself a château out of his savings, was a perfect prodigal compared with Mrs. Anastasia Archdeekan.

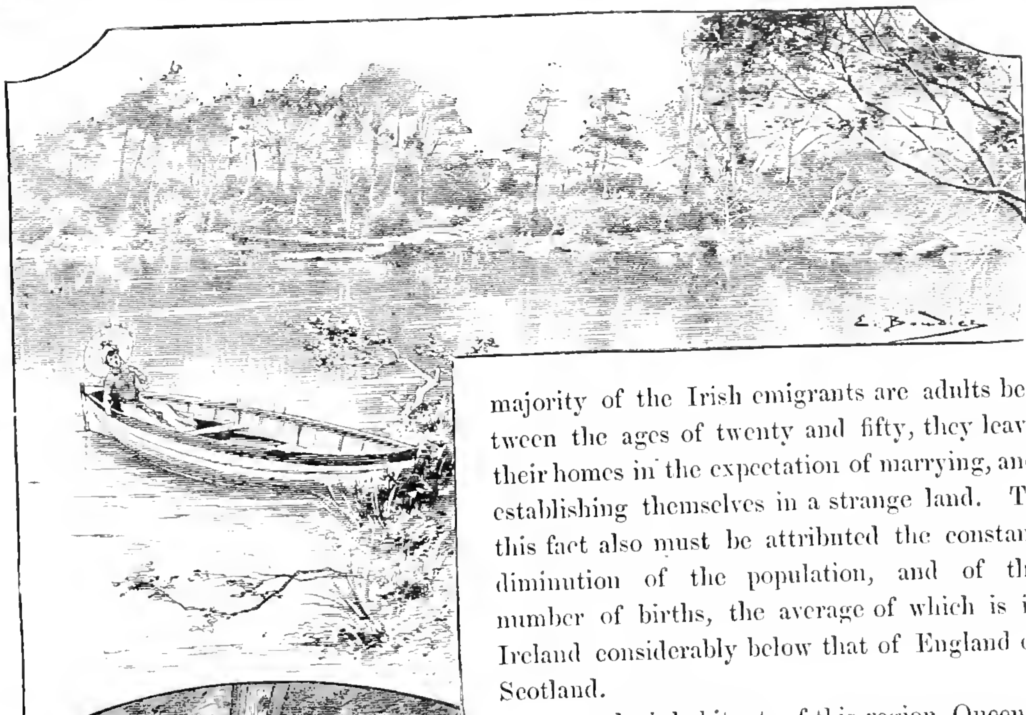
From this place we glide into the magnificent harbour, in the centre of which rises the island of Queenstown. Two tongues of land enclose it, and form a natural entrance of a mile in length, which is protected by two forts, one on each side. At the entrance is a revolving light, which stands a hundred feet above the sea-level. Opposite Queenstown are two islands—Spike Island, a convict establishment, and Haulbowline, a depôt for naval stores and supplies. The convicts, who number about a thousand, are employed in the construction of Government buildings, etc.

Queenstown presents a long line of quays, whence the view of the harbour and the coast is extremely beautiful. It is a small town of no great importance, which owes its

OLD BRIDGE AT KILLARNEY.

prosperity to the arrivals and departures of the transatlantic steamers, and to the passing to and fro of the emigrants who come there to embark for America.

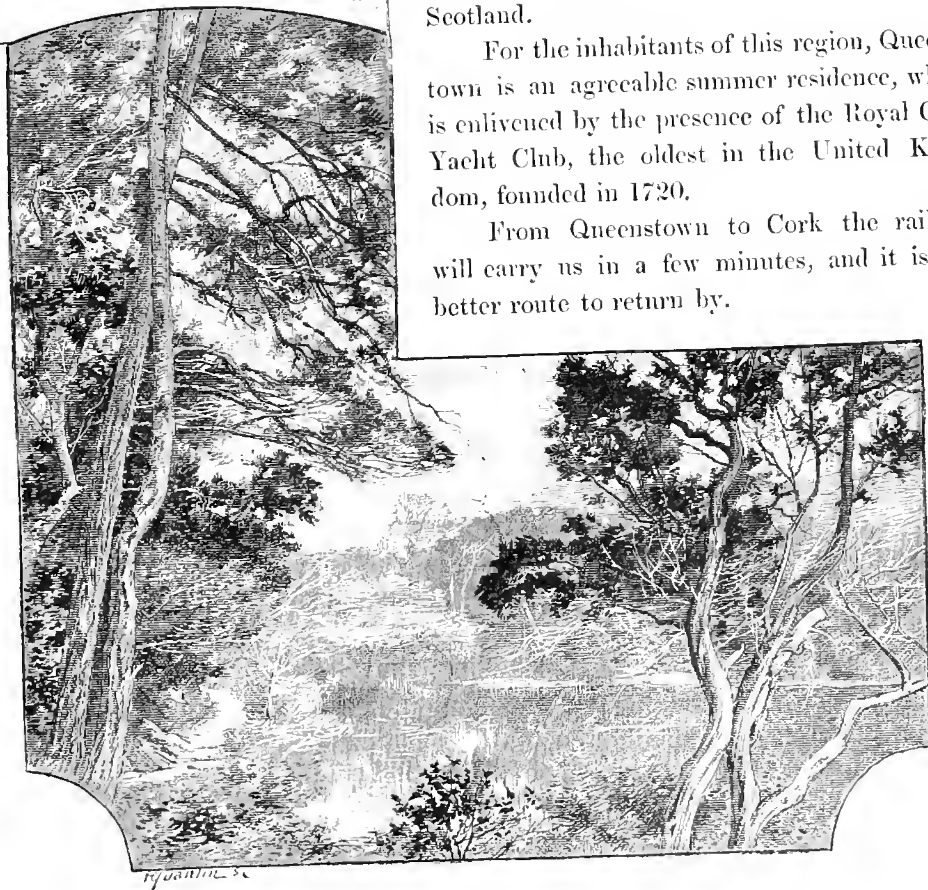
Of the 58,000 emigrants who quitted Ireland in 1882, 38,000 embarked at Cork, 11,500 at Londonderry, and nearly 5,000 at Belfast. The contingent of emigrants furnished by the southern counties is, as we perceive, twice as large as that which is furnished by the north. To these 58,000 emigrants, we must add the 26,000 who left England and Scotland to arrive at the correct number of Irish who expatriated themselves in that year—84,000! One peculiarity, revealed by the official returns, is—the number of Irish women who emigrate is almost equal to that of the men; while amongst English and Scotch emigrants there are three times more men than women. As for children, the average is 20 per cent. amongst the English, 23 per cent. among the Scotch, and only 13 per cent. among the Irish; so we may conclude that, as the



majority of the Irish emigrants are adults between the ages of twenty and fifty, they leave their homes in the expectation of marrying, and establishing themselves in a strange land. To this fact also must be attributed the constant diminution of the population, and of the number of births, the average of which is in Ireland considerably below that of England or Scotland.

For the inhabitants of this region, Queenstown is an agreeable summer residence, which is enlivened by the presence of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, the oldest in the United Kingdom, founded in 1720.

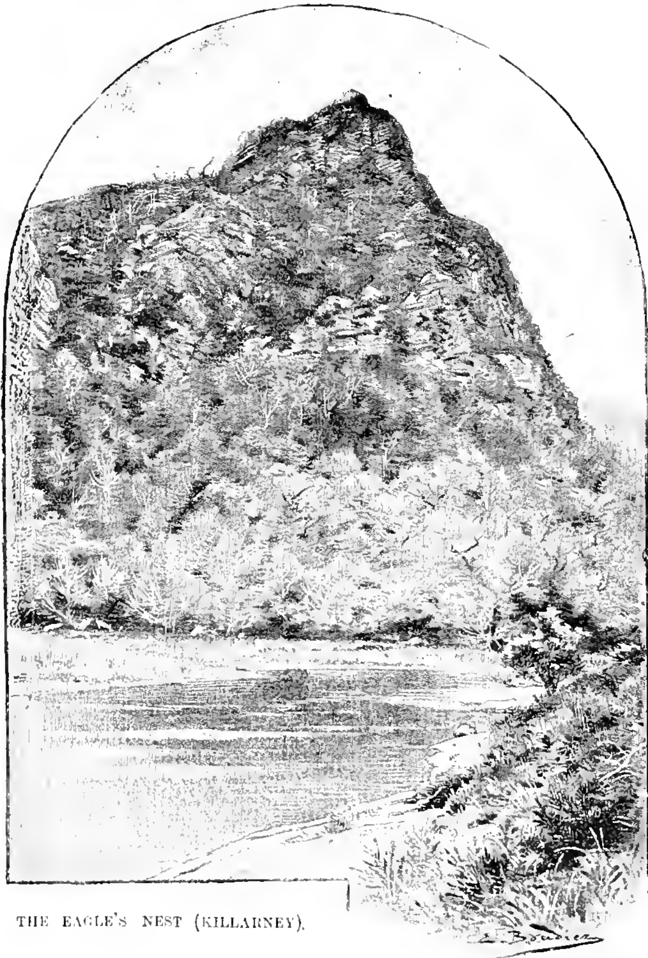
From Queenstown to Cork the railway will carry us in a few minutes, and it is the better route to return by.



DINIS ISLAND (KILLARNEY).

Notwithstanding all its advantages and its exceptional situation, the importance and population of Cork is gradually diminishing, and nothing can more strongly accentuate, without explaining, the difference between the north and south of Ireland, than the sight of these two typical cities, Belfast and Cork.

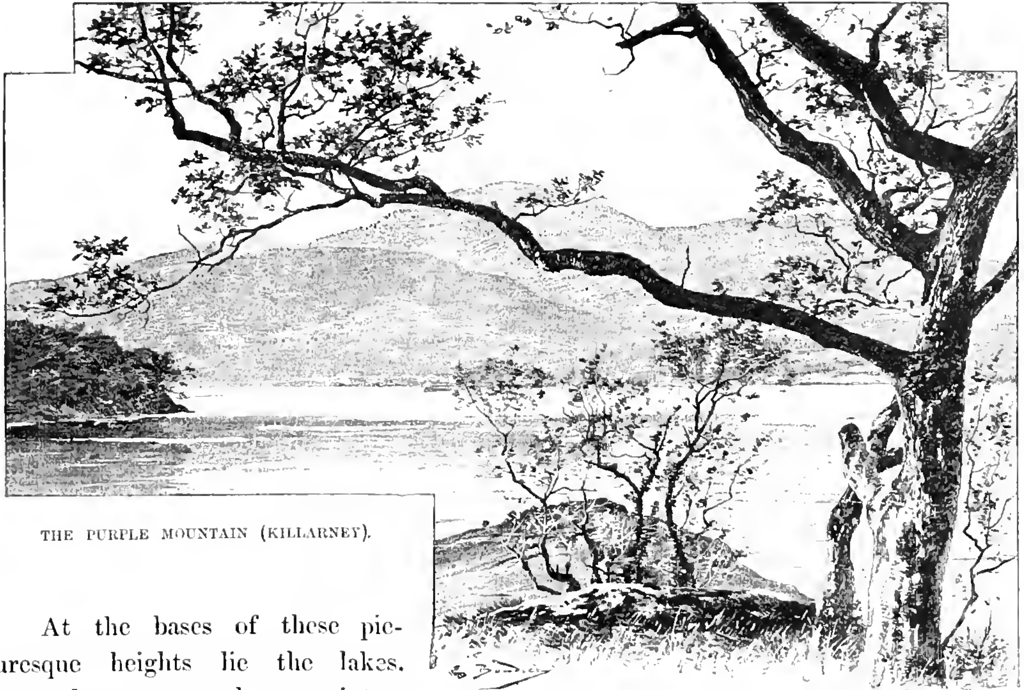
Cork is within easy distance of the most agreeable and picturesque part of Ireland, the Valley of the Blackwater, and the lakes and mountains of Killarney, which are easily reached by railway. Between Cork and Mallow there is not much to interest us; but as soon as we reach Mallow, we enter the valley of the Blackwater, which the railway



THE EAGLE'S NEST (KILLARNEY).

skirts on its way to Killarney, and pass between rock-studded heights, intersected here and there by ravines, and divided by wooded hills, amongst which flow wide water-courses. Soon we distinguish the summits of the Killarney mountains, the capriciously cut crests of which rise in the distance, and mingle with the warm haze in which the peaks assume strange forms, with velvety shades passing through all the tones of purple. As we observe them we can understand the effects which some English landscape painters seek to secure, and which appear so extraordinary to those people who have never seen this curious appearance, of which neither pen nor pencil can give an exact idea.

Killarney is a small place, which owes its prosperity to its lakes, or rather lake, for there is only one, as each piece of water communicates with the other. These are the Lower Lake, or Lough Leane, Muckross Lake, and the Upper Lake. Killarney is situated on the bank of Lough Leane, the largest of all, the surface of which, an area of 5,000 acres, measures five miles in length, and from two to three miles in width. Opposite the town are the mountains of Killarney, which form part of the chain of hills which extend westward to the sea. The principal peaks are the Toomies, the Purple Mountain at the back, then Glena, and Torc, and Mangerton.



THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN (KILLARNEY).

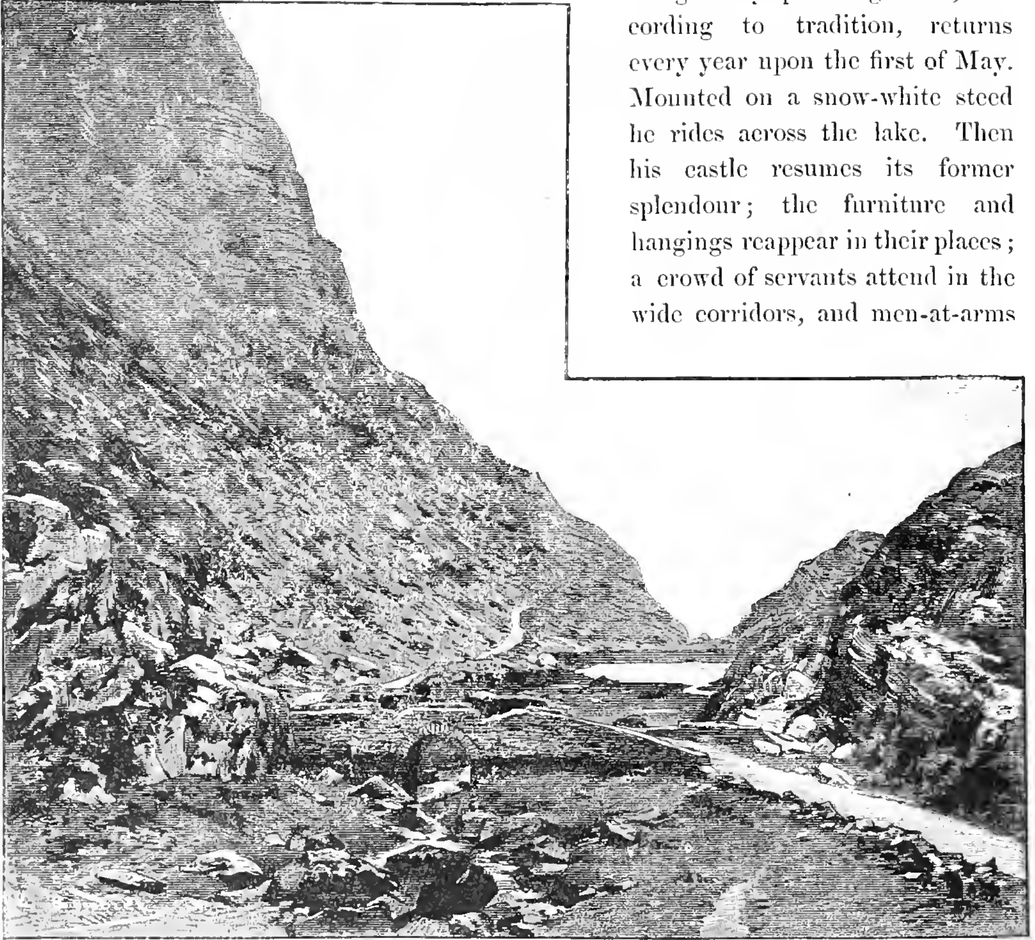
At the bases of these picturesque heights lie the lakes. Poets have sung them, painters have sketched them, and the Irish do not fail to declare, with pardonable exaggeration, that there are no lakes in the wide world to be compared to the lakes of Killarney. We quite admit that the enthusiasm of the natives of Erin is justified, and that it would be difficult to find a prospect more pleasing.

The chief beauty of Lough Leane consists in the number of green islands with which its surface is dotted, and the beautiful wooded peninsula of Ross, which divides the bay of that name from the larger one named Castle Lough. The prettiest of all the islands is Innisfallen, which presents a remarkable variety of aspects. Rocky and barren on one side, it is on the other side deliciously wooded and beflowered; here and there are slight eminences, forming graceful undulations, succeeded by charming shaded valleys.

In the 6th century, St. Finian the leper founded a monastery there, of which some ruins still remain. Later on, the Augustinian monks settled there and wrote the "Annals" which are the most valuable historical documents concerning Ireland which we possess. They include the period from its origin to 1319. There are two

copies of this work, one in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and the other in the University in Dublin.

The peninsula of Ross, through which a canal has been cut—probably with a view to protect the castle—and so made into an island, may be compared to a basket of flowers. The castle, which has been respected by time, was built in the 14th century. It belonged to the descendants of the O'Donoghue, the lord of the lakes and the islands—a legendary personage who, according to tradition, returns every year upon the first of May. Mounted on a snow-white steed he rides across the lake. Then his castle resumes its former splendour; the furniture and hangings reappear in their places; a crowd of servants attend in the wide corridors, and men-at-arms watch in the towers. He enters the building, which he searches from the cellars to the garrets; then he remounts his horse, rides over the waves, and departs as suddenly as he came. For many centuries he has made this annual inspection, and he must continue to do so until the waves have worn out the silver shoes of his horse. Then only may he quit his aquatic retreat in the lake, which he is still condemned to inhabit.



THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

The margin of the lake is sprinkled with pretty villas, and bordered by rich domains and picturesque villages. The ruins of Muckross Abbey, situated on the peninsula of that name, which separates the Lower Lake from Muckross Lake, are amongst the curiosities of the district. This Franciscan monastery was founded in the 15th century,

and for a long time enjoyed great prosperity. It is now in ruins, but the nave and the church tower, which are still standing, are scrupulously preserved.

Lake Muckross, which is smaller than the Lower Lake, from which it is separated by the peninsula, is indented with pretty bays and surrounded by pleasant woods, behind which arise up the high mountains, whose irregular and fantastically-shaped summits bound the horizon.

A narrow, natural channel, three miles long, connects this lake with the Upper Lake, passing between two wooded banks at the foot of the hill called the Eagle's Nest, which is only a gigantic rock 1,000 feet high. After many turnings and windings we at length reach the Upper Lake, which is of very irregular form, long and narrow. It does not possess the same charming features of the other two lakes, but it is more imposing because of its situation in an amphitheatre of mountains which completely encircle it. Here is the Purple Mountain, opposite is Mount Cromaglan; then the plains, bristling with boulders; and at the end, towards the west, Macgillicuddy's Reeks, the most remarkable mountains in Ireland. There are in this lake, as in the other two, a number of islets, some covered with flowers and bushes, some naked and displaying rocks of capricious forms, which the country people designate with extravagant names, and to which they attach legends more extravagant still.

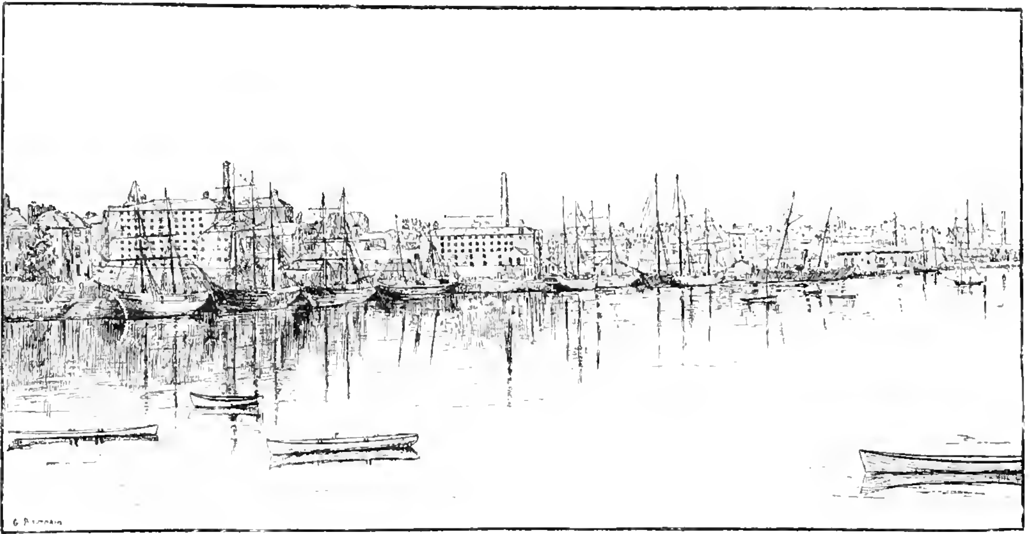
Between the Toomies and Macgillicuddy's Reeks is a long gorge, called the Gap of Dunloe, through which we can return by car to the Upper Lake. This defile is not wanting in grandeur or picturesqueness, but it cannot compare with the Scottish passes, nor even with those of the English Lake District.

Forty miles to the south of Killarney, we come upon the most beautiful valley in Ireland, Glengariff, to which we must proceed in a carriage. It is situated at the end of the magnificent Bay of Bantry, at the feet of picturesque mountains of sugar-loaf form, and surrounded by thick woods. Thackeray, who was furious at having been taken out of his way to visit the Giant's Causeway, could not find enough to say in praise of Glengariff and Bantry Bay, the climate of which is most agreeable—for Ireland! If we will believe the natives, the climate of Glengariff equals that of the Riviera; yes, indeed, as Killarney is equal to Scotland or Switzerland—that is to say, making great allowances for exaggeration or goodwill.

II.

LIMERICK.—THE SHANNON.—GALWAY.—LOUGH CORRIB.—CONG.—THE ABBEY.—LOUGH MASK.—CONNEMARA AND THE JOYCE COUNTRY.

The West of Ireland, situated to the north of Kerry between the mouth of the Shannon and Donegal Bay, contains some very picturesque and interesting districts, inhabited by a primitive population practising curious customs. Unfortunately, locomo-



LIMERICK.

tion is difficult, and the hotels and inns very badly kept, so it requires a strong dose of perseverance and curiosity to adventure into the solitudes of Connemara and the Joyce Country, situated to the west of Loughs Corrib and Mask.

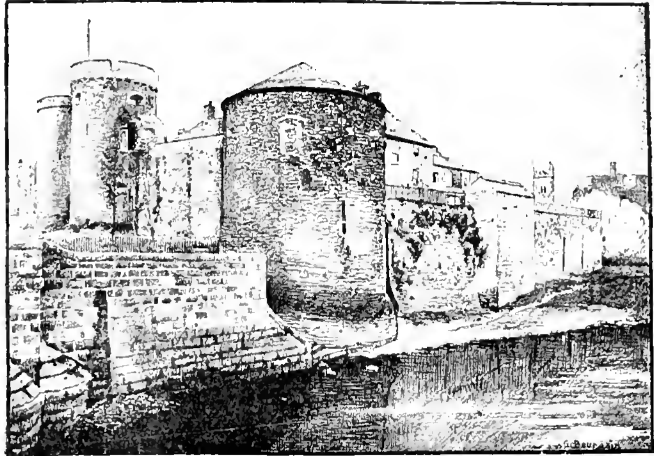
The easiest way to reach this part of Ireland, if we are at Cork or Killarney, is to take the train to Galway, passing Limerick, which without presenting any great interest will, nevertheless, repay a visit.

Limerick, which contains 40,000 inhabitants, is the fourth city in Ireland, from the triple view of commerce, industry, and population. It is in a very advantageous position on the Shannon, which puts it in direct communication with the ocean. The Shannon, the most important of the Irish rivers, after traversing Roscommon, Longford, Westmeath, King's County, Galway, Tipperary, and Clare, at length reaches Limerick, and forming, below Kilrush, a wide estuary, falls into the Atlantic between Loop Head and Kerry Head.

It is navigable as far as Limerick for ships of 600 tons, but those of 1,000 cannot

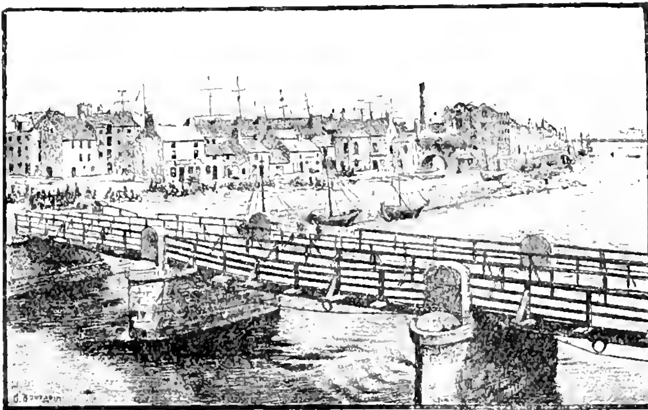
ascend higher than a point five miles down stream. The Shannon is full of fish, such as trout, pike, and splendid salmon.

Limerick is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, but the date of its foundation is unknown. We only know that it was for a long while occupied by the Danes, and that it afterwards became the capital of Munster. In the 13th century, King John built a castle there, and an English Colony was established. In 1651 and in 1690 Limerick was besieged and taken. A treaty was signed in 1691, which assured to the Catholics their ancient privileges and the free exercise of their religion; but Queen Anne ignored it, and it is to this circumstance that Limerick owes its nickname of the "City of the Violated Treaty."



LIMERICK CASTLE.

Limerick is divided into two parts—the English Town and the Irish Town. The former presents scarcely anything but narrow and dirty streets, lined generally with houses of a very ordinary class, mingled with some ancient and picturesquely pinnacled buildings. In this part of the town we find the only two interesting monuments in it, the castle and the cathedral.



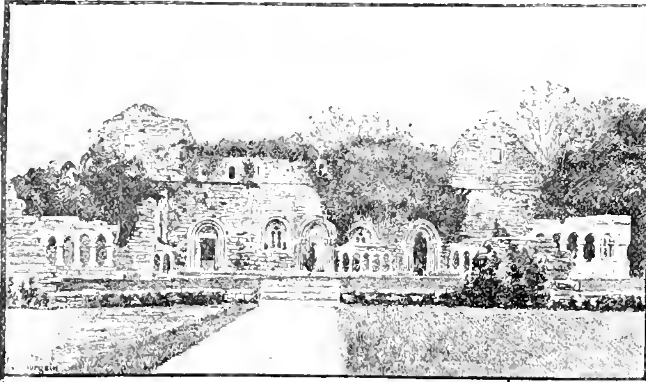
GALWAY.

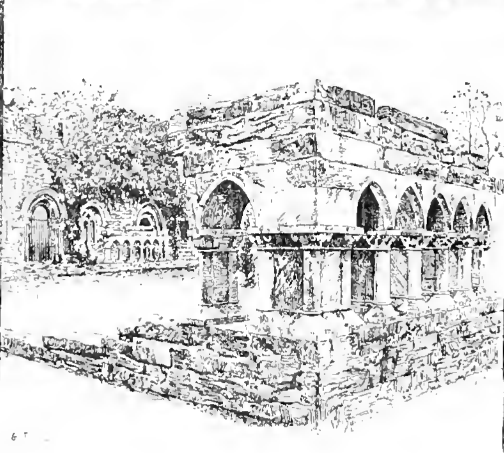
The Castle of King John is dilapidated, but it still retains its imposing aspect with its seven round towers which unite the thick walls, and its heavy portal. It is now used as a barrack, Limerick having been since 1691 an important garrison town. It is indeed to the presence of the troops that it owes its business animation. As for the cathedral, it is a vast Gothic edifice built, it is said, by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in 1194, but the successive repairs that have been made have not left much of the original building. It is surmounted by a beautiful tower, which rises from the western extremity, and is battlemented like a fortress. Interiorly, the cathedral consists of a nave, and side aisles divided into chapels. It is interesting to ascend the tower, whence a beautiful view of the surrounding country and of the course of the Shannon can be obtained. Amongst the few curiosities of the town we are shown the stone on which the treaty of 1691 was signed.

The Irish town scarcely differs from the other; they together form the old town which was surrounded by a fortification in former days. In the new quarters wide streets and well built houses adjoin the old ones, but neither one nor the other possess any attractions for visitors who are anxious to reach Galway.

Galway is the capital of the county of that name, which is part of Connaught. About one-third of the county is occupied by bogs, lakes, peat-swamps, and mountains.

The town of Galway is very ancient, as may be perceived by its dirty narrow streets bordered by old houses, some of which are rather picturesque. They possess a peculiarity in construction which is seen in no other part of the United Kingdom—that is, an interior court which is gained by a kind of carriage entrance. As Galway, situated on a large bay, was formerly a great commercial port, and had relations with Spain, it has been assumed that it was founded by the Spaniards; then, as it was noticed that the inhabitants have black hair, that the women wear a red skirt, and a blue mantle, and a handkerchief for head-dress, but no foot-covering, they jumped to the conclusion that the population is of Spanish origin. Nothing can be more admirably simple.





ABBEY OF CONG.

The only monuments in Galway are an old church of the fourteenth century, and a modern college, built after the pattern of the Gothic colleges of Oxford.

One of the most interesting quarters of the town is the Claddagh, inhabited exclusively by the fishing population, who form a community apart, intermarry, and have their own particular laws and customs. They live in miserable thatched cabins, which reveal a state of poverty and dirt that one only too often meets with in Ireland.

A canal connects Galway and the bay with Lough Corrib, which is traversed by a steamer. This lake is twenty miles long, and its breadth varies from one mile to ten. It is irregular in form, and narrows very much in the centre; it is thus divided, so to speak, into two parts, north and south.

The steamer, ascending the canal, passes at the foot of Castle Menlough, the beautiful residence of Sir Thomas Blake, and soon reaches Lough Corrib, from the surface of which rise a number of islands, said to be as many as there are days in the

year. The right bank is flat and monotonous; the left is undulating. The lake is fringed with woods and pretty houses; behind them the land rises gradually to meet the distant mountains of Connaught, whose jagged summits limit the view. Between the left side of Corrib and the sea extend the mountainous districts of Connemara, Connaught, and the Joyce country.

The steamer traverses the lake lengthways, and lands its passengers at Cong.

Cong is a small village, curious and dirty to behold, situated in the isthmus between Loughs Corrib and Mask. The environs abound in natural curiosities, amongst which the most remarkable are the underground streams which connect the two lakes, and certain caverns, which are very curious.

The ruins of the Abbey of Cong are the most interesting objects in this district. They have been carefully repaired, and are taken care of, by Sir B. Lee Guinness, who restored one of the cathedrals in Dublin. Although the abbey was founded in the 7th century, the portions now standing do not appear to be older than the 12th century. The style of the sculptures and mouldings are evidently of the Norman epoch. The portal and windows, richly ornamented, give one an idea of the beauty of the original monastery, which was formerly one of the most important in the country.

LOUGH DERRYCLARE.

LOUGH INAGH.

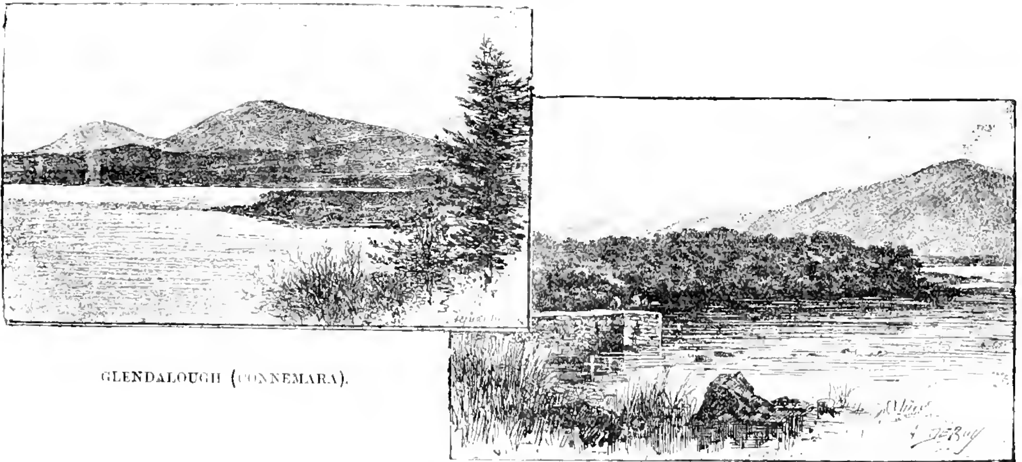
Lough Mask, which is only about half the extent of Lough Corrib, presents almost the same characteristics. Its right bank is flat, and not interesting; its left, or western side, is bordered by the Partry mountains. Rather than explore this lake, we should make an excursion into the Connemara district and the Joyce country, which are easily accessible from Cong either by way of Maume or Oughterard.

Connemara extends from Lough Corrib to the ocean, and presents a series of remarkable views—lakes, valleys, mountains, plains, regions by turns cheerful and desolate, which succeed each other, and present the most curious contrasts. The prettiest part of Connemara is that of which Lake Glendalough is the centre. There the landscape embraces a series of lakes which form a semi-circle—Loughs Derryclare and Inagh, behind which extends the most curious chain of mountains in Ireland, that of Bunnabeola, which

are called the "Twelve Pins." This chain, extending for fifty square miles, is dominated by twelve detached peaks of conic form, producing a most unexpected and singular effect.

The Joyce Country is so-called because the district came into the hands of a Welshman named Joyce who married an O'Connor. It is stated that the country is inhabited only by his descendants, who are remarkable by their height and strength. As a matter of fact, everyone calls himself or herself Joyce in these desolate and by no means attractive regions.

At the boundaries of Connemara and the Joyce Country, between Letterfrack and Leenane, we find the Pass of Kylemore, a narrow road between the Doaghrue Mountains and Lough Kylemore. From this side the view of the Twelve Pins is still more beautiful than from Glendalough, and we have, in addition, in front of us the Partry Mountains.



GLENDALOUGH (CONNEMARA).

All these districts can only be explored by means of the cars, which are the *diligences* of the country. They have no covering, are exposed to all weathers, and built after the fashion of the famous Dublin cars, but of larger size. These vehicles have four wheels, and are drawn by two or more horses, according to circumstances. Leenane is twenty miles from Westport, where we gladly rejoin the railway; although the Irish railroads do not recommend themselves either by their comfort or by the rapidity of their train-service, there is a certain sensation of voluptuousness in extending ourselves upon the seat of the carriage which carries us back to Dublin, crossing Ireland from west to east, from the Atlantic Ocean to St. George's Channel.

French people know very little about England and the English. This is the conclusion at which one arrives after a sojourn of several months in this country. The real Englishman is as different from the typical Englishman of the theatre or the novel, as the Frenchman of France is from the Frenchman of *Punch*. But if we have cherished some false ideas concerning our neighbours—ideas due chiefly to our ignorance of their manners and mode of thought, to our objection to travel, to our domesticated habits, to our caustic spirit (which causes us to prefer a piquant to a just criticism), to that exclusiveness which compels us wilfully to ignore whatever goes

on beyond our immediate ken, the English, on the contrary, who have learned to know us and to appreciate us, are well able to distinguish between the true and the false; and do not accept a caricature for a portrait. It is very much to be desired that we would do the same.

We have scarcely any idea in France what an intelligent, active, laborious, indefatigable people are the English, whom nothing can dishearten, who are not cast down by reverses any more than they are intoxicated by their good fortune; while all are impelled by the same ardent patriotism, and work for the glory and the aggrandisement of their country. Work! that is the great law they all obey, from the peer to the peasant. There are no idlers. The *rentier*—that is to say, the man who is in the enjoyment of several hundreds a year, who lives a quiet life, but without doing any good, contributing nothing to the riches of the country, and letting his energy and his capital lie fallow—does not exist in England. There is no room for such as he in a country where the useless and the lazy are pitilessly crushed in the powerful machinery of English life. Like the Wandering Jew, doomed to go on for ever through the world, the English people are impelled onwards by a mysterious voice, which cries to them, "Work, work!" And they *do* work; they toil without repose or relaxation. This is their great characteristic. The English are a laborious people—that is evident at a glance. As soon as we arrive amongst them, we are surprised, staggered, stunned by this feverish activity, this continual movement, this hurrying to and fro of business people. Is it possible to go on living in this way? we ask ourselves. Then, insensibly almost, we feel the contagion of this fever, which every one else has; we enter into the current, and suffer it to carry us away with it. And every seventh day the machine stops suddenly, with the smoothness of well-regulated gearing, to begin its work again twenty-four hours afterwards.

And what false notions we entertain of the English character! Instead of the reserved, impassible man, clad in ridiculous garments, and uncouth of speech—instead of the dried-up and angular female, only speaking in monosyllables, which we believe to be the true types of English men and women—it is a surprise to have to do with hearty, obliging, generous, enlightened people, who have seen much and read a great deal, who speak in plain language, without undue emphasis, but clearly and precisely—the outcome of judicious consideration, often of original thought, and almost always remarkable for common sense. With all that, charitable and compassionate, having open purses and open hands, for the needs of the unfortunate, or for their friends.

By the way, the Englishman does not play the fop, he has not the art of saying things with that delicate tact which is so highly appreciated with the French; there is a certain ruggedness about him which people may mistake for rudeness, but which implies neither malice nor any want of sensibility; he is not demonstrative, and will perform the most meritorious action with an appearance of grumbling, beneath which he endeavours, not always successfully, to conceal his feelings; he does not stand on ceremony, but he will not hesitate to sacrifice his time, his work, and his money, to get a friend out of a scrape and to defend a cause which he believes to be just. In a word, he is a strange character full of contradictions; an amalgam of excellent qualities and of defects, but the virtues are in the majority decidedly. He is one of those whom we always meet again with

pleasure, whose hand we love to grasp, for the more we know him the more we esteem him.

As little known to us as its inhabitants Great Britain is full of pleasant surprises for the foreigner. The first impression, so unfavourable, is quickly effaced, and replaced by memories full of charm. As we advance into the country, as we explore its populous cities, its fresh and verdant landscapes, its picturesque scenery, where Nature displays so many divers aspects, we begin to love it, to perceive in it unsuspected beauties. We end by quitting it regretfully, promising ourselves to come again, and we carry away with us, engraven in our minds, the grand image of a great people, living happy and free in a great country.

PASS OF KYLEMORE.

THE END.

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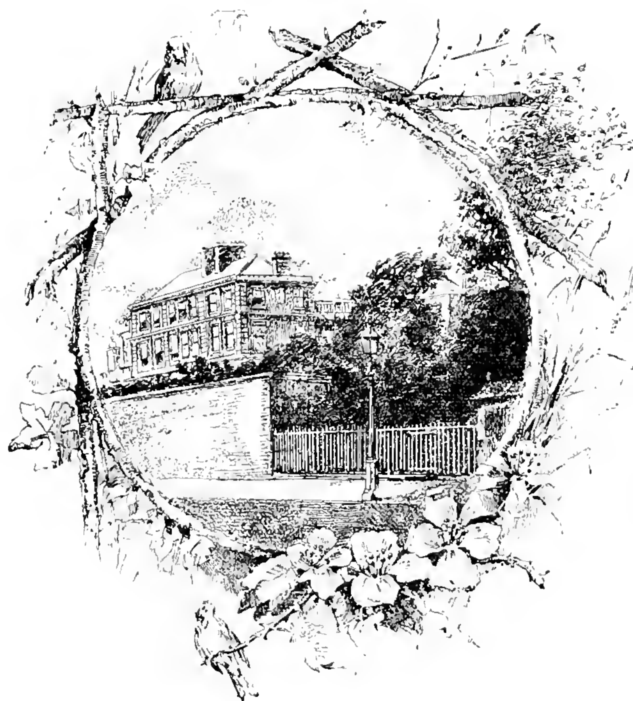

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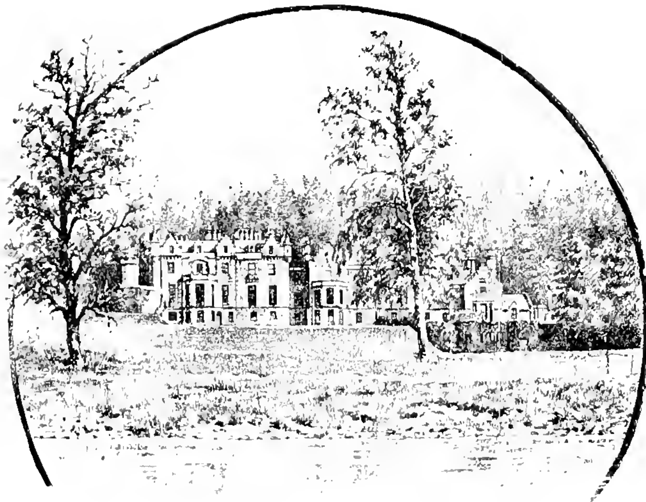

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